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VOL. VII.

NEW-YORK:
THOMAS GEORGE, JR., SPRUCE STREET.
1836.

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TRAVELS

IN

THE HOLY LAND,

AND OTHER PLACES

MENTIONED IN THE SCRIPTURES;

IN 1832–33.

BY REV. R. SPENCE HARDY.

NEW-YORK:
THOMAS GEORGE, JR. SPRUCE STREET.
1836.

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PREFACE.

The present volume is presented to the world with much diffidence, as it can lay no claim whatever to depth of thought, and but little to originality of illustration. The writer set sail for the island of Ceylon, as a Wesleyan Missionary, in the early part of the year 1825; and having received permission to visit England, from the committee of the society to which he has the honor to belong, he returned by what is called the overland passage, —the extra expense above the sum usually granted to missionaries returning from the East being defrayed from his own resources. It was hoped that in this route more frequent opportunities of usefulness would present themselves, and that some information might be gained that would be interesting to those engaged in the great work of evangelizing the world. He endeavored to remember, in all places, that he was commissioned from on high to preach the gospel to every creature; and he was therefore desirous to embrace every possible opportunity of making known "the unsearchable riches of Christ," either by the distribution of tracts, or by familiar conversations with the people. He kept a journal of his travels for the use of his own personal friends, from which the present publication derives its origin. The descriptions and reflections are principally in the exact form in which they appear in the notices kept during his actual wanderings, written many times under most unfavorable circumstances; and a few historical remarks have since been inserted in different parts of the work, as it was supposed, from the humility of its pretensions, that its circulation would be chiefly confined to a class of persons who have few other means of acquiring information on the subjects embraced in these pages.

The publication has been delayed some time since the completion of the MS. from circumstances with which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader.

It is the principal aim of the writer to illustrate the Bible; and if by this work one doubt of the unbeliever be removed, or one ray of light be shed upon any passage hitherto thought obscure; if one mind be brought to understand the blessed Book more perfectly, or one heart be brought to love it with greater sincerity, to the living God shall be all the praise.

Brook House, near Bradford, Yorkshire,
Dec. 19, 1834.

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THE HOLY LAND.

INDIA.

In ancient times the pilgrim from the Holy Land was regarded with a reverence bordering upon superstition. He was welcome alike to the castles of the great, and the cottages of the poor. When the aged minstrel, with his harp and voice, had recited the story of some virtuous female or warrior brave, the excitement was continued by the palmer's tale, as the members of the family, from the highest to the lowest, assembled before the blazing fagot, at a greater or less distance from its cheering influence according to their rank; and bright eyes wept over the history of sufferings endured upon spots that had been consecrated by the bodily presence of the Son of God. The village green was at another time forsaken by its noisy occupants, when the pilgrim rested for a moment upon his staff, and was surrounded by a rude auditory, who gazed with mute astonishment upon his mysterious figure, whilst he repeated the tale of victories won by red-cross knights over pagan usurpers, and solicited the aid of charity, afforded with the greatest readiness to the wearied stranger. The times are now changed, and the simple tale of the traveller, no matter where he may have wandered, fails to excite attention, unless there be combined with it the discoveries of science, or the flashes of a vivid imagination, or the recital of dangers and deaths. I shall in these respects be pronounced one of the most unfortunate of travellers, having neither discovered a new pyramid, nor been wounded, nor robbed, nor made captive; and if the countries I have visited fail in themselves to create interest, I fear that my readers will soon pass me on from their gate, without granting me even an equivalent to the pilgrim's fare, though all he required was a pallet of straw on which to repose, and a loaf in his scrip to satisfy the cravings of hunger. I had always, from comparative infancy, a great desire to visit Jerusalem, and do not now regret the toils I have endured to accomplish my wishes. I should otherwise have been for ever a stranger to thoughts and associations as interesting as they are pure, and if I can succeed in imparting to the minds of others, even a small portion of the same salutary instruction, I shall consider that the greater task of telling my toils to the world, will not have been undertaken entirely in vain.

I embarked from Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, in a French ship, on the morning of Nov. 28, 1832, with feelings that are not to be described. The most important period of my life had been spent upon the shores I was then leaving. I had studied the language of the people, examined their religion, and become intimately acquainted with their manners and customs; I had lived where there were no other associates; labored among them as the servant of Christ; travelled extensively over their mountains and plains; and I had to thank God, that although the years spent among them were not without some trials, I had never spent one melancholy hour, though often in solitude, and had been most mercifully preserved from serious illness, though often exposed to the burning sun by day, and tainted air by night. We touched at several places upon the continent of India, and upon the Malabar coast had evidence of the extent to which Roman Catholicism prevails among the people, as I counted at one time, with the help of a small telescope, no fewer than fourteen churches, all visible from the deck of the ship. In Bombay and its neighborhood I remained about a fortnight, and among other places visited the celebrated cave temples of Kennery and Elephanta. On Thursday, Jan. 10, 1833, I embarked for Kosseir in Egypt, in the *Hugh Lindsay*, a steamer belonging to the East India Company, commanded by Captain Wilson, accompanied by ten other passengers, on their return to England.

The history of India might be considered as connected with that of the Scriptures, inasmuch as it was in this region the systems of idolatry, which it was one object of revelation to destroy, assumed a power more extensive, more awful, and more malignant than in any other part of the world: but as the name of India occurs only once in the Old Testament, and then incidentally, I shall resist the opportunity that so temptingly invites me to enlarge, and confine my observations within the proper limits. It was probably at first peopled by the descendants of Ham. The customs of the people alter not with the course of time, and many parts of the earlier books of the Bible are greatly elucidated by the common practices that are even now every day witnessed among the Hindoos. The gospel is said to have been introduced into India by the apostle Thomas, and the pretended place of his burial is still shown near Madras.

The island of Ceylon is supposed by the Persians and Arabs to have been the site of Paradise, and is by them called Serendib. There is a mountain in the interior, rising more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea, on the summit of which is an indent not unlike the impression of a foot, said by the Buddhists to be that of Buddhu, and by the Mussulmans to be that of Adam. There are others who think that our venerable forefather was brought to this island after his expulsion from Eden, and died upon the mountain that bears his name.—Bochart has endeavoured to prove that Ceylon is the Ophir of Scripture, celebrated for the fineness of its gold. To this place the ships of

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Solomon traded. They sailed from Eziongeber upon the Red Sea, and returned after an absence of three years, laden with gold, precious stones, peacocks, apes, spices, ivory, and ebony. All these things are common products of the island, and at this day articles of export, except the first: it has diamonds and pearls, but the more precious metals are never found upon its shores.

ARABIA.

The name of this country occurs in the Scripture with less frequency than might have been expected from its contiguity to the Holy Land. This arises from its peculiar character, which is alone among the nations of the world. It was never united under one king, and in consequence never presented itself to the sacred historians, except in single and divided masses. Hence we find that in this the volume of inspiration is remarkably consistent with the truth; as we have individuals and tribes frequently introduced to our notice, without being led to form the least idea of consolidated empire. The distinctive form we give to Arabia arises, perhaps, principally from its geographical position, as the same language is spoken in Egypt and Syria, and in both these countries are found nomadic tribes, deriving their origin from one common source. It extends 1500 miles from north to south, and 1200 miles from east to west. The population is taken at 12,000,000. Within the limits of Arabia we find Sinai, and the range of Seir, with the district of Horeb, the land of Midian, and the countries of Edom, Amalek, Seba, and Sheba.

The most intense anxiety was manifested by the passengers in our steamer to gain the first sight of Arabia. We made the mountains near Kisseen point, on the south-eastern coast, Jan. 20; and as they form part of the region called "the Blessed," we anticipated the sight of a land of surpassing beauty. In this we were disappointed, as all was sterility, and we could not discover the least sign of life, either vegetable or animal. The next day we anchored in the port of Macullah, to take in coals sent previously from England by way of Bombay. The town has a pleasing appearance from the sea, like one vast castle, with towers in every direction, from one of the highest of which the red flag of the false prophet was soon hoisted in our honor. The hills, of a red colour, barren, and broken into large flakes that seemed to threaten destruction to the inhabitants beneath, rise immediately behind the houses, and are crowned with watch-towers. Those who wish to fall in love with an Arabian city, must be content to admire it from the distance, and leave the imagination to fill up all its interior charms. The houses, on a near approach, are found to be built of clay, or of bricks burnt in the sun, and carelessly plastered over with a preparation of lime. They are some of them three or four stories high, with flat roofs and latticed windows. The streets are narrow and irregular, the common receptacles of every nuisance. The slave town is separated from the other, and is composed of miserable huts. The sheikh's house stands alone, and near it is a small mosque. The bay is well sheltered during the winter monsoon, and affords good anchorage close to the shore. There are a few native merchants from India resident here, and under a good government it might be made a place of considerable trade. We found two American whalers at anchor, that had put in, as we were told, for "vegetation." The crews of both vessels belonged to temperance societies, and one of them had not had a single drop of spirits on board since they left their port, yet the men appeared to be in excellent health. Near the town we saw several encampments of Bedouins, with herds of camels, goats, and sheep. The camel is the principal beast of burden, and is here fed upon fish. We saw one horse, but not a single dog. We spent a day at some wells a few miles distant from the shore, on which the town is entirely dependent for water. It is conveyed in skins, sometimes upon the backs of the women, but more commonly upon asses and camels. The stream of water from which the wells are supplied runs down a ravine, in which a few date-trees are planted, upon patches of earth kept together by a parapet of stones. The date season is welcomed here with the same feelings that the harvest-home excites in other parts of the world. We could see some distance into the interior, but could discover nothing more than naked mountains, with a few trees and small villages in some of the valleys. The district is governed by an independent sheikh, extremely infirm, and both blind and deaf from old age, so that the affairs of the state are conducted by others, and the principal minister is a mean and avaricious parasite. The vessels that put in for trade are not unfrequently detained until a large present has been extorted for permission to depart. Wherever I went I was saluted with the cry of *hakkim*, doctor, with many imploring signs from the people, that I would enter their houses, and from that time until my last departure from a Mussulman shore, I might have been constantly occupied in listening to details of disease and prescribing remedies, had I known any thing of the healing art. The men are armed with knives in their girdles, a sword, a spear, or matchlock, and a small round shield of rhinoceros' hide. The heir presumptive to the government came on board, quite a youth, and was as mean in his appearance as the rest. The women are close muffled up, with only two small apertures in their coarse veil. The slaves are principally Somaulies, from Africa. They leave only two tufts of hair on the crown of the head, of a brown shade, perhaps from some preparation used in their toilette. Their features are regular and agreeable, and their countenances manifest an elasticity of spirits that all the hardships of slavery are unable to depress.

From Macullah the steamer coasted within sight of land, and entered the Red Sea through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, or Gate of Tears.—Many an Arab mariner has here called to his remembrance the fresh water and delicious dates of his native valley, and has wept when he thought that he might see them no more; and the same eyes have again wept, with still more copious streams, when he has returned from his voyage of years, and his bark has again entered upon the sea that washes with its waves the very shore

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where he bade a long farewell to the wife of his affection and the son of his pride, and expects soon to be received by them again with a kind warm welcome. We passed within sight of Mocha, so celebrated for its excellent coffee. The coffee imported immediately from this place is less valuable than that which is procured from other ports of Arabia, as it is mixed with berries of an inferior description brought over from Abyssinia. The sun shone full upon the white buildings of the town, and had we not already been deceived with a similar appearance, we should have gazed with admiration upon the apparent splendor of its minarets and towers. We could distinguish the tomb of a Mussulman saint who opposed the crusaders most stoutly at the siege of Acre. A date-grove extends some miles on the southern shore. The British factory which formerly existed at this place has been abandoned some years.

The strong north-wester, that soon afterwards set in, obliged the captain to put into the port of Hodeida, as we could make no head against it, and were burning our coals to no purpose. The town is smaller than Mocha, and is protected by a range of castles. We found the place in possession of a party of Turks, who had rebelled against Mahomet Ali, pacha of Egypt, under pretence that they were unable to procure their arrears of pay. They were headed by Toorkee Bilmass. They first siezed upon Mecca and Djuddah, from both of which places they were driven by the regular troops. On evacuating the latter place, they took with them the whole of the pacha's fleet in this sea, consisting of several large ships. They had taken possession of several hundred miles of coast, including the towns of Mocha, Hodeida, and Zeebed. These places have been nominally under the government of the imaum of Senaar, an idle and effeminate chieftain. The rebels had hitherto conducted themselves with caution, but some of their party having had a previous quarrel with Seyd Addullah, governor of Mocha, required that he should be put to death. Three shots were fired through him, his body was carried a little way out of the town, and when his friends, the Wahabees, came to treat for his ransom, his body was shown to them, and they were told he had been shot in an attempt to make his escape. We paid a visit to the governor of the town, Hussein Aga, who appeared to be in ill health, as did nearly the whole of his followers. It struck the mind with a feeling of melancholy to look at these men, and then at the peril of their situation: they were rebels against a more successful usurper, and the angel of death seemed already to be rejoicing over their blood, either from the hand of the private assassin, or the sword of the Egyptian on the battle plain. The aga conducted himself with great dignity.—He was seated on a raised couch, attended by his soldiers, who stood without order around him, proud and powerful men, and added to the wild interest of the scene. When pipes had been passed round, we were presented with coffee, in small vessels, about the size and shape of egg cups, with gilt stands. We walked through the bazaar, and our appearance attracted a great number of gazers, who were prevented from annoying us by the attendants sent with us by the aga. Soldiers were stationed in all directions, who appeared to keep the people in great submission, a lesson they much needed, from their extreme rudeness and constant disposition to quarrel. The houses are some of them highly ornamented, especially the entrances and windows.—There are dwellings made entirely of the fibre of the date, interwoven upon a wooden frame. The Turks had some fear that the East India government might assist the pacha to reduce them, and it was perhaps to conciliate us as much as possible in their favor, that they paid us greater attention than in general they are willing to pay to strangers.

In the night of Feb. 2d, we were off Djuddah; but as it is surrounded by a number of reefs, it was not possible to approach it in the dark. In the morning it was still difficult to distinguish the reefs, as there was a perfect calm, and the sea reflected the rays of the sun like a mirror. The man at the mast-head suddenly called out, "Hard-a-port!" and from the poop, where I was standing, I saw through the gang-way the point of a rock that we had escaped by only a few feet.—There was not much danger of our being lost; but the steamer might have been so much injured as to have been unable to proceed. We waited upon the governor, and found him to be a stout man, with a countenance indicative of much good nature. He conducted himself with more ease, but less dignity, than the aga. The room in which he received us looked towards the sea, and we sat in a recess lined with crimson cushions. The effendi excused himself from partaking with us of the coffee and pipes, as it was the fast of the Ramzan; but he chatted with us a considerable time, principally relative to the rebellion at Mocha and the successes of Ibrahim Pacha against the sultan. Upon taking leave, a servant was in attendance with sherbet. We next proceeded to the house of Malam Yuseff, an Armenian, the English agent. At all the principal ports, persons are appointed as agents by the nearest consul or resident, to assist travellers and protect the interests of the nations they represent. They receive no salary, and deem the honor and collateral advantages a sufficient recompense. During the late wars, when Christian blood was flowing in copious streams around, the flag of an European power flying over a native dwelling often protected the female from violation, and the man from death.

The importance of Djuddah arises entirely from its vicinity to Mecca, from whence it is distant about 40 miles. It is the port at which all the pilgrims arrive who come by sea. The bazaar is well supplied. In one shop I saw spectacles, steel pens, knives, scissors, and many other articles of European manufacture. The houses are built of coral from the sea-shore, in the style we attribute to the times of the crusaders. The passages are narrow and steep, and would be more agreeable if more frequently cleansed. The coffee-houses are lighted up at night; and this is the time of enjoyment after the languor of the day, when striking groups of soldiers and citizens are seen sitting together in circles, listening first to the news of the day, then to some tale of blood, and afterwards to a recitation from some ancient poet

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or historian, who unfolds the glory of their country in brighter days. The fortifications of the town are perhaps the most extensive in Arabia. Upon the plain towards the north is a building that purports to be the tomb of our mother Eve. It has become ruinous; but the pacha has given orders that it shall be repaired, at the expense of 15,000 piasters. There are several Italians resident here, in the employ of the pacha. One of them is married; and his wife, when she walks out, is obliged to muffle herself up in the close dress of the country, out of respect to the prejudices of the people. She is young and interesting, and I could not but pity her, not having a single female companion of her own rank or religion with whom to converse. We had an opportunity of hearing the band of one of the pacha's regiments. It consisted of twenty performers, all natives of Egypt. They played several European tunes, all from notes; and though the execution was a little violent, it did them great credit. The troops are dressed in coarse red calico,—a close jacket and loose trowsers; but have not the soldier-like appearance of the native regiments of India. The officers are more respectable: they are dressed in the same form, but in good woollen cloth, with an additional jacket, something resembling that of our hussars. They, as well as the men, have a red cap, but no turban; and mustachios, but no beard. They are well paid, but are usually several months in arrears.

No Christian until lately was allowed to go out of the gates of Djuddah, but they may now approach even to the entrance of the holy city without molestation. The pilgrims to Mecca are every year becoming less numerous. The desecration of the Wahabees, and the late siege it has undergone, will tend to bring it into greater disrepute; and we may hope that the Kaaba will soon be broken in pieces, and its fragments mingled in undistinguishable confusion with the sands of the forsaken desert. I could perceive the hills in the neighborhood of Mecca from the deck of the steamer, but the time allowed for taking in coals did not permit us to proceed far from the shore. It was the birth-place of Mahomet, who was born in 569, of the tribe of the Koreish, and was buried at Medinah in 632. Both places are considered sacred, but Mecca is the most considerable town, and is resorted to by a far greater number of pilgrims: they come from very distant parts, from China in the east, and from the pillars of Hercules in the west.

It will be seen from these notices, that the places upon the coasts of Arabia partake of the character generally exhibited by towns under the dominion of Mussulmen rulers. The inhabitants are occupied in trade, and among them are turks, Egyptians, Hindoos, slaves from Africa, and a few Armenian and other Christians. The Arabs of the towns have lost many of the distinctive features of their race. In the division of Arabia Felix, a number of independent sheikhs rule over districts differing much in their extent and resources. The imaum of Muscat is at present the most powerful prince of Arabia. In his navy are several men-of-war; and they are seen at times even in the most distant ports of India. After proceeding about 30 miles from the shore, this district is found to be well cultivated, and its coffee is the finest in the world. From its extreme richness, it was long thought that the spices, silks, and other treasures exported by its mariners from India, were its own native produce.

The ancient inhabitants of Arabia were idolaters, and adored the sun and moon, and the stars of the firmament. "If I beheld the sun when it shined," says an Arab of old, in clearing his character from the sins of his country, "or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand; this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge; for I should have denied the God that is above."—Job xxxi. 26—28. The worship of the black stone of the Kaaba is of far earlier date than the origin of Islamism. In the first centuries of the church, the spread of Christianity in Arabia was rapid, but it sunk too soon into heresy, and was entirely swept away by the sword of Mahomet. It is an affecting thought, that with the exception of the monks near Mount Sinai, I know not that there is at the present time a single Christian minister of any description whatever, throughout the whole of proper Arabia.

The language of Arabia is one of the most copious in the world, and its ancient poets and historians yield to none in the strength and beauty of their style.

I was not able to penetrate far into the desert, but a single glance into its wastes may almost tell the tale of a thousand miles as to distance, and three thousand years as to time. It is here alone that the Arab is seen in his primitive simplicity, free as the gazelle, and both as swift in his speed, and unsettled in his dwelling-place as this beautiful wanderer upon the same plains. We are carried back at once to the age of the earliest patriarchs. The forms we see present unto us the picture of these ancient fathers, with scarcely a single alteration. We may listen to their language, number their possessions, partake of their food, examine their dress, enter their tents, attend the ceremonies of their marriage festivals, and present ourselves before the prince, still all is the same. At the well they water their flocks; they sit at the door of the tent in the cool of the day; they take "butter, and milk, and the calf which they have dressed," and set it before the stranger; they move onward to some distant place, and pitch their tent near richer pasturage; and all the treasures they possess are in camels, kine, sheep, and goats; men servants and women servants; and changes of raiment. We may stand near one of their encampments, and as the aged men sit in dignity, or the young men and maidens drive past us their flocks, we are almost ready to ask if such an one be not Abraham, or Lot, or Jacob, or Job, or Bildad the Shuhite, or Rebekah, or Rachel, or the daughter of Jethro the Midianite: we seem to know them all. The mountains, and valleys, and streams partake of the same unchangeableness: not a stone has been removed, not a barrier has been raised, not a tree has been planted, not a village has been collected together. The founder of the race might come to the earth, and he would

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recognize without effort his own people and his own land.

It is doubted whether any tribes are yet left of the aborigines of the country, though there be many that claim this distinction. The families of the desert are the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham. It was said unto Hagar, concerning her son, by the angel of the Lord, "I will make him a great nation," Gen. xxi. 18; and again, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." Gen. xvi. 12. These prophecies have been literally fulfilled. No nation has ever been so great that could trace its origin to one single head. The Roman empire was more extensive, but it was one empire composed of many nations. There are kingdoms in our own day whose majesty is brighter, but it is produced by the concentrated glory of many distinct families and tribes, and cannot be claimed by any single people. The Arabs are wild men: their hand is against every man, and of necessity every man's hand is against them. It is no protection to speak the same language, or to profess the same religion. The caravan on its pilgrimage to Mecca is considered to offer as lawful a booty as the bales of the rich merchant, or the stores of the infidel stranger. Of only one among all the streams of population by which this earth has been covered, was this prophecy uttered; and of only one would it have been true. The surrounding countries of Egypt, Syria, and Persia, have once and again changed their rulers and their race. Arabia has ever continued the same. The march of conquest has been around her, but has never penetrated into her wilds: still she has retained her identity, an oasis of freemen amidst a desert of slaves. That which was true concerning her in the time of Moses, has been equally so in every subsequent period of time; and will still continue, until another prophecy be fulfilled, and even "Arabia's desert ranger" shall bow before the power that is supreme: then the horse shall no longer stand ready caparisoned to pursue and plunder the passing traveller; "Holiness unto the Lord," shall be inscribed upon its bells: then shall Isaac and Ishmael again meet together in peace, to worship at one altar the God of their fathers, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent: their hand shall be with every man, and every man's hand with them.

There is one tribe that deserves a more extended notice from the Christian recorder. I was not so favored as to obtain an interview with any of its people; but my information is derived from a gentleman who was many years the English resident for the East India Company at Mocha.—There was this promise given to the descendants of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, of the family of Jethro, in the days of Jeheiakim, son of Josiah, king of Judah: "Thus saith the Lord of Host, the God of Israel; Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab, your father, and kept all its precepts, and done according to all he hath commanded you: therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." Jer. xxxv. 18, 19. Jonadab had commanded his sons not to drink wine, nor to build houses, nor to have vineyard, nor field, nor seed, but to dwell in tents. These commands they have strictly obeyed, and the promise of God has been remembered. The Rechabites still exist, a separate people, glorying in their independence, and are called by the same name. They are excellent horsemen, and seem to fly through the desert with the speed of the winds. They acknowledge the law of Moses, but maintain that they are not Israelites. About 300 years ago a great number of them were driven from Yemen. Some of them are now found near the Gulf of Acaba. They frequently rob the caravans of pilgrims, and are much hated by the other Arabs and by all Mussulmans. It appears as if there was written upon every page of Arabia's extended history, and graven upon every rock in her deserts, with a pen more powerful than iron, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." Let him who readeth, understand.

THE RED SEA.

This sea is supposed to have taken its name from the country of Edom, which borders upon it, and signifies "red." Others derive the name from the red sea-weed that is discovered in large quantities upon some parts of its surface. We passed several extensive portions of this weed between Djuddah and Kossier. It is called "Yam Suph," or "the weedy sea," both by Moses and David. It was thought by a recent German traveller that the color of the sea is caused by a species of *oscillatoriæ*, one of the small plants that are intermediate between animals and vegetables. We entered the sea through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. There are two passages of unequal width, divided from each other by the island of Perim, which was taken possession of by the English during our war in Egypt, but is entirely destitute of water. The Red Sea is about 1500 miles from one extremity to the other. We could never distinguish the land on both bows at the same time. It is visited by a few European vessels, that trade principally to Mocha; the pacha of Egypt maintains a small fleet upon it for the passage and protection of his troops; and the vessels of the bordering countries are seen skimming along in all directions, laden deep with passengers, with high painted prows, and the ropes and sails made of the fibres of the palm. The coasts are lined with coral, sometimes of most beautiful construction; and when the day is calm, or the night is dark and still, the mariner might think himself transported to some enchanted land, the water is so clear, the coruscations of light are so radiant, and the coral beneath so extensively ramified; but the coasting vessels are often from the same cause in extreme danger, and though they are furnished with a false keel, this is not always proof against the violent strokes they have to bear. We were visited during our progress by a few locusts and quails.

I landed from the steamer at Kossier, in Egypt, Feb. 9, and consequently did not proceed so far north as the place where the passage of the Israelites was effected. It was more properly through an arm of the sea than the main ocean, as must be

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evident from its having occupied only one single night. At the spot where it is supposed to have taken place, the gulf of Suez is about 12 miles across.

We found at Kossier, the *Palinurus*, Capt. Moresby. She has been employed some years by the Bombay government in surveying the northern coasts of the Red Sea. The officers are attentive and intelligent, and have made some interesting discoveries upon the shores. They were kind enough to show us several of their drawings. They have visited Sinai, and reject the opinion of Burckhardt, who would place the sacred mount in another direction. The *Benares* has been employed upon a similar survey towards the south, and it was expected that the whole would be finished in a few months. The wind most frequently blows from the north-west, and at times with great violence. The waves are short and troubled, and the vessel that has to brave them seems to tremble like a frightened steed. The great number of reefs adds to the danger of the navigation, and some of them are almost in the centre of the sea; but many of these difficulties will now be removed by the great care and accuracy with which it is intended that the new charts shall be completed.

The steamer was much longer than usual in performing the voyage, the stipulated period being 22 days, including the necessary stoppages. From Bombay we steamed 2,727 miles, and were 22 days, 7 hours, in actual progress, being an average of little more than five miles per hour. The timbers of the *Hugh Lindsay* are of teak, which has become heavy from constant saturation. This prevents her from making much way; nor are her build or engines at all adapted to the purpose for which she is used. It seems desirable that the Red Sea should again become the usual route to India, the saving of distance being so great; and though I fear that the schemes at present on foot will prove abortive, I look foward with confidence to the period when British skill and capital shall be allowed to exercise themselves in a free trade with the eastern portions of our empire.

ABYSSINIA.

This country is in the Scriptures denominated Cush and Ethiopia, though the same names appear to be used with great latitude of meaning and refer sometimes to places far distant from each other. It was from hence that the eunuch baptized by Philip, treasurer of Candace, queen of Ethiopia, went up to Jerusalem. There is a strange mixture of Jewish rites observed among the customs of this people, and some of them pretend to derive their origin from Solomon and the queen of Sheba. The church of Abyssinia is of high antiquity. In the 15th century attempts were made by the Jesuits to establish themselves in the country, but after various successes and reverses, and after the sword of persecution had been reddened with blood, they were finally banished by command of the king. The Scriptures have been published by the British and Foreign Bible Society in the vernacular languages of the country.

In the evening of the day before we passed the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the hills of Arabia were visible on one bow of our vessel, and the hills of Abyssinia on the other. The principal port is Massowah, and is supported by a trade in slaves, cattle, and ivory. It was offered to the British government some years ago, on certain conditions, with an expressed desire that the slave trade should cease, but the offer was declined, probably from the known unsettled state of the people. The civil wars, which have been waged for so great a number of years, still continue, and there is at present no acknowledged ras. The coasts of Arabia are supplied with cattle from this country. The sheep are small, with large tails, but the mutton is extremely delicious.

When we approached the port of Djuddah, there came from the shore in the same boat with the pilot, a tall man, with a flowing beard, in the costume of the country, and of an appearance so interesting, that we all crowded to the gangway of the ship to gaze upon the stranger. He stepped upon deck, and after making a salaam, we were surprised to hear him address us in English, though with a foreign accent. He informed us that he had come from Abyssinia, and as I soon discovered that he was a missionary, our mutual delight in meeting a Christian brother at such a time, and in such a place, may be more easily conceived than described. I gained from this excellent man, the Rev. J. Gobat, some information concerning the present state of religion in Abyssinia. He is a native of Switzerland, and was sent out by the Church Missionary society about five years ago. He speaks Arabic like a native, as well as Tigre and Amharic, and several European languages. He visited the country at first to see what prospects there might be for the establishment of a permanent mission, and not having heard from his committee for two years, in consequence of the difficulty of communication, he proceeded by the steamer to Suez, from thence intending to make the best of his way to England. Mr. Kugler, his only fellow laborer, died from a mortification in the arm, produced by the bursting of a gun, and departed happy in Christ. Mr. Gobat reported favorably of the people, and lived among them in perfect security, though Gondar, the place at which he principally resided, was the seat of war. There are some in whose hearts he trusts a work of grace is begun. The principal access to the people is by means of familiar conversation, as they know nothing of regular preaching. The priests administer the sacrament daily, and in this consists nearly the whole of their religion. They refuse it to the people for the most frivolous reasons, and as the poor creatures imagine themselves to be under excommunication when this rite is refused, they suppose it is little matter what additional sin they commit, and thus give themselves up to the commission of many crimes they might otherwise avoid. It is not given to soldiers when they have killed an enemy. The Abyssinian church has hitherto acknowledged the supremacy of the patriarch of Egypt, from whom they have always received their abuna, or head, and it is an established law that he shall be a foreigner. It is a natural consequence, that as he has to govern a people whose language and cus-

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toms he does not understand, he is little more than a mere cypher, and can exercise no proper authority. Since the death of the last abuna they have not applied to Egypt for a successor, and it is not improbable that they will choose one from among themselves. Bruce is correct in his general statements, but not even the oldest inhabitant can be brought to say, that he ever heard of the cruel practice of cutting steaks from the living animal. They eat raw flesh at their brind feasts, and in the way they prepare it, with a large quantity of pepper and spices, it is said not to be very unpalateable even to an European.

EGYPT.

The first mention of Egypt in the Old Testament, except as a comparison, occurs Gen. xv. 18, where it is referred to as being one boundary of the land promised unto Abraham; and it is more or less intimately connected with Scripture history from that passage to the book of Revelation. Its name in Hebrew is Mizraim, supposed to have been received from Mizraim, the son of Ham, by whom it was originally peopled. It is still called Masr by the Arabs. It is in vain to seek for the origin of the word Egypt among the conflicting opinions of the learned, nor will those at all wonder at the circumstance who have had an opportunity of marking the modern perversions of native names. It contains at present less than 3,000,000 inhabitants. Its extent, from Assouan to the Mediterranean sea, is about 500 miles. The whole of the land now under cultivation is said to be less than half of the whole area of Ireland.

THE DESERT.

We entered upon the desert immediately after leaving Kosseir, the port at which we landed.—In Hebrew, the word desert, or wilderness, does not always mean a waste of sand, but is equivalent to our moor or common. The Psalmist speaks of "the pastures of the wilderness:" and it was in a desert that Moses fed the flocks of Jethro. In other places the same word means literally a sandy plain, dry and barren. The desert to which we now addressed ourselves is situated between the Red Sea and the Nile, and is the same as that which the Israelites entered upon immediately after their dismissal by Pharaoh; and though the track to be described is upwards of 200 miles from the one taken by Moses and his people, as the general character of one route may be considered as equally applicable to the other, the reason will soon be discovered why the children of Israel murmured against their leader, when he had brought them far away from the rich products of the cultivated valley, and there appeared to be no other prospect before them, but "to die in the wilderness."

The steamer proceeded forward to Suez, leaving eight of her passengers at Kosseir, who divided themselves into two parties. The party to which I was attached consisted of a colonel, a major, a doctor, and myself. The town of Kosseir is destitute of good water, and would soon be abandoned were it not for its advantages as a seaport. The pilgrims for Mecca embark from hence, and it is from this place the grain is shipped, by which the coast of Arabia is principally supplied. It is said that the summit of Mount Sinai may sometimes be distinguished from the shore: it is often covered with snow. The English agent, a stout Arab, is an excellent representative of his nation. To every thing he replied, "It is good;" but threw constant obstacles in our way, that he might extort from us more money. I was obliged to apply to the governor to procure a servant, though hundreds were ready at call, who would have been glad of the situation. We saw a prince from near Bornou, in the interior of Africa, who had come on a pilgrimage, and was attended by a great number of slaves. He was an old man, and was approached by his people on their knees, though his personal appearance was mean.

Feb. 12. The camels were brought, and we prepared to cross the desert, but the tumult that ensued was such as to lead us to expect that the consequences would be serious. The camels and men were all screaming at the full pitch of their voices, the narrow street was crowded with animals and Arabs, and cries and blows were resounding in every direction: it seemed like "confusion worse confounded." The Arabs can do nothing without noise, and it is the wisest method to leave them to their own way, as in a little time they work themselves into quietness, and have all things ready for departure. I had heard so much of the difficulty of first mounting a camel, that I almost dreaded to make the attempt, and tried to procure a donkey in its place, but was not able to succeed. To increase the excitement, I was told that all the saddles in the place were in use, and that only a common pack-saddle could be given me. On looking at it, it appeared almost impossible to ride upon it, as there were two pieces of wood, placed as if on purpose to goad me; but there being no remedy, I threw my boat-cloak over the saddle, mustered all my courage, and placed myself in my seat: the camel gradually rose, and I found myself actually mounted, without the slightest difficulty. The animal kneels down to receive its burden, and the knee is tied, that it may not rise before the proper time: it first half raises its fore legs, then its hinder ones, then the fore legs again, and it is necessary to know this that the rider may not be precipitated to a distance. My companions had by this time started, and as I knew nothing of the language of the country, I made the people understand by signs that I wanted some rope of which to make stirrups, as my legs were hanging down in a position that I knew would soon be painful. Without my perceiving it, they took for this purpose the rope that fastened the saddle to the animal, and I had not gone far before some Arabs in the street called out to me, but as I did not understand them, I went on. I soon found out what they intended, as I slipped from the camel behind, and came to the ground, but without sustaining any injury.—My stirrups were returned to their original occupation, and I again mounted. When I had got well into the desert my camel stopped, and would

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not move a step further. The rest of the party were by this time nearly out of sight, and as I was afraid lest I should lose the road, I dismounted and ran towards them, half determined rather to walk the whole way than to have any more annoyance from camels. My animal was however soon caught, and brought up, proper rope was procured, I ventured once more upon its back, and in a few minutes found myself as comfortable as I could wish. We had in all 20 camels, and gave about three shillings each as the hire from Kosseir to the Nile. We pitched our tents for the night near Bier Inglis, or the English Well.

13. We set off at sunrise, and after four hours arrived at Seid Suleyman, where we halted for a little time. The well is deep, and has been recently dug, apparently at the expense of three English gentlemen, as their names are cut upon a stone at the entrance, but the water is not good. After four hours more we arrived about sunset at Abul Zeeran. We rode at a quicker pace than the camels with the tents and provisions, and usually arrived at our station about an hour before them. The camel drivers collected the dung of their animals for fuel, which may explain a passage in Ezekiel, and take away from the seeming harshness of the command given to the prophet. The country through which we passed consisted of plains varying in extent from a hundred yards to two or three miles, bounded by ranges of hills, of different forms and elevation, but composed principally of sandstone. In whatever direction the eye wandered, it was met by a picture of complete desolation, unrelieved by a single blade of grass. In some of these plains there are perhaps as many as four little stunted trees, half covered with sand, and in perfect keeping as trees of the desert. There are marks of torrents, though rain falls only after intervals of years. The ground is hard, with stony places here and there, and as the camels are tied to each other, and follow their leader in the same path, there are from ten to twenty narrow tracks parallel to each other, worn smooth by their feet.—The bones of dead camels that have perished in the road, are very frequent. Near all the passes, on the summit of the rocks, are little watch-towers, nearly all of them in ruins. We passed several large heaps of stones, that have formerly been caravanseras, but we could not learn by whom they were built. There was one at the place where we halted for the night, with many ruined apartments, and a well in the centre, now filled up. Therm. at noon 76°.

14. The thermometer was as low as 35° a little before sunrise, and we felt the cold to be extreme, as I never saw it in Ceylon at a lower range than 69°, except upon the mountains.—After a hasty breakfast of biscuit and eggs we mounted our camels, and in three hours passed the well Seid, in a rocky defile. Soon afterwards we observed for the first time hieroglyphics cut in the rock, and they had so fresh an appearance that one of our party supposed they were the work of some passing traveller, who had wished to puzzle the learned; but in a little time they became too numerous for this position to be tenable. They appeared as if eaten into the rock by some chemical preparation. In three hours more we arrived at Hammanat. Our guide had remained behind, and we could only see a woman tending a few sheep, though what they could get to eat we were unable to discover. We made several ineffectual attempts to cause our animals to kneel down, that we might alight, but at last succeeded. We sheltered ourselves under the shade of a rock. When the other camels came up, we were told that we must proceed two hours further, to Jeyf-al-Ujul, and were by no means pleased with the intelligence, as we were already much fatigued. We passed, during the day, several caravans on their way to Kosseir with provisions. Near the rock, where we encamped, there were numerous hieroglyphics, but rude both in design and execution.

15. We set off a little earlier than usual, and passed through a plain several miles in length. We had a fine specimen of the *mirage*, and could scarcely persuade ourselves that there were not before us streams of water, and islands and trees. In five hours we arrived at Legatta. In the evening we walked over to an Ababdie village. The dwellings of this wretched people were made of a few mats, and were quite open on one side, but they said this was their only home.

16. In three hours from Legatta we had the grateful sight of verdure in the distance. The camels walked well, as our guide said they scented the waters of the river, and a cool breeze had sprung up, which added to the delight. It was near noon when we arrived at Bier Amber. The women brought milk, bread, and fowls for sale, and were very importunate that we should purchase. Their manners form a striking contrast to those of the females in Arabia. They have no covering for the face, but their features are coarse. We saw the Nile from the summit of a low hill that we ascended. There could not be a greater contrast than was formed by the luxuriance before us, and the sterility we had left.

17. We rode along the skirt of the valley, and all nature seemed to be keeping one glad holiday. There were camels, horses, buffaloes, cattle, sheep, and goats, all feeding in the richest pasturage, and the air was almost alive with the many flights of birds that were darting through it in the full enjoyment of existence. We passed several villages, and in five hours arrived at Kennah, on the banks of the Nile. We did not meet with the least difficulty during the whole of our journey across the desert, and my old pack-saddle proved at last to be so comfortable, that my companions adopted it in preference to their own more elegant furniture. I shall not soon forget the nearness of access to the throne of grace I was permitted to enjoy, in passing through some of these mighty solitudes. The passage of the desert might easily be accomplished in a little more than three days, and as the camels travel at the rate of three miles and three quarters an hour, the whole distance may be stated at 106 miles.

THE NILE.

The Nile is called "the river," and sometimes "the sea," by the inspired penmen. In some of

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the most ancient languages the word *nil*, signifies blue, and it may thus have been denominated the Blue River. It rises in the mountains near Abyssinia, but it is thought that the place about which Bruce writes with so much eloquence, is not the source of its principal branch. It was the largest river known to the ancients, and flows upwards of 1200 miles without receiving a tributary stream. The rise of the Nile is occasioned by the heavy rains that fall in Abyssinia, and commence in June: it reaches the maximum about the time of the autumnal equinox, and then gradually decreases until April, from which time it remains at nearly the same level until again renovated by the Ethiopic floods. The color of the waters varies at different seasons of the year. In Upper Egypt the average rise is about 35 feet, but at Cairo not more than 24 feet, and near the sea still less. In those years in which the waters do not rise to a certain elevation, a famine is the necessary consequence. It is difficult to make a comparison of the present rise with the ancient, from the difference of the standard measures in the two periods, and it has always been the policy of the government to deceive the people in the accounts that have been officially published. The bed of the river has risen considerably, from the deposit it is constantly receiving, or the old monuments and temples would be admirable criterions by which to decide the matter: we can tell how much higher the water rises than it did in the ancient times, but what part of the rise is formed by deposit, and what by water, we are unable to ascertain. The water is clear, and its taste excellent, after it has been allowed to settle, and it is compared by the Mussulmans to the well of Paradise. The stream is not rapid, even when the water is at the greatest elevation, compared with the rivers of India. The ancients speak of seven principal mouths, but there are now only two, and these are constantly changing their position. The division of the waters takes place a little below Cairo, and the expanse of land between the streams was compared by the ancients to the figure of the Greek delta Δ, but by the moderns, more properly, to that of a pear. The mud brought down by the stream is continually adding to the extent of the Delta, and is found as far as 24 leagues out at sea.

We embarked for Thebes at Kennah in a canja, with two immense lateen sails, striped blue. It had two apartments and a bath, and was rowed by six men, but rather required twelve men from its size. It had been sunk some time under water before we entered it, to free it from vermin. From Thebes we proceeded to Grand Cairo, visiting all the principal antiquities by the way, and our voyage occupied nine days. Near Denderah the wind blew against us with such strength, that the boatmen were unable to keep the prow of the canja to windward, so they put down their oars, and allowed her to float with the stream. The mountains in some places run parallel with the river, at a few miles distance, but near Girge they come close to the water, and seem as if reeling in drunkenness, from the singular confusion manifested in the dip of their strata. The evening we were off Ekmim was one of the stillest I ever remember, and the only sound that disturbed the silence was the cry of a distant hyæna. On passing a boat deeply laden with slaves, one of the men, who appeared to have been ill-used, appealed to us most vehemently, but we could not understand what he said. Near Siout the wind and stream were both in our favor, and as we flitted along at a delightful rate, the objects upon shore, as they receded from us, appeared like the moving scenes of an endless panorama. Soon afterwards the wind changed, increasing in violence, the air became darkened by the clouds of sand, and long before the sun had sunk below the horizon, the atmosphere assumed an appearance like that which the imagination forms over the dark waters of the Dead Sea. It was no small punishment threatened against the Israelites that the rain of the land should be powder and dust, and not many sorer trials can be conceived than that inflicted upon the Egyptians, when the dust became lice throughout all the land. Below Manfaloot the river passes under a range of hills, elevated and precipitous, and as we sailed slowly by them, the different birds by which they are inhabited came forth and flew at a little distance from their clefts, round and round, as if on sentry, until they deemed that we intruders were too far distant to injure them. Those more bold than the rest dashed down to the water, almost close to the oars, to pick up little substances floating down the stream. Upon a bank formed by the falling of the earth from above, we found several crocodiles basking in the sun, though it is said they are never seen below Girge. They differ from the Indian alligators, which I was accustomed to see almost daily, the tail being more stunted, and not so round. We saw two eagles upon a shoal near the same place, perhaps male and female, as one of them was much larger than the other, with its legs feathered. They were magnificent creatures. Several birds of a small size were near them, probably waiting to partake of the remains when their majesties had finished their repast. A party of Algerines at a village where we purchased some bread asked us to give them a passage to Cairo in our boat, and when we refused they threatened to shoot us, but we knew they would not dare to put their threats into execution. Our canja frequently struck upon sand-banks; sometimes they were above water, and when so, were in general covered with birds, some kinds of which I often saw stand in rows, and in one particular position, perhaps upon one leg, or with the head under the wing, with as much formality as the hieroglyphics upon the walls of the temples.

The valley of the Nile, which includes nearly the whole of cultivated Egypt, is in few instances more than 20 miles broad, will in general average less than one-half of that extent, and in many places the sands or mountains approach close to the banks. The produce is entirely from irrigation, and where this ends verdure ends, and the desert in all its sterility commences. The villages are numerous, and by continued waste are a little more elevated than the surrounding plain. They are usually surrounded by a mud wall. The houses are built of mud bricks, and many of them have small turrets, with sticks at the outside, in which pigeons are reared, principally to procure their dung for manure. The whole of the valley

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is never covered by the Nile, and to the higher grounds the water is raised by artificial means. The wheels for this purpose on the banks of the river are numberless, and are turned round by oxen. In some instances a lever, to one end of which a skin is attached, is used for the same purpose, worked by men; and in places where the banks are steep, I have seen four pairs of these instruments, one above the other. The water falls into a canal, and is from thence conveyed at will in all directions, at every division the stream becoming less, until the little rill can be guided to each separate plant, and the peasant, making a line with his foot, thus waters the garden of herbs.—Deut. xi. 10. The food of the people is still the same as that which was remembered with weeping by the children of Israel,—"the cucumbers, and the leeks, and the melons, and the onions, and the garlic."

It is wonderful that the Egyptians in ancient days did not make the Nile their sole deity, in preference to the multitude of bulls, birds, beetles, cats, crocodiles, and onions, that they adored. They had no blessing that did not come immediately or otherwise from this beneficent source: when its supplies were withheld the whole land was a desert; when it poured forth its riches, the same land was the garden of the world. It must have puzzled them sorely to know from whence it originated, as, year by year, it came in kindness, and irrigated their fields, and left upon them a rich deposit to receive the seeds of life and in due time smile with the ripened grain. It were hard to attribute to mere chance this admirable adaptation of river to country, and country to river. The river overflows, and there is no rain, because rain would be an injury: in other countries there is rain, and the rivers overflow not like this river, because were they to do so it would be an equal injury. These events may be added to the other instances of design, wisdom, and goodness, that are constantly manifested in the works of God. The rise of the waters is watched by the peasant with great impatience, and when the elevation is according to his wishes, with his flocks safe folded and the former harvest secured, he looks around upon the extended sea, and rejoices in his confinement: then the palm that spreads its grateful shade over his dwelling-place exhibits its richest green, and the villages of the neighborhood are converted into islands that appear in the distance verdant and beautiful. The Nile may be designed to impart far greater blessings to the world than have yet been drawn from its beneficence. The desert that commences on its western bank extends nearly to the Atlantic ocean, a distance of more than 3000 miles. The waters of the Nile and of the Niger may in part be one day turned upon this desert; that which is now lost in the sea may supply nourishment to millions; and Egypt may still be "as the garden of the Lord," from the advantages that will be derived from new improvements in machinery and new discoveries in hydraulics. These two rivers, the sources of which have been an object of equal interest from time immemorial, and have alike eluded the search of every traveller, appear as if formed for the express purpose of bringing into cultivation the largest desert in the world, when the exigencies of mankind may require an extension of habitable surface. In places where a human being never yet breathed there may thus arise a countless population, and winds that have never yet been charged with any sound but the groan of the wanderer as he ventures to cross its parched wilds, may convey the praises of the Lord from the glad and grateful hearts of many worshippers.

It was from the river Nile that "the seven well-favored kine, and the seven other kine" came up, of which Pharaoh dreamed: in the flags of the river's brink, Moses was placed in an ark of bulrushes: and into this river the Israelites were commanded to cast their male children by the king "who knew not Joseph;" but the river thus polluted, though worshipped by the Egyptians as a god, manifested the anger of the Lord against the sins of the people, when its waters were turned into blood, its fish died, and it brought forth frogs abundantly. The "seven streams" are referred to in the prophecy of Isaiah. In the same book, chap. xix. 7, it is said; "the reeds and flags shall wither; the paper reeds by the brook, by the mouth of the brooks, and every thing sown by the brooks, shall wither, be driven away, and be no more." There is at present a remarkable destitution of reeds throughout Egypt, though we might suppose the country admirably adapted to their production, and we know that they were once so plentiful as to supply the world with papyrus, and so large as to supply materials for the making of ships, *naves*. It was in one of these "arks of bulrushes" that the mother of Moses placed the goodly child. It is said again in the following verses, "the fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish: moreover they that work in fine flax, and they that weave networks, shall be confounded: and they shall be broken in the purposes thereof, all that make sluices and ponds for fish." There are now very few fish in the river, and those of an inferior quality, which is another contrast to the abundance of ancient times; and that they were abundant we have evidence in the murmurings of the children of Israel, who remembered the fish as well as the vegetables, so that it must then have been the common food of slaves. In these lands, many passages of Scripture appear to be invested with a peculiar beauty, and none more so than those which compare the condition of the righteous to "a tree planted by the rivers of waters." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, whose hope the Lord is; for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."—Jer. xvii. 7.

NO, OR THEBES.

The city which in our version is rendered No, is by the LXX. called Diospolis, or the city of Jupiter. It is called Amon No in the Hebrew, improperly translated "the multitude of No." It is supposed to be the same city as the Thebes of the ancients. Its description may not only be consi-

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dered interesting as belonging to a place mentioned by the prophets,—Jer. xlvi. 25; Ezek. xxx. 15, 16,—but more particularly as illustrative of "the wisdom of the Egyptians" about the time of Moses, as there can be little doubt that some of the monuments we shall notice are of an age not much more recent.

I was up betimes on the morning of Feb. 23, and mounted the most elevated station I could find, that I might see the sun rise upon the plain of Thebes, but was disappointed, as the atmosphere was obscured by vapors. It seems a strange place to choose for the erection of a metropolis, when looking at the map, but all wonder vanishes upon a personal inspection of the site. The Nile divides itself into two branches a little higher up, and these again uniting, spread their waters into an imposing breadth, and then form a noble bend in the centre of a valley bounded by two ranges of hills. At the confluence of these branches, close to the water, on the eastern bank, stands the ruins of Luxor. The propylon, or entrance gateway, is 200 feet in width, and on one side of the entrance is a square obelisk, said to be 80 feet high, composed of one piece of granite, and covered with hieroglyphics cut deeply into the stone. Its fellow, that stood on the opposite of the entrance, has been taken away by the French, to be erected in some public spot in Paris. There are also two colossal statues, mutilated, with conical head-dresses, cut out of one block of granite, of differently colored strata. The façade of the propylon is covered with sculpture. On one side is cut the figure of a gigantic warrior, and near him are groups of his puny enemies, some in the act of battle, and others dying or dead. On the other side he is seated upon a throne, and is receiving the homage of his routed foes, and the congratulations of his friends. The early sun shone full upon the wall at the time we were looking at it, so that we were able to trace the different circumstances of the history with ease. The ascent to the top of the propylon is more like a climb in a stone quarry than among materials brought together by human hands: and it must be remembered that every stone of this and of every other temple has been brought from a considerable distance. The top is as usual covered with the names of visiters. The interior of the edifice is occupied by the dwellings of the natives; and I observed a mosque, and a school near it, in which an old man was teaching about a dozen noisy scholars. Several pillars with sculptured capitals are daubed over with mud, and others are seen in the walls of the houses. The principal court is supported by seven pillars on each side, which, with the frieze, are all its remains. Further on there are other capitals of a similar description, but smaller dimensions, which appear to have belonged to the cloisters of a square entered from the temple. We had to pass through several native houses before we could conclude the examination, and strange to say, the people made no objection, and asked for no present. The houses near the river are built over columns and smaller apartments of the temple. They were occupied by the French during the time they were employed in taking down the obelisk. There are four granite figures near them, all more or less mutilated. The pier is supposed to be of Roman workmanship, and in some parts is in good preservation.

Karnac is situated on the same side of the river, a little more than a mile from Luxor, and further from the water. The approaches to the temple are lined with rows of sphinxes, about twelve feet distant from each other: they are of sandstone, and so far crumbled into ruin that it is difficult to make out their original form. The propylon to the temple of Isis is one of the most magnificent I have seen. Some of the stones in the passage leading to the top of the pronaos contain hieroglyphics, turned upside down, from which it would appear that they belonged to some former temple, out of the ruins of which this was either built of repaired. There are four columns on each side, and five interior apartments.

The four propylons that present themselves at a little distance, conduct to a larger temple, that far surpasses all the others in extent and grandeur. I must here cease to particularise either columns or temples, so numerous are they that only to name them would be tedious. We entered towards the northern end, which is comparatively modern, and the figures are less free in their execution. The pillars in the centre are of one stone, forty feet high, and probably supported busts or statues, as upon the top of one of them a pedestal still appears. Near them is a gigantic figure in granite. Upon the wall are sculptured the figures of boats, one of which is upwards of fifty feet long. The French have cut in another part the latitudes and longitudes of the principal places in Egypt; but I am told they are not correct. The pillars in the interior court are many of them eleven feet in diameter. One of them has fallen against another pillar, but is prevented from coming to pieces by the immense weight of the frieze, which still retains its place. The ribs in one of the upper windows of the western wall, are still perfect, and have so light an appearance, that at first I took them to be of wood. It is a delightful thought that the gods, to whom these matchless structures were erected, have not now a single worshipper, and that even a later generation of deities has shared a similar fate. Osiris and Apis, Jupiter and Venus, and Woden and Friga, are alike forgotten. The mind seems to require some thought of this description to relieve it from the majesty of the scene, when the reflection comes that it is purely heathen. The most imposing view is from one of the transepts in the principal court, and when the setting sun sheds its latest rays upon these remains of departed greatness, and shows them in that "dim religious light," which is the favorite shade among all ruins, there are few places upon earth where purer strains can be heard of that music which, amidst scenes like these, strikes with such force upon the soul, when all earthly sounds are silent. Still there is a danger lest the imagination should be led away by some pleasing and profitless fiction, though the granite obelisks, the mutilated statues, the sculptured walls, the massy columns, and the quarries of hewn stone that lie scattered in confusion around, throw in a chord of graver tone, and tell us we are passing to the grave. When proceeding to look at some other wonder, column after column presents itself on every side, of the most gigantic proportions, as if the hand that had upreared

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them could never be satisfied with the manifestation of the resources it could command. The interior of the temple is a forest of columns. There are two obelisks, each made of a single block of granite, upwards of seventy feet high. The hieroglyphics are nearly as perfect as when first cut.—Further on, we can only glance for a moment at the different apartments and figures that present themselves. Upon one of the walls are cut the figures of the gifts that were presented to the temple, with an account of the number and value of each. Some of the vessels are not improbably of the very same shape and description as the chargers, bowls, and spoons, presented unto the Lord by the princes of Israel, at the dedication of the tabernacle in the wilderness. The next temple is in better preservation. The ceiling is painted an azure blue, studded with stars. The figure of an old saint, painted upon one of the columns, greeted us at our entrance; and I looked round with no common emotion, as it is evident that this erection was used in former times as a place of Christian worship. The worshippers, "where are they?" Echo answers not with an uncertain "where?" Those who worshipped in sincerity are, no doubt, with the throng in a more magnificent temple, where there is no need of the setting sun to give it beauty, neither of the moon to shine in it, "for the Lord is with them an everlasting light." The names of several bishops are written upon one of the pillars, in Greek; and this rude scrawl, it has been conjectured, is the record of some ecclesiastical council held in the temple. Still further on, there are many other statues, columns, walls, apartments, and temples; but after seeing so much, the eye was for once satisfied, and we were not sorry to find ourselves at the extremity of the sacred enclosure. The whole length is said to be nearly two thousand feet. There is a character about these ruins that belongs to no other I saw in Egypt. There are no native habitations near them, and but few remains of those little mud dwellings with which the men of later times have been contented. They are alone in their simplicity, and the broken fragments around all belong to their own former grandeur. I could scarcely bring myself to believe that their age is to be numbered by thousands of years. They appear as if the work of yesterday. Looking at the more perfect parts, I could fancy that the workmen were only absent on some holiday occasion; and, looking at the more ruinous, I could suppose that an earthquake, the tremulous motion of which was only now subsiding, had just passed in its fury as the messenger of God, and hurled from their foundations these impious structures.

The principal temples on the western side of the river are those of Gornou, Northern and Southern Dair, the Memnonium and Medinet Abou.

The temple at Gornou, not far from the river, is remarkable for its simplicity, and were it not for the sacred character of the hieroglyphics with which it is covered, might be supposed to have been a grand hall used by the monarch on state occasions. It has seven perfect columns in front, and one broken. In the interior there are three columns on each side, and the roof is nearly perfect. There are several other apartments, some of them nearly filled with rubbish.

The propylon of the Memnonium is in ruins, and appears as if it had received a wrench from the hand of some mighty destroyer, who had strength at once to shake it through every stone. On the western side of it are represented the stirring scenes of a battle in the usual spirited style, with a walled town and all the horrors of a siege. Between this and the temple are the remains of a statue, from which the edifice derives its name, measuring upwards of twenty feet across the chest, and all the other parts in proportion. There are statues composed of separate stones joined to the columns in the same space, that have suffered from the hand of man, in common with the other parts of the fabric. Upon the walls of the temple there are other battle scenes. It consists of several apartments, and is much larger than that at Gornou. The whole is about 600 feet long, 200 feet broad, and contains upwards of 150 columns. It was from this place that the statue was taken now in the British Museum, and improperly called the Younger Memnon.

The temple of Medinet Abou, about a quarter of a mile distant, is in better preservation. It is built upon a plan somewhat different to that which is usually followed. The columns at the western end are only excelled by those at Karnac, and the court must have been a delightful place of retirement for the priests in the days of its magnificence. The hieroglyphics are cut very deep into the wall, and some of the colors are as bright and fresh as if just laid on by the painter. In all the other temples I visited, the figures have been mutilated by the iconoclasts: in this temple there are whole groups of figures quite perfect. They appear to owe their preservation to the modern buildings by which they have been covered, and which were probably Roman, as those still near them are, from their form, supposed to be of that age. This would prove, if the position be correct, that the mutilations are not the work of Cambyses, as is generally imagined, but either of the early Christians or the Mahomedans. It has been a task of incredible difficulty to deface so many thousands of idolatrous emblems, and the zeal of the parties cannot but be admired, whatever a mere love of art may say of their task. On the northern exterior wall is represented another battle scene, in which the antagonists of the larger figure are upon the water in boats. Some are swimming for their lives, some falling overboard, and others are employed in rescuing their perishing companions. The style in which these sculptures are designed much resembles that of the prints in the common historical works published about 200 years ago; but they are worthy of examination, as the garments, weapons, and so forth, are no doubt exact representations of those used at the date of the erection of the temples. On the same side are several figures of lions.

Not far distant is the humble chapel of a few families of Coptic Christians. The temples of Dair are of inferior interest. There are many other remains of walls, statues, and apartments, in different parts; but it is an exaggeration of travellers, that the whole plain is covered with ruins from one chain of mountains to the other.

The objects which almost surpass all others in interest are the two statues in the centre of the plain. They are sitting upon a kind of throne,

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with the hands resting upon the knees, and are looking towards the east. They are about fifty feet high. Both of them have small statues attached to their lower extremities. The figure towards the south appears as if cut out of a single block of granite, but of this I cannot be positive, as what I take to be injuries may be joints in the stones: it is the most perfect. The other is the celebrated vocal statue of Memnon. It is covered with inscriptions principally in the Greek character, but many of them are now illegible. One is said to record the names of several of the maids of honor in the suite of the Empress Sabina, consort of Hadrian, when she visited these antiquities. It creates a singular sensation to come so closely into contact with these ancient great ones, as to be employed in looking with the same interest at the same object, after a lapse of 1600 years. Another inscription laments the injury done to the statue by Cambyses. Some record that they have heard the sound, and others write in the present tense, that they are listening to it at the very time. The upper part is much broken, and an attempt has been made to repair it with separate stones. These were probably once covered with cement, so that the fracture was not to be distinguished; but this has fallen off, and they have now a very clumsy appearance. The statue was vocal after its fracture, as well as in its perfect state. It is said to have emitted sounds, particularly at the rising of the sun, like that heard at the breaking of the string of a harp. I cannot bring myself to think it possible that it ever possessed such a property, and attribute the whole to the artifices of the priests. The geographer Strabo heard the sound, but was unable to tell whether it proceeded from the statue or from the people near it. These statues afford an excellent test for measuring the rise of the river, as they are surrounded by water during the inundation; and, it is wonderful, considering their immense weight, that they have not long ago sunk deep into the earth.

I was disappointed in the tombs of the kings.—I remember being greatly interested some years ago with the plates of two harpers, in the travels of Bruce. They are taken from the tombs, are in beautiful perspective, and the countenances of the figures have a placid expression that I have seldom seen equalled. I took these as a specimen, and supposed that the other paintings would be something like them. The tombs are situated near the summit of the mountains, and the road leading to them is in excellent keeping with the purpose to which it has been appropriated. It is a deep ravine, with rocks and loose stones, and appears as if shunned by every thing that has life: not even the goat, with all its love of the high peak and giddy precipice, ever ventures upon these barren hills; it knows too well that there is no grass upon which to browse, no young leaves to crop from the tender branch: all is nakedness and desolation. It winds round the deserted sides of the mountain: in silence, as if to teach men to think; in ruggedness, as if to remind them that in their passage to the grave they must expect to meet with crosses, and difficulties, and pain; and in sterility, as if to tell them that whatever honors the monarch might have previously received, he was now to stand in all the nakedness of truth, bereft of his companions and crowns, before the throne of the Eternal Judge. The scene must have been mournfully grand, when the funeral procession disturbed the usual stillness, and the cries of the mourners re-echoed among the rocks, as they passed with the royal corpse to the habitation it was destined to occupy, hollowed down deep in the earth. It needs only to refer to Scripture to realise something of its power. When Joseph, who was only less than monarch, went up from Egypt to bury his father in the cave before Mamre, he was attended by "all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house .... and there went up with him both chariots and horsemen, and it was a very great company. And they came to the threshing-floor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan, and there they mourned with a very great and sore lamentation." Gen. l. 7—10. The entrances to the tombs are not distinguished above ground by any erection. The same plan is pursued in nearly all. A passage, about eight feet high, and as many broad, leads down into the heart of the mountain by a gradual descent. The sides are covered with hieroglyphics, some in relief and others painted. There are breaks and steps at convenient distances. After proceeding a little way, there are square apartments on each side of the passage, covered with paintings. Then comes a room of larger dimensions, containing a stone sarcophagus. The roof is supported by square pillars, and the painted figures are larger than life. From this place branch off different passages, that lead to other rooms, and from each of these rooms there are again passages that lead in the same way to other apartments of a similar description. In some of the rooms there are niches for mummies, and shelves all round. The contents have all long since been carried away. The paintings are not all devoted to mythology. There are articles of furniture, such as chairs, couches, thrones, and vases, many of them of the patterns most admired in the present day: there are also the different operations of agriculture, ploughing, sowing, and reaping; pots of flowers, instruments of music, and weapons of war. I observed several serpents with wings and feet. There are numerous pictures of the gods, and of the various ceremonies of sacrifice. In the drawings from the tomb opened by Belzoni, Dr. Young discovered the names of Necho, king of Egypt, and of Psammis, his son. Pharaoh Necho conquered Jerusalem and Babylon, and it has been thought that there is reference to this fact in one of the historical paintings in the same tomb. The subject is a military procession, and the Jews and Persians may be easily distinguished by their form and dress. This tomb has suffered the least from time, and shows the colors as fresh as when just completed. Some of the apartments are unfinished, from which cause we can discover the manner in which the artist proceeded. The figure was first roughly pencilled out with red chalk, a bolder hand then drew the perfect form, and the colors were afterwards laid on. There is no shading or perspective, and I could see little of that expression in the countenances that has thrown some travellers into perfect raptures. Some of the passa-

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ges have been traced upwards of 300 yards, and may probably extend to a much greater distance. It is to be feared that in a comparatively little time these remains of antiquity will be destroyed, as the natives break off large pieces of the rock, to sell them to travellers; and there are many unsightly gaps already in the walls, caused by this unwarrantable traffic.

The most ancient of the existing temples is said by the interpreters of the hieroglyphics to have been erected about the year 1778, B. C.; and, in turning over our Bibles, to search for the contemporary sacred history, we find that about that time Jacob was wooing his beloved Rachel, at the well of Haran. The city is mentioned by Homer as "the hundred-gated." I had an opportunity of seeing the sun set from a situation in the western range of mountains, that commands a view of the whole plain. As I was proceeding towards the place, the people came running out of their sepulchres with curiosities to dispose of, that they had found among the ruins. These people live in tombs, sleep in coffins, and gain their food by selling the bones and flesh of men. One old fellow brought out the dark mummy of a man, without any covering; but it was too disgusting an object to look upon: the skin and form were quite perfect. The desiccating qualities of the place are wonderful. An Italian died here some time since, and his body soon became so dry, that it was sold to a certain traveller as an ancient mummy; but on being brought to Alexandria, the features were recognised by some of his friends. The ground is perforated with mummy pits, like the cells of a honeycomb, and it required some little care in guiding the animal on which I rode among them, lest we should both fall in and be buried alive. I had no wish to be exhibited some years hence as a genuine Egyptian mummy, and to be addressed by some poet as having shaken hands with Pharaoh, or seen the departure of the Israelites.—Higher up the mountains are the tombs of more respectable persons, now inhabited by the people. They are excavated in rows, one above the other, and in the evening the flocks are brought up to them by steep paths, after feeding upon the rich pasture in the plain. I dined in one of the tombs with an English gentleman, who has been located in this strange habitation several years. By the time we reached this place, the sun had set to us, but was shining upon the plain through a pass in the mountains. I never at any time saw so many birds as were now returning from a distance to their resting places for the night. It seemed as if the spirits of the millions of the dead who had breathed their last in the valley had suddenly become embodied, and were hovering in dark masses above their deserted city. There was the majestic Nile in the centre of the expanse, its banks covered with a mantle of the loveliest green, from the midst of which arose the white walls of a temple in every quarter to which the attention was directed. The temples of Karnac were nearly hidden by a grove of dates. The columns of Luxor showed themselves in splendor, and worshippers might have been imagined as standing among them, bowing to the fancied Lord of Heaven, as he might seem for a moment to veil his majesty before them, or shed upon their prayers his last bright ray. The two statues of Memnon were sitting in silence, as if too gigantic in their imaginings to be attracted by any scene in this lower world, as they were far away in their colossal proportions from any thing that pertains to man. From this plain the monarch might once summon to his standard, through each of the gates of the city 20,000 fighting men, and 200 chariots; now scarcely a single habitation is to be seen.—"Where are they, where are thy wise men? .... Why are thy valiant men swept away;" asks the prophet; and the same prophet answers, "They stood not, because the Lord did drive them." Jer. xlvi. 15.

ON—NOPH, OR MEMPHIS.

These cities both stood in the neighborhood of the pyramids, and the whole of the valley on both sides of the river may be considered as sacred ground. The prince whose daughter Asenath was given to Joseph in marriage, was priest of On. It is called Beth-shemesh by Jeremiah, and is translated Heliopolis by the LXX., by which name it was known to the Greeks, both of which signify "the house, or city, of the sun." On the opposite bank of the Nile stood the ancient city of Noph, called also Memphis, by the prophet Isaiah. There are few places mentioned in ancient history whose site has been laid down with more minuteness of circumstance, yet the learned are very far from being agreed as to the exact spot where Memphis stood. The controversy may have arisen from the vast extent it occupied, which may possibly have been so great as to bring places at a considerable distance from each other, within the limits of the ancient metropolis. The name is still retained in an Egyptian village; for when I asked a native, whom I hired as an attendant, the place of his residence, he replied Memf, and afterwards pointed out to me the place, within sight of the pyramids. Memphis was the capital of Egypt previously to the time of the Ptolemies, who transferred to Alexandria the seat of empire. It continued to retain a part of its former magnificence until the Fatimite caliphs became masters of Egypt, and built near the same place, but on the eastern bank of the river, El Kahirah, "the victorous," the present Grand Cairo.

The remains of On are nearly reduced to one single obelisk, and as the description of Memphis would consist of little more than mere conjecture, the objects most worthy of attention as illustrative of the present history of these places, are Grand Cairo and the pyramids. The notices given of the present capital of Egypt will be considered as additionally interesting if brought into contrast with the account given of Thebes, the former capital of the same country.

Grand Cairo consists of two towns, distinguished by the names of Old and New, though the latter is only modern, in comparison with the former. Besides these two places there is Boulac, the river-port of the city, and fast rising into importance. The whole population of Cairo is stated at 600,000 souls, from a recent census.

New Cairo is by far the most extensive of the

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three places. It is entered, when coming from the river, a distance of about two miles, by a substantial gateway, and after passing an extensive barrack on the left, the road opens upon a square, the only one in the city, called the Esbequieh. It is in turn a lake, a morass, and a corn-field, as it communicates with the Nile by a canal. The streets are so narrow that I could frequently touch the houses on both sides by stretching out my arms. The place seems as if built on purpose to favor the ravages of disease, and on passing through its dark, dirty, narrow streets, the name it has received of "the city of the plague," struck me as being particularly appropriate. The halls of merchandise are protected by chains at the entrance, and have an imposing appearance. I wandered from street to street, through turnings and windings innumerable, lingering at places where any thing of interest was exposed for sale, and scarcely any article can be mentioned, either for use or ornament, that is common among Europeans or Turks, of whatever degree, that cannot be purchased in some quarter or other of this extensive mart. The dresses of the Turkish ladies were the most splendid articles I noticed. Except in the Frank quarter there are no shops: you must stand in the street to make the bargain, though sometimes the salesman will invite you to mount up, and take part of the mat upon which he is sitting. Narrow as the streets are, the crowds that pass through them are incredible. I generally rode a donkey, and the boy with me kept continually calling to the people to mind their feet; but in spite of all our endeavors to give warning, my awkward boots were always getting entangled among some of the manifold habiliments in which the women are enveloped, and I either turned them half round before I could get free, or made a rend that brought down upon my poor head many an ungracious wish. But I was made to suffer in my turn: first a Turk upon horseback gave my knee a stroke with his great stirrip, then a camel came with a load so large that there was no possibility of getting past without a crush against the wall, and before I had well had time to exclaim against the want of manners in the animal, my feet were grazed against the projecting boards of a bazaar. Soldiers are stationed in all directions, and frequently add to the confusion by their efforts to preserve order. The mosques, of which there are about 300, would some of them have a magnificent appearance if they could be seen from a little distance, but they are now buried among houses and common buildings. I had a peep into some of them through the windows: the space between each arch of the principal aisle appears to be partitioned from the rest, and to be a place of worship perfect in itself, so that the effect is lost that would be produced by a view of the undivided whole. They have sometimes buildings attached to them with brass lattices, erected with considerable taste, at which water is distributed to passengers by persons appointed for the purpose. The houses are five or six stories high: the lower part built with stones of a large size, and many of them having arched entrances, the ribs of which are chastely ornamented.

The citadel has of late received great attention, and every effort has been made to render it impregnable, but the stone of the fortifications is too soft to resist the effects of cannon. It contains a telegraph that communicates with Alexandria. The divan of the governor is very splendid. An erection of marble has been commenced by the pacha, in memory of his favorite son Touissan. There are now no remains of the places formerly shown as the halls of Joseph and his steward, except a few pillars. Joseph's well is 272 feet deep, and a passage, several feet wide, winds round it, cut in the rock, with openings towards the well at certain intervals for the admission of light. The water is drawn up by two wheels, one at the top and the other some distance down, turned by oxen in the usual manner. The water is brackish, from the sand through which it filters, but it might be used in case of necessity, and would be the only supply for the garrison during a siege. The place where the Mamelukes were massacred has been much altered since this deed was perpetrated, one of the darkest of modern times. We had some difficulty in making out the spot, as the Turks are wishful to bury all traces of the transaction in oblivion. I almost shuddered as I trod the stones where so many brave men were murdered in cold blood. Near this place is an extensive manufactory of arms. We passed through all the workshops and foundries, and were everywhere treated with great attention. The army is supplied from hence with swords, pistols, guns, and cannon. The overseers are principally Englishmen. The walls of the citadel command the finest view of the city, particularly of the mosque of Sultan Hassan. It appears scarcely possible that so large a population can be crowded into so small a space as the city occupies.

There is an asylum for lunatics attached to one of the mosques. It contained at the time of my visit twelve men and thirteen women. The men have separate cells that look into an open court, to the bars of which they are chained. One was continually passing himself from side to side of the grating, as I have seen hyænas, when under confinement, and called out incessantly, "Francisco, Francisco." Others were sitting in moody silence. The description of the women's apartment I received from the keeper, deterred me from visiting it.

The slave market is an open square, with rooms on each side, and apartments above for the more valuable females. The rooms were most of them closed, but they were all thrown open on our approach, and the poor creatures were shown as if they had been so many horses or cattle. They set up a loud laugh, but though there was laughter upon the lip, it came not from the heart. I stood some time in the gallery, looking at the different groups, and felt for them sincere pity. There was something peculiarly forbidding about the countenances of the old fellows who appeared to be the principal proprietors. The greater part of the slaves then in the market were Berberries, and nearly all children. Their hair grows in ringlets, and has been compared to a natural wig. These were all merrily warming themselves round a fire, and it is possible might be really destitute of all painful thought on their situation. It shall be a glory unto Britain, more durable than that of her conquests, that slavery has ceased throughout

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her dominions, a fact the more interesting, because without a parallel in the annals of nations since the chain was forged that bound in fetters the first slave. In the court leading to the market *curbashes* are sold, thongs made of the skin of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, a cut from which is so severe that it becomes a powerful weapon. I never failed to make my way through a crowd, when I had one in my hand, though I never struck any one a blow.

The tombs of the caliphs and Mamelukes have been much admired, but they are very inferior to many of those erected by the Mussulmans in India during the existence of the Mogul empire.

Between new Cairo and the old city, after crossing an extensive burial ground and some gardens, there is an aqueduct with 317 arches, not at present in use. In the same direction is one of the palaces of the pacha, in which, as in all other modern Egyptian architecture, there is a strange mixture of refinement and barbarism.

The glory of Old Cairo is completely eclipsed by the superior grandeur of the New, but it is more conveniently situated in every respect except for defence, being near the river. There is here shown the place where our Saviour is said to have lived during his residence in Egypt, and several other places of a similiar description, fruitful sources of revenue to the monks.

The island of Rhoda is formed by a division of the Nile, and is occupied by the gardens of Ibraham Pacha, to which the wealthier Turks delight to retire in the cooler hours of the day and listen to music. At the southern extremity is the ancient Nilometer, from which the official account of the rise of the river is ascertained.

The palace of Shoobra is situated on the banks of the Nile, and is approached from Cairo by a broad road shaded with trees. The gardens are laid out with some taste, and have walks pebbled with different devices. There is a fountain, surrounded by a court paved with marble, to which the pacha is sometimes accompanied by the ladies of his harem. The giraffes brought from the interior were all dead but one, and the dim eye and languid movements of the survivor betokened that it would soon follow its companions.

I was accompanied to the pyramids by the Rev. J. Bartholomew, of the Wesleyan society, who had come to the capital on business connected with the mission. We mounted the donkeys of the country, active and useful little creatures, on the western bank of the river, and after an hour's quick ride were at the foot of one of the seven wonders of the world, and the only one of the seven at present in existence. The cultivated plain approaches these ancient structures within a few hundred feet. The ground upon which they are built is somewhat elevated, which adds to their imposing appearance from the distance. The villages we passed in our ride each sent one or more of its inhabitants to accompany us, and before we had proceeded far we were surrounded by a noisy crowd, all of whom had something to say why they in particular should have their services accepted; and if we insisted upon their return before we would proceed one step further, it was only to see them come back again after a little time, perhaps in increased numbers. It was in vain that we cast a look towards the pyramids, to contrast their appearance under different lights, and at different distances; our attention was soon called away from Cheops and his monument of 3000 years to the reiterated claims of our nearer attendants. I was anxious to proceed to the top of the highest pyramid before the sun's rays had become too powerful. I was assisted by two Arabs in climbing the steps, which at the commencement are upwards of a yard high. It is a difficult task for muscles not accustomed to the attempt, but by no means so formidable as has been represented. It is not unusual for females to accomplish the undertaking, and a party had engaged to accompany us, but in the mean time one of them had been taken ill. Not long since some English travellers, with that love of frolic which is their general characteristic, had a donkey taken to the summit, and then, with that thoughtlessness and cruelty of which they are too often guilty, had it precipitated to the ground, by which it was, of course, dashed to pieces. It is during the ascent that the magnitude of the erection first comes home to the mind with proper force; to look down, and then towards the summit, it seems impossible that so immense a pile can be entirely the result of human labor. It is about 700 feet in the length of its base, and is 461 feet high, being 227 feet higher than the cathedral of York, and 117 feet higher than St. Paul's at London. It is ascended by 206 layers of steps, of different dimensions. I did not myself make any admeasurement, and must take for granted the declarations of former travellers, or I should have taken the elevation at a greater number of feet, allowing the number of steps to be correctly stated, as there appeared to me to be more tiers that were above three feet in height than there were under this size. There will always be a difference in the computations of travellers, because many of the steps are broken, and the sand at the base does not always accumulate to the same elevation. At the apex is a flat space, about 30 feet square, upon which are cut the names of its adventurous visiters. I added my name to those of three other missionaries, all of whom are now no more. The multitude of events that rush at once upon the mind, when standing in this elevated position, produces an indistinct and indefinite excitement, half fearful, half joyous, and utterly indescribable; a something that was never felt before, and cannot be expected ever to be felt again. The stones that are there placed have occupied the same spot an unknown period, more than half the age of the world. We may tell every name written upon the scroll of history, every event recorded among the archives of the world, every empire whose fall has been wept by its bereaved children, however ancient that name, or distant that event, or extended the sweep of that empire; and whilst all these were the passing wonders of the day, this erection was standing as it now stands, in the same form and the same position. The day was most favorable to the full enjoyment of the prospect. At our feet were other pyramids of equal antiquity, and the pyramids of Saccarah and Dashoor were seen in the distance. The minarets of Cairo were to be distinguished over the Nile, with the citadel frowning from the Mo-

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kattam. The river was presented in a long continuous line, and the earth did her homage as she passed by, arraying her banks with flowers, and trees, and a mantle of green. It is more than probable that the first miracles of Moses, including all the plagues, from the turning of the river into blood to the death of the first-born, were performed within the limits commanded by our vision. On the opposite bank had stood the city of On, to which Plato and many other of the Grecian sages resorted to learn lessons in good government and philosophy. On the flight into Egypt, there is little doubt that Joseph and Mary, with the holy child Jesus, resided for a time at the same place, as we know that great numbers of Jews were located there at that period, though the exact spots consecrated by the presence of the Saviour may not be known. The nearer valley had once been covered with the houses, palaces, and temples, of an extensive city, not a vestige of which now remained. The prophecy of Jeremiah has been literally accomplished: "They did cry there, Pharaoh king of Egypt is but a noise: he hath passed the time appointed. As I live, saith the king, whose name is the Lord of Hosts, Surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and as Carmel by the sea, so shall he come. O thou daughter dwelling in Egypt, furnish thyself to go into captivity; for Noph shall be waste and desolate, without an inhabitant."—Jer. xlvi. 17—19. The thoughts glance at these different events, and all connection with the present age is for a time forgotten, until the Arabs become impatient, and remind you that they consider their expected present of greater consequence than all the kings and cities that have ever existed.

The descent is less difficult to the muscles, but a greater trial to the nerves. An English gentleman was thrown down about three years ago, and was killed, as the wind was violent, and he refused the assistance of the Arabs.

The entrance into the interior is at some distance from the base, but is approached by an accumulation of sand and stones. We descended to the distance of about 70 feet by a gradually inclined plane, from whence the principal passage ascends with a shelving ledge on each side, and we could distinguish the roof by the light of our dim tapers. The ascent is attended with some difficulty, and would be almost impossible, were not holes cut in the stones for the hands and feet. The passage terminates in a chamber 32 feet long by 16 feet wide, and said to be 19 feet high. In the centre of the chamber is a sarcophagus of red granite, without any inscription. We sang the doxology,—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"—to the usual psalm, and the effect was very grand. Our two voices seemed to be swelled to the compass of a multitude, as if some of the old Egyptians who had been there entombed had also taken to themselves a voice, and joined in the song of praise. There were many other passages breaking off in different directions to less or greater distances. Some of them have been explored to the extent of several hundred feet, and it is probable there are many others, the entrances to which cannot now be ascertained. There have been a great many opinions as to the design with which the pyramids were erected. There can be no doubt that they were tombs, and perhaps they were nothing more. If it be objected, that it would be absurd to suppose the Egyptians lavished so much expense upon buildings that had no other design, we need only refer to their mummies, their catacombs, and the tombs of the kings at Thebes. In the centre of the pyramid the body of the founder was probably deposited, and the passages would answer the same purpose for the bodies of his family and descendants. They might afterwards be used for deeds of darkness that the licentiousness of later periods introduced into the world. The absence of hieroglyphics in every part of the structure may arise from their antiquity, as they may have been built before the invention of these symbols: but it is more probable that the cause is to be found in the known opposition of the founders to the existing hierarchy, who alone had the key to this secret manner of writing; as Herodotus, in speaking of Cheops, expressly states that "he barred the avenues to every temple, and forbade the Egyptians to sacrifice to the gods." It has been assumed, with a great appearance of probability, that the Israelites assisted in the erection of these artificial mountains; and to support this argument, many distinct series of proofs have been brought forward both from sacred and profane history.

There are two other pyramids at a little distance, one of them of a much smaller size. The nearer of the two was opened by Belzoni, after a close of some ages, but he was disappointed in finding that it had been previously explored, and deprived of its most valuable remains. An attempt has been made to destroy it, as the steps are all broken nearly half-way up to the summit. There are several other buildings in the plain, half-buried by the sand. The paintings in one of them might represent a grand gastronomic procession, as there are all the operations of cooking. At a little distance are several beautiful sarcophagi cut into the shape of the human body, with the lids entire and the inscriptions as perfect as if just prepared for some one that was about to be interred. The sphinx is cut out of the rock where it stands, and the head only can now be seen. I could not discover so much beauty in the features as many travellers profess to find. There are said to be many inscriptions on the lower extremities, and the whole mass, if cleared away entirely from the sand, would be upwards of 100 feet long. The Arabs continued to throng about us, in spite of all our efforts to drive them away. They have been designated robbers, and all manner of evil has been said against them, but a set of merrier or better natured fellows I never met with, and a few piastres distributed among them were acknowledged by a thousand thanks. Some of them live in the excavated parts of the rocks, where they have comfortable shelter in this favored climate.

On our return we called at what our guide denominated "a manufactory of chickens;" and after recrossing the river, visited one of the pacha's schools. There were 1700 boys under a course of instruction, nearly all of whom were boarded upon the premises. We saw the kitchen, bath, and hospital. Nearly all their studies are in Turkish, which I do not understand; but they

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were proud to show us several plans and sketches, as well as drawings of fortifications and of different public buildings in Cairo, the execution of which was very respectable. We had no letter of introduction, but were treated with great politeness, and were shown through the whole of the premises. The masters appeared to be all Turks.

I was kindly entertained during my stay in Cairo at the house of the Rev. W. Krusie, of the Church Mission. There were at that time eight Protestant ministers in Cairo, perhaps an unprecedented occurrence; a clergyman of the Church of England on his travels; Messrs. Leider, Krusie, and Muller, stationed in Egypt; Mr. Gobat, on his way from Abyssinia to England; Mr. Iesenberg, on his way from England to Abyssinia; Mr. Bartholomew, and myself. I had the privilege of partaking with my brethren of the holy Sacrament, and on the Sabbath preached to a small congregation in English. The missionaries are principally employed in the superintendence of schools, but were in treaty for a place in which to attempt a public service in Arabic.

ALEXANDRIA.

This city was founded by Alexander the Great, under the direction of the same architect who rebuilt the temple of Diana at Ephesus. It was the capital of Egypt during the reign of the Ptolemies, and contained a population of 300,000 freemen, with the same number of slaves. It was second only to Rome, among all the cities of her empire. It was intersected by two magnificent streets, 2000 feet broad, one of which extended from the sea to the lake, and presented to the admiring passenger the sight of ships riding at anchor near both of its extremities. It holds a prominent place in history, especially under the early emperors of Rome. The ship belonged to this port in which Paul was wrecked at Melita. When taken by Amrou, the general of the caliph Omar, it had 4000 palaces, 4000 baths, and 400 places of amusement. The commerce between this city and Rome was considerable. The discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope destroyed the maritime superiority of Alexandria, and it can only be restored by a return of the eastern trade to its old channel of communication.

The present city may be compared to an ancient lady, painted, patched, and powdered, and trying to play the agreeable under her gray locks and wrinkled forehead. New walls are carried over extensive ruins; Turkish palaces look out upon Roman monuments; and hospitals and granaries are built with stones cut by hands that many centuries ago forgot their cunning. It is situated upon a strip of sand between the Mediterranean sea and the lake Mareotis. It communicates with the Nile by a canal dug by the present pacha, at immense expense, 47 miles long.—The place bears marks of present prosperity, many large houses being in the course of erection, and the numerous flag-staffs that distinguish the residences of the European consuls are evidence that the interests of many nations are connected with its commerce. The present population is stated at 20,000, about 5000 of whom are Franks.—There are 3000 persons under the care of the British consulate, principally from Malta and the Ionian islands. At certain hours of the day, a greater number of Europeans than of natives is to be seen in the streets. The column called "Pompey's Pillar," is placed upon an eminence, and is seen to greatest advantage when emerging from the city in the direction in which it is situated.—It is one of the largest masses ever elevated by man, as the shaft is 90 feet long, and is composed of one entire piece of granite. The capital is 10 feet high, of the Corinthian order, and is the work of a much ruder period. The site is favorable to the supposition that it stood in the centre of some vast edifice. It was perhaps to commemorate the placing of the capital, or the re-erection of the column, that the inscription was cut, which has excited so many disputes among the learned, and given honor to men who little deserve it. The obelisks called "Cleopatra's Needles," are close to the sea-shore, one erect, and the other fallen, and nearly covered with earth. They are similar to those I saw in Upper Egypt, but the hieroglyphics are much less distinct, from their exposure to the sea breeze. There are several other places to which the name of Cleopatra is attached, with about equal authority. Another pile of ruins is said to be the site of the celebrated library destroyed by Omar's command. The catacombs are at some distance, and cannot be explored very far without difficulty: my other engagements did not allow me to visit them. In the convents are shown several relics, such as a picture painted by St. Luke, and the pulpit in which St. Mark preached. There are considerable spaces within the outer wall not occupied by any building, but mound after mound presents itself, the residue of what once was looked upon with wonder; and in the excavations that have recently been made, to procure stone for building, many pillars, capitals, and walls of extraordinary strength, have been laid open to the day. The city is still supplied with water by the ancient aqueducts, built with arches under the streets.

The European inhabitants are principally of the Roman Catholic persuasion. There are also many Greeks, and a few families of Copts and Armenians. The convents appear to flourish under the liberal sway of the pacha. The Jews are a numerous body. The Rev. J. Bartholomew, of the Wesleyan mission, was the only resident Protestant minister. I preached in the chapel to about fifty persons, in English; but the performance of service was not generally known, as Mr. B. had only arrived from the country the day before.—There was a school in connection with the mission, in which were 33 boys, of whom 16 were Greeks, 9 Italians, 5 Armenians, and 3 Arabs.—Mr. B. preached on board one of the ships in the harbor every Sabbath. Many persons of different nations called upon him to converse on religious subjects; and in this way it was hoped some good was done. There are many villages in the Delta, near to each other, in which the Copts are numerous. It would be well if schools could be established among them, as by this means access would gradually be gained to the people, and they might be brought under the preaching of the word

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of God. The small force of the mission at present precludes the possibility of an attempt that might be attended with the brightest results.

I embarked for Beirout, in Syria, in the *Ranger*, and when we got under weigh, I looked towards the shore, and thought on the many important events that had there taken place. The palace of the pacha stands upon a peninsula between the two harbors. The site of the ancient Pharos has been swept into the sea. The ships anchor in the harbor furthest from the town, and it was then filled with ships of different descriptions from the western ports of Asia and all the principal ports of Europe. The number of men-of-war displaying the red flag with the crescent, one of which carried 130 guns, proclaimed the maritime power of the pacha. The harbor is difficult of access, having a bar of rocks at its entrance, and the coast on both sides is too low to be seen at any distance. We skirted the bay of Aboukir, in which was fought the battle of the Nile.

Since its foundation by Alexander the great, and its reception of his remains in a sarcophagus of gold, Alexandria has been alternately a queen among the nations, and a slave to the oppressor, and its history is not without stirring pages that claim deep attention. In the time of the Ptolemies it was the metropolis of Egypt, it drew from proud Tyre her resources, and became the mart of the commerce of the East: it was near this place that Pompey was murdered within sight of his wife Cornelia; and that the great Cæsar and the unfortunate Marc Antony yielded themselves captive to the charms of the worthless Cleopatra: it gave birth to Apollos, the mighty in the Scriptures: the evangelist Mark here preached the humbling doctrines of the cross, and sealed them with his blood: it afforded refuge to 100,000 Jews, and under Nero its streets were red with their blood: it was here that the translation of the Septuagint was made, opening the volume of truth to the whole of the then civilized world, and that the most ancient copy of the Scriptures now in existence was penned by Thecla, a noble virgin; it was here that the monastic life originated, that Arius denied the divinity of his Redeemer, Athanasius defended the truth, and Origen commenced his allegories, all of which have had their different influence upon the church: it was here that the eclectic philosophy flourished, the corrupter of the simplicity of the gospel: its skies have been blackened by the smoke of 700,000 volumes thrown to the flames by the bigotted Omar; then come Saladin, and Richard the lion-hearted, and the crusaders, and as a grand conclusion, Nelson and Napoleon have fought, and Abercromby died, within a few miles of its walls.

I quitted Egypt with some regret that it was not in my power to spend a longer period in investigating its antiquities; but I remembered that I had duties of a higher kind that required my attention. No man with eyes to see, and a heart to feel can look upon this country in its present degradation, and compare it with its former greatness without learning an instructive lesson. It once sat in majesty, and kings came to do it homage, and great men came to learn from it wisdom: its temples were crowded with worshippers, and its river was covered with the swelling sails of its multitude of vessels; it is now "the basest of kingdoms." The oppressions that the people have suffered have known no limit. Inhabiting one of the richest countries under heaven, the soil of which requires scarcely any culture to render it productive, they are destitute of the necessaries of life. Their moral condition is equally to be deplored. The Turks are the lords of the land, and no where have they been more proud or more cruel. The villagers are sunk into an awful degree of depravity: in no other place have I seen such shameful exposure of the person, both among males and females; and it is said, that there are crimes commonly committed among them to which I dare not more distinctly allude.

The sight of a ruin under any circumstances, is an impressive sign of the instability of the things of earth; but in contemplating the columns of Egypt, it cannot be forgotten that not merely a few generations have passed away since their erection, but that even the mightiest empires the world ever saw, were founded, and flourished, and fell, within the same period: thus the voice with which they speak gathers fresh energy from every century that is added to their age; and we not only ask, What is man?—we ask, too, What would man be, were even a thousand years added to his threescore and ten? The soul then feels its need of some support that is eternal, and cleaves with the greater firmness to Him who is the same, and whose years fail not, thankful that He who alone can save is willing "to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Jesus, seeing he ever liveth."

In the infancy of the human race, Egypt rose to a situation of great pre-eminence among the nations of the world. Its climate was a delightful mean between the extremes of heat and cold. There being little rain, the labored erection of substantial dwellings was not necessary: the plains required little trouble to cultivate them, and their riches could never be exhausted. The wandering habits of the patriarchal families were here first repressed, as it was impossible that they could proceed further to the westward on account of the Libyan desert, and it was equally out of their power to migrate in the valley of the Nile, the constitution of the soil being adapted for tillage rather than for pasturage, and requiring a fixed settlement in those who were wishful to reap its advantages. This may have been one reason why "every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians."

Under a paternal government, the people of Egypt might have been the happiest nation upon earth, but as in too many similar instances, that which appeared to be their greatest advantage proved their greatest bane. They had leisure, and their thoughts, free from the anxieties of other lands, were swelled to compass that which was magnificent, from looking by day at the majestic fronts of their numerous mountains, which though of no great elevation have much in them of the sublime, and from gazing by night at the bright luminaries of the sky, through the clear firmament under which they reposed. The leisure and the mag-

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nificent thought were both seized upon by the kings and priests, and employed in works that required the bending of united strength to one common object. They first scooped out caves, then cut the rocks into columns, sanctuaries, and gigantic statues, of one single stone; and by degrees exhibited greater boldness and science, and upreared temples. There is great simplicity about all their productions, and a heaviness in their conceptions, compared with the more luxuriant imaginations of the Indian architects. There is little about any of their remains that expands the mind with that force it feels when looking at an extensive prospect in nature, or that excites the pleasurable emotions it experiences when examining a finished work of art. The thoughts dwell only on the builder: we are astonished at what he has done, but the soul feels as if burdened by the mass of materials that are crowded together, and cannot move with freedom, or be prompted to grandeur in its reveries. It was because the ancients were unacquainted with the principle of the arch, that all their temples are either too narrow, or too crowded with pillars. The temple at Karnac is to be excepted from these conclusions, as time has robbed it of its massy roof, and opened an inlet for the admission of "the thoughts that wander through eternity."

The tale has been often repeated that the sepoys that joined the British army in the war against Napoleon, performed their devotions in the temple at Denderah, as if they had taken it for one of their own places of worship. The anecdote, perhaps, rests upon too strong proof to be questioned; but it is contrary to the known customs of the Hindoos. They do not acknowledge a place that has once been desecrated, and the wonderful cave temples near Bombay have no attendant priesthood, and scarcely a single worshipper. I did not discover so much similarity between the Braminical temples and the Egyptian as to prove an indentity of religion, though I must confess that I am not deeply versed in either superstition, being most conversant with Buddhism. The most prominent examples I observed were the lingam, the lotus, and the hanshaya, or king of birds. The unsightly symbol of the phallus is exhibited in all its grossness in many places, particularly at Karnac, and its popularity in India, as the common form of an idol, I need not repeat. In history a few more particulars may be noticed, such as the use of brazen vessels, cleaned every day; the shaving of every part of the body by the priesthood; their confinement to one mode of dress; their frequent ablutions; their veneration for cows, and their abhorrence of swine. These observances, common to both religions, may prove that they derived their origin from one source, but were differently modified to meet their different circumstances. The simplicity of the Egyptian architecture may argue its superior antiquity. To express power, the Deity was formed in colossal proportions, and the Hindoos used the same method for the same purpose, but in addition gave to the idol a multitude of arms, an idea which was probably intended to be a refinement upon the African usage. The thought might be extended, but the controversy cannot be entered into within the narrow limits to which these observations are intended to be confined.

The hieroglyphics upon the temples of Egypt have ever been regarded with great interest.—Their meaning was for many ages involved in obscurity. Clemens Alexandrinus spoke of a description of writing "by means of the initial sounds of words;" but it was not known until lately what was the meaning of the author. In 1814, the French discovered, near Rosetta, a slab, with an inscription in three different characters—the sacred, the vernacular, and the Greek. By a comparison of the three it was found that the hieroglyphics represented names by the initial letter of the word that expresses the figure drawn upon the stone, in the common language of the country.—Thus, in our own language, to express the term *lion*, the hieroglyphics might be a lotus, an ibis, an octagon, and a negro. The names of princes are encircled in an oval, and I was able to make out, from the published alphabet, the result of much patient investigation, the names of several princes known in history. Mr. Salt, by this method, discovered the name of TIRHAKA, which occurs, 2 Kings, xix. 9, of whose existence the enemies of revelation had affected to doubt, because it is not mentioned by any profane historian. There are also two other descriptions of hieroglyphics, that may be called the simple and the metaphorical. The simple is the most ancient, and gives a direct representation, as a man for a man, or a bird for a bird. The metaphorical is more complex, as it gives a scarabeus to represent the oblique course of the sun, or the act of mundane formation, or the reproduction of the world after the destruction to which it is periodically subject. The initial must have been used after the invention of the alphabet. The grounds upon which it at present rests are questionable, and little progress has been made beyond the discovery of a few proper names; but it is hoped that further researches will complete the system, and render it applicable as well to abstract terms.

It is much to be regretted that some one of competent abilities does not spend a short time in Egypt for the express purpose of illustrating the Scriptures. This regret came to me with peculiar force when examining the caves of Beni Hassan, the paintings in which are of the most interesting description. In one cave there are figures of wrestlers, in at least a hundred different attitudes, and various other games are represented in separate compartments. A number of females appear to be playing at the rough game of leap-frog, and others at ball. There are washermen beating the clothes against a stone, and others wringing them out; blacksmiths, hunters, and fishermen; houses, flowers, and musical instruments; men exciting bulls to fight, and driving cattle as if to market; children riding upon asses in panniers; the sacrificing of bulls and human beings; the various processes of ploughing, sowing, reaping, treading out the corn, and housing it in the granary; groups of cattle, antelopes, asses, and dogs; lions and tigers; men shooting at game with arrows; weighing in a balance, hauling boats, and rowing; marriage processions; in fact, a peep is given at most of the common transactions of life as they took place in the olden time, not after the crude imagination of a modern painter, but in all the force and fire of living truth. There are two harpers,

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with instruments of a form more simple, and perhaps more ancient, than those in the tombs of Bruce. The dresses, the manner of carrying burdens suspended from the end of a stick placed upon the shoulders, the way of guiding boats by an oar instead of a rudder, are exact representations of the present customs of India, proving the similarity of manners in the early ages, and the antiquity of the usages of India, where to say "it is customary," is thought a sufficient excuse for acts in themselves the most absurd. The sooner a mission is commenced for the preservation of these and other relics of antiquity, the better, as they would throw great light upon many passages of the Bible, and every successive day adds something to the destruction of these valuable records. In some of the same caves the pillars are clustered with ribs bound round by a cord near the capital, and a wedge driven within the cord to render it tight; the whole cut out of the rock, as if to represent the clustering of the stems in the wooden pillars then used in the common houses. In the same way, it has been supposed that the arch and clustered pillar of Gothic architecture have been taken from the view presented by a vista of palms. I have often been struck with this idea whilst walking through a grove of young cocoa-nut trees by torchlight, and have almost fancied myself to be treading the aisles of some ancient monastery or cathedral.

The present aspect of Egypt is not more interesting to the moralist, the man of science, and the biblical student, than it is to the politician and the philanthropist. The pacha has thrown off the yoke of the sultan; his son Ibrahim has conquered Syria; and it was only the interference of the Christian powers that prevented him from entering the gates of Constantinople. Mahomet Ali, though upwards of 60 years of age, retains all the vivacity of youth, and is as restless, as active, and as attentive to business, as at the time when he entered upon his first intrigue. He was indefatigable in raising supplies for the army of his son. He appears not only to sustain by his own single strength the whole machine of government, but also to pay personal attention to the progress of every separate movement. I saw him in his dock-yard, where he had a temporary place erected to which he daily resorted to superintend the building of three ships of the line, then upon the stocks. There is nothing of majesty in his appearance, and there were no ornaments about his dress: he is low in stature; he has a grave, care-worn countenance, with a long gray beard, and a sinister expression about his eye, which must be keen and piercing when lighted up with interest or flashing with the fire of anger. There are dark spots in his character, but when compared with any other of the pachas who have for a time successfully braved the power of the Sublime Porte, such as the djezzar of Acre, or the robber of Ioannina, he deserves our praise, and almost commands admiration. The provinces under his command are ruled with vigor, and in what does not concern his own advantage, the inferior chiefs are required to execute justice without partiality, and to defend the people from oppression. To Egypt he has been a scourge, and the restlessness of his ambition has brought grief into almost every family within its limits. The conscription for the army has been one of the greatest hardships they have suffered. We saw many villages in succession, where the only inhabitants were old men, women, and children. To prevent themselves from being pressed, they subject themselves to all kinds of mutilation: the boatmen of the canja in which we sailed were one morning busy in pulling out each others teeth, and when we inquired the reason, they said it was to prevent their being taken to serve as soldiers when they arrived at Cairo. The pacha has caused provincial assemblies to be formed, with a central assembly that is composed of deputies from all the provinces, and has regularly met in the capital since 1829. He has divided the country into departments, and has promulgated a penal code. A newspaper has been established at Cairo in Turkish and Arabic, and another at Alexandria in French, in which some interesting papers have appeared on the present state of Egypt and Syria, the Nile, the pyramids, the Druses, &c. There is religious toleration; the pacha is known to have read parts of the Scriptures, and is supposed to be favorably disposed towards Christianity. Several schools are in vigorous existence, in each of which are more than a thousand boys, educated, clothed, and fed, at the expense of government. Telegraphs and steam-boats are in active operation, and gas has been introduced into the palace at Shoobra. In some of the hospitals there are accommodations for upwards of a thousand patients; and connected with them there is a school of anatomy, and a vaccine establishment. The quarantine laws are not a mere nominal restraint, as the plague was last year kept out of the country, though it was brought by the pilgrims, and numbers died of it in the lazaretto at Alexandria. The pacha has erected large cotton manufactories in all the principal towns; at Cairo he has extensive manufactories of cannon, fire-arms, swords, gunpowder, calico, and cotton prints; the granaries at Alexandria are the most extensive I have ever seen; and the dock-yards exhibit a scene of activity not often to be equalled. He has many artists, engineers, and mechanics in his employ, from England and other parts of Europe, who are liberally paid, and the latest inventions are immediately adopted. Several youths have been sent to England and France to receive instruction in the arts and sciences. The canals have been improved, and the cutting of the Machmoudieh from the Nile to Alexandria, is in itself sufficient to immortalize his name. Every facility is offered to the establishment of a steam navigation with India; wells have already been dug in the desert; and it is intended soon to fit out an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile. It is not allowed that any article shall be imported that can possibly be made in the country, and its resources are made to tell to their greatest possible extent.

These things would excite our warmest admiration, were the end to which these mighty energies are directed in any way conducive to the happiness of his people; but money and men, with a profusion that knows no bounds, have been sacrificed at the altar of his own ambition, and treasure has been wasted, and blood has been shed, to gain a name among the nations, that may be the wonder of a moment, and then pass out of

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remembrance for ever. There is a monopoly of cotton, silk, flax, sugar, coffee, tobacco, and almost every other article of commerce, and the pacha has been pronounced the greatest merchant in the world. In agriculture he is equally great, as the country is one vast farm, and all the peasants are his laborers. These measures of political economy partake of the old school in which he was educated, the restraints of which he has not been able entirely to set aside, and by their narrow policy they oppress his people and impoverish his coffers, whilst they seem to be an act of greatness and the readiest means of producing the most extensive good. The pacha is now in reality independent, and as peace has been proclaimed, if his life should be spared, he will have a favorable opportunity to repay the Egyptians for the eminence to which they have raised him: and if he now turn his whole attention to the internal concerns of the state, and bend the energies of his mind to the promotion of their welfare; if he give them liberty, and raise their minds by education to a standard commensurate with his own political rank; above all, if he permit the free distribution of the word of God, and the public preaching of "the unsearchable riches of Christ," all that they have hitherto suffered may be forgotten, and he may go down to the grave amidst the tears and lamentations of a grateful people. There are few sovereigns at present in existence who have greater personal power than Mahomet Ali, the son of an Albanian aga, and when it is remembered from what he has raised himself, and by what means, it must be acknowledged that he is a great man: he has a mind that can form extensive plans, a courage to attempt their execution, and a wisdom to collect together the resources by which they may be brought to a successful end.

The people of Egypt are divided into Copts, Arab Fellahs, and Bedouin Arabs. There are also living among them many Turks, Jews, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, and Berberries and other blacks. The language at present spoken is the Arabic. The Copts are Christians, and are supposed to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, though there is little resemblance in their features to the ancient statues. Their population is stated at 160,000, but I should think that this number is below the truth. The Fellahs are said to amount to 2,250,000, and the Bedouins to 150,000: they are all Mussulmans. The Turks are the rulers of the people, the Copts are the secretaries of government, the Jews, Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, and some of the Copts, are merchants, the Fellahs constitute the peasantry, the Bedouins wander in the deserts, and the Berberries and other blacks are household slaves.

The Copts are most numerous in Cairo and the villages of Upper Egypt. They are known by their dark turbans, and have generally a melancholy expression of countenance. The Coptic is an ancient church, has had some bright ornaments, and suffered much persecution. The priests are ignorant, never being educated for the office, and drunkenness is a common crime among them. They do not prohibit the circulation of the Scriptures, but this is perhaps more from indifference than good will, as they seldom read them. Like all fallen churches, they are much attached to days and forms. I attended their worship in Cairo, and was pleased to find that the service was conducted in Coptic and Arabic, though I fear that the style is too antiquated to be generally understood. I had to pass through a long narrow passage before I entered the church. It had pictures, but was less splendid than the churches of the Greeks. The dresses of the priests are comparatively plain, and a great part of the service was read by boys. There might be about 200 persons present. The women were separated from the men by a latticed screen. Incense was very plentifully burnt, both before the altar, and before some old men, whom I took to be dignitaries of the church. The people were attentive, and had long crutches to lean upon if fatigued by the length of the prayers. The Roman Catholic priests are sent to Egypt as a place of banishment, when they have subjected themselves to punishment, and it is not to be expected that with such men at its head, popery can be progressive in the land. There are a few Abyssinian convents upon the Nile, but they are not very numerously tenanted. The Armenians are the most wealthy and respectable of the Christian bodies not already noticed. Little direct impression has yet been made in Egypt by the missionaries, either upon the Mussulmans or nominal Christians, but schools are established, many private conversations have been held with natives of all classes, and tracts and copies of the Scriptures have been extensively circulated. The good men who are here laboring in the cause of Christ deserve an especial interest in the prayers of the church. It must always be an arduous task to exercise the ministry in a foreign language and a foreign land, but in places like Egypt, where men live for years, and after all their exertions and all their prayers, see little apparent success, the task is increased to an arduousness that none can understand, but those who have felt the same; and when the servants of Christ are still found at their posts, continuing their apparently useless exertions, and their apparently unheard prayers, there is evidence of a sincerity, and of a love for perishing souls, that ought to command our sympathy, and excite our gratitude to God, whose grace is thus manifested in them.

Some sixty years ago, Egypt was visited by two Moravian missionaries, men of great enterprise, one of whom was bastinadoed by Osman Beg, that the money in his possession might be extorted from him, but he bore bravely the utmost rigor of the sentence, and still refused to give up the important trust that had been placed in his hands: the other died at Cairo. They met with some success among the Coptic villagers, but appear to have had little direct intercourse with the Mussulmans.

The prophecies relative to Egypt were many of them fulfilled immediately after their announcement: there are others, the force of which continues to our own day. It was declared by the Lord, through the mouth of Ezekiel, "I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and disperse them among the countries." It is evident that there must at some time have been a great dispersion of the people, or a general and most cruel

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oppression, as the pure descendants of the ancient Egyptians do not at present amount to more than 200,000, at the highest computation. It is said by the same prophet, "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations: for I will diminish them, that they shall rule no more over the nations." Ezek. xxix. 15. It is also said, "There shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt." Ezek. xxx. 13: and again, "The sceptre of Egypt shall depart away." Zech. x. 11. The land of Egypt rose to great eminence at an early period; it ranks among the greatest of the nations, and in some respects is to be placed at the head of all. She had no model that she could imitate, no fountain of knowledge previously flowing to which she could resort, her polity was all her own. It is because the records of her deeds are so scanty, that she holds so inferior a place in the pages of the historian: she is obscure from the long vista of years through which alone we can examine her, and only appears diminutive because so distant. Could we trace with minuteness the gradual rise of her kings to the full extent of their power, or the gradual progress of her arts to the erection of the pyramids and temples; could we relate the wars then waged by her warriors, or the triumphs achieved by her men of science; could we peruse the numbers of her poets, or listen to the eloquence of her orators, or attend at the schools of her philosophers; Greece would be robbed of many of its glories, and the majesty of imperial Rome would have a rival to dispute our homage. These distinctions have all passed away, and it is most affecting to contrast its present state with its ancient greatness: no nation so wise as this was once, ever became so base as this is now. The last prince of Egypt purely native was Psammeticus, who died B. C. 500 years: and what is most remarkable, he was the next monarch who ascended the throne after the utterance of the prediction by Ezekiel, if his accession was not indeed previous, as we do not know the exact year in which the prophecy was declared. Thus there has been no native dynasty for the space of more than 2000 years. The land has even been ruled by slaves, but still no native ever dared to oppose their tyranny, and seat himself upon the throne. It has been said that in the early ages the course of things shadowed forth the consequences that ensued, and that a wise foresight, taking advantage of these characteristic indices, ventured to foretell future events, and called its predictions the message of God. But we ask, what mind, however vast its capacity, or quick its perception, could foresee that for so great a number of years there should be no native king of a country over which a native monarchy had ruled with absolute power? a circumstance too without a parallel among any other people in the universe. No mind could have foreseen all this, but one that was omniscient; the man who revealed it must have been under the inspiration of Heaven, and the book in which it is contained must be the record of eternal truth. The victories recently gained by Mahomet Ali form no exception to these conclusions, as the pacha is of foreign birth, and the groans of the Egyptians, robbed of their hard earnings to defray the expenses of the war, proclaim that they are still diminished, and that their land is yet "the basest of the kingdoms." The Christian church is animated in its efforts for the conversion of Egypt by the sure prospect of a brighter day. There were dwellers in Egypt among the three thousand souls who gladly received the word at the first outpouring of the Spirit.—"In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof unto the Lord..... And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day.....In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria; even a blessing in the midst of the land: whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance."—Isaiah. xix. 18—25.

THE HOLY LAND.

The country given to the Israelites by the express gift of God, is mentioned in the Scriptures under different appellations, most of which are too obvious in their origin to require explanation.—The two names by which it is now most generally known are both of very ancient usage. It is called "Palestina" by Moses, Ex. xv. 14, though this name, in strict propriety of speech, ought to be regarded as referring exclusively to the district inhabited by the Philistines. In the prophecy by Zechariah it is called "the Holy Land," chap. ii. 12. It is situated in Asia, and nearly in the centre of the ancient world. It is bounded on the north by Libanus and Anti-Libanus; on the south by the deserts of Arabia; on the east by the deserts of Syria; and on the west by the Mediterranean sea. In size, it is less than England, being about 170 miles long, and 80 miles broad. It has been calculated that it included about 26,000 square miles at the period of its greatest extent, a space sufficient for the support of several millions of men, if brought under proper cultivation. The kingdom of David and Solomon extended far beyond the limits here named; but this was only a "splendid parenthesis" in the historic page of the Israelites.

BEIROUT.

I landed at this place after a rough passage of three days from Alexandria, Mar. 25, and was received with great hospitality by the Rev. J. Bird, of the American Board of Missions. It is an ancient city, and though not included within the borders of the Holy Land, is supposed to be referred to in Scripture; but there is no other authority to identify it besides the similarity of sound in a name. The houses are better built than those of Egypt, in towns of the same importance. The streets of all the Syrian cities are narrow, as they are surrounded by walls, and the inhabitants have been obliged to make the most in their power with the narrow compass by which they are limited. The pavement is of large une-

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ven stones, and in the centre is a channel, which takes away from the width of the streets, already too contracted, though it is conducive to cleanliness. The facing of the pier is almost entirely composed of ancient columns. The principal buildings are in ruins, but from the solidity of the walls, and the strength of the cement by which they are bound together, it may yet be many years before they fall into complete decay. The use of the arch is so common that there is not a single house that does not contain one in some shape or other: its intention is not, as with us, the throwing of an extended span, but the saving of timber. Without the present walls, I traced the foundations of an ancient street, with the channel in the centre, nearly perfect: there are also many ancient cisterns, partly hewn out of the rock, with a small aperture at the top from whence to draw the water. There are several inscriptions in the Greek character, but too much defaced to be read.

Berytus was celebrated under the Greek emperors for the study of the law. It is sometimes called "the happy colony of Augustus." Herod, at this place, accused his two sons before an assembly of 150 judges. It must at that time have been a city of great importance, as it gave 1500 auxiliaries to Varus when he passed through it on his way to Jerusalem. A theatre was erected here by Herod Agrippa, at the dedication of which 700 condemned malefactors were compelled to fight to the death with an equal number of their fellow prisoners.

The house of Mr. Bird commands an extensive view of the bay: the ships anchor in the winter season at some distance, near the mouth of a small river. It is the principal port to Demascus; and if a passage to India could be accomplished by the ancient route, it would soon rise to be a place of immense importance. There are a considerable number of houses in the suburbs, that, appearing by themselves, each with its little garden, present an idea of comfort and security that is most rare in these unsettled lands. The principal occupation of the people appears to be the production of silk, as the whole country is covered with mulberry trees. The branches are cut down every year, leaving only the stem of the tree, and the earth between them is dug in furrows, that the rain may be carried more equally to the roots. The mountains of Lebanon are seen towards the north, rising from the coast with great majesty, in bold and extended masses. Their summits were then covered with snow, a sight that afforded me the greater pleasure, as I had not for nine years seen this grand spectacle of nature. It was by the narrow pass between these mountains and the sea that the first army of the crusaders entered the Holy Land, under Godfrey of Bouillon.—They afterwards proceeded along the same route to Jerusalem that was pursued by myself and my companions.

The mission established here has recently received a valuable reinforcement from America.—The missionaries were for a time obliged to flee from the country, owing to its dangerous and unsettled state during the war with Egypt; they have now returned, with additional facilities for the promotion of the great cause. They are at present engaged in a severe contest with the Roman Catholics. The most hopeful of their converts have been cut off by death, and one of them may be pronounced a martyr. They are obliged to proceed with great caution, from the extreme jealousy of all the sects by whom they are surrounded. They have commenced a regular service in Arabic, at which the attendance is encouraging. The beggars, who come for alms on one particular morning of the week, are publicly addressed on the great truths of Christianity.—The mission-house seems to be considered almost as public property, as the people are permitted to enter it at their will, from the kind wish of its inmates to conciliate them as far as possible, and even the bed-rooms of the ladies are invaded without the least ceremony.

The usual mode of travelling is upon mules, which were then so much in request for the use of the army, that it was with difficulty they could be procured. My servant, after much trouble, heard that there were some at a distance of three hours, and having made a bargain with the muleteer, I obtained, through the consul, a note from the governor to free them from government duty; but when brought to the town they were instantly seized by the sentry at the gate, and we had great difficulty in obtaining their release. I was ready to commence my journey at sunrise, but in the night the animals had again been taken, and there was another delay of nearly three hours, when they were once more returned, after which I had no more annoyance. I travelled in company with the Rev. W. Thompson, of the American Board, who had recently arrived in the country, and the Rev. J. Nicolaison, who has been stationed there some years, and speaks fluently all the languages required to be known. The mulberry trees extend only a little way from the town, and we then came to a desert of sand that is making encroachments upon the cultivation, and threatens in time to overwhelm the city. On our left the ground gradually declines for some distance, and on the opposite side of the valley rises the first range of Lebanon. In the low ground olive trees are numerous, and on the mountain's side are two small villages. The hills then approach nearer the sea, and are principally composed of bare rock, with patches of earth at intervals. We forded the Radhir, or "the treacherous," the bridge over which is broken down. There are stones near the road, that in many places bear evidence of arrangement, as if there had at some period been a paved way along the shore. After six hours is the village of Naba Yoonas, said to be the place where Jonah was thrown up by the fish. At a little less than an hour from Sidon, we crossed the Owlah, over which there is a bridge and a khan near it; the water turns a mill. From this place to the town the country is occupied by mulberry trees. The season was much later here than at Beirout, as the soil is of a colder description.—The gates of all the towns in these countries are shut immediately after sunset, and I have seldom watched its decline with greater anxiety than I did this day. We were just in time to secure an entrance, and had we been about a minute later, should have had to remain all night outside the walls.

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SIDON.

This city, now called Saide, is supposed to have been founded soon after the flood, by Sidon, the son of Canaan. So early as the time of Joshua it is called "great Zidon." It flourished during many ages, and became one of the most extensive cities of ancient times. Its inhabitants are said to have been the inventors of crystal glass. "None were skilled to hew timber like the Sidonians," and they assisted Solomon in his preparations for the building of the temple. It is several times mentioned by Homer. The goddess of the Sidonians was Ashtoreth.

There is some approach towards magnificence in the distant view of the present city. It has a castle upon a rock in the sea, connected with the main land by a bridge of several arches. There is another castle upon an eminence that commands the town. The harbor is now of little use, and had in it only one vessel. The streets are many of them more like courts, as the houses are built over them after the first story, and the wonder is, not that the plague sometimes effects an entrance, but that it is ever kept out. There is an aqueduct of ancient construction from the river, in most places covered; and near the town the water rises into pillars, from whence it is conveyed to the different streets. The house we occupied has a cistern in the centre of the interior court, into which a small stream is constantly running.—There are also several public cisterns in the streets. Near the gate by which we entered, outside the city, we observed a pavement of rude mosaic, perhaps of some house or court; and columns and other remains of ancient buildings are common. The coasts of Tyre and Sidon, though they formed part of the inheritance of Ashur, never appear to have been peopled or governed by the Israelites. In the reign of Solomon, the most powerful of the monarchs of his race, Hiram, king of Tyre, was an independent prince. Our Lord visited these coasts, and here it was that he healed the daughter of the woman of Canaan; but we do not find that he ever entered into either of the cities. Sidon was visited by St. Paul, in one of his journeys towards Jerusalem.

We remained here one day, as it was the Sabbath. The place is said to contain 2000 Mahomedans, as many Christians, and 200 Jews. The Christians are nearly all of the Greek Catholic church. We visited some families upon the hills at a little distance from the town. Mr. N. had commenced the building of a house in this direction, but was ordered to desist by the emir of the mountains, at the instigation of the priests, until permission was obtained from the pacha of Egypt, before whom the case was then pending. The site commands a view of the town, sea, and the valley on each side. Mr. N. had a long argument with an Armenian, in whose heart, we trust, is the beginning of good things. An old priest was present. The houses we entered were clean, with mats upon the floor, and of one story. The roof is hung with dried fruits and herbs, and in one room I observed a clock, a common mirror, and the shelves were ornamented with bottles, glasses, and coarse earthenware. The children appeared to be remarkably pretty, but it must be remembered that I had been absent from Europe some years. They had on the forehead an ornament made of coins, something resembling the clasps by which the helmets of the military are fastened. The hair of some of the females is of a golden color, and appears as if it was dyed. There is a great profusion of compliments among the people, passed with a gravity that to a stranger is quite amusing. The servant, when he presented the coffee and sherbet, repeated a form, and there was an appropriate reply, and when we drank we had to look at our host and nod, and stroke our breasts, and give thanks. We visited the grave of Wirtibet, an Armenian, one of the converts of the American mission, who died of cholera in September, 1832, a man of great zeal, fervent piety, considerable talent, and valiant for the truth. The old priest we saw in the morning came to our house, and had some further conversation. He acknowledged that the priests of the country are like the Pharisees: they neither enter in themselves, nor allow others. We had a visit from another priest, a Maronite, who complained that we have no peculiar dress: he said that he did not kiss my hand when he entered, as is the custom, because he could not know that I was a minister. Several persons meet together in the evenings, to read the Scriptures, and the remarks they make give evidence that their eyes are opening to receive the light of heaven. The tracts that were distributed during our stay were received with great thankfulness. There were some Russians here, with a bishop, dissenters from the established church, who live by the labor of their own hands, but lay too much stress upon tradition. The eccentric lady Hester Stanhope resides in this neighborhood.

TYRE.

The road from Sidon to Tyre passes through a rich valley, in many places more than a mile wide, which requires only a little industry to render it extremely fertile: and the glimpses with which we were favored into the interior, through the breaks in the chain of mountains, convinced us that this valley is not alone in its fertility. Not far from Sidon we saw a prostrate column, with a Latin inscription: my eye caught the names of Septimus and Verus, as we passed, but I had not time to copy it. There are many towers along the coast, said to have been erected by the empress Helena, from Jerusalem to Constantinople, that the finding of the true cross might be communicated by telegraph, with the least possible delay. We passed over a bridge, the arch of which is composed of only one layer of stones. The site of Sarepta is near, where Elijah dwelt with the widow woman, blessing her barrel of meal that it did not waste, and her cruse of oil that it did not fail, until the Lord restored plenty to the land. It was the son of the same woman who was raised from the dead by the instrumentality of the prophet. We examined a number of cavities in the sides of the hills, cut out of the rock with much care: they have each two or three little cells, scarcely so long as a man's body, with an arch rising about three feet. We could not find any

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inscriptions. The rock is in some places embedded with small pieces of bone. Near them are evidently the remains of a considerable town, as we saw columns, cisterns, and pieces of marble and glass. Eleven upright stones near the sea, are said by a foolish tradition to have been as many laborers, who blasphemed the Saviour when he passed the field in which they were at work, for which they were immediately converted into stone, as a monument of the divine anger against them. In the valley we observed several animals, rather larger than a gazelle: the dogs of the shepherds drove the pretty creatures into the mountains, but they were unable to come near them. This animal is probably the *tzebi* of Scripture, translated in our version, the roe. Some of the inspired allusions to it, among which those in the Canticles may be particularly noticed, are invested with a great beauty to those who have seen it in its native freedom. The Kasmiye river, over which is a bridge, comes from near Baalbec, from whence it pursues its course between the two Lebanons. The khan near it is ancient, and is well situated. Some fine horses were grazing below, full of mettle and mischief.

We arrived at Tyre early, April 1, and took up our abode at a Greek convent, but were miserably accommodated. The history of the city is most affecting, and it has been said with much force, that "the noble dust of Alexander, traced by the imagination till found stopping a beer-barrel, would scarcely afford a stronger contrast of grandeur and abasement than Tyre, at the period of being besieged by that conqueror, and the modern town of Tsour erected on its ashes." It was probably a colony of the Sidonians, as it is called "the daughter of Sidon." From its present name appears to have been taken the general name of Syria. Its first mention is in Joshua, where it is called "the strong city Tyre." At an early period it became the mistress of the seas; traded even to Britain, and planted colonies in different parts of the Mediterranean, among which Carthage became the most celebrated. The costliness of the Tyrian purple is well known. We have little insight into its private history, but in the prophecies that are uttered against it a few things are said in its favor that deserve our notice.—"Thou wert upon the holy mountain of God: thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wert perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee." From their proximity to the Israelites, the Tyrians must of necessity have had some knowledge of the one true God; and it would appear from this declaration of the prophet, that for a time they reverenced his laws, and walked according to the way of his commandments. The mercy of God may thus be seen in the state of commercial eminence to which this city and Sidon were raised. Their mariners traded to all parts of the known world, their colonies were extensively founded, and it is not improbable that by this means a knowledge of God was often imparted to the heathen nations, and that by the beams thus carried from the fountain of divine light, some semblance of the truth was preserved in lands that would otherwise have been for ages in the grossest darkness. It has been reasonably supposed, that it was from this source the philosophers of Greece derived their most correct notions of the attributes of God. The history of Tyre is more especially interesting to the Christian, from its connection with prophecy, and from the striking eloquence with which inspiration has described the majesty of its brighter days, and the impressive circumstances of its destruction. It was also referred to by our Saviour, when he pronounced wo upon the inhabitants of Chorazin and Bethsaida, because they had seen his mighty works and repented not. Her merchants were princes, her traffickers the honorable of the earth. She heaped up silver as dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets. The boards of her ships were of the fir-trees of Senir, her masts of the cedars of Lebanon, her oars of the oaks of Bashan, her benches of the ivory of Chittim, her sails of fine linen, broidered work from Egypt, and her awnings were of purple. Her heart was lifted up, and she said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas.—Such is the description given in sacred writ of the pride and magnificence of ancient Tyre. Now, in the language of the same authority, the noise of her songs is ceased, and the voice of her harps is no more heard: her walls are broken down, her pleasant houses are no more, she is made like the top of a rock, a place to spread nets upon: she is built no more.

The city consisted of two separate places, one upon the continent, and the other upon an island; and the circumference of the whole is said by Pliny to have extended 19 miles. Tyre upon the continent was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar 573 B. C., after a siege of 13 years, one of the longest recorded in history. The inhabitants then fled to the island, about half a mile distant, and soon regained their former wealth and prosperity. The insular town was besieged by Alexander the Great, 332 B. C. To accomplish his designs he had to make a mole from the continent to the island, the career of his conquest was stayed, for the space of seven months his war-steed could only paw the ground in madness without power to pass onward, and it was not before his army had had to suffer almost incredible toils that he effected an entrance into the place. It once more rose from the dust under the Grecian kings of Egypt, and was afterwards invested by the Romans with the privileges of a city. It was more than once visited by Paul on his way to Jerusalem, and on one occasion "he tarried there seven days." The shores had witnessed many splendid spectacles, but none so beautiful as that which they presented upon his departure. "When we had accomplished those days, we departed, and went our way; and the disciples all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city: and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed. And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship, and they returned home again."—Acts xxi. 5, 6. It was a metropolitan see at an early period, and possessed "a famous temple, builded with most gorgeous furniture," erected by Paulinus. In praise of the munificence of this prelate, Eusebius wrote "a solemn sermon," which is yet extant. It was perhaps at this period that the brighter predictions of the prophets received their accomplishment:—"The daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift."—Psalm xlv. 12. "He that remaineth, even he,

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shall be for our God."—Zech. ix. 7. "Her merchandize and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord."—Isa. xxiii. 18. The historian of Cæsarea gives this delightful character of the church then in existence: "Comely rites and ceremonies of the church were celebrated; here, with psalmodies and other songs of praise delivered us from above; there, with divine and mystical ministry the secret pledges of the Lord's passion were solemnized; and withal, men and women of every age, with all the might that in them lay, with cheerful mind and will, in prayer and thanksgiving, honored God, the author of all goodness." In the persecutions, many spirits fled triumphantly from Tyre to join "the noble army of martyrs." Under the crusaders, the first archbishop was an Englishman, William of Tyre.

The prophecies of Ezekiel are particularly definite:—"Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up: and they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock: it shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God.....I will make thee like the top of a rock: thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon: thou shalt be built no more, for I the Lord hath spoken it, saith the Lord God .....I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God." Ezekiel xxvi. 3, 4, 5, 14, 21. The Saracens and Turks were the unconscious instruments who carried these prophecies into their fulfilment: they utterly destroyed Sidon and Tyre, that they might not afford further refuge to the crusaders. There were two harbors, formed by the island; one towards the north, and the other towards the south; and there was a passage between the island and the shore from the one to the other. The island is represented by Pliny as having been four miles in circumference, but the peninsula upon which the present town is situated, is of much less extent. It would therefore appear that it is built for the most part upon the mole thrown up by Alexander, including a small portion of the original island. There is thus enough of the rock left in existence for the fishers to spread their nets upon, while the principal area, once mantled with palaces and alive with a busy population, has been swept into "the midst of the water," and can be built no more. The disappearance of the island has caused the destruction of the harbors; and as all protection to shipping is now taken away, Tyre can never again rise to eminence as "the mart of nations." There are still two small rocks in the sea, to which the island probably extended; and as the fishermen's boats can approach them in calm weather, they seem to invite the spreading of nets upon their surface. I and my companions sailed over the present harbor in a small boat, to examine the columns that may clearly be seen under the water on a fine day, but the sea was too rough to allow us to discover many of them. The present town is walled, and is of very modern date. The space inside is in a great measure open, and the houses are mean. The governor's residence is the only respectable building. There are many columns near the small harbor, and others on the opposite side of the peninsula, but there is no ruin of ancient date, the plan of which can be traced. We saw in a garden a granite column of one block, that measured 30 feet in length, and the diameter was in proportion. The eastern end of the cathedral is still standing. We ascended to the top of the ruin by a spiral staircase, and from thence had a view of the town. The burial-ground is near. From this situation the houses had a singular appearance, as the roofs are all flat, and were then verdant with a rich covering of grass. Upon the plain there are the remains of an extensive aqueduct. The mole appears like a mere collection of sand, but beneath there may be some construction of more enduring materials.

"Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days? Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre? The Lord of Hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth."—Isa. xxiii. 7—9. The stirring scenes of a sea-port exhibit a picture of more constant excitement than can ever be presented by any other place. The arrival and discharge of ships; the cries of the captains as they direct their ready mariners; the songs of the boatmen, the dash of the oars, and the roll of the sea; the solitary female, whose eye catches every speck that appears white in the horizon, and never leaves it till one after another of its inmates have been carefully numbered, that perchance she may discover among them the father of her disconsolate children; the faltering step of the aged sailor, whose battles have been fought, and whose victories have been won; the tears of those who are bidding farewell, and the rapture of those greeting the arrival of a long-absent friend; the anxious assemblies of the merchants, either speaking of traffic, or proclaiming their good fortune, or lamenting the loss of some fair ship in a destructive gale; the reckless merriment of the seamen, as they enjoy upon land a little respite from their constant toils:—all these, and a thousand other scenes of noise, and joyousness, and wealth, have been exhibited upon these shores. They have passed away, like the feverish dream of a disturbed sleep. Ships may be seen, but at a distance; no merchant of the earth ever enters the name of Tyre upon his books, and where thousands once assembled in pomp and pride, and there was beauty and splendor, and dominion, I could discover only a few children amusing themselves at play, and a party of Turks sitting in gravity, and sipping their favorite coffee. With these reflections it was impossible not to think of another people, still more favored in their privileges, and whose commercial transactions are as extended as the world. Cities of my country, shall it ever be said of you, that ye are no more? The patriot may sing exultingly over his cups the praises of Britannia, ruler of the waves, but the Christian will fear and tremble, and offer up prayer to God, that what we deserve in justice may be withheld from us in mercy. There was one sin chargeable against Tyre, from which England is now happily free: she dealt in slaves. "They have cast lots for my people, and have given a boy for an harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink. Yea, and what have

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ye to do with me, O Tyre and Zidon, and all the coasts of Palestine?.....The children of Judah and the children of Jerusalem, have ye sold unto the Grecians, that ye might remove them, far from their border. Behold I will sell your sons and your daughters into the hand of the children of Judah, and they shall sell them to the Sabeans, to a people far off; for the Lord hath spoken it." Joel iii. 1—8. The recent abolition of slavery by the parliament of England is the most glorious national act ever yet registered upon the pages of history, and the most generous national sacrifice that the angels of heaven ever yet witnessed among the sons of men.

PTOLEMAIS, OR ACRE.

We passed along the plain of Tyre, which extends to the distance of a little more than an hour's walk from the city, until we arrived at the extremity of the bay, near which place continental Tyre is by some supposed to have stood. We saw some columns and other memorials of departed greatness. From hence we had to pass over the extremity of a range of hills, and from the highest part of the road we had a fine view of the city, bay, and plain of Tyre, and in the extreme distance could discern the snow-clad mountains of Lebanon and Hermon. We were twice stopped by soldiers stationed at khans to protect the road, but when we informed them that we were English travellers, they allowed us to pass on. I never saw any place so rich in flowers. Within the distance of a few yards I counted more than 20 different kinds, and such was their profusion in some places, that the hills had more the appearance of a flower-garden than of a wild nook in the wilderness. The road continued at a considerable elevation above the sea for some hours, and there are evidences, from fallen pillars and masses of hewn stone, that the merchant princes had chosen these delightful spots as the places of their retreat from the noise of the city. We passed another khan, and the plain of Acre, bounded by the range of mount Carmel, burst at once upon our sight.—I had been accustomed to consider the plains of Palestine as little better than sheep-walks, but was agreeably surprised to find them extensive tracts of rich land, cultivated in some places, and capable of cultivation in all. We rested a little time near a stream of water. An old woman first came up riding on an ass, with most piteous moans; her friends were taking her to receive medical advice, but I fear that no skill could avail for her recovery. Some Armenian pilgrims were there before us, who offered us for sale an ancient Greek coin: and a fine old Bedouin soon afterwards joined our party. About two hours from Acre we observed the commencement of an aqueduct, and before we had arrived at the city, I counted more than 400 arches in it, all built of stone, and some of them upwards of 30 feet high. Near the town the water is raised in pillars as at Sidon. It was repaired by the late pacha, after its partial destruction by the French during the siege of Acre. We met an Italian physician in the service of the pacha not far from the gates, who kindly invited us to spend the night at his house. He was present at the battle of Navarino, and gave us an account of it somewhat different to the received version. We visited a palace built by Addullah pacha, about a mile from the town. It is in imitation of the Kiosks of Turkey. The gardens are laid out with some taste, and there are several little summer-houses that approach towards beauty. A tank is surrounded by a marble walk, upon which are many vases of the same material from Italy. The pacha is now a prisoner at Cairo, and is almost a solitary instance, at least in modern times, in which the life of an enemy has been spared by a Turkish conqueror.

We visited Acre on the morning of April 3rd. It is called Accho in Judges, and Ptolemais in the Acts of the Apostles, from one of the Ptolemies by whom it was enlarged. The army of Titus assembled here previous to its march upon Jerusalem. It is celebrated in the histories of the crusades for the number and length of its sieges, and was the last fortified place yielded up by the Christian powers. Buonaparte received here his first reverses, from the valor of Sir Sydney Smith. It stood a siege against Ibrahim pacha on his way towards Asia Minor, and was defended by Addullah pacha on the part of the sultan. It is a place of considerable extent, and its principal advantages are derived from its situation, which is comparatively good, though the vessels in the harbor are much exposed. It still retained many marks of the late siege, though the outer walls had been rebuilt with an expedition that appears wonderful, when we consider the numerous other calls upon the attention of Mahomet Ali. The castle was the principal object of the besiegers' vengeance. It had been almost one solid mass of masonry, but was then little better than a heap of ruins. The upper stories were entirely shot away, and there was none of the outer facing of the lower walls. The walls, minarets, and dome of the mosque, formerly very magnificent, were riddled through and through; the trees were leafless and without branches; the roofs of some of the houses were gone, and the sides of others had fallen in; and remains of gun carriages, balls, and shells, were scattered about the streets in every direction. In an open shed near the castle we observed the remnants of marble vases, similar to those at the palace, not fewer than 30 of which must have been thus destroyed. A few marble pillars were all the remains we saw of an ancient date, probably brought from the ruins of Cæsarea. The bazaars have had arched roofs of stone that extended the whole length of the street; a great convenience, but they must have assisted deception by making the places obscure. We visited the bazaar to procure a few necessaries for our journey, and several persons were very importunate to purchase a common French shawl I had round my waist. Few of the inhabitants had then returned, and the streets were almost desolate.—The repairs of the fortifications were carried on by peasants from the villages, superintended by soldiers. We passed a number of them on the road, and from the exertion required by the guard to keep them together, it was evident that they came to the work with no good will.

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CARMEL.

The wind was high when we left Acre, and blew the sand about with such violence that we had great difficulty in making our way. The bay to the southward extends to mount Carmel, and we were three hours in skirting its shore. We first forded the river Belus, the sand of which has been much used in the making of glass, and then came to "that ancient river, the river Kishon," immortalised in the song of Deborah and Barak, over which we were ferried by a Jewish boatman. The saddles are never taken off the horses in these countries during a journey, either by day or night. They were now taken from the animals that they might not be wetted in crossing the river, and the backs of the poor creatures had been so chafed by them, that I felt unwilling to mount mine again. After passing some sepulchres in the rocks we entered the town of Hypha, and were detained some time by the guard, until one of our party waited on the governor, and obtained our release. There were several brass cannon upon the walls, all ready for action. The vessels have here better shelter than at Acre, but the water is shallow. This town is nearly at the foot of mount Carmel, which extends about 30 miles, in a south-eastern direction from the sea, in nearly an equal ridge, and at an elevation of about 1600 feet. It is often referred to in Scripture, and was once covered with trees, but it is now nearly bare, and "the excellency of Carmel" has withered before the curse of heaven. It was the usual residence of the prophets Elijah and Elisha. The place where the false prophets of Baal were discomfited and slain was towards the other extremity, nearer Jezreel, to which Ahab retired; and at some point near which it is approached by the Kishon. We may stand at the top of Carmel, as did Gehazi, and look towards the sea, but alas! there is now no "little cloud like a man's hand;" still there is the promise of a shower, and in due time the streams of divine mercy will again fall upon this thirsty land, and men shall again liken themselves in their prosperity to "the excellency of Carmel and Sharon." Near the point that overlooks the sea there is a monastery of Carmelite friars. It was destroyed a few years ago by Addullah pacha, that he might convert the materials to his own use, and though he was ordered to rebuild it at his own expense by the sultan, when a proper representation of the circumstance had been made to his court, no attention was ever paid to the mandate. The monks are now rebuilding it themselves in a very splendid manner, and one of the fraternity is the architect. At a lower elevation on the same point, is a palace recently erected by the pacha. There is a small building near the sea, said to cover the cave in which Elisha dwelt, but as the door was locked we could not gain admittance.

CÆSAREA.

It was with difficulty we could keep on our horses at the time we left Carmel, the wind blew with so much violence. We then entered upon a beautiful plain. We saw the village of Syra in a break in the chain of mountains to the left. There is a ridge of rocks between the road and the sea, and in many places there are ruins. At one point the road is cut through them, and there are yet the ruts in the stone made by the ancient wheeled carriages. It opens upon a magnificent ruin of considerable extent, upon which the rays of the declining sun were falling from a dark cloud, which added to the interest of its appearance.—It is called Athlek by the natives, a few of whom find shelter near it. There are the remains of a strong castle, an extensive church, and many other buildings. The walls are some of them 15 feet thick. Its history is not known, but it is supposed to have been erected under the Greek emperors. I have seldom been more powerfully struck than I was by the first sight of this place, but much of the impression may have arisen from the peculiar character of the evening, as it threatened a thunder-storm, the force for which was gathering in dark masses round the tower, whilst the sun shed one last glorious ray upon the venerable pile that had braved the shocks of so many centuries, and now appeared as if devoted to sudden and complete destruction. The muleteers were desirous to remain here for the benefit of the fine grazing for their animals, but as there was yet a little time before sunset we were anxious to proceed. The rocks on our left were cut in many places, and we saw many caves and remains of towns. I amused myself as we rode slowly along with looking at the rocks, and in the light of the moon with which we were favored, it was easy for fancy to form castles and towers, and people them with the ideal beings of another age; at times the illusion was complete, and I almost believed in the phantoms I had myself conjured up. We lodged at the sheikh's house at Tortura, but as my companions were unable to sleep from the incessant attacks of certain little blood-thirsty inmates of the establishment, that assailed us under every possible form, we resumed our journey at an early hour, still assisted by the friendly moon. Soon after dawn we crossed the river Zirka, upon which was formerly an Egyptian colony, and it is said by travellers that crocodiles of a small size are still found here, the descendants of those brought over from Egypt as deities. Our progress was now slow, from the depth of the sand. The shore was covered with shells, in some places to a considerable depth.

The first notice of our approach towards Cæsarea, was at an hour's distance from the Zirka, when we discovered a number of arched apartments close to the shore. They were probably in former times used as store-houses. Six are open, one is in ruins, and several others are buried under the sand. They appear to have extended a considerable distance, in the direction of the city.—Josephus speaks of "several arched vaults, that served for seamen's cabins," near the harbor, but these must be of more modern construction. The city was founded by Herod, and every building in it, whether public or private, was of marble. The haven, which appears to have been almost entirely an artificial formation, was larger than the Pirœus at Athens, and was defended by a breakwater. No remains of it are now to be discover-

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ed, though some of the stones used in its erection were 50 feet in length. In the time of the apostles it was the principal city of Syria, and the residence of the Roman governor. It was a dispute respecting the possession of this city that gave rise to the war with the Romans; the Jews claiming it because it had been built in their own land, and the Greeks, because it had been dedicated to the heathen gods. Vespasian was here first proclaimed emperor by his soldiers, after which he hastened to Alexandria, and from thence to Rome, and Titus took the command of the army which was destined to carry into effect the awful predictions that had been uttered against Jerusalem.

The city of which these are the remains was built in the time of the crusaders. The walls can he easily traced, in an oblong form, the extended side towards the sea. There are many apartments, pillars, and parts of arches, in the area of the city; there is an arched vault near the sea; and in another direction, the remains of two oval recesses may have belonged to the eastern end of the cathedral. The ruins of a castle stand upon a small peninsula, and granite columns are scattered along the sea shore in great profusion. Without the city, on the southern side, are several mounds of ruins, overgrown with grass and brushwood. The amphitheatre stood in this direction, where Herod Antipas was smitten by an angel of God, and eaten of worms. Whilst I was occupied in taking a sketch of the place, my companions picked up several pieces of marble, upon one of which was a flower, well executed, and upon another a Greek inscription. There are many holes in the ground, made by the pachas of Acre in digging for the marbles by which their mosques and palaces are decorated. The aqueduct is nearly buried in the sand.

There is not a single inhabitant near the place, nor any modern building, a circumstance which gives it a purity of character seldom presented to the traveller. A few birds and lizards are the only living possessors we saw of this once crowded city, and these are not often disturbed in their abode, as the road usually pursued passes at a little distance. Philip, the deacon, resided here some years, with his four virgin daughters. It was here that Cornelius, the centurion, beheld the vision of an angel, and that Peter declared to him and his house this cheering truth, that "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Acts x. 34, 35. Paul was imprisoned here two whole years; and at other times visited the place on his way to and from Jerusalem; and it was here that Felix trembled before him, and that Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian. As it was the usual residence of the Roman governor, it was the scene of more numerous cruelties than any other part of Palestine during the heathen persecutions. The ecclesiastical historian Eusebius was bishop of this place. The famous Origen resided here some time, and whilst yet a layman, was permitted to preach before bishops. A walk through ruins where scenes so memorable have been witnessed, could not but rouse the dullest soul into excitement, and awaken many trains of most profitable reflection. The woes of the prisoner and the triumphs of the persecutor had alike passed away; and where the simple eloquence of an apostle was once heard, and its power was acknowledged by an unjust judge and an ambitious monarch, no sound could then be distinguished but the gentle murmur of the sea. There was a single boat passing at the time, with its small white sail, to remind us of the thousands that once bore themselves proudly upon the same waters, laden with the produce of all climes. This spot is particularly dear to the missionary, as it was consecrated by the baptism of the first Gentile convert, at that time a wonder without a precedent. Now the children of the adoption are living under the wrath of God, and the despised "barbarians," from almost every nation among men, are admitted into the favor of the Lord, and have the promise that they shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. At such a place, the solemn caution of the apostle comes home to the mind with additional force;—"Be not high-minded, but fear, for if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he spare not thee." Rom. xi. 20, 21.

The road along the sea-shore continued to be tedious until we turned into the vale of SHARON, which appeared as if covered with a rich carpet of many colors, from the numerous flowers that flourish in its fertile soil. There are other valleys of the same name, and it is not known which of them was celebrated for the production of the rose. Our animals being tired, we remained for the night near a brook, and spreading our clothes upon the ground, slept in the open field. I thought of Him, who in the same country "had not where to lay his head."

JOPPA.

WE were up long before day-break, April 5th, and continued our course along the vale of Sharon, at a greater distance from the sea. The whole of this region belonged to the tribe of Manasseh.—We passed two small villages of mean appearance. As we approached Jaffa, we entered into the tribe of Ephraim, and the ground became more uneven, with many mounds of unequal size. We were overtaken by a sharp shower of rain near a bridge we had to cross, but it soon subsided. We saw a village of some extent on an elevation near the sea. We left our animals near the gate to graze, and one of the mules died soon after our arrival.

Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, is situated upon a hill of a conical form, with a castle on the summit. It presents fewer ruins than are usually found in the Syrian towns. We took breakfast with the English consul, an Armenian. His house was formerly a convent, and is upon the same spot, according to tradition, as the residence of Simon, the tanner. There fell a heavy shower of rain during our stay, attended with high wind. The vessels in the harbor rocked about as if they had been in the open sea, though they were moored very near the shore, in a narrow channel formed by a ledge of rocks. When Vespasian approached the city, the inhabitants, who were all pirates,

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fled to their ships, but a storm coming on, upon these rocks they were dashed to pieces. There are about 4000 inhabitants, 800 of whom are Christians. The neighborhood is celebrated for the excellence and richness of its fruits, particularly oranges. It is the Joppa of Scripture. Tradition would carry us far back in the history of Noah, who is said to have built the ark at this place, and even to the fabulous ages, in the history of Andromeda, who was here chained to the rock, and of Perseus, who here washed the wounds received in his combat with the centaur. The cedars floated from Lebanon for the building of the temple were landed at this port. The prophet Jonah embarked here for Tarshish, with the vain wish to flee from the presence of the Lord. In this harbor Judas Maccabeus burnt the Syrian fleet. Peter here raised up Tabitha to life, and "tarried many days with one Simon, a tanner," upon whose house-top he saw the vision of the descending sheet, and received the message from Cornelius. In modern times, Jaffa has been rendered famous, or rather infamous, by the massacre of the Turkish prisoners, which was ordered by Napoleon, and carried into execution under circumstances of great cruelty. The importance of this place has continued unto our day, from its being the nearest sea-port to Jerusalem. The different European powers have each their representative consul, whose office is principally to assist the pilgrims.

ARIMATHEA.

Upon leaving Jaffa, we passed through numerous gardens presenting a rich appearance from the recent showers, after which we entered upon an extensive plain, with slight undulations, and well cultivated. We saw the village of Loud, on our left, at the distance of a few miles, the Lydda of Scripture, and called by Josephus, "not less than a city in largeness." In a little more than three hours from Jaffa, we observed a tower, which was once attached to a monastery, dedicated to the forty martyrs who perished in Armenia. We then entered Ramla, the Rama of Ephraim, and the Arimathea of the New Testament. The crusaders found here one of the principal cities of the country, and under their rule it continued to rise in importance from its convenient situation, at the base of the hills along which winds the principal road to Jerusalem. Robert, the reckless count of Normandy, was appointed bishop of this place, and St. George, the patron saint of merry England, is by some said to have died here. There is a Latin convent, in the possession of Spaniards, and many ruins of strength and extent. There is a greater appearance of comfort, and more trees, than are usually found in the interior towns of Syria.

Our muleteers were longer than usual in loading the animals, on the morning of the day we expected to see Jerusalem, which made our departure rather later than we had intended. We were stopped in one of the streets of Ramla by an old sheikh, who demanded a small tribute. I replied that I was an Englishman, and that we were not pilgrims, and whilst a discussion was going forward, I pushed on, as I was the first of the party, and was followed by all the others except the mokara, or principal muleteer, who was detained by the old man. Mr. N. returned to effect his release. The Sheikh wished to refer the matter to the superior of the Latin convent, but Mr. N. demanded to be taken to the governor. They went towards his residence, but he was in his harem, and could not be disturbed. The sheikh then lowered his demands, and asked only for a small present, when he was told that he might take any thing he chose from our baggage, but should hear of it next day from the governor of Jerusalem, in a way that would not be agreeable. We were at last allowed to depart, without either pay or present. By this time the pilgrims were ready to leave the town, and we travelled on together, forming a far more motley cavalcade than that of Chaucer's worthies on their pilgrimage to Canterbury. The poorer pilgrims, some of whom were not too much burdened with clothes, were allowed for a small sum to ride a number of spare horses on their return from Jaffa. The name of a noted robber was often mentioned in their conversation, and they brandished their clubs in defiance. There were many Greeks from Anatolia, well armed and clothed in a more respectable manner. An Armenian priest, with his dark turban and mantle, was one of the most conspicuous of the party. The females, with their faces veiled, trotted along as boldly as the rest, and two of them were sitting in a most awkward manner, in a pannier basket, slung across a mule. We were joined too at times by Turks and Bedouins, who reined their fine horses for a moment to have a passing salutation. There might be about a hundred of us in all. There was plenty of shouting, singing, and laughter, and mirth seemed the order of the day, until the clouds darkened, and soon silenced the noise, by pouring down upon us a plentiful shower of rain.

We had by this time begun to ascend the hills. The road is one of the worst I ever travelled, though I had passed over some rough ones since my departure from England. There were loose stones, masses of rock rendered slippery by the rain, mud, and puddles of water, and my old horse had great difficulty to keep his feet. Some better mounted cavalier would try to pass me, but the narrowness of the path would not allow it without an unpleasant concussion. The hills are not high, and are rounded off at the summit, as if a number of immense cupolas had been thrown in confusion upon each other. At times we wound along their sides, and then rode along the pass formed at the base by their junction. They are composed of rocks partially covered with earth, with a few olive trees and a little brush-wood growing in favored spots. At every hill we came to, it appeared as if the next would be the summit of the range; but we passed one defile after another, and were still disappointed. We crossed the brook from which David is said to have taken the pebbles, with one of which he slew the giant. We passed Karia Abougosh, the castle of a chief of that name, who was once the Robin Hood of the Holy Land, and the terror of all pilgrims and travellers, but is now a powerless prisoner at Damascus. The village occupies a commanding si-

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tuation at the head of an extended valley, upon the opposite side of which there is a castle upon the peak of a high hill, in which the robber sometimes shut himself, and bade defiance to the world. It is said by some to be Modin, the burial-place of the Maccabees; but from the Apocrypha it would appear that the sepulchres of these brave men must have been much nearer the sea. At the village is a substantial church, erected by the crusaders, still in such repair that it might be fitted up with little difficulty as a place of Christian worship; and though it be now used only as a shelter for cattle, and is filthy in the extreme, I am not without hope that it will again resound with anthems of praise unto the Lord. It has a centre nave, separated from the side aisles by arches, and much resembles some of the parish churches in England. The style is simple, and almost without ornament. We passed the foundations of another building, apparently on a similar plan, not far from Jerusalem. The only annoyance we met with was from some shepherd boys, who threw stones at us, and called us names that I did not understand; but my servant was so irritated by them, that he drew his pistol, and matters might have been serious if we had not interfered.

The road became more and more rugged and dreary as we approached Jerusalem. The rocks had gained the mastery, and refused to cherish the little earth that at a lower range still maintained its disputed possession, and tried to cheer the eye with a flower, or refresh the traveller by a fragrant shrub. An eminence was before us, and as I was told that when this was gained we should see the holy place, I hastened on to the head of the party, but was disappointed. There were yet other rocks to be scaled, and the road was all but impassable to our jaded animals. The moments seemed to be hours, and brought with them almost a feverish excitement. To effect an entrance into Jerusalem, more tears have flowed, and more hearts have throbbed, and more hardships have been endured, and more blood has been shed, than for any other spot in the world. I felt that the most interesting period of my travels was now arrived. Still, all my former ideas had been so much at variance with the reality of the scene, that when I did catch the first sight of the actual walls of the city, I felt little of that emotion that might be supposed to arise at such a moment. There was nothing in keeping with the solemnity of the time. The pilgrims were discharging their fire-arms, that had happily never been called into more serious play, and the only persons we saw consisted of a group of dancing girls, who assailed us with rude and unseemly gestures. As we came nearer all appeared to be wrapped in silence and solitude, there not being a single thing in sight that had life. Of Jerusalem we could see little more than a high wall built of light-colored stone, and the deep stillness seemed to say that it was protected by other powers than the common defences of man. By those thoughts the mind was calmed, and I had time to dwell for a moment upon the wonderful events that had here taken place, some of which are without a parallel, and had the whole hierarchy of heaven to behold them. I did not inquire which was Calvary, or which was the site of the temple, the crowd of thoughts that rushed with confused impetuosity into my mind, prevented my attention to localities.

It was about three in the afternoon of the 6th April, 1833, that we entered the gates of Jerusalem. We had a letter of introduction, but found that it was to a member of the Latin convent, with which we did not desire to have any connection. Whilst the servants were making inquiries, we remained with our animals in an open space near the castle, but soon resolved to proceed to the Greek convent of Mar Michael, the usual resort of missionaries. We were told that the superior was at the church of the Sepulchre, to which we immediately repaired, and saw some of the imposing ceremonies of their worship. We were taken into the sacred place near the altar, set aside for the bishops and priests, and I was much ashamed, as we were still in our travelling dress. We obtained permission to lodge at the convent, and were shown into a low room, damp and dirty, along with a number of pilgrims, but on remonstrating with the superior, he vacated his own room for our use, after he had tried in vain to turn some other pilgrims out of a good apartment they occupied. The weather was many degrees cooler than upon the coast, from our more elevated situation.

JERUSALEM.

It has been said by an eloquent writer, when speaking of Jerusalem, "Never was subject less known to modern readers, never was subject more completely exhausted." I feel the full force of this remark. It had been the wish of many years that I might visit the holy city: when I first offered myself as a missionary, it was with a desire to be sent to this place: I had read much about its localities, and tried as far as possible to realise them in my mind; yet after all that I had read, and thought, and dreamed on the subject, the city that I pictured in my imagination was entirely different to Jerusalem as it really exists; and though I shall now attempt to give some idea of what I saw, I do not expect to be more successful than my predecessors, and fear, that with all these warnings before me, I shall still produce many erroneous impressions.

The walls of Jerusalem are not traced upon any uniform plan, this not being permitted by the declivities of the hill along which they are carried: their extent, on a rough calculation, may be set down at a little less than three miles. When coming from any distant place, the phrase of Scripture would be used, "to ascend," but it must not on that account be understood as commanding an extensive prospect, or that the ground upon which it stands is high, when compared with the hills in its immediate vicinity. It is built upon one of the elevated surfaces of a range of mountains presenting all sizes and shapes. On the north side it is bounded by a plain, which extends upwards of a mile before the higher ground commences. On the eastern side the walls are built close to a ravine, at the bottom of which is the bed of Kedron, which gradually deepens as it approaches and passes the city; and on the opposite side of the valley is the range of mount Olivet.

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On the south-eastern side the ravine is continued, and is deeper and broader. On the west side there is another ravine, which at its deepest part joins the valley of the Kedron, at the foot of mount Sion, and from thence rising by a gradual ascent, at last loses itself in the plain on the north side of the city. The summits of "the mountains round about Jerusalem" are not more than a good arrow-shot from the walls, and are not much higher than some parts of the hill on which it stands.—The appearance of the hills is rugged: they have a few olive trees upon them, but little cultivation: their sides in many places present the bare rock, and the soil is covered with loose stones. The mount of Olives has a more pleasing aspect, and its sides are sown with grain, but it partakes in some degree of the general character. Between this mount and that of Evil Counsel there is an open valley, and the view in this direction is more extensive than from any other part of Jerusalem.

The circumference of the ancient city was a little more than four miles, and must have extended more towards the north than the present Jerusalem. From the account of it given by Josephus, it would appear that the site of the city was much more uneven than it is now. He speaks of a valley between the city and temple, and of another valley that seems to have run nearly along the centre of the city, and particularises the hills Sion, Moriah, Acre, and Bezetha. The ground is still uneven, but there is no part within the walls that could with propriety be called a valley.

It has been supposed, though it would seem upon insufficient authority, that after the expulsion of Adam from Paradise, there was always in ancient times a visible appearance of the shekinah, or symbol of the divine presence, that it was preserved by Noah in the ark, and afterwards by the patriarchs. The place appointed as the permanent abode of the presence was by divine command. We learn from the book of Chronicles, that when God appeared unto Solomon, and gave him permission to erect a house "for the name of the Lord God of Israel," he said, "I have chosen Jerusalem, that my name might be there." The mount of Moriah had already been consecrated, the mount of Sion was the residence of the king, and Jerusalem was in a convenient direction for the approach of the different tribes, when they came up three times a year to present themselves before the Lord. It was also in a position of great strength, which in those lawless times was a matter of the highest consequence. We have here another of those coincidences so often presented in Scripture, which were to the Jews, and must be to us, strong and satisfactory proofs that the attention of the divine mind had from the earliest ages been directed towards their state, and been preparing the thoughts of men for the coming of the Messiah. Upon that same mountain, upwards of 800 years previous to the erection of the temple, God had commanded Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac, a type of the daily sacrifice that was to be offered upon the altar, and of that greater sacrifice that was to be offered in due time near the same spot, "once for all."

From the time of David, Jerusalem was the constant resort of all those who were desirous of consulting the holy oracle, or of presenting before the Lord the different sacrifices required by the law. On the three great festivals of the year, its streets were crowded with people from the most distant parts of the land, and during the periods in which these festivals were celebrated in their purity, they must have tended in an eminent degree to promote harmony and good fellowship among the tribes, and have filled their hearts with gladness and gratitude. The great number of priests, Levites, and teachers of the law, who constantly resided here, or attended in their regular courses, would confer upon the city a sacred and religious character. The prophets added much to the solemnity of its aspect, as they mingled with the crowds in their austere garb, and lifted up their voice to reveal the will of heaven. When the fulness of time was come, Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem, and within a few miles of the city the voice of the angels was heard praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

In the time of our Saviour, Jerusalem must have presented one of the most magnificent sights ever seen upon earth. The most favorable situation for viewing this prospect with effect would be from the mount of Olives, and at the very place where Jesus, on beholding the city, wept over it At one sudden turn in the road from Bethany, the city comes at once into sight. Between this mountain and the city was a deep and contracted ravine, then as now used as the place of burial, studded with the whited walls of the sepulchres erected to the prophets, and referred to by Christ as emblems of the Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, which did indeed appear beautiful outward, but were within "full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." The city was defended in the weaker parts by a triple wall, and towers, monuments, and palaces, proudly presented themselves in every direction. On the opposite side of the valley, the hill of the city rose perpendicularly near 500 feet, and was built up with immense stones, some of which measured 23 yards square. The temple stood upon the summit of this precipice, and our Saviour being raised a little above it, would be able to look over its walls into the courts by which it was surrounded. We are told that Herod had employed 10,000 men during the space of eight years to strengthen, restore, and enlarge it. It was at this time of greater extent, though perhaps of less exquisite workmanship, than it had presented at any earlier period. It had a portico of white marble, the columns of which were each of one stone, and 44 feet long. It had nine gates covered over with silver and gold, and another that was still more precious, made of Corinthian brass. The parts that were not gilded were beautifully white, so that it appeared at a distance like a mountain of snow. It was covered in front with plates of gold, and when the sun shone upon it, and lighted it up into glory, it was impossible to look at it from its brightness, and it then shadowed forth the Deity that was worshipped within, "whom no man hath seen, or can see."

The Jerusalem of modern times is not the city of the Scriptures, any more than that it is built upon the same spot. The walls are of hewn stone,

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about 40 feet high, and without any mole or buttresses. They have battlements, and have long and narrow embrasures, with projecting towers at irregular distances of the same form and height. There are several Arabic inscriptions upon them, the purport of which was not explained to me.—Some of the stones are very large, and were probably used in the ancient city. The gates through which there is admittance are four in number: the Damascus gate, that opens towards the plain on the north; St. Stephen's gate, that opens towards the eastern ravine; Zion gate, upon the hill of the same name; and the gate that leads towards Bethlehem and Jaffa. The other gates are now walled up. They are all formed of pointed arches, with an entrance-tower, but have little sculptural decoration. On the outside it is possible to walk all round the city, close to the walls.

In the INTERIOR of the city there are few vacant spaces. The houses are built of large rough stones, close to each other, and are two stories high. Little more is seen towards the street than a plain wall and a mean entrance. Every house has one dome or more, the roofs being universally built of this form, as no timber can be procured except from a great distance. Most of the buildings, the convents excluded, are falling into decay, but there are not many that are so far in ruin as to be entirely deserted. The streets are narrow, paved with flat stones, and many of them on a declivity.

The public buildings are not numerous, nor are any of them, except the mosque of Omar, very magnificent. Near the Jaffa gate is a castle, formed of two strong towers, called the castle of David, or the tower of the Pisans. A few cannon are here mounted, and it is surrounded by a dry moat. There are not many mosques in proportion to the celebrity of the place even in Mussulman estimation. They are all falling into ruin, and no efforts are made to repair them.

The convents are for the most part situated in the north-west quarter of the city. The Greeks have thirteen, and the Roman Catholics, or, as they are here called, Latins, the Armenians, Syrians, Copts, and Abyssinians, have each of them one. They each contain a chapel, and a number of small rooms for the use of the pilgrims. They are supported by contributions from all parts of Christendom. The pilgrims are allowed the free use of them, and in some they are provided with support for a certain number of days or weeks.—The Armenian convent is situated near the hill of Zion. It is by far the most extensive, the most splendid, and the most liberally endowed. It is usual with English travellers to remain at the Latin convent. The accommodations are more comfortable, but some of our countrymen have died here, and others have been taken ill, which has excited suspicion against the monks. I had no intercourse with them, as they are declared enemies to us and our cause.

The different orders of monks, for many centuries the only representatives of the Christian church near the spot where the divine Victim was sacrificed for the sins of the world, awaken feelings that are not without interest, though connected with much of melancholy and sorrow. I am not so uncharitable as to suppose that some of them may not have had the love of God in their hearts, and have obeyed in sincerity the Saviour whom they ignorantly worshipped. They have suffered much from the oppressions of the Turks, but though persecuted and exposed to death, they have been firm in their post; and when one has perished, another has always been found ready to stand up and supply his place. Their principal employment is the chaunting of the appointed services, the song of which is heard without ceasing in the church of the Sepulchre, at all hours of the day and night, and a more unfavorable situation can scarcely be conceived for the keeping alive of the spiritual affections. It is affecting to witness the rude zeal of the deluded pilgrims; but I have felt far more, when I have seen the priests and monks, in some of whose countenances a beam of intelligence seemed to shine, bowing down before a picture or stone, and appearing to pay it adoration.

The pilgrims usually arrive about Christmas, and continue here until Easter. There is now a much smaller number than were present in former times. The pilgrimage is little calculated to benefit their souls. They have a long season of leisure, which might be brought to some advantage, but they employ it too often in smoking, drinking, gambling, and other occupations equally adverse to spiritual improvement. We appointed a time to wait on the patriarch of the Greek church, but on that day a messenger had arrived from the pacha, to claim the usual share of the offerings, and he could not receive us. The pilgrims are now subject to much fewer exactions than they formerly were, though even their present annoyances are sufficiently great. They have to purchase tuskaras, or passports, and are continually required to show them to the officers of government; and if they have them not at hand, they are detained until another can be procured, for which they are required to advance an additional sum. The principal source of their vexation arises from the natives of the country, as they are cheated in every bargain they make, and they have no redress, without submitting to still greater insults. Some camel-drivers having brought a number of women to the beginning of a dangerous descent, in the road to Jericho, refused to proceed without an immediate present, but I interfered in their behalf, and was for the time successful. When the pilgrims had bathed in the Jordan, many of them were not allowed to remount their animals until another sum had been extorted from them. Besides visiting the sacred places, they have their arms marked with a cross and other devices. It appears to be considered as a religious ceremony, to receive the indellible mark, as a kind of hymn is constantly sung during the operation, though no priest is present. On their departure from Jerusalem they receive a printed paper, certifying that they have acted as good pilgrims, and granting them absolution in consequence. With this paper, a candle lighted at the holy fire, and a dress dipped in the Jordan, they fondly imagine that no harm can come near them for ever. Those who have visited the stations

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are dignified by the name of hadgi, after the manner of the Mussulmans. There are now few Greeks from the Morea, the greater part being from Russia and Asia Minor, where the march of intellect has not yet extended. As knowledge increases, the number of pilgrims will lessen in proportion, the convents will have no occupants, and one scandal will be wiped away from the Christian church.

Not far from the Jaffa gate is a pool of water which dries up in summer. There is always to be seen a number of Jews, particularly females, seated near it. I inquired the reason from a Jew, but he would give me no definite answer. I was told by others that they expect the Messiah to appear near that spot. Near St. Stephen's gate there is another pool, said by some to be that of Bethesda, and by others to be the dungeon into which Jeremiah was let down by cords: perhaps both accounts are equally correct, and it may be neither the one nor the other. There are three arches in it, now walled up. Not far from the same gate I visited the ruins of an extensive convent. The church has been subsequently used as a mosque. It is still so perfect, that with a little repair it might again be used as a place of worship. The palace of the governor is entered from the same street. The front looks towards the site of the temple, and it is said to occupy the same spot as the palace of Pilate. Near it are several mosques and large buildings in ruins.

The *via doloroso* leads from the judgment-hall of Pilate to the place of our Saviour's death. Connected with it are the houses of Pilate and Herod; the window from whence the governor presented Jesus Christ to the people, when he said, "Behold the man!" the place where the cross was taken from the shoulder of Jesus and laid upon Simon, the Cyrenian; a hole in the wall, made by the fingers of Christ when he rested for a moment by the way; the place where the cock crew at the denial of Peter; and many other places of a similar description. But the greatest of all wonders, and from whence some idea may be formed of the credit that is due to these traditions, is a stone in the wall of a convent, with an opening miraculously formed, by which it received power to speak when our Saviour replied to the insinuations of his enemies against the disciples: "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out!"

The mosque of Omar is by far the most magnificent edifice in Jerusalem. It is built upon the site of the temple, and probably with some of its ancient materials. It was commenced by Omar, the caliph who took Jerusalem, and was finished by his successors. The inclosure in which it is situated, called the Haram Schereff, is said to be 1489 feet long, and 995 feet broad, and includes a large proportion of the whole city. No Christian or Jew is allowed to enter it upon pain of death; but Dr. Richardson, a recent traveller so far ingratiated himself with an Effendi, upon whom he successfully performed a surgical operation, that he was permitted to visit and examine it four successive times. He is the only Christian who has entered it as such since the crusades. It may be seen from mount Olivet, and from several situations in the city I looked through the entrances at the green grass in its open courts; but even for this, the Turks grumbled at me, and warned me to proceed no further. An air of beauty still rests upon the place, that is presented by no other part of Jerusalem. The Sakhara is the principal building. It is an octagon, each side of which contains seven windows, and is said to be about 60 feet long. It has four entrances, ascended by spacious steps, over which are lofty arches, and is surrounded by an elevated platform of marble.—The dome has been much admired. It is said to be 93 feet high, and 47 feet in diameter. The next building in importance is the mosque El Aksa. The windows in the dome are of painted glass. The four orthodox sects of Mahomedans have each their appointed places of prayer.—There are many other buildings within the inclosure, some of which are inhabited by dervishes.—Next to the temple at Mecca, this is considered as the most sacred place in the world. It is the gate of Paradise, and the spot where Mahomet alighted when he came from heaven in a single night. At an early period of his career, he directed his followers to turn their faces towards Jerusalem in prayer, as they now do towards Mecca, and the city is called by them, "El Koodes," or the Holy. It contains, among other curiosities, the throne and judgment-seat of Solomon, marks made by the fingers of the angel Gabriel, the sacred stone that Mahomet carried upon his arm in battle, a print of his foot, and the stone upon which he is to sit at the judgment. There is also a series of nails in a block of marble, one of which is said to be miraculously withdrawn at the conclusion of every grand event in the universe: they were at first eighteen in number, but they are now reduced to three and a half. It was upon the stone containing the print of the foot, that the ancient prophets sat when they delivered their predictions: it made an attempt to ascend to heaven when the spirit of inspiration departed from man, but was detained by the angel Gabriel, from whence the marks of his fingers, until Mahomet came, and fixed it for ever upon this spot.

The church of the Sepulchre, which is the only remaining object within the city that deserves attention, has of late years produced a great difference of opinion among the travellers by whom it has been visited. It is maintained by many that it does not occupy the site of the places by which it professes to be rendered sacred. I have examined the question with some care, but after all find it difficult to decide either one way or the other. I cannot learn at what period the chain of tradition can have been broken. It has been said that the early Christians were not so superstitious as to encourage the fooleries by which the church in later times has been unhappily distinguished; but they were perhaps less pure in this respect than some individuals would be disposed to allow. The churches of Smyrna have this passage in their account of the martyrdom of Polycarp, which took place in the year 167:—"The centurion, perceiving the malevolence of the Jews, placed the body in the midst of the fire, and burnt it: then we gathered up his

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bones—more precious than gold and jewels—and deposited them in a proper place, where, if it be possible, we shall meet, and the Lord will grant us, in gladness and joy, to celebrate the birth-day of his martyrdom." At the end of the same century it was a common practice among the believers to go up to Jerusalem expressly "to visit the sacred places," and the Christians were never prevented from living within the city, even when the severest edicts were issued against the Jews. On the other hand, we know that the city was entirely destroyed by Titus; and it would appear that the exact site of the sepulchre at least was not known in the reign of Constantine. "When Helene, the emperour's mother," says an old translation of Eusebius, "founde the auncient Jerusalem, lying all wast, in a heape of stones, as it is in the prophet, she searched diligently for the sepulchre of Christ, in the which he was layd, and out of the which he rose againe, and at length, although WITH MUCH ADOE, through the helpe of God, she found it. And why it was so HARD a matter to finde, I will declare in fewe words; even as they which embraced the faith of Christ highly esteemed of that sepulchre, and monument of his passion, so of the contrary, such as abhorred Christian religion, heaped in that place much earth, and raised great hilloks, and buylded there the temple of Venus, and having suppressed the remembrance of the place, they sette up her idole. This have we learned of olde to be true."

That which follows appears to have arisen from the craftiness of the priests, such as the finding of a sepulchre and three crosses, and future ages have been willing to be duped by the credulity of the old empress. The place of the crucifixion cannot have been far from the palace of the governor; it was "nigh unto the city;" it could be seen "afar off;" it was "without the camp," or city; it was probably on an elevation, though of this we have no certain evidence, unless the name Golgotha, "the place of a skull," be understood as referring to its shape and appearance; it was near a public road, as "they that passed by reviled him;" it was near a garden, as, "in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein never man was laid—there laid they Jesus." It appears to me impossible the present sepulchre, or pretended sepulchre, can be made to agree with these plain statements of Scripture, more especially with that which places Golgotha without the city. I repeatedly examined the site, and from every possible direction, but the result of all my observations was the same, that it must of necessity have been included within the walls of the ancient Jerusalem. All the other arguments that have been brought against it, and which it would be to no purpose to repeat here, may perhaps be set aside; but this appears to me unanswerable, and must throw the strongest suspicion upon every other kind of proof that may be attempted in its favor. Were we to take Scripture for our only guide, the scene of the crucifixion would be placed near the gate of St. Stephen, and would overlook the valley of Hinnom, from the opposite side of which it might have been witnessed by the women, whilst the high priest saw it from the walls. The garden was probably more in the form of a grove or orchard, than a place for flowers and pleasure, and there are yet in the same spot many sepulchres "hewn out in the rock."—It would be a work of no mean service to Christianity, could it be proved that the monks and pilgrims are utterly in error; and it is well the sacredness of the places can be called in question by arguments so powerful as those within our reach.

They have ministered to folly, superstition, and actual crime; whilst they have promised a plenary forgiveness of sin, they have added to that sin, rendered its stain deeper, and its punishment more severe; and whilst they have professed to magnify the death and passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, they have taken from them all their power, by substituting a personal visit to the supposed Calvary in place of an application by faith to the Son of God in heaven. It was in mercy that the tomb of Moses was hid from the knowledge of the Jews, and it has been in equal mercy that the exact situation of the tomb of Jesus has been hid from the knowledge of the church, as it has thus been saved from the desecration of the thousand sins that have been committed under the sanctity of its name.

The church of the Sepulchre is approached by a narrow entrance, that leads from a small street into an open court nearly surrounded by convents, and used as a bazar. There are money-changers and venders of curiosities from Bethlehem, such as rosaries, crosses, and pictures worked in mother-of-pearl; persons beating brazen cups to announce that they have sherbet for sale; the blind and maimed crying out in mournful accents to excite the compassion of the pilgrims; and on the ground are exposed to view, clothes, spices, fruits, wax tapers, and cutlery. The exterior of the church is not imposing. The entrance is formed of two pointed arches, one of them walled up.—The stone over the open door-way has a well-executed sculpture, partly broken, which appears to be ancient, and to represent some historical event, in separate compartments.

On entering the church, a party of Turks are seated near the large door, smoking and chatting, and laughing at the follies of the people. They are always present when the church is open for public worship, to preserve order; but it can be opened at any other time by an application from the superior of a convent. The first open space is a large hall or chapel, for the building is very irregular in its form. Opposite the entrance is a marble slab, said to mark the spot where the body of our Lord was laid to be anointed for the burial. The people were kneeling down to it continually, to kiss it, and wipe the dust from its surface. It has three immense wax tapers at each end, and eight lamps suspended over it. In the wall at the right hand are three doors. The third leads to a recess, where a fissure is shown in the stone, said to have been made when the rocks were rent at the crucifixion. It is defended by a grating, so that I could not examine it very closely; but it is supposed by those competent to judge, that it is a natural fissure, made by a convulsion of the earth. It is immediately under the place where the cross stood, say the monks, and the skull and some bones of old Adam were found in it by the empress Helena.

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Near the wall opposite the entrance, on the right hand, there is a narrow passage. At its commencement, a flight of steps, about twenty in number, leads to the chapel of Calvary. It is divided into two compartments, separated from each other by arches. At the end of the first division is an altar, near which is shown the very hole in which the cross of our Saviour was placed, and also the holes of the crosses of the malefactors, not a yard distant from each other. There are many lights, pictures, and ornaments, and the pulpit from whence the Latins preach on Good Friday. The floor is of variegated marble. At the end of the other division is also an altar, intended to mark the place where Jesus was nailed to the tree.

On descending again into the passage, and proceeding along its course, there are altars in it erected to commemorate the places where Christ was scourged, where the soldiers divided his garments, where they arrayed him in a mock robe, and so on, for almost every circumstance narrated by the evangelists relative to the death and burial of our Lord. At the end of this passage, a few steps lead down to the chapel of St. Helena, where the true cross was found by the empress, the wood of which has been so miraculously multiplied, that from it another ark might be built of equal dimensions with the ark of Noah. It is more plain and more ancient than any other part of the church. When the Easter of the Latins and Greeks falls at the same time, there is sometimes a battle ecclesiastical to gain possession of this place.

From the entrance hall, a wide opening to the left leads into a larger chapel, surmounted by a dome, and surrounded by 16 pillars, square and plain. There are galleries nearly all round, and under them are different chapels and apartments. The sepulchre stands under the centre of the dome, in shape like a church, with a small cupola for the steeple. It is built of coarse marble, has an inscription in Greek round the top, and is ornamented with pictures and artificial flowers. At the outside of the western end, there is an open chapel for the Copts, Syrians, and other Christians who have no separate place of worship. The entrance to the sepulchre is from the eastern end, and is defended by a railing. We were here required to take off our shoes. The interior is divided into two apartments. The floor is of marble, and small marble pillars are let into the walls. In the centre of the first division is a marble pillar, said to mark the place where the angel stood to announce the resurrection to Mary Magdalen and the other women. The place was crowded with people, and after much crushing and confusion, we at last effected an entrance into the sanctum. It is lighted by forty lamps, and the crowd within rendered the heat so insupportable that I remained in it only a few moments. The tomb is of white marble, without ornament, and about six feet long. The stone which was rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre was many years ago carried off by the Armenians, and is now shown in their chapel upon mount Zion. The sepulchre, it will be said, was "hewn out in the rock," and to this the monks will reply, that there was here a large rock, but that it has been cut away, leaving only the shell of the sepulchre, which is cased over by the marble walls of the present building.

The Greek church is opposite the entrance into the sepulchre. It does not differ from the other churches of the Greeks, except in being more splendid. When lighted up by the numerous candles and lamps, it presents one blaze of magnificence. Some of the pictures are in better taste than those usually seen. In the middle of the floor, is a short marble pillar, said to be placed exactly in the centre of the world. Even to this the people were offering lights, and bowing down, and kissing it.

The churches of the Latins and Armenians are smaller, and have less of ornament. The ancient church of the sepulchre was destroyed by fire in 1808, and the present structure having been principally built at the expense of the Greeks, they appropriated to themselves the largest and most convenient part of the edifice.

It is principally at Easter, when the services of the church particularly allude to places within compass of the sacred enclosure, that the full splendor of the priesthood is brought to bear upon the religious ceremonies connected with the time. Pilgrims from very distant parts now assemble to offer up their prayers at the sepulchre of the Saviour, on the anniversaries of his death, burial, and resurrection. Were there any thing of real devotion apparent in the minds of the people, were the influence that might be supposed to rest upon these hallowed spots, more manifest, I might be tempted to record at length the different processions, prayers, masses, and sermons, but under present circumstances I should deem all this a waste of time both to him who writes, and those who read. In one of the Greek processions I counted upwards of eighty priests, all clothed in magnificent garments of crimson and gold. The Turks made way for them through the crowd, and laid on most unmercifully with their whips and clubs. They had many banners, with parts of Scripture and of foolish legends painted upon them. The bishops had rich mitres, sparkling with jewels; their robes were held on each side by an attendant; and incense was burnt before them. They held in their hands a cross, which they moved to and fro, and the people bowed themselves as they passed. Some of the priests carried books in rich bindings, others had large crosses, others had silver shrines of the chapel of Calvary, and others were employed in chaunting the appropriate service.

On the Sunday before Easter the pilgrims carry palm-branches in their hands, many of them cut or platted into various devices. These are the real palms, such as were actually used at the triumphal entrance of Christ into the city, so different from the palms used in England on the same occasion, that I cannot account for their choice, unless the palm be the only tree that blossoms at this early period of the year.

On the Saturday before Easter, the farce of the fire is exhibited to the pilgrims. I went early that I might secure a good place for seeing the exhibition. The church was crowded in every part, the women standing near the wall, and the men in the body of the building. I attempted to take my station near the females, as the men were beginning to be a little noisy; but they stoutly opposed me, until a good old lady spoke a few

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words in my favor, and I was permitted to remain. The scene had very little resemblance to a Christian assembly, met together in a Christian place of worship. The Turks were quietly smoking their pipes, and smiling in derision; and others were beating the people without fear or favor to preserve order. Bread and water were carried about for sale, as some of the pilgrims had been all night in the church. The noise was like the uproar of an ale-bench at a village feast. Many were running round the sepulchre with all their might, and others were carried round on the shoulders of men, waving their hands as if blessing the people. They clapped their hands, leaped, and shouted; threw their caps into the air; and at times they set up the shrill whoop they make at funerals,—a sound that is indescribable, something like the quick hooting of an owl, but the effect is awful. As the time passed on, the noise and uproar increased. They lifted up their hands to heaven, to supplicate the hastening of the miraculous gift. All eyes were directed towards a small hole in the side of the wall of the sepulchre, where it was known that the fire would appear, and whenever the noise received additional force there was a general rush towards it. Every person present had a wax taper in the hand, which was held out towards the same spot. The miracle at last appeared, and in a few moments every taper in the place was lighted by the senseless multitude. I cannot describe the scene. I thought of the furies, of the mad dances of the ancients at their idolatrous feasts, but I can find no comparison rightly to describe it. They shouted louder, and leaped higher, and waved their burning tapers in the air: add to these the smoke, the awful glare, the moving about of the immense mass, and a faint idea may be formed of this open desecration of the house of God. The sepulchre is sealed the day before, the superior bishop of the Greek church now enters the place, and offers up a prayer, and after a little time a flame appears at a small hole in the wall, opposite the entrance into the Latin church, which the people most firmly believe is miraculously lighted from heaven. I am told that the bishop was accompanied into the sepulchre by a Turk, but of this I am not certain, as I did not see him enter, nor did any of the party, though they stood in a different direction.

Pliny Fisk, the American missionary, requested permission to enter with the bishop, stating that the conversion of an unbeliever would increase the celebrity of the fire by confirming its truth, but he was told that if he were present with the bishop at the time the fire appeared, his instant death would be the consequence. The people maintain that the fire will not burn those who believe in its powers; hence some of the men passed it quickly over their beards, and put it under their clothes, but in such a way that any other fire would be equally harmless. The women near me passed it along garments they had brought for the purpose, as they believe it to have a mighty influence, and in these they intend to be buried. It was affecting to see the poor creatures thus preparing their own grave-clothes, with as much earnestness as if the eternal salvation of their souls was secured by the act. They also preserve the tapers they have lighted, as many of them light a number, and immediately extinguish them, and there is no kind of virtue they do not think them to possess. I was in the midst of the tumult, and being asked why I had no taper to light, I had an opportunity of expressing my disapprobation of their conduct. At the close of the ceremony, the Jews were publicly cursed, then the Mahomedans, and probably others whose names we could not distinguish. It is said that the practice of the deception can be traced back to the times of the Greek emperors, when the church was involved in a darkness that in these countries is yet felt. It has been opposed, both with keen ridicule and powerful argument, by several modern Greeks, and among others by the celebrated Coray, who died lately in Paris. The priests themselves would probably be glad to be well rid of the scandal, if it could be done without reflecting upon their predecessors. A pigeon was formerly let fly from the dome, to represent the visible coming of the Holy Ghost, but this part of the mockery is now abandoned. The fire continued to burn some minutes, but not always with the same brilliancy, and during this period the people continued to light their candles at the original source, but it seemed to be considered equally efficacious at the second or third hand, as it was in this way the greater part of the people received it. I have attended many descriptions of heathen festivals. I have seen the devil-dancers apparently under Satanic influence, and the Mussulman devotees shout round their fires at the feast of Hussein Hassan, but I never witnessed any exhibition that excited in my mind feelings of deeper disgust, and this too in the name of Christ, and in a place probably not very far distant from the sacred spot where he bowed his head and died.

On Easter Sunday, after the ceremonies were concluded in the church of the sepulchre, service was performed in the chapel of the principal Greek convent. The Gospel was read in different languages, to commemorate its introduction to as many different nations by the apostles. At the end of each part a bell was tinkled. The people again held tapers in their hands, and a priest offered one to each of us, but we declined to countenance so foolish a custom, though we were seated next to the bishop. The bishop officiated in his robes, and the priests in order, after prostrating themselves before a picture of the Saviour, knelt before him with their heads to the ground, then rose and kissed his hand, and again bowed themselves to the earth. It would have been an amusing sight, could we have looked upon all this as the play of a parcel of children, but when old men in priests' garments, and long white beards, engaged in it, and called it a religious ceremony, it excited feelings of the sincerest pity. The congregation were very still, and there appeared in some of their minds a degree of solemnity, and it might be devotion.

The greater part of mount Zion is without the present walls of the city. There is a mosque upon its summit, said to be built over the tomb of David. Near it is a room in which our Lord is said to have eaten the last supper with the disciples. In

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an Armenian chapel is the stone that covered the sepulchre. Upon this hill, under the walls of the city, is the burial ground of the Christians. The different denominations are separated from each other even in death, and in their own plots they await the sound of the last trumpet, when it will not be asked of what shape they made the cross, but in what way they loved Christ. A Latin inscription in the Roman Catholic ground announces, that an Englishman in his last hours was brought from error to the bosom of the true church. There is one Protestant missionary quietly sleeping with the rest, Dr. Dalton, who is probably the first of many whose bodies are to be here deposited. The mount is not much higher than some other parts of the city, which have probably been elevated by the number of ruins they bear. The descent is very steep towards the valleys of Gihon and Jehoshaphat. Near the bottom there are terraces, upon which a few olive-trees are growing, and there are single trees in other parts of the slope. The city of David stood upon this hill; it contained the royal palace, and appears to have then been the strongest part of Jerusalem. The sides of the hill, that once bade defiance to the invader, are now brought under the plough, though their cultivation must be attended with some difficulty. "Therefore shall Zion for your sakes be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps." Mic. iii. 12. The valley of Millo extended from this mount to the hill of the temple, and though it was filled up by David and Solomon, its situation is still apparent.

The objects of interest that are situated WITHOUT THE WALLS are much more numerous and more worthy of attention than those within. It may be well to leave the city by the Jaffa gate, and examine first the plain towards the north. The ground gradually rises until it reaches the north-west corner of the wall, from whence it declines as far as the north-east corner, when it becomes more equal. Near the wall are the remains of a dry moat, not cut with regularity. Towards the Damascus gate, is a cistern of water, in arched compartments, under ground, and near it, now used as a trough, is a stone coffin of the same description as those found in the sepulchres of the kings. In the same direction is a place called Jeremiah's grot, where the prophet is said to have resided, and of late inhabited by a band of dervishes. The surface of the plain is uneven, in some parts cultivated, and it has many olive-trees growing upon it. The city formerly extended itself in this direction, and it would not be difficult to trace its probable boundary. There are some caves, and remains of buildings and towers. About a quarter of a mile from the city, on the Jaffa road, is a Turkish burial-ground, and near it an ancient pool for water, about one hundred yards long and eighty broad.

The sepulchres of the kings, as they are called, are situated on the right hand of the Damascus road, about a mile from the gate of the same name. The first place that is seen is an open court, cut in the rock, like a dry pool, about thirty yards square. On the south side there is a portico in the rock, with a sculptured frieze that runs the whole length of the opening. The sculpture consists of flowers, fruits, and other ornaments, worked with some taste, but now fast falling into decay. The opening to the sepulchre is at the left hand, nearly closed up with stones. It is not improbable that there are other entrances, perhaps one in the centre of the portico, and another opposite the entrance now open. We had some difficulty in effecting an entrance; as we had to crawl at full length, like worms, with lights in our hands. We soon arrived at a room about eight yards square, from whence we passed into several others, into some of which there is a descent. There has been displayed more art and care upon these caves than upon the common sepulchres, but some of the latter have required an equal degree of labor. In nearly all the rooms there are ledges in the sides for coffins, of which many remains are in existence, but all much broken. They are of white stone, and the lids are ornamented with figures of grapes, garlands, and similar devices, apparently more appropriate for a wassail-bowl than for a coffin. In the floors of the rooms narrow channels are cut, as if to receive the water that is continually dropping from above. The doors are all thrown down and broken. They were of one entire stone, turning upon two swivels let into the rock, and of exactly the same form as the panelled doors now in use. Near this court is another of a similar description, with caves at the sides. We entered one of them, but found in it nothing remarkable. Josephus speaks of "the sepulchral caverns of the kings" in this direction, from whence these caves have derived their name, but the authority is not sufficient to settle all doubts upon the subject, nor, indeed, is it known aright what kings are intended by the historian, as the monarchs of Judah were buried upon mount Zion.

We proceeded a little distance after we had examined the tombs, whether royal or not, and then descended into a ravine, which is near the commencement of the brook Kedron, at that time without water. It begins a little more to the north-east, and passing between the plain and mount Olivet, forms the eastern boundary of the city. It deepens as it proceeds, and forms an angle opposite the temple, then takes a south-west direction, and passing between the village of Siloam and the city, runs off towards the Dead Sea. The ashes of the idolatrous vessels and altars, burnt by Josiah, were cast into this brook, and it received the blood from the sacrifices of the temple by a drain. From the commencement of the ravine unto the end, with the exception of the slopes under the temple, its side are perforated with sepulchres "hewn out in the rock," which were no doubt the tombs of the ancient citizens. We examined a great number of them, and found them to be nearly all of a similar character. Some have only one room, and others have eight or ten, of all sizes, from two yards square to twenty. In general they are so high, that we could walk in them upright, and some are lofty. There are several that have been used as dwellings. They contain no ancient sculpture or inscriptions, though some of the walls are covered with Hebrew characters, written by Jews, who have visited the places from curiosity. The floors of most of them

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are even with the entrance, but into others there is a precipitate descent. The roofs of the large rooms are supported by pillars, and some of them have entirely fallen in. In one of them we found the dead body of a man, nearly naked, who had, perhaps, crept in for shelter, and perished from famine or disease.

Pursuing the bed of the Kedron, we arrived, as it were, under the city, at the north-east angle. On the slope nearest the city there are many Turkish graves, that continue a little further than the gate of St. Stephen. This part of the valley was called Hinnom, in which many cruel and idolatrous ceremonies were performed, and children were passed through the fire to Moloch by their unnatural parents. It was also called Tophet. The filth of the city was here collected and consumed, and from the fires that were continually kept burning for this purpose, its name was chosen to designate hell, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." It was defiled by king Josiah, that no more human sacrifices might be presented in it to the demon of blood.

The brook is crossed by a bridge, over which the road passes from the city to the mount of Olives and Bethany. Near the bridge is the roof of a church, even with the ground. It is built over a large cave, in which are the supposed tombs of the Virgin Mary, Joseph, and Anna. The objects that next attract attention, after passing the garden of Gethsemane, are some ancient sepulchres. The rock has been cut away from two of them, so that they appear as if erected in the usual manner; but they are each of one stone, and with their columns and ornaments have been cut out of the rock where they stand. They are attributed to Absalom and Zechariah. That of Absalom appears as if supported by six columns on each side. The ornaments on the frieze are of the same character as those on the portico of the royal sepulchres. It is surmounted by a roof formed of a separate stone, circular, and gradually tapering towards the summit, where it finishes in a knot or knob. The body of the tomb of Zechariah is of a similar description, but the roof is of one stone with the tomb, and rises in the form of a plain pyramid. The rock is cut away from them to the extent of a few feet, so that there is space to walk round them. There has not originally been to either of them any visible entrance, though holes have by force been made in their sides, and it is probable that they were entered from under ground. There is another tomb, attributed to James, a plain cave, with the frieze of the portico sculptured, and supported by four round columns, so that it resembles the front of a small Grecian temple. It is absurd to attribute these monuments to the persons whose names they bear. The pillar of Absalom was "reared up," we are told expressly, and this monument, on the contrary, is cut out of the rock. "Now, Absalom, in his life-time, had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the kings' dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place." 2 Sam. xviii. 18. From the style of their architecture, which is substantially Doric, it has been conjectured that they were built about the time of the Maccabees, and it is possible that they may have belonged to some of the high-priests who governed Judea previously to the rise of the Asmonean family, as the tombs of the Maccabees were at Modin. I had a conversation with an Irish gentleman of great intelligence, in the church of St. Peter, at Rome, on the subject of these sepulchres, and he suggested an idea that, to me, was original. He thought that the Ionic volute was first taken from the architecture of the Jews, and with them originated in the design to imitate the form of the scroll containing the law, when placed upon a pillar, as the manner was, to keep it open at the proper place of reading, whilst some other part of the service was carried on. The scroll and pillar would present the exact appearance of the Ionic column.

About and above these sepulchres there is a countless number of separate stones, that mark the burial-places of the modern Jews. Nearly all of them have Hebrew inscriptions. This valley was used as the place of interment in times as ancient as the reign of Josiah, as we read that "he brought out the grove from the house of the Lord, without Jerusalem, unto the brook Kedron, and burned it at the brook Kedron, and stamped it all to powder, and cast the powder thereof upon the graves of the children of the people." 2 Kings. xxiii. 6.

On the side of the hill, towards the city, is a fountain, supposed by some to be that of Siloam. It is descended to first by a flight of broad steps, when there is a landing-place, and some narrower steps lead from thence into the water. Several Jews were bathing themselves in it when we approached. The depth of the water varies at different periods, but the stream was now scarcely perceptible. "Forasmuch as this people refuseth the waters of Shiloah, that go softly." Is. viii. 6. The course for the water is hewn out of the rock, and it would be an interesting attempt to examine it as far as possible with lights, as at the entrance it is high enough for this purpose. The taste of the water is not very excellent, though not absolutely disagreeable. The Mahomedans have a tradition that the spring comes from the celebrated well Zemzem, at Mecca, which, they say, is proved by this circumstance, that a water-vessel was put into the well of the prophet, and afterwards found here. A Mussulman related this account to us upon the spot. It appears from Josephus that there were other springs without the city, but this was the principal stream.

On the same hill, a little further on, is another fountain, which is approached by a narrow entrance cut in the rock. Near it is a tank, and another opening to draw water, and the ruins of a small mosque. The pool is about fifty feet long and twenty broad. The sides are of wrought stones, and there are the remains of several pillars. A tanner was washing some skins in it when we were present. This is also called by some the pool of Siloam, but it is probable that neither of them is the ancient pool: they may be upon the same stream, but not in the same spot.

The village of Siloam is in the steep sides of the opposite hill. Most of the houses have been tombs, and some of them are hewn out in the rock, in one solid mass, in the same way as the sepul-

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chres already described. It may contain about four hundred inhabitants.

On this side of the city the descent was perpendicular, with a strong wall from top to bottom, and immense outworks. So many ruins have been thrown down it, that it may now be ascended without much difficulty. The whole slope is intersected by a number of paths, and between them the ground supports a few olive trees, but is principally ploughed for grain. The valley is occupied by gardens, watered from the stream that supplies the pool, the whole of which is soon lost in the numerous little rills into which it is divided. This is the only part near Jerusalem that assumes any thing of a cheerful appearance, and it is supposed, with some probability, that the king's gardens were in this direction. Near the place where the gardens terminate, there is an old mosque and a small tank. The ravine between the city and the mount of Olives is called the valley of Jehoshaphat, and it is believed by the Jews that the last judgment will here take place, from a passage in the prophecy of Joel. "Let the heathen be awakened, and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about." Joel iii. 2.

The space occupied by the gardens is formed from the union of the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Gihon. The hill that rises from thence to the city is mount Zion. The valley of Gihon, here deep and broad, is gradually contracted as it rises towards the plain on the north. The side opposite the city is formed by the hill of Evil Counsel, upon the top of which are some buildings that I neglected to examine. The water-course from the pools of Solomon, near Bethlehem, runs along this slope, and here we are again presented with tombs. In some of them the roof is cut in a manner similar to the ornamented circles from whence chandeliers are usually suspended, and they have sculptured entrances. At the outside of some of them are carved, by a modern hand, the words

† THC ΑΠΑC CIWN †

In others we observed paintings of saints, which show that they must have been in the possession of Christians. Many of them are now used as stores by the persons whose gardens are near, and some of them have been inhabited at a recent period. The potter's field was probably in this direction, as it is the only place in which I observed any appearance of clay. There are the remains of a church under ground, perhaps the same that travellers represent as having been built by the empress Helena, and as being the receptacle of corpses that are thrown into it from a hole in the top, and consumed in the space of forty-eight hours. We did not observe any bones, but the practice may be now discontinued. The west end is formed of the natural rock, and the arches of the roof are out of their proper level.—Further on, there are large cisterns, of separate stones, connected with the water-course. The valley is crossed by two strong ramparts, built of wrought stones, over which the road passes towards Bethlehem. They were probably erected to preserve the water that flows in this direction from the hills around. They are undoubtedly of ancient construction, and may be the place to which Hezekiah brought the upper water-course of Gihon. The walls of the city are here built up with a strong mole, and have a more formidable appearance than in any other part. We have now completed the circuit of the city, and may return home by the Jaffa gate, from whence the course of our observations commenced.

The range of the Mount of Olives is seen from almost every part of the city. The highest part may be nearly half a mile from the walls, opposite the temple. It is not much higher than the most elevated parts of the city, from which it is divided by a deep ravine. The tessera used in ancient times to form mosaic floors are found here, as well as in other parts of the suburbs of the city. The 5th and 10th legions encamped upon this mountain during the siege. The ascent is gradual. It has three summits, the furthest of which is over the village of Siloam, and is composed of bare rock, in which many cisterns are cut. The middle summit is the highest, and it contains a mosque and some houses. The Turks show a chapel of an octagonal form, with small marble pillars, in the floor of which is a cavity, said to be the print of one of our Lord's feet, left at the time he ascended from this place, and the everlasting doors received the King of Glory. The pilgrims are eager to take casts of it in wax. It has at present no resemblance to a foot, but may have been much worn away by the kisses of its deluded visiters. The other footstep was formerly shown. It was an ancient belief that these marks could never be hid by a pavement, or covered by a roof. In the court are altars, at which the different bodies of Christians offer up their prayers. From an elevation not far distant, there is a commanding view of part of the valley of Jordan, the Dead Sea, and the mountains of Moab. At a lower range than the mosque, in the direction of the city, is a small vault, built of stone, and covered over with cement. The sides are divided into compartments by the ribs of a rude arch between each. It is supposed to have been used as a place for secret and idolatrous worship, but this is mere conjecture. It may be the cave referred to by Eusebius, as a place where our Saviour communicated to his disciples many mysteries. On the same hill are many broken columns. The other summit is covered by a collection of stones, and there is a large cistern cut in the rock with several openings. The report was very loud, and the reverberation long continued, when we put our heads into one of them and shouted. The water at the bottom was perfectly clear. The fields on the slope are divided from each other by stone walls, and are principally sown with corn, interspersed with a few of the trees most common to the country.—Near the foot of the centre mountain, not far from the burial cave of the Virgin, a small plot of ground is walled off, said to be the garden of Gethsemane. It has a few olive trees growing in it of venerable appearance. The exact limits may not be known, but it is highly probable that the hallowed spot was not far from this place.—We know that Christ went over the "brook

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Kedron, where was a garden," and that this garden was upon "the mount of Olives." Not content with probability, the monks pretend to show the exact spot where our Lord prayed, and where the disciples slept. The space in which the traitor Judas walked, when he betrayed his divine master with a kiss, is walled off from the rest, and looked upon as accursed. Though olive trees are found near other parts of the city, they are here so comparatively abundant, that the mount may still with propriety retain its ancient name. I brought away a few branches from the garden as remembrances of the place. The road to Bethany winds along the foot, and passes over the southern extremity.

Jerusalem has lost its rank in political importance. It was once the head of a pachalic, and until lately the office of governor was considered to be a respectable situation, and was entered upon with great pomp; but it is now filled by a person from the immediate neighborhood, and of comparatively low rank. I was much surprised at the small number of soldiers in the city. The guard at the gates is not regularly maintained; but such is the terror of the pacha's name, that the people are now kept in greater tranquillity than they have been for ages, when it was thought necessary to support an immense military force.

It is difficult to state the population with any degree of certainty. From the observations I was enabled to make, though it was the busiest period of the year, and there were at least two thousand strangers present, I think that in the statements before the public the truth is exceeded. I should estimate the numbers in this proportion:—6000 Jews, 8000 Mussulmans, and 3000 Christians.—The interior of the city would accommodate 30,000 people upon its present plan. By far the largest assembly I saw, was on the slopes of the hill near St. Stephen's gate, on the morning that the governor and his guard accompanied the pilgrims to the Jordan.

Jerusalem is one of the dullest places I ever entered, and if the traveller did not come here to converse with the dead, rather than the living, he would be much disappointed. It has no commerce, few manufactures, and when the pilgrims are absent, little intercourse with other people or cities. There are three descriptions of persons within its walls, all of whom have a rooted antipathy to each other. The Jew despises alike the Mussulman and the Christian, and regards them both as intruders upon the soil given to his own nation by God. The Mussulman, with a consciousness of greater political dignity, and with a supposed freedom from the degrading superstitions that the others practise, looks upon himself as so far above the Israelite dog and the Nazarite kaffer, that he would not willingly allow them to tread the same earth, or breathe the same air. The Christian, with equal pride, curses the hand of the Islam oppressor, under which he constantly writhes, and turns from the child of Abraham as from one who would defile his purity, or steal his purse. Necessity obliges all to come at times into contact, but there is no common interest in which they have all one heart and one wish. They worship in separate churches, though all profess to call upon God; they live in separate quarters, though citizens of the same place; and at their homes they speak a different language, though inhabitants of the same country. This is, indeed, the fact in almost every city of Syria, but in Jerusalem it appears with greater prominence, and strikes the mind with more melancholy force.

The bazars are arched over, dark and gloomy, and are more like the aisles in some ruined and desolate monastery, than marts in which commerce is to be carried on, and wealth procured.—The pavement is of immense stones. In the goods exposed for sale there is nothing attractive, nor any attempt to display to advantage the few articles that are collected together. There are a few mechanics, such as smiths, tinners, carpenters, saddlers, and shoemakers; but no extensive salerooms. The butchers exercise their calling in a manner more disgusting than I have elsewhere witnessed, and by their filthy habits contribute not a little to the general offensiveness of the streets. Many of the bazars are partially deserted, and as these places are made the receptacle of every nuisance, a mass of impure matter is daily accumulating, that will soon render its removal out of the power of the supine authorities, and be the death of numbers who have to move in its desolating vicinity.

To the sincere Christian, a residence in Jerusalem is connected with many circumstances that will tend to depress his soul, and remind him of the righteous judgments of God. He looks abroad, and the only men who assume an independent carriage, or present a respectable appearance, are without exception enemies of Christ. The two extremes meet, for we may look away from the man that rushes past on his fiery steed to the miserable being who crawls along in indigence, and he too cherishes an enmity, and an enmity still deeper, towards the same Redeemer. The Christians may profess an outward love to the blessed Name that the others reject as evil, but there is no communion with his Spirit, and the worship that they offer is offensive in his sight.—We may try to shroud ourselves from these distressing scenes, but sounds will follow us to our retirement. There is a call to worship at the shrine of Christ, but it is not the tone of the cheerful bell; it is a dull stroke upon a plank of wood, an acknowledgment of degradation, a voice that dares not to speak out lest the infidel should be roused, and as such more painful far than would be absolute silence. There is another call, professing to invite men to worship God, but it is from the minaret of a mosque, and the name of the false prophet mingles in its cry, at such a place scarcely less startling than the sight of a spirit of darkness would be among the hierarchies of heaven. The cry of the muezzin is always affecting, but when heard in Zion, as it passes from minaret to minaret, at the hour of prayer, and comes in loud accents through every part of the city, and is re-echoed from spots where He once taught who spake as never man spake, there is no soul that can listen to it without tears.

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"Who but must weep? For where,
Above thy bulwarks fair,
Once floated Judah's banners to the breeze,
Shadowing thy fanes and palaces;
Now, with malignant beams,
The lurid crescent gleams,
And chills and blasts the springing sap of life;
O'er hordes of abject slaves,
The bannaret of Mecca's prophet waves,
And holds with truth and virtue ceaseless strife."

MRS. BULMER.

The Jews occupy a portion of the city that borders upon the temple. They are said to be principally old people, who come here to die. In the appearance of many of them I could not distinguish that peculiarity of feature we are accustomed to attribute to their nation; but there are others who might sit to the painter, and their portraits would be immediately recognized as intended for Moses or some of the other ancient worthies.—The women are fair, and less afraid to be seen of men than the other eastern females. The children are pretty: on being introduced, they kiss the hand of the visiter, and touch it with their forehead. The houses of the more respectable persons are clean, and the principal room has a divan with rich cushions and carpets. Many of the Jews have a synagogue in their own house. I partook with them of the bread of the passover.—On the last day of the feast, I visited the principal synagogue. It is divided into many rooms, and is mean in its appearance. Service was performed in all the apartments at the same time. There are both Spanish and German Jews, but the latter are comparatively few. There might be present about 600 men, a small proportion of the whole population, as there were many others assembled at the same time in private places of worship.—The women sat on the steps at the entrance, and in the outer court. The service was chaunted, in general by the voices of the whole assembly.—Nearly all had books in their hands, and they moved their bodies to and fro continually, in conformity as they say to the words of David:—"All my bones shall praise thee." It was mournful to see old men suddenly, and with an expression near to agony, lifting up their long, thin, fleshless fingers towards heaven, and crying aloud, as if to say, "Lord, how long?" Some parts of the same service have been performed in the same city, and in the same language, and by the same people, since its first erection, but how different was the sight now witnessed to that which was presented when Solomon held a feast, and all Israel with him, and they offered unto the Lord 22,000 oxen, and 120,000 sheep, at the dedication of the temple: and the people "blessed the king, and went unto their tents joyful and glad of heart for all the goodness that the Lord had done for David, his servant, and for Israel, his people." When shall that Jesus, whom with wicked hands their forefathers crucified and slew, be again declared unto them with power? The Jews being now comparatively free from oppression, great numbers are flocking from all parts, especially from the northern states of Africa, towards the city, and there will probably soon be a greater number of the children of Israel located in Jerusalem, than there has been at any given period since its destruction by the Roman power.

We had several conversations on religious subjects, during our stay at Jerusalem, with different classes of individuals. It has been visited by Protestant missionaries, and some have remained here a few months, but their principal attention was of necessity directed towards the pilgrims, among whom they distributed many tracts and copies of the Scriptures. The brethren whom I accompanied here, Messrs. Nicolaison and Thompson, took a house not far from the Jaffa gate, and intended to remove here with their families, and make it their permanent residence. They had hopes of being able to establish a school. They need not apprehend any danger from the government, and individuals are kept in too much fear to do them harm. In the city I retained the European dress, and it may now be worn with safety. The only insults we met with were from women and children, who called us monks, pilgrims, Jews, dogs, and devils, and would sometimes spit upon the ground as we passed.

The mount of Olives will ever be the favorite resort of the Christian, when he wishes to drink in the inspiration of the place, and to draw wisdom from the instructive pages of its eventful history. We will pass over Kedron, and tread on this holy ground. In all other parts of the city there is doubt, and in too many disgust, but when standing upon this famous eminence, it is as if we listened to the words of some messenger of truth, furnished from heaven with sure and certain evidence of his high commission. There have been those who have doubted of the truth of prophecy, but let them accompany us in our present exercise, and they can doubt no more. "Doubt no more," did I say? Nay, they may still doubt, for men in this very spot have doubted of miracles that they saw performed with their own eyes, and prophecy is only the standing miracle of the present and future ages of the church, that grows in power as it grows in years.

When we read the account given by Josephus, of the immense stones that were used in some parts of the city, borne out by the words of the disciples, "Master, see what manner of stones, and what buildings are here!" and then turn to the bold language uttered by our Saviour in reference to the same, "Seest thou these great buildings; there shall not be one stone left upon another, that shall not be thrown down:"—we almost tremble to think, lest the words of the prophecy should have been overcharged in the fervor of inspiration, and lest we should find, upon a personal examination of the facts, that they are in some degree contrary to the declarations of Scripture. Our fears may cease, for nothing can be more true. We know from undisputed authority, that the prophecy was literally fulfilled at the siege of Titus; and looking now on the city as it lies beneath our feet, we cannot point out one

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single building, or part of a building, not even so insignificant a ruin as two stones together, that the most zealous antiquarian can suppose to have existed in the time of Christ. Other cities have been sacked and partially destroyed, but the ruin has not been total. I have seen the Parthenon at Athens, the Colosseum at Rome, and there are temples still standing even at Thebes: here rage hath done its worst, and there is no present edifice over which the Jews can weep, and say, Our fathers reared these walls. The sepulchres alone have come down to our time, but they are hewn out of the rock and not built, and it is only with the stone that contains them they can perish. So pitiless has been the angel of destruction, as he swept from the face of heaven the guilty city, so complete the exercise of his commission, that were it not for these certain memorials, we might almost doubt the identity of the place, and for this purpose what could be more appropriate than tombs, once consecrated by affection and tears, but now stripped of their love-tokens and ornaments, and thrown open to the careless tread of the passing traveller!

The site of Jerusalem is peculiarly adapted to have appeared in beauty, when its hills were terraced after the manner of the east, and were verdant with the olive, the fig-tree, and the vine; but that which was then its beauty now adds to its deformity, and the bare and blasted rocks seem to say that God in his anger has passed by, and cursed the city for its sins. There are rocks, but they have no sublimity; hills, but they have no beauty; fields and gardens, but they have no richness; valleys, but they have no fertility; a distant sea, but it is the Dead Sea. No sound is now heard, but that of the passing wind where the audible voice of Jehovah once spoke in thunder; the sky is now cloudless and serene, where the angel of the Lord was once seen in glory; the paths are now deserted, where the tribes once approached from the most distant parts, to the festivals of the temple, the old man, and the venerable matron, and the beloved son, and the beautiful daughter, weeping for very gladness as they came; and in that city, where once was the monarch, his brow encircled with the golden diadem, and in his train the noble and the wise, there is now no higher power than a delegated governor, and its own people are the most despised of men.

There is no part of the city that has not its own separate history, each of which is without a parallel. Upon that distant mount Titus encamped, and it was there that his active mind planned the stratagems of the siege. Upon that nearer plain the Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, the caliph of Mahomet, the Christian crusaders, the Saracens, and the Turks, have all encamped in battle array, and displayed their banners before the sun. The guilt and the woes of the city itself are of too awful a description to be written in words. The aggregate of its groans, and tears, and blood, is too immense to be calculated. Death has here held his richest festivals, and has called with glee to his crimson banquet, the dog from the plain, and the worm from the earth, and the vulture from the sky. But it was here too that death was overcome, and the victory wrested from his fatal grasp. In some part of that area, Jesus Christ suffered for our sins. We must not for a moment associate his sufferings with that of the sinful men who have here perished; he suffered in our stead, but we are not to look upon the thorns of his crown or the nails of his cross as the sole ministers of his sorrow. He gave his SOUL an offering for sin. Without prying with too curious an eye into the particulars of place or pain, enough is it for me, that my soul was there ransomed, and that I may now be cleansed from all sin by his blood. No city upon earth has been so guilty as Jerusalem, yet it was here that our Lord offered himself as a sacrifice for rebellious man, and when the offers of salvation were commanded to be made to all the world, so far from being excluded from the hope of forgiveness, it was here, in the centre of iniquity, that the apostles were told to begin the exercise of their gracious commission. Who then need despair?

The history of the temple alone would detain us long to trace the whole of the events we know concerning it. It was the place chosen by God for the placing of his name. On that spot, to which the sound of our voice might be heard, the temple rose in silence, ribbed with cedar, and adorned with gold, and the glory of the Lord filled its courts. In the splendor of its worship might once be seen the priest in his gorgeous robes, and the various vessels of untold value. The solemn ritual, the swelling music, the grateful incense, and the prayers of a thousand votaries, ascended from thence to heaven. The sacrifice was there slain upon the altar, an emblem of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Its treasures were the ark of the covenant, with the rod that budded, the pot of manna, the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness, and a copy of the law. There were also the Urim and Thummim, the sacred fire upon the altar lighted from heaven, and the divine presence in the holy of holies. In that court Solomon offered up his consecration prayer, and blessed the people, "with his hands spread up to heaven;" and along its paths, kings, and priests, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, have come to supplicate before the Lord.—In after times, when this erection had been destroyed, amidst the opposition of the enemy, another edifice was built about which we have this affecting testimony: "Many of the priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy, so that the people could not discover the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people." Though in metals and gems the glory of this latter house might be less than that of the former, in essential glory it was far greater, for its courts were visited by "God manifest in the flesh." In the siege under Titus, the temple was the principal scene of battle from its great strength. The Roman general was wishful to preserve it, but God had ordained otherwise, and a soldier having thrown into it a lighted brand, it was speedily consumed. It was then THEIR house, forsaken by God. The sun still shines upon the same spot, and there is a temple, a book, and worshippers, but the temple is a mosque of the false prophet, the book is the Koran, and the

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worshippers are the haughty Moslem. "The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to her solemn feasts: all her gates are desolate. . . . . From the daughter of Zion all beauty is departed. . . . . She spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her. . . . . Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?" There is a voice comes from the ruin, and whispers of hope, and tells us of happier times. The restoration of the Jews may not take place in all that fulness that some have supposed, but we cannot doubt that the city, now "trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled," in a spiritual sense at least will arise again from the ashes, and be as a queen among men; the now rejected Saviour will then be received as the Messiah, and the now despised Israelites will be among the honorable of the earth. Let us therefore pray for the prosperity of Jerusalem, for they that love her shall prosper.

The mount upon which we stand is, if possible, still more interesting in the details of its story. There are yet a few olive-trees that maintain their ground, though in nation, language, and religion, their owners have once and again been changed. Some of them appear very ancient, with gnarled branches and hollow trunks, and though not so old as Christianity, they may be lineally descended, by not more than one remove, from the trees that here flourished when Christ trod upon the same spot. In this direction David retired from the city on the rebellion of Absalom, with the priests and the Levites bearing the ark of the covenant of God. "And David went up by the ascent of mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that were with him, covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." This mount was the favorite place of retirement to our Saviour and his disciples from the noise and distraction of the city, of which we have many evidences in the gospels. "As he sat upon the mount of Olives, over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately, Tell us, when shall these things be?.... At night, he went out, and abode in the mount that is called the mount of Olives.... Jesus went unto the mount of Olives.... And he came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives." In passing to Bethany, where Jesus appears generally to have lodged during his visits to the city, he would have to cross this mountain. It was probably along that path, which still leads from the village, that he rode in triumph, attended by acclaiming thousands; and at that turn in the road, where the city in all its magnitude bursts at once upon the sight, that he wept. "When he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thy eyes." Beneath us is the garden of Gethsemane. Let us here kneel meekly upon our knees, for it is sacred ground. Here Jesus prayed, and "being in an agony he prayed more earnestly, and he sweat as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground." In such a place, how deep appears the love of God, how unfathomable the mystery of our redemption, how infinite the debt of our gratitude; but how cold our own affections, how earthly our desires, how languid our efforts, how small the sacrifices we are willing to make for Christ.

"And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great!

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

Above us, is the place of the Ascension. "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them: and it came to pass while he blessed them that he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.... Then returned they unto Jerusalem, from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a Sabbath day's journey." The heavens received his glorified form from the sight of his sorrowing disciples, and he is now seated at the right hand of the throne of God, "to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins." We cannot now look upon the actual body wounded for our transgressions, but we can come boldly to the throne of grace, and receive freely, without money and without price, the pardon of sin, and be filled with all the fulness of God.

We may now retire from this memorable position. It appears to us as if invested with attributes that are not of earth, like some land that is midway between earth and heaven, the story of which obtains an equal prominence in the records of angels as in the more perishing pages of our own poets and historians. It has been said of the reflective mind, that it

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

And admitting the general truth and beauty of the sentiment, we may ask, what trees can discourse with such eloquence as the venerable olives in the garden of Gethsemane? what brook unfolds a volume like that of Kedron, and what stones can preach sermons so powerful as the masses scattered at the foot of mount Olivet, that have been hurled from their foundations by Jehovah, monuments at once of his anger against sin, and that the words of Scripture are the words of the living God? In taking the last look of the city, we may pray, that as we now behold from hence the Jerusalem desolate, we may one day behold "the holy city, new Jerusalem," the gates of which are of one pearl, and the streets of pure gold, where God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes, and there shall be no more death.

JERICHO.—THE JORDAN.—THE DEAD SEA.—BETHANY.

We mounted our horses soon after sunrise, April 16, to accompany the pilgrims to the river Jordan, and found them assembled near St. Stephen's

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gate, awaiting the arrival of the governor and his guard, who soon afterwards made their appearance, and had with them two banners and a rude band of music. The slopes that overlook the Kedron, both on the side of the city and of mount Olivet, were crowded with people who had come to witness the procession. When we reached the bed of the brook, we were in a vast amphitheatre, and looking upwards, we found ourselves surrounded by long lines of females, row above row, all in white dresses, and the sights, the shouts, the music, and the freshness of the morning breeze, tended to raise the spirits into gladness, and give animation to the otherwise desolate rocks: but a single stumble of the horse's foot soon dissipated the illusion, for it had struck upon a lettered stone, and we were passing over the graves of the dead. The thoughts were carried back at once to the olden time, and after all, what was this to the spectacle the same site must then have presented, when the sound of the silver trumpets swelled to the sky, and Jerusalem poured forth a free and happy people from her gates, and the destroyer's hand was far away from her terraces and towers, and the mercy of God rested upon her tribes. The guard observed no kind of order, nor were they distinguished by any particular costume. They fired their muskets without ceasing, which rendered them dangerous, even to their friends, as they always fire with ball, and are among the most careless fellows in existence. I observed one of the groups of women thrown suddenly into confusion, and smiled at what I supposed were needless fears: but one of them had been shot dead upon the spot by accident, and I was the next individual to the man who had committed the deed. When we had proceeded a little distance, the guard waited for the rest of the pilgrims, but we thought it better to push onwards, that we might avoid the general confusion. We passed through Bethany, from whence we descended into a narrow valley, at the entrance of which is a fountain, where it is probable our Saviour and his disciples often refreshed themselves on their way to and from Jericho.

The scenery is wilder, the hills are more precipitous, and the ravines are deeper, than in the road by which we approached Jerusalem from Jaffa, but there is here more cultivation, and the rocks are covered with richer verdure. As we proceeded, the dangers of the road gradually opened upon us, and we were soon surrounded by desolation. It has been well observed, that a more appropriate place could not have been chosen as the scene of the parable of the good Samaritan, compared with which, as to simplicity, and beauty, and power, all the far-famed allegories of the east appear only like stories to amuse children, whilst the moral of this is divine. It is easy to talk about mercy and compassion, but in what shaster, in what chapter of the Koran, is the duty to our neighbor exhibited in a light that strikes upon the soul with equal force? It makes the best of us, when reading it, feel ashamed that this sacred law has been broken by us in so many instances. The hearts of the Levite and priest must indeed have been callous, that they could refuse the offices of charity under circumstances so distressing; and the piety of the good Samaritan seems here to shine with a more beautiful lustre, as he was at a distance from his own city, among strangers, seen by no one who could tell it in the circles from whence alone applause was grateful, and the wounded man belonged to a people who regarded every individual of his own nation with the bitterest scorn. About three hours from the city there are the ruins of a convent and khan, erected upon the spot where it is said the inn of the parable formerly stood. The monks have taken it for granted that the facts actually occurred, which is not improbable, though to the probabilities of the case they pay little regard, as in some place not far from this, they show the tomb of Moses, though he was not permitted to enter the promised land, and "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." The neighborhood is still infested with thieves, and had we been alone, or had we stepped but a little way out of the common path, it would soon have been said of each of us; "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." There would I fear have been this difference, that no Samaritan would have passed that way; to have compassion and bind up the wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and to set us on his own beast, and bring us to an inn, and on the morrow when he departed, to take out two pence, and give them to the host, saying Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

From this place the rocks are principally calcareous, with scarcely any vegetation, though the rains had only just ceased. The precipices along which we travelled were steep and dangerous; in one place the road has been cut through the rock; and in some directions the hills were above us threatening the traveller with destruction by their projecting cliffs. In two hours more we saw beneath us the plain of Jordan, nearly the whole of it barren, and on the opposite side the mountains of Moab. The question was asked, almost unvoluntarily, Can this be the same scene that Moses saw from the top of yon Pisgah, which the imagination paints as all that is fair, and lovely, and luxuriant, and which was showed him expressly by the Lord as a last privilege upon earth before he entered heaven? The sins of the Jews have changed the scene; and every rock and every vale seems to be possessed by a spirit that year after year and century after century mutters aloud one fearful lamentation, an echo of the words of God: "Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field: cursed shall be thy basket and thy store: cursed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy land, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep: cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out."

We soon reached Jericho, where we sheltered ourselves under the leaves of a spreading fig-tree, near a tower said to be built over the spot where the house of Zaccheus formerly stood. The present town does not consist of more than thirty houses, of most miserable appearance, each of which is defended by a barrier of dried thorns, and a stranger might easily suppose of the whole town, that it is merely a heap of sticks and dead branches of

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trees collected out of the plain to be burnt. The season was here far advanced, and the heat many degrees greater than at Jerusalem. There are one or two palms, the only representatives of the large forests that formerly existed. I purchased a bottle of the oil called by the natives zhaccum, thought to be the famous balsam of the ancients, and the origin of the friar's balsam so much used at present. Its virtues have been tried since my return, and the effect was such, that in the strong language of my informant, it was little less than miraculous. It was at one period in so great demand, that it sold for its weight in silver. The neighborhood of Jericho is called by Josephus, "the most fruitful country of Judea, which bears a vast number of palm-trees, besides the balsam tree, whose sprouts they cut with sharp stones, and at the incisions they gather the juice which drops down like tears." The palm-trees were given by Marc Antony, in the extravagance of his love, to Cleopatra, the beautiful queen of Egypt. Jericho is called in Scripture "the city of palms," it was the first place taken from the Canaanites by Joshua on this side of the Jordan, and at one period it was inhabited by 12,000 priests, and was the second city of Judea. It had a royal palace, in which died Herod the Great. There was here a school of the prophets, and it was blessed by a visit from Christ, who healed here two blind men.

The governor and some of the more respectable pilgrims had tents pitched upon the plain, and towards evening we joined the multitude for the sake of protection, and slept upon the ground in the open air. A great number of Bedouins were called in from the surrounding country, under the pretence of forming a guard, but in reality to prevent them from becoming our plunderers. They kindled a large fire, and danced round the flame, shouting aloud, and clapping their hands together with great force. It was a beautiful star-light night, without a cloud. The sky was one clear blue, and rested on all sides upon mountains that presented their forms in rugged outline, and of the darkest possible shade, the circle of which was only broken towards the south by an expanse of still water, forming the Dead Sea. When the lights were all put out, the sounds were all silent, and one after another of the pilgrims was stretched upon the ground, as if in the sleep of death, until there was only one solitary being seen wandering about, just to be distinguished in the gloom; he seemed like the last man seeking in vain for a companion that yet had life, and then in his disappointment passing towards the Dead Sea to drink the waters of oblivion, after which the same stillness and darkness were to continue undisturbed for ever. The associations of the plain, independent of its actual appearance, were among the most interesting that could be conceived. The waters to the south brought to the remembrance the visits of the angels to Abraham and Lot, and the burning of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The hills to the west included Nebo, Peor, and Pisgah, and it was impossible to look at them without thinking of the wanderings of the Israelites, the altars of Barak, the prophecies of Balaam, and the death of Moses. The river Jordan told of the dividing of its waters by Joshua, Elijah, and Elisha, the passage of the Israelites, the cure of Naaman, the baptism of Christ, and the preaching of John. Upon the near bank was Gilgal, where Joshua set up the twelve stones, the children of Israel were the second time circumcised, the manna ceased, and the people first ate of the old corn of the land; here too the angel of the Lord, in the time of the Judges, came up to speak unto the children of Israel, and they lifted up their voices and wept; and to this place Samuel came from year to year, that he might hold the annual assize of justice. In the plain, the patriarchs had pitched their tents; the battle of the four kings against five was fought, in which Lot was taken prisoner; David smote 18,000 men of the Syrians, Amaziah slew 10,000 men of Edom, and Zedekiah was taken prisoner by the princes of Babylon. Near the miserable village that presented itself, the walls of Jericho had fallen down at the noise of the voices of the people and the trumpets of the priests; there was a school of the prophets, Elijah and Elisha performed many miracles, Zaccheus entertained our Lord, and Bartimeus was restored to sight. It could not be far distant from us that Elisha was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen, when he was anointed prophet by Elijah at the command of God. Towards the north, were memorials of the cities of Gibeon, the siege of Ai, the sin and punishment of Achan, and the feeding of Elijah by the ravens, near the brook Cherith. To the mountains at the east it is supposed that Jesus was led up of the Spirit to be tempted of the devil, and that it was from the nearest summit that Satan showed him "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." The sky above us was not without its share of interest, as from thence was the translation of Elijah to heaven in a chariot of fire; and it was in the same expanse that the heavens were opened, and the Spirit of God descended like a dove, lighting upon Jesus; and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." These, and many other circumstances of a similar description, had all taken place within the bound of our vision, and it was no wonder that in such a place one of my companions was unable to sleep during the whole night.

The camp was in motion long before day-break, and the pilgrims hurried towards the Jordan. It was quite dark, and there were only eight or ten torches to several thousand people. In this uncertain light we appeared like a multitude that no man could number, wandering among the shades. We could easily imagine how every man's sword might be raised against his fellow, as in case of an attack it would have been impossible to distinguish friend from foe. We arrived on the banks of the river a little before sunrise. The pilgrims immediately rushed into the water, men, women, and children, in the utmost confusion, and the scene was little calculated to produce the hallowed affections of the original institution. The clothes in which they are immersed are afterwards regarded as sacred, not again to be used until they are dressed for the grave. Whilst I was looking on, two men, a Russian and a Greek, were overpowered by the torrent, and as neither of them could swim, they clung to each other, and were soon under the water. The Russian was

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entangled among the roots of the trees, and rose to the surface, but though he seized some overhanging branches with the grasp of a perishing man, the current was too strong, and he was again carried away by the stream. He was however saved at some distance lower down, but the Greek was never seen after he first sunk. I was told that a Turk was also drowned at the same place, but I did not witness the circumstance. It excited little attention among the people, and they continued to enter the water with the same fearlessness as before.

The Jordan, though the principal river of Canaan, is but an inconsiderable stream, at this place not more than 20 yards across, muddy, and very rapid. Its whole course is about 130 miles: it rises about four miles north-east of Banias, passes through the waters of Merom and the lake of Tiberias, and discharges itself with great impetuosity into the Dead Sea. The banks are about twelve feet above the water. On the eastern side there is a lower bank in addition, covered with reeds, willows, and oleanders, in which the wild beasts find a shelter in the dry season, but are forced from their refuge at the swelling of the river by the rains. The Jordan overflowed ALL its banks all the time of harvest, in the days of Joshua, a circumstance which never occurs at present. I know it is said that the lower bank alone is here meant by the sacred writer, but why then does he expressly say "ALL its banks?" There must therefore have been a greater quantity of rain in former times than now, which accounts for the apparent discrepancy between the present state of the land, and the glowing descriptions of the prophets. The Israelites had many promises given unto them, that if they obeyed the commandments of the Lord their God they should receive the rain in due season, and a scarcity of rain was to be the punishment of their disobedience. The plain of Jordan during the summer heats cannot be better described than in the prophecy of Moses: "The heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron." It was long doubted by what medium the waters of the Jordan were discharged previously to the formation of the Salt Sea, but recent discoveries have led to the supposition that they were carried into the Red Sea through its eastern gulf.

The place at which the pilgrims bathed is about four miles from the mouth of the river, and the spot where they suppose that Christ was baptized by John. It appears that after the temptation of our Lord, John was baptizing "in Bethabara, beyond Jordan." The word Bethabara is said to mean in Hebrew, "the place of passing over," and in Scripture there is frequent mention of a common ford or ferry, by which, in times very distant from each other, the people were accustomed to pass to the opposite bank. This ford was "right against Jericho." The exact place of our Lord's baptism is not stated in the New Testament; but as some of the circumstances mentioned by the other evangelists as immediately previous to the baptism, are said by John to have taken place at Bethabara, we may safely conclude that it was at this place the sacred rite was received by Christ. The situation was admirably chosen for the purpose, as there must of necessity have been a great number of persons constantly passing from one region to the other, and the gradual slope of the bank, and the comparative shallowness of the water, would render the exercise less dangerous than in places where the stream was rapid and the bank precipitous. It was near the same spot that the children of Israel passed over the river, and thus the ark of the covenant must have rested near the place where Christ was baptized, who is received as "the mercy-seat," by which the children of the adoption now receive power to enter into the promised land of the heavenly Canaan. The spot chosen by the Greeks is some miles to the southward o. the bank opposite Jericho.

From the Jordan we accompanied some English travellers to the Dead Sea, and were attended by a guard of soldiers. The hills we passed have much the same appearance as those in the valley of the Nile, and are equally barren. As we approached the shore, all traces of vegetation began to cease, and the last mile was over sand, upon which were incrustations of salt. There was a gloom over the sea, which continued during the whole of our stay in its neighborhood, and prevented us from seeing more than four miles over its surface. It is bounded on the east and west by mountains, and in this part, which is a kind o. bay, may be about twelve miles across. The beach is covered with logs of wood, and other matters, brought down by the Jordan, and as I observed these only close to the water's edge, I should not have supposed, from inspection—though all travellers seem assured of the fact—that it rises and falls at certain seasons. There was a very gentle ripple upon the surface, but not the slightest appearance of a wave dashing on the shore: its appearance may be best compared to an immense sheet of ice when seen through a fog. It must not be supposed that this stillness is constant, though Tacitus says "the wind raises no waves there," as at the time it was visited by some friends of mine, the waves were so high that they were afraid to bathe. We observed almost close to the water a pile of large stones, that appear to have been squared, and some have supposed that they once belonged to the cities of the plain. The fable is exploded that no bird can fly over it, as we saw several skimming its surface with as much apparent ease as in any other place, but we observed no signs of fish, and I am inclined to the belief that there are none in it. Upon the shore were a number of shells, but this proves nothing, as I have seen the same in all parts of Judea, and they are probably brought down by the river or washed from the mountains. It was now our turn to bathe, and perhaps there might be in our minds something of the same feeling as that for which a little time before we had been accusing the pilgrims. The water was so buoyant that, in swimming, we had great difficulty to keep our legs under it, and I had to hold my head back like a sphinx, in order to breathe. It was so dense, that we could not swim to any distance without using great exertion. We could remain in the water without the least motion, and did not sink. I could not dive, though more expert swimmers might perhaps succeed. The taste is most nau-

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seous, and in places where my skin was excoriated by exposure to the sun, the smart was excessive. The skin had an uncomfortable sensation for several days after, and it required an immensity of soap and water to free us from the particles we had imbibed. The water is clear, and it is said to contain one-fourth of its weight of salts. The surface is said by Josephus to change its appearance three times every day, according to the direction of the sun's rays. He speaks also of there being ships upon it, which shows that its consuming power is not so great as some have imagined. In 1818, some English travellers made the circuit of the sea, and by their account, it is not more than thirty miles in length.

I have visited many scenes of desolation, but this surpasses them all; yet this very spot, we are assured by Scripture, was once "as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt." The sea is called in sacred writ, the Salt Sea, the Sea of the Plain, and the East Sea. It occupies what was formerly the valley of Siddim, in which stood the five cities of the plain, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Bala. These guilty cities were utterly destroyed by the righteous vengeance of the Lord, and their very sites have been hid from the face of heaven by waters that are alone among all the waters of the world. The awful prophecy of Moses must needs, when considered amid the scene that here presents itself, bring fear to the mind of the sinner, and conviction to that of the skeptic. "The stranger that shall come from a far land shall say, when they see the plagues of that land, and the sicknesses, which the Lord hath lain upon it, and that the whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning, that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon, like the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in his anger and in his wrath; even all nations shall say, Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto the land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger? Then men shall say, Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God of their fathers." Deut. xxv. 22, 25. The Israelites refused to listen to the warning voice, and the prophecy has been fulfilled in the utmost force of its terrible import. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

The guard hurried us away from the sea, as they pretended to be afraid of the Bedouins. We returned by a different route. The surface of the ground is a mere incrustation, and as the feet of our horses went through it, they were in constant danger of a fall. There is a low shrub very common, much resembling thyme, with a beautiful small flower. It was not my good fortune to meet with any of the far-famed apples of Sodom, nor with any thing that I could suppose had given rise to the account. Nearer the camp the ground is marked in a most singular manner by the ants, so as to resemble the lines and circles drawn in plans of fortification. The pilgrims were all in quietness by the time we joined them. I was delighted, whilst reclining under the shade of a thorn bush, to hear the voice of the cuckoo, after an interval of years: it brought home-scenes very powerfully to my remembrance.

Towards evening we took a walk upon the plain. On the N. W. of Jericho there is a high mountain, very precipitate, from the summit of which it is said that Satan showed our Lord the kingdoms of the world at the temptation. The ruins of a convent are seen at the top, and in the sides are many ranges of caves, one above the other, now inhabited by Bedouins, some of whom came out, and said they would allow us to approach, on the promise of a present. I went part of the way towards them, but as no one would follow me, there was no alternative but to return.

There are the remains of a khan and castle at the foot of the hill. It is thought by many that the ancient Jericho stood in this direction; indeed, the conjecture is highly probable, as Josephus says, "It stands in a plain, but a naked and barren mountain of very great length hangs over it."—There are several large tumuli. Near one of them is a fine fountain of water, which there can be little doubt is the same that Elisha purified, at the request of the sons of the prophets. Josephus says of this fountain, that "it arises near the old city." A tree spreads its branches over the water, and it contains some small fishes. The stream irrigates several acres of land, that produce doura and other kinds of grain, and appear from their richness like an Oasis in the desert. It has formerly been carried to considerable distances by aqueducts, of which there are still many remains, and over a ravine near the camp is one of nine arches, that might still be used. The thorn is abundant, and affords shelter for many small birds. We slept at night as before. Our servant having accidentally set fire to the dry grass, the flame spread several miles, and produced a fine effect.

The camp broke up about midnight to return to Jerusalem. The few torches tended only to dazzle our sight, and render darkness visible. The road was dangerous by day, and to pass it in the night seemed to be an absolute impossibility. I was afraid that the people would hurry forward, and not seeing what was before them, would precipitate one another into the deep ravines. This was happily prevented by the narrowness of the road at the entrance, for as only one person could pass at a time, the crowd was kept back, and as we were among the first, it was no hinderance to us, and the road was afterwards comparatively free. There was another stream of people that proceeded by a different range of hills, but we could hear their shouts, and see their torches across the dark valley between us. The Bedouins had lighted a fire near the khan of the good Samaritan, round which many of them were sitting upon parts of the ruins. When we approached, as fuel was heaped on, and the flame rose for a moment, we could trace their forms; and as we saw them in their wildness, with their firelocks in their hands, and the knives in their girdles reflecting the flashes of the fire, we could not but feel thankful that their obedience was secured. I was not sorry when daylight began to appear.

The view of Bethany was pleasing, the sides of the hill upon which it is situated being cultivated in terraces. We went a little way from the road to visit the tomb of Lazarus, a cave, and descended to it by twenty-five steps. The houses of Lazarus and Mary Magdalene are also shown. The identity of those places may be fabulous, but it is no

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fable that Jesus here wept, and that he is still moved with the same sympathy, mercy, and affection. "For we have not an high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. iv. 15, 16. The village is now inconsiderable, but the situation is most agreeable. The view of Jerusalem, with which we were soon afterwards presented, was more imposing than usual, as the rising sun was shining with great brilliancy upon the walls, domes, and minarets. The hills were again covered with females to witness the return of the pilgrims; but we turned off near Siloam to avoid the confusion, and entered the city through the gate of Zion.

BETHLEHEM.

I AND my servant rode over to Bethlehem, April 20, a distance of about six miles. It was with some difficulty that I made my way through the gate of the city, as the avenue leading to it was crowded by the horses and camels of the pilgrims, who were detained by the soldiers until their passports could be examined. A Turk took hold of my horse's bridle, and did all he could to assist me, perhaps with the expectation of receiving a present for his services. We crossed over the upper part of the valley of Gihon, and having ascended the opposite hill by a rocky path, found ourselves upon a cultivated plain, which extends about four miles, and is the only pleasant portion of road I had seen near Jerusalem, all the other paths being either situated on a declivity, or obstructed by rocks, or covered with loose stones. There are many erections in the plain, well built, with large stones, some of them having ornamented windows: they might pass for watch-towers, or castles; but I was told that they are all tombs. There are others of a similar description in the plain on the north of the city, but they are more ruinous. At the convent of Mar Elias, near which the cultivation ceases, there is a well of most excellent water, and the road then passes over surfaces of rock. The mountains of Moab were seen upon our left, and between them and us the gloom indicated the near position of the Dead Sea, but I could not from any part perceive its surface. We passed what is called the tomb of Rachael, which may possibly be the place of her interment, but the building is modern. There is a conical hill in the direction of the sea, which is supposed by some travellers to have been a volcano, and the instrument by which the cities of the plain were destroyed; but a friend of mine, who visited it, assured me that there is no appearance of a crater near it, and that on its summit there is a very ancient ruin. It may be the Massada of Josephus, situated on a steep rock, which was fortified by Jonathan, the Asmonean, and rendered impregnable by Herod. It was taken possession of by a noted band of assassins, and when they in their turn were besieged, they slew each other by lot, and the last survivor set fire to the castle.

The neighborhood of Bethlehem produces the olive and fig, in comparative abundance, with the trees planted in terraces. The situation of the place would be agreeable, if the country over which it looks were brought under cultivation, or planted with trees. The valley around it is not large, nor is the hill elevated upon which it stands, as it is in "the hill country," and the summits of many other hills are seen from it, at nearly the same elevation.

The interesting transactions related with so much simplicity in the book of Ruth, took place in this neighborhood. It was in the gate of Bethlehem that Boaz sat, when his kinsman came by, unto whom he said, "Ho such a one, turn aside, sit down here: and he turned aside and sat down;" and then before ten men, elders of the city, he redeemed the possession of Naomi, and received with it the hand of Ruth, the affectionate Moabitess, who had said unto her mother-in-law, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God." The sweet singer of Israel upon these hills tended his flocks, and here have been heard the soft tones of his harp, and the glad breathings of his voice, as he called upon all creation to praise the name of the Lord. It was in one of these valleys that the glory of the Lord appeared unto the shepherds by night, when they heard the rapturous music of the heavenly host, as they ushered in the Saviour's birth with a song, the appropriate burden of which was glory, and peace, and good-will. In all these coasts mothers have wept over their murdered infants, refusing to be comforted, when the sword of Herod was red with blood, and every stain was from the blood of innocence. It is almost impossible to visit these scenes without referring back to the period when they afforded materials for some of the most beautiful compositions ever written by man, even when under divine inspiration. The heavens, as before, declare the glory of God, and the firmament, in characters as clear as ever, showeth his handy work; but it would be like a mockery of mirth to call upon these barren hills, or desolate valleys, or deserted streams, now to rejoice, for if it were in their power to take to themselves words and reply, they would answer, "How shall we sing the Lord's song under the rule of the heathen oppressor?" The poetry of the land has gone, but the voice of instruction has taken its place, and seems to say to the Christian, in whose heart the Redeemer of Bethlehem again tabernacles in mercy, "Let him that most assuredly standeth, take heed lest he fall." With these events to reflect upon, I wanted no guide to excite my smile, or perhaps my indignation, by some story as probable as a fairy tale; though even with these tales there is connected a melancholy interest, from their having been repeated for ages, and believed by many thousands of deceived pilgrims with as much confidence as the written word.

The town is situated upon the summit of a hill, stretching from east to west, and may contain about twelve hundred inhabitants, a good proportion of whom are Christians. The convent built over the supposed birth-place of our Lord is the most conspicuous object in the view, and with its strong walls and massy buttresses appears to be little in accordance with "the peaceable fruit of righteousness," intended to be the consequence of

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the Messiah's advent. I visited it with little interest, having no faith in its pretensions. The low entrance-door opens upon an extensive church, the body of which is ornamented by two rows of Corinthian pillars on each side, ten in each row, and some of them have figures of saints painted upon the shaft. The roof and walls are plain, and the edifice does not appear to be used at present for religious purposes. I was taken through a passage narrow and dark, I suppose for the sake of effect, and thence was ushered into a cave, illuminated with many lamps, the walls of which were hung with pictures, and the floor was paved with marble. The place of the birth of our Saviour is marked by an altar, under which is the inscription—"Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est;" and a few paces from it, cut out of the rock, is the manger in which the holy child Jesus was laid. The exact spot where the star stood to point out the place to the wise men from the east, is now occupied by a representation of the luminary, but it is not HIS star. There are separate churches for the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians; the first is the most splendid. I was shown the cave in which Jerome made the translation of the Scriptures into Latin, known by the name of the Vulgate, and also that into which the bodies of the infants were thrown after the massacre, and different other tombs and sacred places; but it was well that I was careless about their history, as the old Arab who accompanied me was not one of the most intelligent of guides.

The superior of the convent was at first a little distant, as I had put on a coarse Arab dress that I might not attract attention, but he soon relaxed his features into pleasantness, and ordered an excellent breakfast to be provided for me in the refectory, though it was a fast-day, consisting of fried eggs, cheese, boiled beans, omelet, salad, and wine. I purchased a few of the curiosities made here in mother-of-pearl, brought from the Red Sea, and from the sale of which the people of the place derive their principal support. They chiefly consist of rosaries, crucifixes, and scallop shells, carved with devices from sacred history and the traditions of the saints. I was shocked to see many intended representations of the Father, as the familiarity with which the people are brought to regard these mysteries is too manifest in the levity with which they treat all sacred subjects. There was a school belonging to the convent, in which I was pleased to see about eighty boys learning to read and write. In the valley there is a well, supposed by Dr. E. D. Clarke, to be the same as that from which the three mighty men procured the water which David would not drink, but poured out before the Lord, because it was the blood of men that went in jeopardy of their lives; but the doctor has been most unfortunate in nearly all his attempts to fix the localities of the Holy Land. The Bethlehemites are often at variance with the reigning power, which renders it impossible at times for travellers to visit the place, but they were then happily at peace with the men of Jerusalem, and we returned in safety. The country to the south of Bethlehem is well worthy of attention, but it was in too disturbed a state to be visited without danger. In this direction are the pools of Solomon, Hebron, the plain of Mamre, the cave of Macpelah, and other places of interest. It is said by a recent traveller, that the water ascends in the water-courses of Solomon, though it has been supposed that the principle in hydraulics by which fluids find their own level, was unknown to the ancients. From Bethlehem to Beersheba, the southern extremity of the promised land, is a distance of about thirty-four miles.

GERIZIM.—SHECHEM.

WE prepared for our departure from Jerusalem, April 23, and bade farewell to the superior of the convent, after settling all demands. We went first to the Damascus gate, as being the most convenient, but were informed by the sentry that he could allow no one to pass, as he had received orders to that effect from the governor. We told him that we were English travellers, and the order had reference only to the pilgrims. "I cannot help it," said he, "the English are not God." There being no remedy, we retraced our steps with some reluctance, and made towards the Jaffa gate, which we were allowed to pass without a single inquiry. We crossed the bed of Kedron on the north-eastern side of the plain, and had a fine view of the city from an eminence, which has, in some respects, an advantage over that from mount Olivet. The bare aspect of the city is relieved by the appearance of the hills, which, from the position we occupied, are a prominent object in the back ground, whilst the cupolas of the houses, the minarets of the mosques, and the fortified towers, were seen in a light more favorable to effect; but although the city, as seen from this place, presented a more perfect picture for the painter's hand—the poet, and I may say, the Christian too, will love to look upon it from a situation where the different events connected with its history strike the mind with greater power, from the ease which the sites where these events have taken place can be distinguished. I here paused for a moment, and, turning my face once more towards the holy place, bade it a long farewell, probably for ever. "For my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee." The road continued over slopes of mountains, others of greater elevation being at a little distance, formed in many parts of bare rock, and in the cultivated patches covered with small stones. We passed several villages. Towards evening we arrived at a pass between two mountains, the rocks on each side of which were high and nearly perpendicular, yet some goats were fearlessly browsing on the verge of the abyss.—We had from hence a view of a more romantic and better cultivated country than that through which we had passed. We remained all night at Ain Brood, and slept under an olive tree near the well. The neighborhood does not enjoy a very good reputation. Soon after it was dark, a man came towards us, under the pretence that he was in search of some stray cows. We were apprehensive that, in reality, he had come to number our force, and see whether we were armed, but the angel of the covenant encamped about us, and we were safe. We had with us a German me-

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chanic, who had been in the employ of the pacha of Egypt. He was now on his return home, and travelled in company with us that he might have our protection. There is an appearance of industry about Ain Brood that is not common. The stones are all carefully gathered up from the ground, the vines are properly trained, and the gardens are protected by good walls. The site of BETHEL is not far distant, where Jacob saw the vision of the angels, and Jeroboam set up the golden calves. The tribe of Benjamin extended some miles further to the westward, eastward as far as the Jordan, and southward as far as Jerusalem. In the time of the patriarchs these hills probably belonged to the Jebusites.

We left the well about sunrise, April 24, and the face of the country improved as we advanced. We passed many fertile valleys, with villages upon the hills. We had a steep descent to Khan Lebn, now a total ruin, and soon afterwards entered upon a valley of greater extent, with the green corn moving in graceful waves from end to end when agitated by the gentle breeze. At noon we were upon an extensive bed of limestone, and the white ground reflected the rays of the sun so strongly as to render our eyes almost useless.—Well wearied with our ride, after passing the reputed tomb of Joseph, we entered the pass that separates mount Gerizim from mount Ebal. It was here the affecting ceremony took place that was commanded by Moses, carried into effect by Joshua, and never afterwards repeated. Six of the tribes stood over against Gerizim to bless the people, and the other six upon Ebal to curse. It would appear that the whole of the law was read over by Joshua, and that the Levites spoke unto all the men of Israel with a loud voice the words of the curse, to which the people answered, and said, Amen. "And all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark, and on that side before the priests the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger, as he that was born among them; half of them over against mount Gerizim, and half of them over against mount Ebal; as Moses, the servant of the Lord, had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel. And afterwards he read all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law."—Joshua viii. 33, 34; Deut. xxvii. 11. A better situation could not be conceived for this purpose, as the hills are at such a distance from each other that the hosts of Israel might stand between, and the voice from either side be heard distinctly on a calm day throughout the whole assembly. It must have been an imposing spectacle: the ark of the covenant in the centre, surrounded by the elders, officers, and judges, with the venerable Joshua at their head, the banners of the tribes marking their different positions as appointed by God, which they were now to occupy for the last time, and the millions of Israel extending in firm phalanx as far as the eye could reach: it must also be remembered that every individual of that vast company had but a little time before beheld the most striking wonders performed in their own behalf,—the falling down of the walls of Jericho, and the dividing of the stream of the Jordan,—and when the men, women, children, and strangers, thinking on these things, with one voice shouted Amen, the acclaim must have reverberated among the rocks around with true sublimity, and have swelled in majestic volume towards heaven. The whole would form a fine scene for the pencil of Martin.

The hills are of equal height, about 600 feet, and are neither of them cultivated, but Gerizim has the more pleasing appearance. From the top of this mountain, Jotham addressed his fable of the trees to the men of Shechem, when they made Abimelech king. According to Josephus, the first temple erected here was by Manasseh, after the captivity: it was dedicated to the worship of God in association with the worship of idols.—"They feared the Lord, and served their own gods." 2 Kings xvii. 33. Upwards of 11,000 Samaritans were here slain by Cerealis, commander of the 5th Roman legion.

The ancient Shechem of the Old Testament, and Sychar of the New, stood near the site of the present Nablous, a corruption of Neapolis, in the same valley, under the northern side of Gerizim. It may at present contain about 6,000 inhabitants: soap is the principal manufacture, and cotton the principal product of the fields. The gardens by which it is surrounded had a richer appearance than any I had seen since leaving the valley of the Nile. It was here that God first appeared to Abraham after his entrance into Palestine, and "he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord." There are some ancient sepulchres in the rocks of Ebal. Jacob bought here "a parcel of a field, where he had spread his tent," and erected an altar, and it was the prince of this city who caused the destruction of his people at the hands of Simeon and Levi, assisted probably by their own immediate servants and friends, for the insult he had offered to their sister Dinah. The bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, were buried in the parcel of ground bought by his father. Shechem was one of the cities of refuge. It was here that our Lord held the interesting conversation with the woman of Samaria, in which this sublime truth was communicated to the world, "God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." John iv. 24. There has been a great difference of opinion about the exact sites of all these places, and especially about Jacob's well. Some of the wells are too far from the city, others too near, and others not "deep." This is almost the only place I saw in Palestine where such a question could be entertained, as a city thinks itself favored if it have one good spring at a convenient distance, but here there are several. A Jew informed us he had read in an old book that there are three hundred springs near this place, which he regarded as a romance until a few winters ago, when there was a greater quantity of rain than usual, and springs appeared in every direction. There is a well near the present road from Jerusalem, at the entrance of the valley, and nearly in the centre, the situation of which answers better than that of any other to Jacob's well, but it is at present shallow, and requires "nothing to draw with." It has been supposed by some high authorities that the

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stones of memorial written by Joshua are yet in existence, and that their discovery may one day afford additional proof of the authenticity of the ancient books of the Scriptures. "And he wrote there, (in mount Ebal, or as the Samaritans read, in mount Gerizim,) upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel." Joshua viii. 32.

There are still a few Samaritans resident in Nabloos, who "worship God upon this mountain," and retain the faith of their fathers. They are strict in their attention to such parts of the law as they acknowledge, and expect a Messiah.—They read in their version of the Pentateuch that the altar was erected by Joshua upon mount Gerizim, and not upon Ebal, which reading is defended by Kennicott, and they repair at statod times to the supposed site of the temple to perform acts of worship. The synagogue is plain and clean, and among other ancient books they have a copy of the Pentateuch, which they regard with peculiar veneration, and affirm that it was written by the grandson of Aaron. They suppose that there are many Samaritans in England and other parts of Europe. There are a few families of Jews who reside in a small court near the bazar. Justyn Martyr was born here.

We halted in an olive grove, about a mile from the town, near Bier Sheba, a spring that sends forth a stream of water of sufficient volume to turn a mill. We were now in the tribe of Ephraim. This tribe may be considered as one of the most celebrated of the twelve. Joshua was an Ephraimite, and was buried "in the border of his inheritance which is in mount Ephraim." It was within the borders of this tribe that the words of the law were solemnly read before the people, and that Shiloh was situated, where the ark of God rested from the days of Joshua to the death of Eli. Jeroboam, the first monarch of Israel, was of this tribe, and it contained the royal cities of Tirzah, where the first kings resided, and Samaria, where they resided from the time of Omri to the destruction of the state.

SAMARIA.

We passed several mills, April 25, upon the stream of water produced by the springs near Nabloos, and not far from a ruined aqueduct of twelve arches, we turned off to the right, and began to ascend the hills. An hour's ride brought us within sight of Sebastie, the ancient Samaria. It stands upon a rounded hill of moderate and gentle ascent, in the centre of a valley, surrounded at a few miles' distance by mountains of considerable elevation. The whole of the valley is at present cultivated. In a south-east direction are the walls of a castle built upon a steep hill, formed of layers of rock with scarcely a particle of earth upon them. Between this castle and the town we passed under an aqueduct. Sebastie is situated on the eastern slope of the hill, and has an interesting appearance from the remains of an old convent that rise up among the meaner buildings by which they are surrounded, like a prim old schoolmistress sitting in the midst of her rude and ragged children. The erection is in a very elaborate style of architecture. Beneath it are several vaults, which probably opened into the sides of the hill. The eastern end is nearly perfect, which confirms the remark made by Maundrell, that if any portion of a church is left standing in these parts, it is certain to be the eastern end. It has a pentagonal projection, the windows of which have arches above them, and are separated from each other by small pillars with Corinthian capitals. In the interior, the projection is spanned by a pointed arch, the ribs of which have been worked into a variety of figures, with more labor than good taste. The southern wall is supported by buttresses, and towards the eastern end is built upon a mole. The walls are not all of the same date. In the area inside is the dome of a small mosque, with marble slabs before the entrance. It is built over a small cave or dungeon, in which it is said that John the Baptist was beheaded. The tomb of John was shown in the time of Julian the apostate, when the inhabitants of the city are said to have opened it, and burnt a portion of his bones, preserving the rest as relics. Higher up the hill, stone columns are seen in every direction, but without capitals. We counted eighty in an upright position, besides many that are prostrate. The summit of the hill appears to have been scarped, as there is a steep ascent nearly all round, and in this place may have been the citadel.

We have here another of those places near which we can stand as upon vantage ground, and look back upon the men and deeds of other times with an absolute certainty of the truth. It commands an extensive view, and the Mediterranean may probably be seen from it on a clearer day than that with which we were favored. Under present appearances, it would seem to be preferable to Jerusalem as the site for a capital city, and capable of being more strongly fortified, but we must remember the many changes that the position of Jerusalem has undergone: the beauty of Zion is departed, the crown has fallen from her head, and woe is unto her, because she has sinned. It is seldom that we have an account so certain of the origin of an ancient city as we have of this place. Omri, king of Israel, "bought the hill Samaria, of Shemer, for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria." 1 Kings xvi. 24. From this time it was the capital of the revolted tribes. It had the winter house, and the summer house, and the houses of ivory. The wicked Ahab erected upon this hill an altar to Baal; in this plain Benhadad, king of Assyria, was routed; in the gate of this city sat the king of Israel and the king of Judah, each in his robes and upon a throne, when the false prophets delivered their ambiguous prediction, and Micaiah, declared the word of the Lord: in that pool the dogs licked the blood of Ahab as they had formerly licked the blood of Naboth his enemy: up that ascent have often toiled the prophets Elijah and Elisha, bearing messages of wrath from the most High: within these walls there has been a great famine, so that "an ass's head sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and a woman boiled her own son, and did eat him."

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it was from hence that the host of the Syrians fled, because the Lord made them to hear a noise of chariots and a noise of horses, leaving the camp as it was, a prey to the famished Samaritans: it was here that Jehu slew the worshippers of Baal, and brake down their images: it was after enduring a siege of three years in this capital that Hoshea, the last of its kings, was carried away captive by the king of Assyria: it contained the royal sepulchres of Israel; the gospel was here preached by Philip, and confirmed by Peter and John, to whom Simon, the sorcerer, offered money that he might receive the Holy Ghost: and it suffered in common with its more guilty rival, when Palestine was subdued by the Roman power.

The present inhabitants of Sebastie appear to be miserably poor, but they showed us every attention in their power, and retired without asking for a present. After a slight breakfast, at which we had no coffee as usual, because sufficient fuel could not be procured in this once populous metropolis to boil our kettle, we descended into the plain, and then mounted the northern range of hills. From one point we had a view of the sea, and on our left was a sheet of water of considerable extent. We passed over many hills, through passes at different elevations, and along plains gradually increasing in extent as we proceeded, in one of which we counted forty ploughs at work at the same time. The villages are numerous, and are situated on the brows of the hills. When we arrived at the plain of Esdraelon, as it was too late to attempt to cross it, we turned off towards Jennin, and spread our clothes for the night under the leaves of one of the largest mulberry trees I ever saw. This place contains many ruins, but none of them apparently of a very ancient date. It is supposed, with some plausibility, to be the JEZREEL of Scripture, where the kings of Israel had a palace, where Naboth was murdered, and Jezebel was precipitated from a window. The residence of the witch of ENDOR was in this neighborhood. We had now crossed the possessions of the half-tribe of Manasseh, which extended westward as far as the sea, and entered upon those of Issachar.

THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.

THE rising sun, April 26, found us already upon the plain of Esdraelon, the most extensive in Palestine. It is about fifty miles long, and twenty broad, and is also called the Great Plain and the valley of Jezreel. Before us were the mountains of Galilee; on our right, mount Tabor, upon which, as is generally supposed, our Lord was transfigured, and mount Gilboa, where the beauty of Israel was slain upon the high places, and the daughters of the uncircumcised triumphed; and on our left, mount Carmel, visible through the whole extent of its chain as far as the extremity that overlooks the sea. Tabor differs in its appearance from the general character of the mountains, being insulated, and conical in its form. It is about 1200 feet high. We again crossed the bed of the Kishon. The city of Meroz, the inhabitants of which were cursed because they came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, was situated in this direction. In this plain, Sisera and his host were overthrown by the prowess of a woman; here "Saul died, and his three sons, and his armour-bearer, and all his men, that same day together;" here Josiah was slain by Necho, king of Egypt; here Holofernes was slain by Judith, the valiant widow; and here the three unclean spirits, coming out of "the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet," shall gather together "the kings of the earth and of the whole world," to the battle of the great day of God Almighty. The name of the plain appears to have been proverbial as a place of mourning and destruction, and perhaps few places in the world have been so often saturated with human gore: there have been but few nations of consequence, the names of which do not appear in the pages of its history, and Napoleon Buonaparte is associated with Deborah, the prophetess who judged Israel.

The soil is in some places more than six feet thick, and exceedingly rich, and were the plain well cultivated, it would be one of the most productive in the world. There are a few small villages scattered over its surface, but not perhaps a hundreth part of the number it is well able to sustain. One of my companions crossed the plain in the depth of last winter, when it was covered with snow. The sumpter mule of the party being delayed by the difficulties of the road, was attacked by robbers, and a rich booty carried away. A complaint was made to the pacha, who immediately issued an order for full restitution to the chief of the nearest village, on which nearly the whole of the stolen articles were returned, and the rest of the amount was made up by a general levy upon the people. We passed at some distance the village of NAIN, where our Lord raised the young man to life, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." It was lately destroyed by the pacha, on account of the disaffection of its inhabitants.

In four hours from leaving Jennin we began to ascend the hills of Galilee. This district, in the time of Josephus, was celebrated for its fruitfulness, and abounded with all descriptions of trees, a strange contrast to its present nakedness and sterility. It contained many towns, the least of which had above 15,000 inhabitants. We had to pass over a steep and difficult road, in the bed of a mountain torrent. This brought us to Ain Emir, whence we again began to descend, and soon entered the valley of Nazareth, where we halted a few hours during the heat of the day.

NAZARETH.

NAZARETH may at present contain about 3,000 inhabitants, a great number of whom are Christians of the Greek church. The shops are well supplied, especially with articles of clothing, though they are scattered in different places, and there does not appear to be any regular bazar. The houses stand upon the declivity of a hill, and overlook a small valley the beauties of which have been much exaggerated. We all agreed in one

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opinion, that the females were the best looking, both in figure and face, that we had seen in the country, and we several times expressed to each other our admiration of the grace and dignity with which they moved, as they passed us on their way to the well of water.

The Latin convent, a massy structure, is built over the reputed dwelling of Joseph and Mary, which is of course a cave. The present edifice is about a century old, but remains of a building much more ancient may be observed. The church is highly ornamented, and contains an organ, and the walls are hidden by hangings of silk presented by some of the monarchs of Europe. It has the appearance of one vast altar, divided into three compartments, the middle one even with the ground. The cave of the Annunciation contains the very spot where the foot of the Virgin rested, when the "Ave Maria" was first pronounced, that has since been so often repeated by other than angel lips. From hence we were led to the kitchen and bed-room of Mary, both caves, and without any apertures for the admission of light. The monks, who are generally from Spain, were performing service at the time we visited the place; their voices were good, particularly that of the bass, and the effect would have been delightful to our minds, could we have hoped that the truth revealed to a woman of Samaria by Jesus Christ was remembered. The house of the Virgin, or *santa casa*, is said to have been miraculously transported through the air, in the 13th century, from Nazareth to Dalmatia, and thence to the forest in the neighborhood of the position it now occupies, in which it several times changed its place, and was at last fixed at Loretto, in Italy. I afterwards visited the church at Loretto. The venerated chamber appeared to me to be much larger than the place whence it is said to have been taken at Nazareth, though there are tablets hung up in different languages, which attest that persons were sent into Palestine on purpose to make admeasurements, and that they found the size of the two places to be exactly the same.

In other parts of Nazareth are shown Joseph's work-shop; the synagogue in which Jesus preached; and a large round stone, upon which our Lord was accustomed to dine with his disciples, both before and after his resurrection, "according to regular tradition, never interrupted, and known to all the nations of the east." There are many other places shown to the pilgrims, but my faith was already taxed far beyond its capacity.—The Greeks have built a church over the spring, whence the village is supplied, as they say that the Virgin was drawing water at the time of the annunciation. It is not improbable that this well was frequented by Mary, as the distance is convenient, and our Saviour and his disciples may have refreshed themselves from its stream. The hill shown as that whence the people vainly endeavored to cast Jesus down headlong, is too far from the city, and there are brows of the hill whereon the houses now stand that would be equally eligible for their wicked purpose, one of which was no doubt the identical spot, but which of them cannot now be ascertained with exactness.

After all that the old empress Helena, and the equally credulous but more crafty monks, have done to take off the mind from truths that would amply repay its attention, Nazareth is still a place of great interest to the true Christian pilgrim. We know little of the early life of our Saviour, but that little brings to us sources of profitable reflection; and as we look upon the hills where he walked, and meditated, and prayed, and held communion with the Father, the wish to examine these things more closely than is possible with our present means of information may perhaps be pardoned. The district of Galilee was favored above all others with the presence of the Saviour during his residence among men. It might be that there was something in the disposition of the people, or in the political state of the country at that period, more congenial with the interests of his divine mission. In Jerusalem there were fierce contentions between the parties in the state, and it was there that the pride of the Pharisee, the infidelity of the Sadducee, the rapacity of the lawyer, and the wickedness of the priest, were manifested with the most open effrontery: in Gallilee there was comparative tranquillity, and the virtues of the lowly Jesus, seen only by the simple people of a country village, excited not the envy of those who might otherwise have sought to take away his life before his ministry was commenced. It was in Galilee that the angel of the annunciation appeared to Mary, and afterwards to Joseph; the holy family abode here after their return from Egypt, and Jesus continued with them until he began to be about thirty years of age; here he first preached, and though from this time to his death he itinerated among the principal cities of the land, his more constant residence was in Galilee, and it was here that he first appeared to the apostles after his resurrection. Nearly all the apostles were "men of Galilee." In more ancient times, the same country belonged to the tribes of Issachar, Zebulon, and Naphtali. Upon the death of Herod the Great, the tetrarchy of Galilee fell to the possession of Herod Antipas, who was the same Herod that beheaded John the Baptist, and ridiculed our blessed Saviour when sent unto him by Pilate.

On retiring from the city, and looking back upon the valley from an eminence, it appeared more beautiful than we had thought it from the town. We passed the village of Rane, and afterwards CANA, where one of the water-pots is still shown in which Christ is said to have converted the water into wine at the marriage feast. We saw some water-pots upon the heads of the women near the well, and there are others of a larger description that they keep in their houses, but they are all of too brittle a material for one of them to have survived without injury near 2000 years. This was the birth-place of Nathanael, afterwards called Bartholomew, the disciple, and our Lord was at this place when the nobleman from Capernaum besought him in behalf of his son, and heard from him the cheering words, "Thy son liveth." We soon afterwards entered upon another plain, and travelled until the sun had set, when we arrived at the village of Lubia, and slept under a fig-tree, after receiving a plentiful supply of excellent milk from the inhabitants. In the centre of the plain is a cistern of wrought stones, and near it are many remains of wells and excavations in the rock, that deserve a more parti-

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cular examination than they appear to have yet received.

TIBERIAS.—THE SEA OF GALILEE.

The plain continued some distance further, April 27, when we passed upon our left the mount upon which it is said that Jesus Christ delivered his sermon, when he perhaps disappointed the expectations of some of his auditors, who were desiring to hear inculcated a system of obligation the very reverse of peace, and meekness, and poverty of spirit. It has been said that the hill is too high, but we are not told that Christ ascended to the summit, and its gently sloping sides would be admirably adapted to the convenience of an assembly listening to an address. The objection is more plausible, that it is further from the city than we should suppose our Lord would have brought his disciples.

We soon afterwards had a sight of the northern part of the sea of Galilee, and after passing down a deep descent, arrived at the city of Tiberias. It stands close to the lake, in a bad situation for defence, and is walled, with round towers at certain distances, but the walls in some places are falling down. There are two gates, one only of which is at present in use, and the other is partly walled up. The castle is the only building of any considerable appearance, but there is also a mosque, with a minaret and several clean white domes, and a few date-trees flourishing near, which invite the followers of the false prophet to stillness and devotion. Only a small part of the space within the walls is occupied by houses. The best of the buildings are but wretched, and the greater number are in ruins. The city may contain about 3000 inhabitants, of whom the Jews are by far the more numerous body. It is one of the four sacred places of the Talmud. The last session of the Sanhedrim is said to have been held here: the Mishna, or text of the Talmud, was here reduced to writing; and here the noted Massorites carried forward their minute investigations. There was formerly at this place a rabbinical college, and even some of the present inhabitants are deeply engaged in the study of the law and of Hebrew literature. They are supported principally by contributions from Europe, as there is no commerce connected with the place.

We remained at a Roman Catholic church, apparently very ancient, dedicated to St. Peter, for which various reasons are assigned, some of them contradictory. Its walls are four and a half feet thick, the roof is vaulted, and it has much the appearance of a modern powder-magazine, not having a single ornament in its construction. There are four windows on each side, those on the south closed up. On one of the stones in the front there is an inscription, but I could not approach near enough to it to see in what character. The entrance is modern. There are several pictures at the eastern end, all except one very rude; but what is somewhat remarkable in a Latin church, there is not a single image. The service-books are all in Arabic. I counted fifty people at matins, which speaks well for them, and may give some idea of the number of Christians in the place. We had a long conversation with the priest, and there appeared to be something good about him, though alloyed with much ignorance.

The city was built by Herod Antipas, in honor of Tiberius the Roman emperor. It submitted to Vespasian on his approach, and he altered his intention of putting all the inhabitants to the sword, at the request of Agrippa. On the south of the town the mountains are very abrupt, and approach near to the shore of the lake. In the sides are excavations, some of which we examined, but found nothing of interest. The shore, to some distance from the town, has been occupied by buildings, as we found the usual traces of a Roman city. We passed the ruins of a church, a sheikh's tomb with an inscription in ancient Arabic, and several prostrate columns and detached capitals; and after a walk of about an hour, arrived at the hot wells of Emmaus.

The baths are in ruins, especially the division alloted to the females. Several Jews and Jewesses were bathing, as is their custom every Friday, to prepare themselves for the Sabbath. There is a magnificent bath in the course of erection for Ibrahim Pacha, at a little distance from the former building, surrounded by an open colonade, which is supported by marble pillars taken from ancient ruins. The springs are numerous, and some of them send forth a plentiful stream. The mercury in my thermometer, when dipped into the water, immediately rose to the top of the tube, 135° of Fahrenheit, but this is said to be about the highest temperature. I could not bear to keep my hand in the water above a moment. The taste is that of salt, and the smell that of sulphur. The stones in the streams are dyed yellow and green. Vespasion pitched his tent near this village.

We bathed in the lake, and found the water to be exceedingly cold, from the melting of the mountain snow. In little less than two hours' journey from the baths, we passed the village of Karak, situated upon a plain that in the rainy season is formed into an island, and soon afterwards arrived at the place where the Jordan issues from the lake, and begins its course towards the Dead Sea. It is a very rapid stream, and at that place is about 14 yards across. There are the remains of a bridge, but the stream is now passed by a crazy ferry-boat. Some horses were taken over as we were looking on, and there were several head of cattle on the other side. We did not venture over, as we were afraid that, if the people got us to the other side, they would be unwilling to bring us back again without extorting something as a present. At a little distance is the village of Semakh. The island, which appears to have been once covered with buildings, commands an extensive view. The valley of the Jordan extends to the horizon, and bears the marks of having been many times overflowed. It is cultivated, and appears to be extremely fertile.

The lake can be seen from this place through its whole extent. It may be about 18 miles long, and in its widest part about 6 miles broad. The shape is irregular, something resembling a boy's kite or a bird flying. It is called in the Old Testament the sea of Chinnereth, and in the New, the sea of Tiberias, the sea of Galilee, and the

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lake of Gennesareth. Its appearance is striking, but rather disappoints the traveller, as it differs entirely in its character from the beautiful imaginations with which it is always associated. I could have wished to see more wood upon its shores, less ruggedness in the aspect of its mountains, and a greater softness and warmth in its general features. The mountains in some places come close to the water, and towards the north we could discern a far higher chain, their dark sides, and still darker bases, presenting a fine contrast to the robe of snow in which their lofty summits were enveloped. The waters are clear, and were then perfectly still; but from their situation between hills and ravines, they must be liable to sudden squalls, and to great agitation during violent gales. The expanse that unfolds itself from this place is perhaps little changed since the time of our Lord. The works of man are imposing today, but in a little time they are deserted, and in ruin: temples, palaces, and even cities are destroyed, and no investigation can discover the spots where they onced flourished, though the detail of the events that took place within them may be familiar to our minds: but mountains and seas have been named "everlasting," and as they looked a thousand years gone by, so look they now. It was upon this sea that our Lord sat in a boat, and thence taught the people standing upon the shore: and what a sight it must have presented, to have seen the boat in the water, and the Prince of Life, and the listening multitude lining in rows the slopes of the ascent, as if in an immense amphitheatre, all so still that the little birds would not be frightened from their course in approaching the solemn audience, and the whole reflected upon the clear waters at their feet. On the opposite coast "the herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters." It was upon this sea that Jesus walked, like a spirit, in the fourth watch of the night, when the wind was boisterous and the waves were high; and it was to these waters he spake, when he said in majesty, "Peace, be still," and the rebuked wind ceased, and there was a great calm. Not a single boat is ever seen upon its surface in our day, and the fish that do not approach the land are never molested by any of the devices of man. Josephus tells us that the water of this lake was so cold, that it could not be warmed by setting in the sun, even in the hottest part of the year; but it has now lost this virtue, and in summer becomes warm and offensive. This lake was the scene of an engagement under Vespasian, in which some thousands were slain.

We returned to Tiberias much pleased with our excursion, and remained all night in the church; but as I had only an oil-cloth under me, the cold from the stones would not allow me to enjoy my usual sound sleep. I was disappointed in not being able to procure animals to take me to Damascus, as I had intended to skirt the eastern coast of the sea, and examine some parts of the ancient Bashan.

To the northward of Tiberias, on the shore of the lake, there are remains of buildings, but none of them worthy of description. At a little less than an hour from leaving the town, April 28, we crossed a stream of very clear water, from which I promised myself a delicious draught, but on tasting it, I found that it was strongly impregnated with salt. Near it are three round buildings, that we supposed from the distance were towers of defence, but on mounting to the top they proved to be baths, with water in them, deep and clear. We had some difficulty in crossing the next plain, on account of the great number of streams by which it is intersected. The towns of Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin, must have been in this direction, but travellers are not agreed as to their exact site. They were once exalted to heaven, but they heeded not the day of their visitation, and they are now desolate. It is a solemn fact, the voice of which ought to be listened to with attention, that there is no place mentioned in the New Testament, as having rejected the mission of the Saviour, or refused the offers of mercy made to it by himself and his disciples, or as having afterwards become corrupt in life or doctrine, but bears evidence, in a degree beyond all others, either in its history or present condition, of the wrath of God: and as surely as the denunciations of old were fulfilled against the guilty cities that put out from their dwellings the candle of the Lord, so surely, we must remember, will still more awful threatenings be fulfilled against us, if we neglect to profit by the light that shines at present so brightly upon the world.

We had intended to visit some extensive ruins northward of the plain, but our time would not allow of so long a digression as this would have required. Before we began to mount the hills, we passed a stream of water, broad but not deep, on the banks of which were many curious specimens of petrifaction. Branches of trees, reeds, grasses, and other substances, were firmly bound together, and in all, the change from the original character was complete, though the grain and fibres of the wood were perfectly retained.

Soon after our commencement of the ascent, my companions, who were some distance behind me, saw on their left a large cave, and descended from their horses to explore it. I crossed over to meet them, when I heard a rustling in the grass, and they called out to me, but I was too distant to hear what they said. On coming up to them, I found that they had started a lion, when within a few feet of its lair, which sprang down the ravine, and plunged along the waters of the stream at the bottom, until they lost sight of it in the distance by the projection of a rock. They had so near a view of it, and saw it for so great a length of time, that they could not be mistaken, and the eye of Mr. T. is particularly keen. There were several places in the grass where a large animal had evidently rested, and near one of them the remains of some creature, about the size of a cat, which appeared to me to be more like a lion's cub than any other animal with which I am acquainted. We pursued our course towards the cave, but took the precaution to call first for our firearms. We descended to the bottom of the ravine, and had presented to us a scene of surpassing wildness. The principal cave is near a hundred feet high at the entrance, and is carried a considerable distance into the mountain, gradually decreasing in size as it proceeds. Near it, and within it, in all parts of the sides, are many other

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cavities. In one place, pegs are fastened into the wall at convenient distances, that are no doubt used to ascend to the small caves we saw near the roof. I could have wished to examine them, but our force was not sufficiently strong. A more convenient place for the resort of a banditti can scarcely be conceived; and I can never hear of a robber's cave, but my thoughts will immediately fly to this solitary ravine in the mountains of Galilee.

In about two hours more, the road passed by the foot of a very high precipice, near which we counted a dozen eagles, and one of them had a nest in its mouth, the contents of which were probably intended as a morsel for its young. There is a tradition that the sacred vessels of the temple were buried here by Jeremiah. The path along which we rode is steep and dangerous, and in one place a considerable part of it had given way, and rolled into the valley. In another hour we arrived at Saphet, and took up our abode in an olive-grove. An Arab came to us with a long complaint against a Jew, and showed us a portion of his beard, that he said had been violently torn from his chin. The delinquent Jew is under the protection of another Jew, who was born at Gibraltar, and consequently enjoys the privileges of a British subject: presuming upon this, a Jew, the servant of a Jew, had dared to beard one of the faithful, in his own land; and from this little circumstance may be inferred the amazing extent of British influence.

SAPHET.

The town of Saphet is situated upon one of the highest eminences of Galilee, and is thought to be the Kitron of Scripture, a city of Zebulon, which the Israelites were unable to subdue. It may be seen from a great distance, and on this account it may be that it is said to be "the city set on a hill," that was pointed at by our Saviour in his sermon on the mount. The apex of the hill is occupied by a castle, a very formidable structure, and of great antiquity. It must have been proof against assault under the old system of warfare. The erection in the centre was formerly capable of affording accommodation to a large garrison, as appears from the mass of ruins around it. The centre tower is still in existence, and looks like a gaunt old warrior mustering his best courage to bid defiance to the enemy, but a few balls from the eminence opposite would soon tumble it into ruin. It was once in possession of the knights-templars, and was taken by the renowned Saladin, after a protracted siege. Some prisoners were confined in one of the rooms, who intreated us to intercede for them with the governor. A venerable old man, who was guarding them, told us he had acted as guide to the French army during their occupation of the country.

The town is built upon the low hills that surround the castle, and is divided into separate quarters by the little valleys between them. There is another castle, of less extent, and apparently not occupied. The governor's house has a respectable appearance. The inhabitants, including all classes, may amount to 8000. The houses are built upon the slopes of the hills, so that the streets above are, in many places, formed by the roofs of the lower tier of dwellings, and the passengers are sometimes in danger of obtruding into the privacy of a family against their own wish. The gardens are principally used for the growth of vines and olive-trees, and indigo-dying appears to be a common occupation. I observed several females lamenting over tombs recently constructed, some of whom were refusing to be comforted because their children were not; and there was scarcely one of these memorials of the dead beneath that was not ornamented, either with flowers or some other token of grateful remembrance. The affection of the mother for her child appears with peculiar strength in these countries, where the love of the husband has to be received in portions divided among many.

There are numerous places in this neighborhood that are venerated as having been in the possession of the patriarchs, such as the wells of Isaac and the cave of Jacob; but no reliance can be placed upon these traditions. Not far from the castle is an old bath, now in ruins, that has once had several apartments attached to it, and been a place of some splendor. There are a few Christian families resident here, but the Jews form the greater proportion of the inhabitants, as they consider the place to be sacred. For this they have several reasons. Some of their most celebrated rabbies were buried not far distant, and they expect that the Messiah will establish here the capital of his kingdom. They have a printing establishment, which I visited; but the master was absent at the time. He has two presses at work, and two others in the course of erection. His type and furniture, I was told, were all made here under his own direction. The execution of his works is respectable, and there are near thirty persons employed in the different departments of composing, press-work, and binding.

The roof of the castle, to which we were allowed to ascend, commands a most extensive prospect. We saw the greater part of the sea of Galilee, with the mountains of Bashan, the range of Carmel, and the hills near Nazareth. We took the bearings of all these places, but I neglected to preserve the account. On the north and west the view is obstructed by mountains of higher elevation than the hill of the castle.

FROM SAPHET TO DAMASCUS.

I had some difficulty in procuring horses to convey me to Damascus. There are three roads: one was said to be obstructed by snow, another was distant, and the third was said to be infested by Bedouins. After some delay, the last route was chosen. My companions departed for Beirout about day-break, and I was once more alone, with the most dangerous part of my journey yet before me. Some smart showers fell in the morning, against which my only defence was the trunk of an old tree.

At noon, April 30, the horses being ready, I and my servant, accompanied only by a guide, began

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to ascend the hill to the northeast of Saphet, and in little more than an hour we found ourselves in the plain of the sea of Galilee. There were no houses in sight from the hills, but in different places we could see the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks. We soon came upon an encampment of Bedouins. I counted about fifty tents. As we approached the place, ten or twelve girls came towards us, dancing and singing. Two of the stoutest of them seized hold of the bridle of the guide's mule, and he had some difficulty in rescuing it from their grasp. Two others came toward me for the same purpose, but as they approached, they seemed unable to tell what to make of me, and gave back. I was a little afraid lest we should be under the necessity of treating them roughly before they would allow us to pass, in which case the men would have interfered, and the consequences might have been serious; but I was soon informed that it was one of their festival days, and all they wanted was a present. I never saw a more merry group, and their rosy cheeks and open countenances reminded me strongly of the country girls of England. I gave them no present, as I knew that it would be only the signal for fresh importunities. There was a poor fellow close behind us, who appeared to come off less easily than ourselves: he took up stones to defend himself, but they held him by their united force, and he was still in confinement when we left the camp. The tents are all of a dark color, and from a distance may be called "black, but comely," like the tents of Kedar. There is a division formed by a hanging of coarse mat, on one side of which is a private apartment, and the other side is open to the breeze, but they probably admit of some alteration in more severe weather. The camp is guarded by large dogs that ran towards us with great fury, but were called away by the men. In two hours from the foot of the hill, during which our animals were sorely annoyed by gnats and flies, we arrived at a bridge over the Jordan, called Djiser Beni Yakoub, or bridge of the sons of Jacob. We slept at night upon the banks of the stream.

There were several persons assembled near the bridge, and five camels, but as they had none of them fire-arms, it was agreed that we should all wait here one day, in the hope that by additional arrivals a more respectable caravan might be formed. I was not sorry for the detention, as it gave me an opportunity of copying out the notes of my journey from Jerusalem, and my servant was able to wash me a few clothes. The bridge has three arches, the stream is very rapid, and nearly the same breadth as in its more distant course. A tax of three piastres is imposed upon every loaded camel, two upon every mule, and one upon every ass. The tax was last year farmed for 20,000 piastres.

I was much interested by watching the movements of the Bedouins, great numbers of whom crossed the bridge during the day in their gayest apparel, on their way to escort a bride to the tent of her intended lord. They scour along the plains at full speed, their flowing garments floating in the breeze; the rattle of their horses' hoofs is heard upon the ground, and in another moment they are away and away, like the wind. The inspired account of the wild ass has been thought to be descriptive of the habits of the Bedouins, "Who hath sent out the wild ass free? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass? Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwelling. He scorneth the multitude of the city; neither regardeth he the crying of the exactor. The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing." Job xxxix. 5—8. We were passed by a long string of camels, on their way from Damascus to Egypt, laden with the treasures of the east.

On the opposite bank of the river is an extensive khan, or caravanserai, in ruins, an account of which may serve as a general description for buildings of this kind. It is square, and about thirty feet high. There is a large open area, or court yard, in the centre, for the animals, in the middle of which formerly stood a building upon pillars, used as a place of recreation by the more respectable travellers. Around the area, and open towards it, are arched rooms, in which the goods were deposited for the night, and the animals might be admitted into it in inclement weather. At the corners are closed apartments, used as eating and sleeping-rooms. The entrance-gate is still perfect, and is lined with iron. Near the top of the wall are loop-holes for defence, and in cases of necessity it might stand a good siege. It is probable that it was in some similar place our Saviour was born, and there being no room for Joseph and Mary in the inn, or private apartments, they were compelled, on account of the influx of strangers into the city, to occupy an open court with the animals and goods.

Between the bridge and the sea of Galilee, which may be about four miles distant, there is an old fortress, for what purpose built I cannot tell, unless the Jordan be sometimes fordable at that place. About two miles to the northward is Bahr-el-Houl, or "waters of MEROM," four miles broad and six miles long. The banks are low, and the whole presents the appearance of a marsh. A few miles from this lake stands CÆSAREA PHILIPPI, now called Baneas, and long supposed to be the source of the Jordan. It is the Dan of the Old Testament, in which Jeroboam placed one of his golden calves, and was at the northern extremity of the land of Israel, from whence the expression "from Dan to Beersheba."

No additions having been made to our party, May 2, we proceeded on by ourselves. The road was over an extensive plain, diversified by low hills, with many single trees scattered over it, principally of thorn; but though abounding in excellent pasturage it is forsaken by man. The stones are collected together in some places, and there are many signs that it was once under cultivation. There are the remains of a paved way, which we crossed and recrossed several times, but it is not now used by travellers. The land on the eastward of this part of the Jordan belonged to one of the half-tribes of Manasseh, and in the time of our Saviour included Decapolis and Iturea.

We had not travelled above five hours when an alarm was given that a party of Bedouins had appeared in the distance. We endeavored to hide our animals behind a mound of earth that was

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near, but camels have necks so long that it is a matter of no small difficulty to conceal them.—We placed ourselves in the best posture of defence we could, and scouts were sent forward, who crept along by the trees, and came at intervals to report on appearances. There were eight Bedouins, all on horseback, and they came in the direction in which we were standing, but when at a little distance they turned off towards the south, probably without having observed any of our party. A merchant from Saphet had been murdered here a few days previously, because he had dared to shoot one of the horses of the Bedouins, in defending himself from an attack. The pacha of Damascus had ordered reprisals to be made upon them, for which purpose there was then a considerable force in the field, and we were thus in the midst of a mortal feud.

We soon afterwards passed a Turcoman encampment. The men and women are more respectably dressed than the Bedouins, the tents are more comfortable, and the flocks more numerous. They are said to be peaceable, and we passed among them without fear. We remained for the night in the open air, near an extensive khan in ruins. On our north was Hermon, covered with snow; on the west, a lower hill, with the tomb of Ali Abou Nuda on the summit, and on the south-east the plain extended as far as the eye could reach. This plain is mentioned by Ezekiel as "the coast of Hauran," and even in times comparatively recent it was considered from its fertility as the granary of the Turkish empire.

I felt the cold severely during the night.—Therm. at sunrise, 42. There was now less luxuriance in the pasturage of the plain, May 3d, as we passed along within sight of the snows of Hermon, at a distance of about 20 miles from its base. The road was for a mile over one continued rock. We saw several extensive flocks of sheep, attended by their shepherds, some of whom were trying to beguile the solitude by playing upon a reed. I rested about two hours under the shade of a tree, near a respectable khan that was the first public building I had seen in the country in a tolerable state of repair. It contains a mosque, a fine stream of water runs nearly round it, and several families reside within its walls. From this place cultivation is more general. We crossed the same stream several times, and the road was often on its banks. A woman and child, and five camels, perished here last winter from the snow and cold, in attempting to cross the plain. We slept on the bank of a stream, near a small village.

We were roused by our guide at midnight, May 4, and pursued our journey, though with some difficulty, by the light of the moon. I could distinguish a strong castle on our left towards the dawn, when we passed two villages. I entered Damascus with some fear, as the inhabitants have a rooted antipathy to all Christians, and especially to Europeans, and are only prevented from injuring them by the strong arm of the law: and as the political circumstances of the country were then very precarious, I did not know whether the individuals actually in power would be able to protect me in case of insult. I had to traverse the whole length of the town before I arrived at the quarter allotted to the Christians. I fancied that all eyes were directed towards me as I passed through the crowds, but no one said any thing to me, good or bad, before I arrived at the house of a gentleman from Scotland, to whom I had a letter of introduction from his brother in Alexandria.

DAMASCUS.

Damascus is one of the most ancient cities in the world, being the same place that is mentioned in the history of Abraham. In has been called "one of the four paradises of the east," and "the right hand of the cities of Syria." The emperor Julian, in one of his letters, mentions it as being "the true city of Jupiter, the eye of the whole east, pre-eminent in every thing—in the elegance of her sacred rites. the happy temperature of her climate, the beauty of her fountains, the number of her rivers, and the fertility of her soil."

It is said to contain 180,000 people, and even 300,000, with the villages in its immediate neighborhood. It was for many centuries the capital of the kings of Syria. The city is long, but of inconsiderable breadth. On entering it I passed through a street upwards of a mile long, and broad in proportion. In the principal streets there is scarcely a single building that does not display some taste in the manner of its erection, and the mosques and public edifices are without number. There is nothing very splendid in the appearance of any one particular place, but there is a charm produced by the purely oriental character of the whole, that tells powerfully of the days of the caliphs, and gives something like reality to the fictions connected with their history. The houses are built of bricks burnt in the sun, and are composed of light-colored clay. In the narrower streets they have a mean exterior, but within they display all the magnificence of the east. A narrow passage opens into a court, surrounded by buildings, the walls of which are painted with alternate lines of blue, white, and red.—In the centre is a marble fountain, and the air is scented with flowers, or shaded with trees of curious or beautiful foliage. At one side is a recess that reaches to the roof of the building, entirely open towards the court, and spanned by a broad arch: and round it are splendid cushions, upon which visiters are received and the members of the family assemble during the hours of recreation. The rooms are finished with great care, having paintings upon the wall, and illuminated sentences from the Koran, and in some instances there is no part to be seen that is not wrought in Arabesque. The streets are nearly all protected at their entrances by strong doors. The mosque of St. John is the principal resort of the Moslem worshippers. It was built by the caliph Walid, in 717, and seven years' revenue of the whole caliphate is said to have been consumed in its erection.

The bazars are exact representations of all that we are accustomed at home to attribute to places of this description. Among the multitudes who throng them are persons in almost every possible variety of dress. The rich turbans and flowing robes of the respectable merchants are

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finely contrasted with the rude sheep-skin covering of the mountaineer and the dark abba of the wandering Arab. The ladies dress in plain white when they walk out in the streets, and it is only when making purchases in the bazars that their faces can be seen. I was taken into a large building on horseback, and I became somewhat alarmed, as I at first supposed that it was a mosque, and knew that I must pay dearly for such a presumption. The roof was composed of a large dome, the windows of which were formed of glass cut in different shapes, and protected by a trellis work of iron, and under the centre was a marble fountain. I soon found out that it was nothing more than a khan, a place somewhat similar to the exchanges or halls of commerce in Europe. The Damascus blades are no longer of superior value. The principal manufacture is silk. An immense number of persons is employed in making up dresses, as it is from this place nearly the whole of Syria is supplied. The city has given name to the Damson plum, the Damask rose, and the Damask silk, as they were all originally brought from this place.

Damascus is situated at the foot of one of the ranges of Hermon. Upon an eminence that overlooks the city there is the tomb of a sheikh. The old man was approaching the place from the direction of the sea, and the road by which he came was one continued scene of desolation, with the exception of a few trees in the hollows, where the melting of the mountain snows had swollen the water into streams. In a moment, without any token whatever of what was to follow, he came to the verge of the precipice, and beheld at his feet the pure white edifices of Syria's magnificent capital. He started back, as if struck by the sight of an angel, and exclaimed, "I will die here; I will proceed no further lest I be unable to enjoy Paradise." Tradition assures us that he kept his word, and never entered the city. From this situation the view of the city is one of the most interesting that can be conceived. The clay of the houses seems transformed into marble purity by the illusion of the distance, and the whole appears like one congregated mass of minarets, turrets, and domes. Surrounding these, to the extent of many miles, are gardens presenting a mantle of the most gorgeous green, the uniformity of which is relieved by the dark cypress trees that rise from among them in all directions. There are few objects upon earth that come nearer to the ideal form that the mind gives to the New Jerusalem. The plain extends as far as the eye can reach, and at the time I mounted this elevation, and looked upon the enchanting sight it commands, the sky and the clouds were exhibiting those varied tints that make any prospect beautiful, and rendered this almost divine. I could just distinguish the waters of the Bahr-el-Margi in the extreme distance, by the reflection of the sun's rays from their surface, which added all that was wanting to the perfection of the scene. In the Canticles, the nose of the bride is compared to "the tower of Lebanon, that looketh towards Damascus," and may not this expression refer to the prospect from this place, and mean, surrounded by beauty?

The waters of the river Barrady are divided into seven streams, which are carried through the city. Numberless rills pass through the gardens, and to these they are indebted for their fertility. They are adorned with walks, summer-houses, and fountains, and the ladies spend in them a great proportion of their time. They are here in some measure free from the restraints of the harem, and they appear to have great merriment in making their remarks upon passing objects, and perhaps in attempting in their way some little witticism or severe irony. An incredible quantity of fruit is annually preserved, and exported to the city of Constantinople and other parts of the Turkish empire.

The place is still shown where Saul was arrested by the voice of Jesus, as well as the house of Ananias, the house of Judas with whom Saul lodged, and the wall whence the apostle was let down in a basket. The rivers of Abana and Pharphar cannot now be traced.

The pachalic of Damascus at present includes the whole of Syria. It was expected that Ibrahim Pacha would make it the seat of government. The law is administered with the utmost strictness, and in the most summary manner. The criminal is sometimes arrested, tried, condemned, and executed, within a very few hours of the perpetration of his offence. The head is struck off in the presence of the governor, at a given signal, often unknown to any but the executioner, and the bleeding corpse is allowed to remain some time exposed in the vestibule of the palace, as a terror to all similar offenders. I crossed a bridge, whence the females who are unfaithful to their lords are precipitated into the water, sewed up in sacks. This barbarous practice is said to be by no means uncommon. I visited the ruins of the palace of the late governor. The people rose up against him, being irritated by his extortions, overpowered his guard, levelled his palace with the ground, and massacred him and the whole of his family and dependants.

The people were disaffected towards Ibrahim Pacha. When under the nominal government of the Sultan, they could act according to their own wishes, as they were so far removed from the seat of power, but they are now ruled with a sceptre of iron. Ten days before my visit to the city there was a report that the pacha had met with some reverses, and though the men had been forbidden to carry arms under pain of death for the second offence, they now carry them concealed under their clothes. Had the intelligence proved to be true, they would probably have made an attack upon the governor and his guard, and they swore that the Europeans should be the first to fall. The force of Ibrahim amounted to 2,000 Egyptian soldiers, encamped near the city, but the inhabitants are noted cowards, though they brag at so brave a rate.

The people of Damascus have long been celebrated for their bigotted attachment to Islamism, and for their hatred and persecution of the professors of all other religions. Their principal source of revenue has been from the pilgrims, who assembled here from the interior provinces of Asia to form the caravan for Mecca, and remained here some months. The number has sometimes amounted to 70,000. Last year and the present

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no caravan was formed, in part owing to the distracted state of the country, and the commerce of the city suffered much in consequence. No European was allowed, even within a few months of my visit, to wear a white turban in public, or ride on horseback, and I am told that a brother missionary of my own society, the Rev. J. Cooke, was compelled to enter in disguise, and in the darkness of the night, during the early part of the year 1824. I wore the prohibited badge, and rode several times through the principal streets and bazars, and though there might be a few murmurings in an under-tone, I received no open insult. The change has arisen from the greater protection and encouragement that Europeans derive from the new government, which I trust will lead to nobler results than the mere setting aside of a few sumptuary regulations.

The kind friend whose hospitality it was my privilege to experience, is connected with a mercantile house in Manchester. He, his brother, and a friend, had retained the European dress, which afforded no small amusement to the natives, particularly the hat, as they compared it to one of their cooking utensils. Mr. T. is one of the excellent of the earth. He is supplied with bibles from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and at his khan has sign-boards to announce the sale of this inestimable treasure in at least a dozen different languages. When he walks out he carries a bible under his arm, which being different in its form to their own books, attracts attention, and affords him an opportunity to introduce it to the notice of the people. Some time since a sheikh read a few sentences in it in the bazar, and then publicly expressed his high admiration of its contents. The governor of Syria bought a copy, and other great men of the city accepted the Scriptures as presents. The people have already begun to make a distinction between real and nominal Christians: the latter they call Nazarines, and the former are designated by a word that signifies "followers of the Messiah." There are about 4,000 Christians in the city, who live in a quarter by themselves. By some of the early missionaries a great number of Bibles and Testaments were distributed among them: these were afterwards collected by the principal of the Roman Catholic convent, and all committed to the flames, and it is said that three whole days were employed in that infamous occupation. When an English traveller arrives at the convent, he is first asked if he be a missionary, and then if he be concerned in the distribution of Bibles, and if he answer in the affirmative, he is refused admittance. All persons connected with this good work are excommunicated. Notwithstanding the efforts of Satan thus to hinder the spread of divine knowledge, some seeds have been sown, both among Mahomedans and eastern Christians, that it is hoped will, before many days, bring forth good fruit unto the Lord. There was a man of Tarsus who came towards this city, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," and a similar spirit appears yet to work among the people; but as we know that the same individual soon afterwards "preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God," we have encouragement to believe that the spirit of this people will also be changed, and that each one will ask in humility, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

LEBANON.—BAALBEC.

I LEFT Damascus a little before noon, May 7, and was taken by our guide some distance on the Beirout road, until we came to his own village, which was probably done for his own convenience. The friend I employed to hire our animals, made an agreement for them by the day, and not for the whole journey, which is generally the cause of endless disputes. I was accompanied by the brother of my late host, who was desirous to visit the ruins of Baalbec. We ascended mount Hermon, not far from the town, and as the sun was shining in its full strength, we saw the extensive prospect it commands to the greatest advantage. Hermon formed part of Anti-libanus, and in ancient times it was inhabited by the Hivites.

The road was over hills and through valleys, and in some places was very steep. The mountains are barren, but the banks of the streams in the defiles are covered with gardens and fields, which afford by their rich green a fine contrast to the bare rocks above them. I had usually looked upward to see the villages we passed, but here they were beneath us, and the flat roofs of the houses being covered with grass, they had very little of the appearance of human dwellings. In about two hours from leaving Damascus we had a shower of hail, which continued near forty minutes: the stones were by far the largest I ever saw, and my horse was alarmed by their pelting upon his skin so fast and so thick. Hail-stones are a common allusion among the inspired writers, but the only instance recorded of an actual shower within the borders of the Holy Land, was at the defeat of the Canaanites under Joshua.

We slept at the village of Firazeit, and were accommodated in the house of an Arab, as the ground was too wet to allow of sleeping in the open air. The female part of the family consisted of a young wife, and the daughter of a former wife. The good lady kept her old man in complete subjection; for though he was willing to assist us as far as he was able, the frowns from his better half soon taught us that we could expect from him but little, and must receive that little by stealth. In the room in which they slept one part of the floor was raised into a kind of platform, and in the lower division the horses were accommodated. There was a fire-place in the corner, and some sheep-skins spread before it, on which sat the master and mistress of the house, and the other members of the family sat at a little distance. The men ate their food by themselves, and I partook with them. The principal ingredient was lebn, or sour milk, and the taste was not disagreeable. Each had a small wooden spoon, and we all dipped into one common bowl. From an inspection of the corn and other provisions in their store, it appears that their circumstances are comfortable; they have also changes of raiment for inclement weather and for holyday occasions, and seem to have all the necessaries of life that would be possessed by small farmers in England.

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We pursued the winding course of a mountain stream, May 8, and had to ascend a considerable time before we could emerge from the defile we had entered. The scenery is grand, from the bold scale on which it is formed, and the dashing and foaming of the stream added to the general interest. A bridge bestrides the waters near the place where the mountains are at their highest elevation, and in the rocks near them are many excavations, in which the early Christians are said to have taken refuge in times of persecution. We soon afterwards entered a valley, or slip of table land, bounded on one side by Lebanon and on the other by Hermon. Both ranges had snow upon them, and the mountains of the latter are high and precipitate. I again heard the note of the cuckoo, and the voice seemed to come from the snow. This valley appears to have been the northern confine of the conquests of Joshua, as it is said that "he took all that land.....even unto Baal-gad in the valley of Lebanon under mount Hermon." Josh. xi. 17.

We passed several villages, but were not disposed to make many observations, as it continued to rain during the whole of our progress through the valley. After travelling eight hours we arrived at the village of Soorkiye, and again remained with an Arab family. Being mountaineers, the females were not ashamed to show their faces, but sat round the fire, and entered into conversation without fear. My companion was dressed partly in European costume, and the dame of the house, who was as good tempered as we could wish, said she had never before seen so extraordinary a creature. They allowed us to watch them at their work. They were baking bread. The oven is formed of mortar, in a conical form, open at the top, and the fire is kindled inside, according to the literal expression of Scripture, "cast *into* the oven." The dough is worked by the hand into a thin cake, which is then thrown with a little violence against the side of the oven, and allowed to remain there until it is sufficiently baked. It is called *hubs*, and when I had become accustomed to the taste, I preferred it to coarse bread. When not otherwise engaged, they spin cotton, with a clumsy wheel, but on the same principle as our own. The men are employed out of doors. They cultivate corn for bread, and barley for their horses. They have also fruit-trees and vineyards. Being Mussulmans, they make no wine of their grapes, but form them into a substance that much resembles honey, called *dibs*, which can be preserved a long time, and is excellent when taken with bread. I had with me an Indian coverlid, under which I slept, which attracted the attention of the old lady, and I had many hints that a few inches cut from it would be an acceptable present. We slept round the fire-place with the family, but the younger females and children went to the house of a neighbor for the night.

The road continued, May 9, to exhibit much of the same character as the day before, until we began to ascend a mountain at the end of the plain. We proceeded along the sides of elevated mountains, gradually descending until we came, in about five hours, to the great plain in which Baalbec is situated. We crossed two streams that appear at one time to have been deep rivers, and as we caught the first view of the ruins, rain came on, but not with violence. We applied for shelter to the superior of a small convent, but as he refused to take us in without the promise of an exorbitant present, we proceeded to the temple, and tried to accommodate ourselves as well as we were able in one of the best of the ruined apartments.

The origin of the celebrated temple of Baalbec is lost in obscurity, but it is attributed by the people of the East to the genii under the direction of Solomon. From modern writers it has received a date in much later times, and is supposed by them to have been erected about the reign of Antoninus Pius, at which time the style here used was prevalent. From the almost universal adoration of the god Baal, or Bel, in these countries, the word is used in the composition of many of the names of places mentioned in the Scriptures. One of these cities at least, Baal-hermon, was in this neighborhood, and it has been supposed that the Birkath-Aven of the prophet Amos, chap. i. 5, refers to this identical city. The temple was dedicated to the sun, and by the Greeks was called Heliopolis.

The ruins are surrounded by a moat. We first entered upon a court filled with large stones and broken columns. At one end, six columns are standing in a line, with part of their entablature, about 70 feet high, and each composed of three separate stones. The principal court is upwards of 300 feet long, and is surrounded by an arcade, with niches, recesses, and small apartments, all of elaborate sculpture. There is one temple nearly perfect in its outer walls, that has been surrounded by a portico and columns. Many of the columns are still standing, and the situation of all the others can be traced. They are of the Corinthian order, with an appropriate frieze, and the interior of the roof of the portico has been ornamented with heads in regular compartments, the features of which might still be traced on a near approach. The temple itself is roofless, and the moulding and other ornaments of one side are entirely eaten away, probably from their exposure to the stronger breeze, but the other parts are in good preservation. It is nearly 200 feet long, and about 100 feet broad. The centre stone over the entrance has slipped from its place, and hangs apparently without any support, as if to threaten with instant death the adventurous traveller who shall dare to enter this deserted sanctuary. It is ornamented with the figure of an eagle. Near this is a building that bears marks of Saracenic origin, and was perhaps built out of the ruins of the former erection. Some of the stones in the wall of the temple are 58 feet long, and there is one at the quarry not removed out of the place where it was cut from the rock, upwards of 60 feet long, and said to weigh more than a thousand tons.

In the magnitude of these remains my expectations were more than realized, but I was disappointed in the effect. It was the first ruin of Grecian architecture I had ever visited, and having been accustomed from my earliest days to associate with this style all that is chaste and beautiful, I do confess that I expected the temple of Baalbec would have excited in me greater enthusiasm. I saw it in different lights, and from different situations, but the voice with which it spoke

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to me was always the same. The moss and ivy of the ruins in England give them an inexpressible charm, the massiness of the Egyptian structures strikes the mind with awe, and even the caves and temples of India have something about them that attracts and fixes the attention; but in looking at these immense stones and columns, the feeling was one of melancholy alone, that Time should have been so merciless in his devastations, without adding any of those telling touches that in other places make us almost forgive him for his deed. The simplicity of the Grecian architecture appears to me to be lost when exhibited in proportions so colossal.

At a little distance is a small circular temple, of the same order of architecture, once used by the Greek Christians as a place of worship. The town itself is one mass of ruins, and there are very few of the houses that are tenantable. There are several mosques, one of which contains a great number of pillars and capitals, put together without order or taste, and in the court are some prostrate columns of very beautiful granite. We had intended from this place to visit the cedars of Lebanon, a few of which are still standing, of an immense size, but we were told that the road was impassable from snow. The mountains towards the west exhibited the coldest and most cheerless appearance I had seen for many years. None of the evil spirits visited us in our solitude, nor did any robber think it right to make an attack upon our little band. I had a large stone for my bed, and lay down with the intention of rising in the night, to enjoy by the light of the moon the power of our singularly awful situation, but I slept so long and so soundly, that the dawn had already commenced before I was roused from my slumber.

Early in the morning, May 10, three men, armed, came to demand what they called the usual acknowledgment from travellers. I refused to give them any thing, saying that I had not yet done it in the whole of my journey, and upon this they made many pretensions that they were the governors of the place, amenable to no other power, and not like the other chiefs I had seen. As my young companion could speak Arabic well, we asked them if they had ever heard the name of Ibrahim Pacha, and they then lowered their tone, and merely requested a small present. I still refused to comply with their wishes. They swore by the holy prophet that we should not leave the place unless some present was given. I was the only person unarmed, and expected they would seize me, but I quietly mounted my horse, and when they saw that I was firm, they went away, muttering curses as they went. We were perhaps among the first travellers who had dared to resist their demands: no thanks to our courage, but to the vigor of Ibrahim's administration, who has declared that no European shall in this way be molested within the limits of his dominion.

At some distance from the city we passed a tomb, built in the form of an octagon, with stones and granite pillars brought from the temple, but in very rude style. We rode along an extensive plain, about six or eight miles broad, extending as far as we could see. It is well cultivated, and contains many small villages. We had much trouble with our guide, who acted more foolishly than a child, and even shed tears if we did not do exactly as he required us. We were proceeding at little more than three miles an hour, the usual pace, when he seized the bridle of my servant's horse, and would allow him to go no further.—We had a long altercation, in which we were assisted by some persons who were passing at the time with fuel, and in a few minutes afterwards the man struck up a merry tune, and during the rest of the journey rendered us every possible attention.

In nine hours we arrived at Zahala, romantically situated in a glen, and surrounded on three sides by high mountains. It contains about 8000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are Christians. There are several convents, the bells of which are rung without fear. The bazar is much resorted to by the mountaineers. An old priest visited us, and invited us to his convent, but we were too fatigued to accept his invitation.

We rose soon after midnight, May 11, and after some delay in the bringing of the horses, we set off on our journey by moon-light. For some hours we had one continued ascent. When we had proceeded some distance, the bell of a distant convent sounded to matins, the effect of which was extremely pleasing at such a time and in such a place. I walked a-head of the party for a little change, and turning down a wrong path, had a good run over the rocks before I could rejoin my companions. At the summit of the pass we were surrounded by snow. We saw several caravans on their way to and from Damascus. From one point we had a view of the sea, and after descending some time, we passed on our right a very precipitate and romantic valley, with two villages in its bason. The earth was in some places red, and in others of varied colors. There were stunted trees upon the hills, the slopes were of different inclinations, the rocks were bold, and the mountains of majestic elevation, and the whole presented a scene of peculiar grandeur. I have often remarked how different are the feelings, when we look at mountain scenery from beneath, to what they are when we gaze upon the same objects from above. In the one case, we are awed into reverence by the proud bearing of the everlasting masses that seem as the old monarchs of creation: in the other, we feel as if we were spirits of power that wanted only some sudden impulse to enable us to flee away in a moment to one of the many resting-places beneath our feet.

Lebanon is called in Scripture "a mountain upon a mountain," or a double mountain, and is divided into two ranges, distinguished by the names of Libanus and Anti-libanus in the writings of the ancient geographers. The valley between them is called Cælo-Syria, or Hollow-Syria. The eastern ridge extends from near Antioch to the plain of Hauran, and as it approaches the latter place, it is called Djebel Sheikh, which is the ancient Hermon. The western ridge is less extensive, and runs almost parallel with the coast. The summits of Lebanon are much higher than any other part of Syria, and as they may be seen from a great distance, they add much to the interest of every extended prospect that is presented throughout the land. The basis of the mountain is limestone, and in several places, both at a little distance from

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the sea and at a great elevation, I picked up many impressions of shells of different species, formed in clay of a light color, relics of the antediluvian age. The sides present every variety of soil and climate, and some of the summits are said to be always covered with snow.

The inhabitants of Lebanon have among them representatives of many different tribes, but the most numerous and the most remarkable are the Maronites and the Druses. There is much that is interesting relative to both these people, but as I was unable to gain any new information respecting them, from the rapidity of my passage through their country, I shall be brief in narrating their history. The Maronites are Christians, but we have no true account of their origin or conversion, and little authentic is known about the Maro, from whom they profess to derive their name. They have a form of worship peculiar to themselves, but have acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope since the 12th century. They have sheikhs of their own, who are independent in the internal regulation of state affairs; but an annual tribute has always been paid to the power in possession of Syria. The district they inhabit, called the Kesrouan, is only a few hours journey across, but it supports a population of upwards of 100,000 souls. The Druses reside more towards the south, and were formerly included in the pachalic of Acre. They derive their origin from Hakem, the third caliph of the Fatimite dynasty, who mounted the throne of Egypt in the year 996. He gave himself out to be an emanation from the Deity, and had many followers throughout the whole of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia; but they are now exclusively confined to mount Lebanon. They are divided into two parties. The rites of the first are secret, and are not to be divulged upon pain of death, but the other party is the more numerous. Their religion is a compound of Islamism and Christianity, partaking of both, and exactly agreeing with neither. The men have one wife, and are remarkable for their hospitality.

The first mention of Lebanon is in the prayer of Moses, when he besought the Lord that he might see "that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." It was then inhabited by the Hivites. There is frequent reference to the fountains, wells, and streams of Lebanon, as well as to its vines, flowers, roots, fir-trees, box-trees, and cedars, and in one description of the latter-day glory, it is said that "the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." The allusions of the prophets appear very striking to those acquainted with the circumstances of the place. We learn from Hosea that Israel shall one day be as "the vine of Lebanon," and its wine is still the most esteemed of any in the Levant. What could better display the folly of the man who had forsaken his God, than the reference of Jeremiah to the "cold flowing waters" from the ices of Lebanon, the bare mention of which must have brought the most delightful associations to the inhabitants of the parched plain? The Psalmist declares that "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon;" and a more sublime spectacle can scarcely be conceived than the thunder rolling among these enormous masses, and the lightning playing among the lofty cedars, withering their foliage, crashing the branches that had stood the storms of centuries, and with the utmost ease hurling the roots and trunks into the distant vale. But by Isaiah the mountain is compared to one vast altar, and its countless trees are the pile of wood, and the cattle upon its thousand hills the sacrifice; yet if a volcanic eruption were to burst forth from one of its summits, and in torrents of liquid fire to enkindle the whole at once, even this mighty holocaust would be insufficient to expiate one single crime, and the sinner is told that "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof for a burnt-offering." The trees of Lebanon are now comparatively few, and with them are gone the eagles and wild beasts to which they afforded shelter; and it is of its former state, and not of its present degradation, that we are to think, in reading the glowing descriptions of the prophets. "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious."

We halted about two hours at a khan, and when near the foot of the mountain had a fine view of the plain, town, and bay of Beirout. The road is in some places difficult, and in all unpleasant, as the people throw into it the stones they collect from the adjoining fields. It is singular that no attempt appears ever to have been made to repair it, though it must have been constantly frequented upwards of 3000 years. We had this day been on our horses at least 14 hours, and I have seldom felt more fatigued. The sun had set when we reached the gates of the mission-premises, and it was with feelings of sincere gratitude to Almighty God that I once more entered the house of my American friends, as I had departed from it with some fears that my journey would be attended with difficulties, and that my life might be exposed to danger.

At an early period the Holy Land was peopled by the descendants of Canaan, who were separated into distinct nations. It was divided by Moses into twelve tribes, and after the death of Solomon they composed two rival sovereignties. The kingdom of Israel, or the ten tribes, which had Samaria for its capital, fell in the year 721 B. C. The kingdom of Judah, which included also the tribe of Benjamin, and had Jerusalem for its capital, was finally subdued by Nebuchadnezzar, in the year 588 B. C. From this period, Judea was subject in turn to the Chaldeans, Medians, Persians, and Greeks. The kings of Syria then obtained possession, till John Hyrcanus shook off their yoke, and it had a dynasty of native princes, who reigned amidst much opposition, until about the time of Christ, when it was subject to the Romans. At this time it was divided into five provinces, Judea, Samaria, Galilee, Perea, and Idumea. Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus, A. D. 71. It was taken from the emperors of the east by the Saracens in the 7th century, and from the Saracens by the crusaders in the 12th century. The Christian kingdom of Jerusalem existed about eighty years, and in 1187 Syria was conquered by Saladin; in 1317 it fell into the possession of the Turks; in 1831 it was taken from the Sultan by

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Ibrahim Pacha, and is now subject to Egypt, which, however, is itself nominally under tribute to the Sublime Porte. The whole of Syria is now included in one pachalic, the head of which is Damascus, and Jerusalem is governed by a *moutsellim*, an inferior chief. In all these changes, every ancient place mentioned in these notices has taken part, and this rapid historical sketch must be considered as applicable to almost every town and city throughout the country.

In the time of our Saviour the Holy Land was in circumstances somewhat different to all that preceded and to all that may follow. There was a pause in the course of events between the period of prophecy and the period of accomplishment, which was the fulness of the prophetical time, and the beginning of the kingdom of God. The æra was come when the polity of the Jews was to receive a mighty disruption, in which the tribes were to be blended into one undistinguishable mass, and the chosen of the Lord were to become "an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations whither the Lord shall lead them." The tribes were then separate, but the people resided in what part they chose, and were only required to resort to their own cities on certain occasions connected with the affairs of government. Thus Joseph, the carpenter, of the tribe of Judah, resided at Nazareth, in the tribe of Zebulon, but resorted to Bethlehem to be enrolled at the general taxation.

The country promised to the posterity of the patriarchs was to be "the glory of all lands," "a land flowing with milk and honey." Under the sway of the Canaanites, amidst all their wickedness, it brought forth in such abundance, that the spies sent forward by Moses were constrained at their return to say concerning it, "It is a good land which the Lord our God doth give us." In the time of David the population must have amounted to several millions, as the men able to bear arms were numbered, at the lowest computation, and after an imperfect census, at 1,300,000. In the time of Jehoshaphat the men of war, in Judah alone, amounted to 1,060,000. That there was no exaggeration in these statements we may infer from the writings of Josephus, whence we learn that in his time the cities of the land were numerous and extensive, and that at one celebration of the passover, in the reign of Nero, there were present at Jerusalem 2,700,000 persons.—Individuals among the Jews were extremely rich, whilst the condition of all appears to have been comfortable, as Nabal had 3000 sheep and 1000 goats, and David left towards the building of the temple £21,600,000 in gold, besides some millions in silver. Such men as Boaz the Bethlehemite, Araunah the Jebusite, and Naboth the Jezreelite, were an honor to a nation, men worthy to stand before the king.

Wise men have struck out from the regions of fancy Utopian commonwealths; but in grave and authentic history we meet with no country so happy as the promised land in the more prosperous periods of its existence, and had the people been faithful to the commands of the Lord their God, there would have been realized amongst them all that the imagination has fabled of the golden age. The spot cultivated by the husbandman (and nearly all were of this occupation,) was his own; it had belonged to his family for centuries; he was surrounded by the homesteads of his immediate relatives; from father to son were transmitted a thousand little traditions which consecrated every stone and stream, and made every field and tree a part and parcel of his existence; and all that affection treasured up in the memory was more or less connected with the sphere of his daily occupations—which included as well the place of his birth, the spring at which he first drank, the tree that produced the fruit of which he first ate, the garden in which were cultivated the flowers he first admired, the altar where he first held communion with the Lord, and the hallowed nook that was the burial-place of his fathers, and where he hoped that his own grave would be dug when his form was to be again numbered with the clods of the valley. But there are also other associations besides those of birth and kindred that the human mind has been formed to cherish with gladness, and there will still be a void felt in the heart where the exercise of these is wanting, how sweet and lovely soever may be our proper home. When families have been located for ages in one particular place, and have little intercourse with the rest of their species, they become the slaves of habit, and are prejudiced against all that is exterior to their own narrow circle; change is considered as almost sinful; and all that is noble in charity becomes selfish in its tendency and circumscribed in its operation. The Israelites were happily preserved from these unfavorable consequences by the forms of their religion. The priest and Levite, and often the prophet, itinerated from village to village, and thus kept up an intercourse between the different families of the same tribe; and all the males were required to present themselves three times a year in the place of the Lord's presence, by which the connection was kept up between tribe and tribe; and the news they then heard, the incidents they then met with, the few luxuries they then purchased, would furnish them with subjects of thought and conversation, until the period again came round for their pilgrimage, which was expected with equal impatience, though from different motives, by the old and young, the female and the male. We confine ourselves now to what might be denominated the civil advantages of the people, as we should be called upon to essay to ourselves a far loftier mood, were we to speak of their religion as a revelation from God, and as providing a priesthood and an altar, which could promise to the transgressor that his sacrifice should make "an atonement for the sin he hath committed, and it shall be forgiven him." We may borrow the lyre of the Psalmist, and exclaim, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance: happy is the people that is in such a case, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

In relative situation the Holy Land had many advantages, as it was at no great distance from any of the kingdoms most celebrated in ancient times, and yet not so necessarily connected with them as to make its position dangerous. It had enough of mountain, and stream, and lake, and

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sea, to render it complete in its own resources.—It admitted of easy defence against invasion either by sea or land. Nor must it be forgotten, that its position, almost in the centre of the three great continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa, was the most desirable that could have been chosen when the fulness of time was come, and the blessings of revelation and redemption were to be scattered among all the dwellers upon earth.

The relative appearance of the country has been most accurately described by Moses. "The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs; but the land whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." Deut. xi. 10, 11. The outline of the hills is bold, and the valleys are strictly plains, presenting few of the undulations that give so much beauty to the scenes nearer home. The valleys are composed of a deep rich soil, free from stones. The rocks are principally of gray limestone, and they contributed greatly towards the sustenance of a large population, as they were terraced in all directions with embankments built up with loose stones, on which grew melons, cucumbers, and other creeping plants, as well as the vine, the fig, and the olive. In summer the heat is oppressive, more particularly in the plain of the Jordan, and in winter the snow lies some days upon the ground, both at Jerusalem and at places of much lower elevation, as the plain of Esdraelon. There are no rivers worthy of the name besides the Jordan.—The towns are nearly all built upon the hills, partly for defence, and partly for the more convenient growth of the vegetables most used as food by the people. They are many of them walled, but none of them would be able to make a long defence against an European power. The plains are open, not separated by hedges or walls. The roads are carried through the corn-fields, and it may frequently happen that in the sowing of grain, different portions of the same handful may fall by the way-side, and upon stony places, and among thorns, and into good ground. There is scarcely a single tree throughout the whole land, except the fruit-trees cultivated near the houses of the inhabitants. I did not visit the tribes on the eastern side of the Jordan, though they are far less known to Europeans than the parts I have described: they have the pre-eminence in the splendor of their scenery and in the interest of their ancient remains, but they are much inferior in historical importance. The mountains of the Ammonites and Amorites present a singular character from the distant point at which I saw them, and reminded me of the sacred expression of mountains fleeing from the presence of the Lord: they have a larger superficies of table land, without so much as one solitary peak, and appear as if trying to compress themselves within the smallest possible compass.

There is little in the present appearance of the people to put us in remembrance of those periods of Scripture history that are most dear to us, as the Bedouins can only represent the patriarchal age, though they do it to the life, and we look in vain for some one to remind us of the prophets and the apostles. There is no commerce, and the general occupation is the same; but even here there are blanks that bring keen disappointment, as there is not a single fisher-boat upon the sea of Galilee. The costumes have probably undergone little alteration by the lapse of time; but from the associations arising from this source we derive little pleasure, as our painters and sculptors have arrayed their sacred characters in Grecian garments, and it would be difficult for us now to fancy them under any other form. In all other respects, there is a sacredness connected with all we hear and all we see; there is a divinity that stirs in every visible object; and the language of the poet assumes a power that is not equally applicable to it in any other country of the world:

> "The meanest flower that blows, can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The sight of a lily carries the mind to the mount of the beatitudes, the expectant people, the disciples, and the preaching of him who "taught as one having authority;" the camels convey us to the times of the patriarchs; the vines remind us of one who has said, "I am the true vine," and of the precious blood of which its juice was chosen to be the sacramental emblem; the diminutive ants, as they move along in numerous armies, raise the thoughts to Solomon, the man of three thousand proverbs; the lamb speaks of the daily sacrifice, of the preaching of John, and of the meekness of the Redeemer, when led to the slaughter, and wounded for our transgressions: and the eye can fix itself upon no spot that is not the talisman of thoughts too big for utterance.

Near every village there are caves, and cisterns, and sepulchres, cut in the rock, women grinding at the mill, oxen treading out the corn, groupes of females seated near the well, shepherds abiding in the field; the bottles of the people are made of leather; their beds are a simple mat or carpet, and even a child may take them up and walk; the grass is cast *into* the oven, people live in the tombs, there are lodges in the garden of cucumbers, grass grows upon the tops of the houses, and the inhabitants walk, and sleep, and meditate upon the roofs of their dwellings. These customs, and a multitude of others that might be named, still cling to the homes where some of them have been practised near four thousand years. There are the same fruits, flowers, trees, birds, and animals; and milk and honey are still a chief article of food among the people. It is man alone that seems out of his place; all other objects remind us of the Scriptures, and throw light upon some of its facts; we reverence the very pebbles:

> "And *all*, save the spirit of man, is divine."

It would be wrong to argue the former capabilities of the Holy Land from its present appearance, as it is now under the curse of God, and its general barrenness is in full accordance with prophetic denunciation. The Israelite in our street, whose appearance was delineated with graphic precision by the legislator prophet, in the 15th century before Christ, is not a surer evidence of the inspiration of the holy volume, than the land

as it now exists, cursed as it is in all its products, its heaven shut up, and comparatively without rain. Deut. xi. 17. The prophecies concerning Canaan are numerous, and have been so literally fulfilled that they may now be used as actual history. "Your high-ways shall be desolate.... I will make your cities waste, and bring your sanctuaries into desolation.... And I will bring the land into desolation, and your enemies which dwell therein shall be astonished at it.... Then shall the land enjoy her Sabbaths, as long as it lieth desolate, and ye shall be in your enemies' land: even then shall the land rest, and enjoy her Sabbaths."—MOSES. "The land shall be utterly emptied and utterly spoiled.... The new wine mourneth, the vine languisheth, all the merry hearted do sigh: the mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth.... There is a crying for wine in the streets, all joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone: in the city is desolation, and the gate is smitten with destruction.... Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers."—ISAIAH. "I beheld, and lo, the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord, and by his fierce anger; for thus hath the Lord God said, The whole land shall be desolate: they shall be ashamed of your revenues because of the fierce anger of the Lord."—JEREMIAH. These prophecies might be taken one by one, and many others might be added to them, and from the preceding statements there would be for each some evidence of accomplishment. It has, indeed, been matter of dispute to what period some of them refer, and it is possible that they may have received some inferior accomplishment before the coming of Christ, but the full weight of the woe that they denounce was reserved for these last days.

There are prophecies of another description, that present visions of hope to the now abject Jew, and are too important to be passed by without notice. "I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee; though I make a full end of all nations whither I have scattered thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee, but I will correct thee in measure."—JEREMIAH. "The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim: afterwards shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God, and David their king; and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days."—HOSEA. These predictions also may be included among those that have a double character, a first and a secondary fulfilment; and though we cannot go the same length that some good men would wish us, as touching the restoration of the Jews, we can have no doubt that they will one day be restored to the favor of the Lord, and that their land will again receive the blessing of the Most High.

There are at present in Palestine all the materials requisite for the forming of a prosperous people; it possesses the framework of a mighty nation, but the spirit of its existence is fled; and though a form once powerful and features once beautiful be there, the form is now motionless, the features are marred by a mortal convulsion, and the breath of its life is away. It was the opinion of the ancients, that all that the lightning touched was sacred, and that they who were killed by its flash were specially regarded by Heaven; and it is a feeling arising from a similar source, that causes the traveller to look upon the Holy Land with something of the same reverence. We gaze upon it as the old prophet of Bethel gazed upon the carcass of the man of God that had been slain by the lion, and which he took and laid in his own grave, mourning over him, and saying, "Alas, my brother!" But if the thought partake too much of superstition, we may call to our remembrance the tenet of a purer faith, that enables us, by the promise of a resurrection unto eternal life, to awaken "a joy in grief," and to look upon the remains of our dearest kindred with chastened exultation, and speak of "the lovely appearance of death." The sure word of prophecy has promised unto Judea a glorious resurrection, and has described it in "colors dipped in the rays of heaven;" and though its words may refer as well to a spiritual Israel, extended as the world, they are the better for all this, and we will utter them with a louder voice and a gladder heart. It is because of sin that the land is thus desolate; but amidst all the afflictive dispensations with which it is visited, though it be now comparatively treeless and streamless, a glory shines upon its rocks that gilds not the towers of the noblest of earth's palaces. The inheritance of Israel is "at rest;" in the nervous language of inspiration, it is "the Sabbath" of the land:—one woe is past, and a second and a third have been endured:—the clouds that now envelope the mountains of Lebanon and Hermon shall soon be dispersed, and beams all-cheering as the bow of the covenant shall play upon their summits, and shall descend lower and lower, as the Sun of Righteousness rises in the firmament, gathering richness as they descend, until they burst in a flood of glory upon the lowest of the valleys, and from limit to limit fill the whole of the promised possession:—the breath of the Lord shall then breathe upon the mass, and every hill, and field, and stream, shall teem with a new existence, and the breath as it breathes shall receive instant homage from the lily bending in its loveliness, and the rose of Sharon shall give to it the fragrance of its leaves;—the sky shall be like the heaven it but partially hides, the air all fragrance, the hills shall put forth the sweetest of the fruits, and the vales shall be covered with the corn, and the oil, and the wine;—the waters of the stream shall murmur praises unto the Lord, the whispers of the winds shall be hymns to our Emmanuel, and the sounds when they cease upon earth shall be carried on by the angels of heaven. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose: it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "THE MOUTH OF THE LORD HATH SPOKEN IT."

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It will perhaps be asked of me, what are my thoughts as to the effect produced upon the mind of the Christian by visiting the sacred places; whether it tends in any measure to quicken the spiritual affections by seeing with the bodily eye the exact spots where the wonders of redemption were made manifest?

To this question it would be difficult to give an answer that would be equally applicable to every inquirer. The minds of men are differently constituted, and where one would receive pure and salutary instruction, another would receive equal disgust, and would turn away as from an unclean vessel or a poisoned chalice. There are individuals, more especially among men little acquainted with the Scriptures, who seem to require some outward and visible sign by which to quicken their faith, and when that sign is given them, they throw into their faith the whole fervor of their souls, and embrace it as a boon from Heaven. Such characters may perhaps be profited by a sight of the mountain village where our Lord was born, or of the sudden turn in the road from Bethany, near which he wept over Jerusalem, or of the mount upon which he triumphed over the grave and snatched the victory from death. Indeed there is no believer in these things who will not find himself influenced more or less by a sight of these memorable places: but in the far greater number of minds there will be no benefit at all adequate to the loss that will be sustained by an absence from the regular means of grace, by having of necessity to mingle much with men of the world and heathen men, and by meeting continually with those disappointments and annoyances from the people of the country, that tend to bewilder the mind, and to deaden the best affections of the heart.

I have now seen most of the places whose history tells with the most thrilling sensations upon the soul; but at the time I visited them, I did not feel that deep and awful interest in them that I previously expected. I had many inquiries to make before I could tell what to believe and what not: I was sometimes fatigued by the distance, or by the intense heat of the sun, or by climbing of rocks; there was so little to see that at all comported with the simplicity of the actual truth; there was among the bystanders so little manifestation of a feeling in unison with the grand transactions they were professing to reverence; that all these things, single or united, tended to unfit me for that "flow of soul" I might otherwise have supposed would spring up within me as a mighty flood of the purest and most refined enjoyment, when standing, for instance, upon the mount of Olives or the mount of Zion.

It is necessary too that a distinction be made between the different kinds of events of which this land has been equally the theatre. I can witness the horrors of the road to Jericho, and the goodness of the Samaritan appears to me greater than I before could have conceived; I can wind along the valley of Elah, and the patriotism of the shepherd boy with the five smooth stones in his scrip, touches my soul with power; I can wander among the ruins of Cæsarea, and listen with more intense delight to the stirring oration of the apostle; I can stand near the site of the temple, and feel with the fathers, the ancient men who had seen the first house, when they wept with a loud voice, and shouted aloud for joy, because the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes. There are, in addition, many circumstances connected with the history of Jesus Christ that may be classed among the same series, such as the greater part of his miracles, the delivery of the sermon on the mount, the riding in triumph into Jerusalem, and even the raising of Lazarus. No man can visit the country where these several events occurred, without increasing his perception of their interest. But when we come to the birth of Christ in the stable, his temptation in the wilderness, his prayers upon the lone mountain, his agony in the garden, his death upon the cross, and his resurrection from the grave; in a word, when we come, not to those things which were done for the explaining and confirming of his mission, but to those that regard the great mystery of our redemption, and that can never be understood by us in the full immensity of their import, the mind shrinks from too near an approach towards the hallowed scene, and feels as if it were diving into secrets forbidden to be contemplated by man. There was a woman, in the house of Simon, permitted to wash the feet of our Lord with her tears, and to wipe them with the hair of her head, but after his resurrection, even to Mary Magdalene was this command given, "Touch me not." It is not "after the flesh" that we are now to know Christ: the mind may be affected by a recital of the death and passion, whilst the heart retains its uncleanness; it is that spiritual sight of the victim slain which enables me, as an individual, so to look upon it, that it becomes the received atonement for my own transgression, that will alone be accepted by God, and this may be better exercised in the retirement of the closet than amidst the glare of the lamps and ornaments of the pretended Calvary. The pilgrim to the Holy Land would generally be better employed in visits to the throne of grace; and would derive more wisdom from searching with sacred awe the oracles of the word, than in gazing for a time upon the spot where these oracles were delivered, or the events were transacted that they record.

I do not, after all, regret that I have turned aside for a little time to see these great sights. I have witnessed the degradation into which the professed churches of Christ have fallen, a degradation more deep, more awful, and more distressing, than I could possibly have conceived without being an eye-witness; and I am not without some hope, that my imperfect representations of these things may tend to induce the inhabitants of a more favored land to make some attempts to rescue them from their errors, and impart unto them a knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus." I seldom open my Bible, more especially the historical parts, without reading its pages with greater interest, from the more vivid perception I have of its scenes: I have been present at the first establishment of a mission at Jerusalem, which I trust will never cease its operations till the city be a praise in the whole earth: and in looking at some of the barren hills of Judea, where the beast wanders not, the bird flies not, and the grass grows not, I have seen the impress of the curse of God, in more dreadful characters than are to be seen

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elsewhere on this side the grave; a sight rendered still more striking by the beautiful flowers, and the patches of flourishing grain, that here and there present themselves, as if to show what the land was once, and what it again may be, when the blessing of the Lord shall rest upon the city and upon the field, and the labor of man's hand shall be refreshed by the former and latter rain.

THE ISLES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

This sea is called in Scripture the Great Sea, and the Sea of the Philistines. It is not much noticed in the Old Testament, except as the western boundary of the Holy Land, and the cedars used in the building of the temple were floated upon it from the foot of Lebanon to the port of Joppa. It was upon this sea that Paul was shipwrecked, and several of the other apostles sailed upon it in their voyages of mercy. It extends from the coast of Syria to the Straits of Gibraltar, a distance of more than 2000 miles. It is one of the most celebrated collections of water in the world. It has been looked upon by nearly all the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and by Jesus Christ. It has carried upon its breast almost every warrior, philosopher, and poet, both of ancient and modern times; and could the spirit of its winds collect together at one place all the characters they have wafted along its surface, there is scarcely a single name of note written upon the pages of history that would not be included in the assemblage. Upon its waters were fought the battles of Salamis, Actium, Lepanto, and the Nile. Upon its shores, or at a little distance from them, stood the cities of Jerusalem, Tyre, Troy, Athens, Alexandria, Rome, and Carthage; and among the mighty empires of the ancient world, whose wings were dipped in its waters, were Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome. It includes within its limits several minor seas, and many islands of celebrity both in sacred history and profane.

CYPRUS.

I embarked in a Sardinian brig for Larnica, in Cyprus, May 14, and on the 18th we were off the port of Famagousta, the ancient Salamis, mentioned by Homer, where Paul and Barnabas "preached the word of God in the synagogues of the Jews." We were not able to make Larnica before the 19th, though the same voyage is sometimes performed in a few hours.

There being no immediate opportunity of embarking for Greece as I had expected, I made a little tour into the interior, in company with a friend. The plains were cultivated to some extent with barley and wheat. In some places the barley was reaped, and the crops were expected to be large, from the plentiful supply of rain that had fallen during the winter. We saw great numbers of locusts, and to the farmer they must be a terrible scourge.

After passing several villages, in about eight hours from Larnica we arrived at Nicosie, a fortified town, and the present capital of the island. The principal mosque was once the Greek cathedral of St. Sophia. Cotton prints are extensively manufactured here, but the bazar is as dull as Turkish indolence can desire. I had a letter of introduction from the British counsul to the patriarch of the Greek church. He is a stout heavy man, destitute of all energy, and was placed in his present office by the Turks, that they might receive as little opposition as possible to their oppressive schemes. He signs his name with purple ink, and as no law can be legally promulgated in the island without his consent, he has it in his power greatly to protect his people, were he not too subservient to the masters who have placed him in his present situation. He did me the honor to say that the convent should be mine during my stay, however much it might be prolonged. It has been said that 10,000 people were massacred here by the Turks at the commencement of the Greek revolution, but the statement is greatly exaggerated. The patriarch, bishops, and about 150 of the more respectable ecclesiastics and other inhabitants were summoned to the house of the governor, under pretence of having to hear read to them a document from the Sultan, and were all massacred. About 300 persons perished in other places. The houses of the sufferers are yet in ruins, and the melancholy aspect of the town seems to say that there is a curse upon it for the treachery of its masters.

In the evening we again mounted our horses, and in three hours arrived at the convent of St. Chrysostom. On the way we met the harem of a respectable Turk. A black attendant rode forward, and ordered us to leave the path until the ladies had passed. The convent is situated on the side of a steep hill, and has the appearance of a strong fortress. The monks waited on us at table as servants. The visiters had music and dancing, and were as riotous as if they had been at an inn, but the monks did not join in their sports. An archimandrite, who had been in England, was playing at cards, but he was reproved by one of his brethren. I returned to Larnica on the 25th, as I was afraid that I might be absent during some opportunity that might present itself for me to leave the island.

Larnica is the principal sea-port of Cyprus, and is well frequented by ships of all nations that put in for provisions, as they are plentiful and cheap. There are two towns, and that near the sea is called the Marino. The space between them is said to have been once occupied by houses, the inhabitants of which fled to other places to escape oppression. There is a small castle, but not of any strength. A mound of fragments and stones is said to have been formerly surmounted by an acropolis. About a mile to the southwest of the town is a small lake, whence salt is procured: an aqueduct and tomb are seen on the opposite side, and the view of it at sunset was almost the only sight of interest I met with in my rambles. There was one day a feast to commemorate, as I was told, the deluge. The roadstead was gay with

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streamers and music, and the beach was lined with crowds of people, all dressed in their holyday apparel. Citium, the birth-place of Zeno, is at a few miles distance, and retains its ancient name.

Cyprus is the largest island connected with Greece, except Candia, or Crete, and was celebrated in ancient times for its attachment to the licentious worship of Venus, who was fabled to have here arisen from the froth of the sea. It was visited by Paul and Barnabas, who landed at Salamis, and went "through the isle unto Paphos." Barnabas is thought to have been the first bishop of Cyprus, and there is a church dedicated to him at Larnica, which is said to be built over his tomb. The island contains at present about 60,000 inhabitants, 10,000 of whom are Turks, and the rest are Greeks. It pays 3,000,000 piastres annually as tribute to the Sultan. The principal exports are wine, cotton, and silk. The government is as oppressive as that which is exercised in other Turkish provinces, and some think even worse. A new governor was daily expected from Constantinople, who was in office some years ago, and is remembered as having been extremely cruel in the exercise of his functions.

The more respectable Greeks are anxious to have a missionary stationed among them, principally to establish and superintend schools. They offer to raise 8,000 piastres a-year towards their support, but I fear that their wishes cannot at present be complied with, as there are many other places of much greater population that are destitute of instruction. A number of youths have formed themselves into a class for the purpose of studying ancient Greek. An intelligent young Greek, who was educated in England at the instance of Mr. Wolf, has commenced a school at Larnica, but he does not meet with the encouragement his ability and good intentions deserve.

I embarked in a Greek brig, June 11, for Smyrna. We passed PAPHOS on the 13th, formerly celebrated for the most ancient temple in the world dedicated to Venus, and now for its hundreds of churches. Sergius Paulus, the Roman proconsul, whose name was assumed by the apostle of the Gentiles, resided here, and it was here that Elymas, the sorceror, was struck with blindness. "Now when Paul and his company loosed from Paphos, they came to Perga, in Pamphylia; and John departing from them, returned to Jerusalem." Acts xiii. 13. On the 17th we passed in sight of MYRA, in Lycia, whence the apostle embarked in the ship in which he was wrecked at Melita, and on the 19th we passed in sight of PATARA, a maratime city of the same province, where the apostle, on his way from Philippi to Jerusalem, found a ship bound for Phœnicia, in which he sailed. Acts xxi. 1.

During this little voyage, I was presented with a fine opportunity of studying character. We had about fifty souls on board, Turks, Greeks, and Jews, one Egyptian, and several female slaves from Africa. I occupied a little box on deck, over the helm. The Turks took possession of the larboard side of the deck, and the Greeks of the starboard: the Jews were in the forecastle, and the negresses in the long boat, where, in spite of their situation, they were the merriest group in the party. There was something imposing in the gravity of the Turks; in the constancy with which they offered up their prayers at the canonical hours, with their faces towards Mecca, no matter what other scenes were presented around them; and in the studied importance which they always assumed, even in such common acts as the washing of their hands and the cooking of their victuals; and all this was the more striking when contrasted with the laughter and recklessness of the Greeks, who were all day long trolling some catch, or playing at games of chance, or showing themselves adepts at all kinds of silly tricks and buffoonery. The poor Jew moved among them without fellowship, and on his countenance was written too clearly the mark of dejection and care. One of them came to me as I was standing near the carpet of a Turk, which he happened to touch with his toe, for which the old Moslem, seeing the pollution to which his carpet was exposed, railed at the son of Abraham with a bitterness that made me feel keenly for him in his degradation.

RHODES.

WE anchored about noon, June 20, in the harbor of Rhodes. The city has a good appearance from the sea, with its towers and castles, and rises gradually from the shore. I counted at one time upwards of thirty windmills. I had a walk through the principal streets, attended by the dragoman of the consulate, who had informed me that he had been interpreter to Sir Sydney Smith during the late war. I was now in the land of chivalry, and the town is so little altered in appearance since it was delivered into the hands of the Turks by the knights of St. John, that I might almost have expected to jostle with some steel clad warrior on turning a corner of the streets, or to see the jolly face of some ancient warder on passing under the entrances to the venerable castles.

Rhodes was taken from the Greeks by the knights of St. John in 1310, and they kept possession of it until 1523, when it was besieged by Soliman with 200,000 men, and yielded after a brave defence of six months. The moats, walls, and towers are still formidable. The street of the Cavaliers is the most perfect and the worn pavement at the sides bears evidence that it has been trodden by the feet of many generations. It is narrow, and built upon an ascent. The arms of the knights are emblazoned upon shields over the entrances to the wards, together with the arms of the nation to which the ward belonged, and some of these heraldic emblems are still entire. The arms of England are opposite the entrance into the castle of the Grand Master, in which the massy door is yet upon its hinges, and the arch by which it is surmounted is formed of many ribs of elaborate sculpture. The entrance from the street to each ward opens upon a passage that leads to a court, planted with trees, and round the court are galleries or cloisters, from which the apartments are severally entered. At the higher end of this street are the remains of a church, now roofless. Nearly all the old castles and houses are inhabited. The streets are paved with small pebbles, and have a neat appearance. There are

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many stone balls, of different sizes, scattered in all directions, said to have been used during the siege. The quarter of the Jews contains about 150 houses. The city was supposed to be the finest in the world in the time of Alexander. There are two harbors, across one of which the celebrated colossus probably stood, but its exact situation is not known.

The island was visited by St. Paul, on his way to Jerusalem. Acts xxi. 1. It is 40 miles long, and 15 broad, very healthy, and might be extensively cultivated, were the government of a different character. It does not contain more than 30,000 inhabitants. The principal exports are honey and wax, and last year there was a considerable trade in oranges, as the crops in other parts had failed.

A Greek brig entered the roads, June 20, bound for Syra, and as this port was more convenient for me than Smyrna, I made an agreement with the captain, and took leave of my old friends from Cyprus. I thus lost the opportunity of seeing Smyrna, and perhaps some other of the Asiatic churches, but my voyage to Greece was much shortened. The passage between Rhodes and the continent of Asia is about 20 miles in width. In the evening we could distinguish a great number of islands, nearly all of which are celebrated in the mythology of the Greeks. They rise boldly out of the sea, but are destitute of trees, and greatly disappointed me in their appearance.

We were off CNIDUS on the 25th, and the heat was most oppressive, as we had a dead calm nearly the whole of the day. St. Paul was in similar circumstances near the same place.—"When we had sailed *slowly* many days, and scarce were come over against Cnidus." Acts xxvii. 7. I followed the course of the apostle in his voyages and travels, and often prayed that I might follow him more closely in his holy ardor in the cause of Christ. I seemed to be able to realise the appearance of the apostle more powerfully on board ship than in any other place: we were sailing upon the same seas, looked abroad upon the same islands and mountains, and our mariners spoke nearly the same language.

We sailed by Cos on the 26th, visited by St. Paul, and celebrated as the birth-place of many eminent men. On the 27th we were within a short distance of CRETE, mentioned in the Apocrypha and by St. Paul. Titus is said to have been bishop of this place, and to have resided here when the apostle wrote his epistle, in which he says, "the Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies," quoting as his authority one of their own authors. Titus i. 12. That "this testimony was true," we have ample evidence in the writings of the ancients. The next day we saw SAMOS, also visited by St. Paul, and the birth-place of Pythagoras. It is separated by a narrow channel from the Ionian coast, and EPHESUS is only a few miles distant.

PATMOS.

WE were close in with "the isle that is called Patmos" several hours, and I had a good opportunity of examining its appearance, so far as is possible from the sea. It is about 20 miles in circumference, and its aspect is forbidding and cheerless. The shores are in most places steep and precipitate, and from our vessel it appeared as if the inhabitants would be in constant danger of rolling down into the sea. The highest part of the island is surmounted by a monastery, dedicated to St. John, round which are built the houses of a respectable town. We could discover very few trees. The sailors were lavish in their praises of the inhabitants.

It was with unutterable feelings I gazed upon this dreary rock. The situation of the weeping exiles was before me, who were banished from the pleasures and applauses of imperial Rome, and were sent to inhabit this dull and distant region, with none to converse with but sufferers in the same calamities, whose very attempts at consolation would only add still deeper sorrow.—What must they have felt, and how must they have wept, when they beheld from the horizon the little speck that was to constitute their world!—There was one among these exiles that I seemed to know, whose brow was calm, whose eye was bedimmed by no tear, and from whose countenance seemed to beam the serenity of a spirit in bliss. It was the beloved disciple of the Lord.—The banishment of the venerable apostle was from a cause perhaps different to that of any of the exiles who had preceded him, as it was "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." Standing upon one of the eminences of the island, and turning towards the continent, St. John would be able to distinguish mountains that might also be seen from the whole of the seven churches of Asia; and as he had planted some of them with his own hand, and probably visited all of them, can we doubt he often would stand thus, and looking towards these interesting spots, lift up his hands to heaven, and pour out his soul in prayer, that he who walked among the golden candlesticks would continue to visit them in mercy, and save them from the power of the antichrist that was to come. It is one of those thoughts upon which the mind so much delights to dwell, that from this rock, surrounded only by other similar rocks, and looking out upon distant mountains, there should have been an insight given into futurity, further and clearer than in any other place was ever afforded unto mere man.

I remained in quarantine fifteen days at Syra, visited Hydra and Ægina, and saw many other islands of inferior interest, but shall not here attempt to describe them, as they are not in any way connected with sacred history. The island of Rhodes was the last spot upon which my foot touched Mahomedan ground, and I am called upon to take some farewell notice of the remarkable people whose territories I had now forsaken, for the most recently constituted of the kingdoms of Christendom.

The followers of Mahomet, in their manners and customs, long resembled the laws of the Medes and Persians, they altered not; and the Turk sitting

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in silence upon his carpet, utterly unmindful of the scenes by which he was surrounded, was a true emblem of the character of his nation. In the countries professing Christianity there has been a gradual progress in art and science during several centuries, but throughout the whole of the Mahomedan empire, the minds of men seemed to be sinking into a lethargy more and more profound, and all the signs of activity presented elsewhere under a thousand different forms were unable to arouse them from their slumber. There was the invention of printing, the introduction of the Newtonian system, and numberless other discoveries arising from the establishment of the inductive philosophy, the application of steam, and a revival of religion more pure and more extensive than had been witnessed from the times of the apostles, but not one of these events, each of which might exert a power sufficient to shake the world, influenced in the least the mass of the Mahomedan population. Within the last few years the sleep of centuries has been drawing towards a close, but the effects of the powerful opiates that have been taken are evident upon the system, and the present excitement is but as the awakening that precedes death.

The religion of Mahomet was established by the sword; it is now perishing by the same process: and the sword of its destruction is drawn from its own scabbard, and wielded by its own arm. The recent rebellion of Egypt has thrown the Ottoman empire into the hands of a Christian power; other Christian powers have only to refuse interference, and its downfall would be the work of little more than a single day. It would be in vain to bring out the old garment of the prophet, the elevation of which would once have been answered by the flashes of a million scimitars, as the virtue of its inspiration has gone for ever. There is a trembling in the hearts of the people, produced by the very power that once gave them courage for the conflict. They then believed that it was written in the book of fate that they must conquer; they now believe that it is written in the same book, in characters equally imperishable, that they must fall.

The changes that are taking place are the more interesting, because among such a people any change is wonderful, and a change for the better is almost beyond the limits of belief. Some of these innovations have not been effected without the shedding of much blood, but the opposition has ceased, and the Turks see daily the most serious inroads upon the customs of their ancestors, without a single conservative movement. The great doctrine to which much of their apathy was to be attributed, has been openly disregarded in the adoption of quarantine, and the establishment of schools of anatomical dissection. The commands of Mahomet have been at all times evaded, but it was in secret: now, they are broken by all classes without shame, or the least attempt at concealment. In an hotel at Alexandria, I saw a party of Turks, high in office, drinking to each other's health in bumpers of champagne. The fast of the Ramzan was last year publicly broken by no less a personage than the governor of Damascus. In some minds there are indications of excitement and enterprise. I met a respectable Turk, attended by a numerous party, near the top of the highest of the pyramids, who manifested all the eager curiosity of Franks. The prejudices of the people generally have been lessened by the great number of Europeans in the employ of government, and the principal insults that the traveller now receives are from women and children.

Ibrahim Pacha has, perhaps, adopted the modes of thinking common among Europeans to a greater extent than any other Mussulman chief since the establishment of Islamism. The battle of Navarino taught him that the fangs of "the Christian dogs" were not to be despised. It is difficult to form a just estimate of his character, as the accounts are contradictory of those who have had access to his presence. The exercise of cruelty is more frequently accompanied by the forms of law than in his younger days, but it may be equally severe and extensive. It appears from the public prints that he has this year visited the convent at Nazareth, and was present at the celebration of Easter in the church of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

The charges are numerous that might be brought by the Mahomedan world against the church of Christ, and there lies at our door a mass of accumulating guilt, that calls upon us loudly to exert ourselves by every means in our power to effect its removal. The nations conquered by the first caliphs were nearly all infested with the heresy of Arius. There have been Christian churches among them in all periods of their history, but these churches are fallen, and have the form of religion without the power. Then comes the important question, By what means were the Mahomedans to receive the true light that shineth from heaven, and be rescued from their error, and led into the way of peace? The Arians had put out the light from before their own eyes, the Greek and other churches had it still in possession, but it was hidden in deep recesses to which no one could approach, and the Protestants looked on with criminal indifference. The recent expansion of Christian benevolence has extended as far as Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, and many other places similarly situated, but the work has been hitherto of a preparatory nature; the missionaries have not yet been able to make any concentrated attack upon the strong holds of Mahomet, and the body of the people have never had Christianity brought before them in its pure simplicity and native power. It is well known that there is a law in existence, that any Mussulman who renounces his religion shall be put to death. Under these circumstances, the principal efforts must at present be made by the establishment of schools, by private conversations, and by the distribution of tracts and of copies of the Scriptures; but missionaries must be at hand to instruct more fully those who, by such means, have received "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," and prepare them for an open profession of the cross, and the consequences of that profession. It is to be feared that without great watchfulness on our part, the spread of knowledge by the instrumentality of the presses now established, will be only the prelude to a more open profession of infidelity; and skepticism, as in too many parallel cases, will take the place of su-

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perstition. Ibrahim Pacha was asked by a friend of mine whether he himself would put to death one of his own people who might embrace Christianity, and his reply was this:—"It is a hard question: we have laws ——." It is the opinion of those competent to judge, that neither Ibrahim nor Ali Pacha would carry this law into execution, but it is probable that the first native converts might suffer from private revenge or a general attack of the people.

It was one of the noblest triumphs ever achieved by the gospel, when the hordes who burst from their fastnesses in the north of Europe upon the Roman empire, and established themselves even in the centre of the imperial city, were converted from idolatry to the religion of Christ. With these conversions the victories of the cross appeared to cease. The conquerors of the Roman empire were many of them conquered in turn, by the Turks and Saracens; but in no place was the religion of the victorious Mussulmans abandoned for that of the vanquished Christians. For the space of nearly one thousand years there was not a single instance of a national conversion to Christianity. The front of cruel and relentless hostility was exhibited by the Moslems towards the Nazarines, whom they suffered to exist within the borders of their land, and their opposition was so successful, that the law against conversion slumbered in its concealment, and few have been the spirits from among the followers of the false prophet, who, for Christ's sake, have been willing to suffer death, or found worthy to join the noble army of martyrs in heaven. It is, however, to be hoped that there have been conversions in secret, that were known only to God. A fellow traveller informed me that a muleteer, with whom he entered into conversation in Greece, confessed to him that he was a convert from Mahomedanism. When travelling between Ancona and Loretto, in Italy, I was told that at one of the villages through which I passed, a Turk had a few days before been publicly baptized. The signs of the times are in some respects fair and promising, and though there is much to depress the servants of Christ who are laboring in these regions, there are other circumstances, in the book of prophecy, as well as in the opening volume of providence, that demand a continuance at the post of danger, and encourage the expectation of better and happier times. The march of the Mahomedan conquerors was first arrested in France; they have since been driven from Spain and Hungary; they have been annihilated in Greece; they have been weakened in Turkey and Persia; the mightiest of their empires now tremble at the prospect of an approaching dissolution; and though the future be dim, there may be discovered in the distant horizon, by the eye of faith, the form of the crescent wasted to an almost viewless streak, and it is setting in darkness behind a mighty pile of prostrate walls, ruinous domes, and fallen minarets; whilst, in the opposite sky, the sun of righteousness proclaims its approach by tints of light that play at intervals along the firmament, and a voice breaks forth from the silence, as the sound of many waters, "There is no God besides Jehovah, and Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God and the Redeemer of the world."

GREECE.

The northern boundary of Greece cannot be defined with precision, as its extent was not the same at all periods of its history; but its southern boundary was at all times the Mediterranean sea. No place in Greece Proper is mentioned in the Old Testament, but among those places to which reference is made in the New, are included Achaia, Athens, Berea, Corinth, Illyricum, Macedonia, Philippi, and Thessalonica; and if the term Greece be extended to all the places inhabited by Greeks, it will also include, in the provinces of Asia Minor, Bithynia, Cappadocia, Cilicia, Colosse, Galatia, Iconium, Lycaonia, Lycia, Myria, Mysia, Pamphylia, Phrygia, Pontus, Pisidia, Tarsus, and the seven churches of Asia. By the prophets Greece is called Javan. Isa. lxvi. 19; Ezek. xxvii. 13, 19; Daniel xi. 2. In the vision seen by Daniel, he beheld a he-goat that came from the west, that had a notable horn between his eyes; and he tells us, "the rough goat is the king of Grecia, and the great horn that is between his eyes is the first king." Dan. viii. 21. The prophet Joel charges the inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon with having sold the children of Judah and Jerusalem to the Grecians. Joel iii. 6. In the Apocrypha there are several references to Greece. The word Greek is sometimes equivalent to Gentile in the writings of St. Paul. The ancient states were many of them well peopled, but the population of the modern kingdom of Greece does not much exceed a million souls, and its superficies has been calculated at 1100 geographical square miles.

ATHENS.

I sailed from Ægina, July 24, in company with a Belgian gentleman, who had espoused the side of the king of Holland during the late war. The sailors of our caique manifested great pride in pointing out to us the spots in sight, that had been consecrated by the deeds of their fathers. There was not a cape, or cove, or island, that has not been written in words that will never die. The well-known letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, came with great force to my remembrance. Before us was Athens; behind us, Corinth; on our right, Ægina; and on our left were Megara, Salamis, and Eleusis. The sun was setting as we entered the Piræus, and when our little bark had glided into smooth water, we had leisure to give ourselves up to thoughts of other years. We slept in the vessel, as several robberies had of late been committed in an olive-grove, through which we must have passed before we could enter the city. The Piræus now contains only a miserable coffee-house and a small bazar, though it once rivalled Athens in the splendor of its edifices.

In the morning we rode forward to Athens, a distance of about four miles, upon mules that in the mean time had been procured for us from the city. I was kindly entertained at the house of the Rev. Jonas King, of the American Board of Missions, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from his brethren in Beirout.

The ancient city is said to have been founded

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by Cecrops, a little before the time of Moses. The rock of the Acropolis was first occupied, and it was an admirable position, both for beauty and security, as it is situated in the midst of a plain, and commands an extensive view; but the city itself, independent of the protection it may receive from the citadel, possesses few advantages. It was connected with the Piræus by a road defended on each side by strong walls, and had two other harbors, Munychia and Phalerus. The Acropolis is an insulated rock; the ascent to it is not difficult, and part of the propylæa, or ancient entrance, is still in existence. The remains of antiquity are nearly all disfigured by the addition of more modern buildings. The Parthenon is still grand amidst its ruin, though the columns of the front and part of the lateral porticos are all that remain. The interior was used as a mosque by the Turks, and since their expulsion it has been occupied as a barrack by the Bavarian soldiers. Not far distant are the temples of Minerva Polias and Neptune Erectheus, both of exquisite workmanship, and near them are the celebrated female figures called Caryatides. I ascended to the top of the Parthenon, and had from thence a fine view of the city, mounts Anchesmus and Hymettus, the three harbors, the islands of Ægina and Salamis, the sites of the Academy of Plato and the Lyceum of Aristotle, and many other places of equal interest. The richest relics have been taken away from the Parthenon, but whether their removal shall at length prove a benefit to the arts or a loss, time only can decide. I will not attempt to describe my feelings whilst looking at this "perfection of beauty." I cannot analyse that which passed in my mind so far as to trace each feeling to its separate source; perhaps I am wanting in the vocabulary of taste, or the technicalities of science; but suffice it to say, for the purpose of conveying some impression of my thoughts, that I never derived equal pleasure from the contemplation of any object that was purely the invention and execution of man, as from the sight of this exquisite temple, considered in the abstract as a work of art. The marble retains its original purity, and is yet clear and white after the lapse of twenty-three centuries.

There are the remains of two theatres at the foot of the Acropolis, one of which was dedicated to Bacchus, and the other was the Odeium of Regilla. The temple of the winds is an octagon, and each side contains a colossal figure in relief, but by the accumulation of the ruins around, the spectator is brought too near the figures, by which they appear out of proportion to the building on which they are placed. There is a small tower about which the critics are not agreed whether it be the lantern of Diogenes, or the monument of Lysicrates. The temple of Theseus is nearly perfect, though the roof is modern, and it has been consecrated as a Greek church. The sculptures on the frieze represent the combats of the hero with the centaur, and are executed with great spirit. The stones of some of the columns have been wrenched from their proper place by an earthquake. The ancient measures, which were the standards of the time, still exist in stone, near the agora, or market-place. There is scarcely a house or garden within the city that does not contain some relic of antiquity. The Pnyx, where the assemblies of the people were held, may be traced with ease, and the stage on which the orators stood, with many other places cut out of the rock, is nearly perfect, but the voice of Demosthenes is no longer heard. The wall of the present city passes over the hill of Mars, which is a rock of no great elevation, near the entrance to the Acropolis. It was here that Paul stood before the assembly of the Areopagus. Three caves, or dungeons, are shown, in one of which it is said that Socrates drank the poison. The monument of Philopappus, stands upon the hill of the Museium. There are now only sixteen columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, though it could boast of upwards of one hundred at the time it was finished by Adrian; and upon one of the entablatures are the remains of a narrow apartment, built by a monk, to which he ascended by a rope, and there lived in perfect solitude. The Illissus was dry at the time of my visit, but there are several springs of excellent water in its bed, at a convenient distance from the city. The form of the Stadium, 680 feet long, is preserved, but the marble benches on which the people sat during the spectacles have disappeared.

The present city is little better than a mass of ruins, as it suffered most severely in the late war with the Turks. It is intended that it shall be the capital of the new kingdom of Greece, and the arrival of the court will soon change its appearance. The plan of the city has been decided upon by the king, and it is so constructed that many of the principal remains of antiquity in the lower city will be brought out into view, in one long street that is to pass through the centre, and finish at the ancient entrance. The population is at present small, but it is daily increasing, and will soon be considerable. The air is remarkably pure, and the moon-light is well worthy of all the praises that have been lavished upon it by the poets. There is an extensive olive-grove in the suburbs, which affords almost the only article of commerce connected with the place.

The vacation prevented me from seeing the mission schools. The Rev. Messrs. Robinson and Hill, of the American Episcopal Mission, appeared to be much respected, and to be deserving of the respect they receive. They have published from their press many tracts and elementary works in Romaic, as well as a few of the writings of the philosophers in ancient Greek, such as the Memorabilia of Xenophon. The mission from the American Board had been recently reinforced by the arrival of the Rev. J. Rigg. All the American missionaries with whom I have come in contact in India, Syria, and Greece, are men of great zeal and extensive acquirements. I preached at the house of the Rev. Jonas King, to a small congregation in English, and attended divine service in Greek at the same place. The Episcopal missionaries do not aim at the formation of a separate church, but wish to revive the interests of pure religion among those who continue to be members of the present establishment.

There was a time when Athens was the city of my soul, and its great men the idols of my imagination; and many an hour did I steal at school from less pleasing occupations to read over on the

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pages of history the thoughts, and words, and deeds, of its immortal citizens. A more extensive acquaintance with the teachings of a diviner record, takes much away of the admiration we once felt toward the characters of antiquity. We learn to pierce the halo that was thrown around them by our immature conceptions, and whilst in youth we are too apt to look only at that which we suppose is of the heavens, heavenly, in later age we are perhaps too much disposed to dwell upon that which is of "the earth, earthy," in the character of man. The ancient Athenians may be less wise and less good than we once supposed them; but the alteration in our sentiments never extends to that which belongs to the powerful in intellect or the beautiful in taste. The most lovely imaginations ever revealed by the pencil or struck from the stone were once collected within the walls of the Parthenon, and its visiters were the master spirits of the universe. Nor are we in these respects in danger of being deceived by those mists with which time, and distance, and ignorance, so often lead us astray. We can yet listen to their magic numbers, their philosophy is the exhaustless quarry from which men of meaner intellect continue to hew systems, we can walk among the columns of their matchless porticos, and the blood yet creeps, and the life yet radiates, in the forms that were thrown from their sculptors' hands. It was here too that the tree of liberty was first planted, which was afterwards carried to Rome, then disappeared from the sight of men during an age in which, from century to century, there was but one cold and comfortless winter; and after various fruitless attempts to spring up in other places, it at last struck root in an island probably unknown to the wisest of the sons of Athens, where it flourishes in luxuriance, and offsets have already been carried from the parent stem that it is hoped will one day be familiar to every soil, and overshadow every land.

Were this the only world, and this the only life, it might have been a duty incumbent upon every worshipper of the beautiful to make a pilgrimage, once during his existence, to the Acropolis; but revelation takes away from its glory, and invests with far sublimer interest a little hill at its foot, that would otherwise escape our notice, and is hidden by its shadow at the rising of the sun. It was apparently by accident that the apostle Paul visited this city. "The brethren at Berea sent away Paul, to go as it were to the sea.... and they that conducted Paul brought him to Athens." In all places he remembered the divine commission he had received as the apostle of the Gentiles, and as he waited for his companions that were expected, "his spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." It would seem that for some time no official notice was taken of his proceedings, though he not only disputed in the synagogue of the Jews, and with devout persons, but also in the public market. It has been questioned whether Paul appeared before the Areopagus as an accused person, or merely as a stranger with whom the philosophers wished to have some further converse; and it must be confessed that he was at first treated with great courtesy, and even afterwards, though the charge might have been easily proved, if it was a charge that was preferred against him, we are simply told, that "Paul departed from among them."

The topics chosen by the apostle were admirably adapted to the circumstances of his situation. The thoughts of the Grecian sages, as they sat in silence, must almost involuntarily have essayed toward "a feeling after God," when the apostle extended his hand towards the horizon, and pointed at mountain, and island, and sea, and spake of the "God that made the world and all things therein, that he is Lord of heaven and earth, and dwelleth not in temples made with hands:" and when he turned away from this magnificent scene of earth and ocean towards the Acropolis, studded as it was in every part with images and temples, the contrast must have exhibited one of the most splendid triumphs ever gained by truth, as he proceeded in his argument, and cried out, fearlessly, within the very precincts of the most sacred spot ever consecrated to idolatry during the long sweep of its empire over men, "Forasmuch then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." It is enough to say that the preacher was Paul, that the place was Athens, and that the auditors were philosophers and the stern judges of the Areopagus, and there is matter for deep thought; but the scene presents a still grander aspect, when we look a little forward, and mark some of its important consequences. The young students from Rome would join in the mockery with their old and brow-furrowed preceptors at the earnestness of Paul, and at the strange doctrines he taught; but little did they think, as they turned from the figure of the apostle towards the monuments of their own greatness, to indulge in the smile of derision without observance, that the time would come when THE UNKNOWN GOD should be acknowledged as the only God throughout their extended dominion, and when that Parthenon, and their own still prouder Capitol, and all the deities, heroes, and devils, they contained, should not have upon the whole earth one single votary to come even by stealth and do them homage or whisper their praise. It cannot be said, that in the early ages Christianity shrank from a contest even with the most enlightened men of whom the heathen world could then boast: in the infancy of its existence, when as yet it received no aid whatever from name or numbers, it thus grappled with the mightiest of its opponents in the centre of their own citadel, and was triumphant.

CORINTH.

I LANDED at Kalamanchi from Athens, July 30, near the site of the ancient Cenchrea, at which Paul embarked for Ephesus. I and my companion had some difficulty in procuring animals, and we were furnished at last with an ass, a mule, a pony, and a camel. We crossed the isthmus in about three hours, where the Isthmian games were formerly celebrated, to which frequent allusion is made by the apostle Paul in his epistles to the Corinthian church. The situation is well adapted to the purpose for which it was appro-

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priated, presenting an extended plain, in a central position between the capitals of all the more celebrated states. In the evening we arrived at Corinth.

The city of Corinth lays claim to an origin nearly as ancient as that of Athens. It appears as if intended by nature to be the seat of an extensive commerce, as it could communicate with the Ægean sea by the port of Cenchrea, and with the Ionian sea by the port of Lechæum. It was at one time the most extensive city of Greece, and in palaces, temples, and statues, could challenge the world. Its licentiousness has passed into a proverb. In the time of the apostles it was the residence of Gallio, brother of the celebrated Seneca, and deputy of Achaia, which included nearly the whole of the Peloponnesus. The Acro-corinthus is a steep rock, at a little distance from the city, that rises upwards of 2,000 feet. There may be seen from it the provinces of Thebes, Attica, Achaia, Argolis, and Arcadia, the acropolis of Athens, the mounts Helicon and Parnassus, and the view includes the birth-places of many of the principal warriors, sages, painters, architects, and sculptors, whose names are renowned in Grecian history. Independent of all these associations, had the country around it never been inhabited by man, it would still be thought to stand almost without a rival, in the clearness of its atmosphere, the soft azure of its sky, the majesty of its hills, and the many sinuosities of the many waters that encompass its islands and roll upon its shores.

The present city is more ruinous than Athens, without the ancient edifices to relieve the character of its desolation. There are a few Bavarian soldiers, who have nothing to protect but ruins; there is a market, but scarcely any thing in it exposed for sale; and the miserable inhabitants have no visible means of present support or future subsistence. Eight columns standing together, not of the Corinthian order, are all the remains of antiquity I observed, with the exception of a few capitals and pillars, seen in detached fragments among the ruins of modern houses and mosques. It is said to be the intention of the king, when his minority shall expire, to make Corinth the capital of his dominions, in opposition to the regency, who have fixed upon Athens. There needs not a moment's thought to discover which is the most eligible position for the capital of the Greeks, whose shipping must for some time continue to be their principal interest.

Upon the opposite side of the gulf of Corinth, I could distinctly see the mountains of Helicon and Parnassus, but was not tempted from my course to drink of the classic spring, or consult the Delphian oracle. I was more interested by objects nearer the city, which must have been looked upon by the apostle Paul, as he resided here "a year and six months," being encouraged by a vision from the Lord; and even after this time, "he tarried here a good while." It was upwards of 200 years after the destruction of the city by the consul Mummius, and during the existence of the Corinth of Julius Cæsar, that the apostle "departed from Athens, and came to Corinth." In Athens he had contended with the worshippers of intellect, with men who, professing themselves to be wise, had become fools, and he had now to address himself to the victims of sensuality, and warn them that "the end of these things is death." Aquila and Priscilla, who had come from Rome, received him into their house, and he wrought at their occupation, for they were of the same craft, being tent-makers. The Jews, to whom he testified that "Jesus was Christ," having opposed themselves, and blasphemed, he shook his raiment, and saying unto them, "Your blood be upon your own heads," he turned unto the Gentiles, and dwelt in the house of Justus, "one that worshipped God." The chief ruler of the synagogue having been converted, as well as many of the Corinthians, the Jews made insurrection and brought Paul before Gallio, the deputy, but he refused to listen to their dispute, and "drove them from the judgment-seat." The two epistles that were afterwards written to the Corinthians, bear strong internal evidence of authenticity, as the corruptions for which they are reproved, are precisely such as we might suppose would arise from the peculiar temptations of the people. The city has been many times destroyed since the Acts of the Apostles were penned; but amidst all its changes, it has ever retained a profession of the faith of Christ; and although "the church of God, which is at Corinth," is at present of smaller extent than it has been in any previous period of its history, the thought is at least gratifying, that the only place of worship now attended by its inhabitants is dedicated to the service of the same Lord who appeared by night unto the apostle, and said, "I have much people in this place."

The evening on which I first approached the shores of Greece was one of the loveliest I remember to have ever seen. The sun was setting behind the mountains of Arcadia, as I sailed up the gulf of Argolis, and before its final departure, the sea, and the sky, and the hills upon which so many great men have walked, appeared as if all converted into gold. I have witnessed scenes more splendid, but none more beautiful, as I could look on the whole without pain, though every object was glowing with tints of the deepest richness. It afforded a striking contrast to the gorgeous sunsets that are exhibited in the tropics.

The scenery of Greece presents almost every variety of character. The valleys sometimes flow in gentle undulations, and are capable of the highest cultivation, whilst the hills above them rise in majesty towards the clouds, and are broken at intervals into precipitate ridges, covered with firs and other similar trees. Some of the ravines through which I passed were thickly set with oleanders, which contributed much to the animation of the scene, as they were then in full bloom. The harvest was just concluded, and in many places the horses were treading out the corn.—On one floor I counted seventeen horses in one line engaged in this service. On the northern coast of the Morea vineyards are numerous, and the low vine is cultivated from which our dry currants are produced. The peasants often presented me, without solicitation, with bunches of grapes when I passed through their villages.

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The language spoken is Romaic, a corruption of the ancient Greek, and the uneducated classes are not able to understand even the New Testament in the original. The prayers of the church are equally unintelligible to the great body of the people. The interests of literature have been almost forgotten during the war; the colleges were destroyed, and the students scattered; but the return of peace has brought with it a thirst for instruction, and the means of acquirement will soon be placed within reach.

The whole of Greece, with few exceptions, was laid waste during the struggle for independence, and few efforts have yet been made to repair the devastation: the houses are in ruin, and the fields comparatively without cultivation. Napoli di Romania, the present capital, is the only town I saw that is free from masses of ruin, and Patrass also is fast rising from its fall, as it is a place of much commercial importance. The calamities of the people have known no bounds. The Turks have been utterly exterminated. In the victories of the Greeks there was a general massacre: in the victories of the Turks there was a massacre of the men, and the women were carried away to endure in many instances cruelties more severe than death. I sailed from Rhodes with an interesting Greek female, who had been for several years a slave in Egypt; she was then returning to her own village, as her freedom had been purchased from her Mahomedan master by a relative.

The Greeks have been the subject of great misrepresentation, both from those who have depreciated them and those who have praised. They have been galled by the iron chain of oppression, and though their fetters have been snapped by the sword, the cicatrice of the wound they left is yet apparent. The crimes that they copied from the example of their masters may be expected to pass away, whilst their own inherent virtues will shine forth with greater lustre and purity. We must wait some time before we can pronounce with certainty upon their national character, as they are at present under circumstances that are calculated to make them suspicious and discontented; and it is to be expected that many of the existing generation will regard the present government in the light of a foreign usurpation, and as affording but a poor return for the blood they have shed to rescue their country from the tyrants under whom they were born. Men who have for some time been accustomed to live on plunder seldom become contented citizens. These disadvantages will every day diminish; the people will become more accustomed to the presence of the Bavarians, and the Bavarians will be able to assimilate themselves more fully to the manners of the Greeks; the houses now in ruins will arise from their ashes: and it is to be hoped that judicious enactments will promote commerce, and enable the people by honest means to gain a comfortable maintenance. There was a charm about some of the Greeks that interested me greatly in their favor, whilst there were others, in comparison few, who exhibited tokens of the grossest brutality. There is a spirit of jealousy subsisting between the inhabitants of different states and islands that partakes of the character of feud, and prevents them from working together with that heartiness which is requisite in their present situation; and this feeling is fostered by the habit that obtains among them of calling each other by the name of the place from whence they derive their origin.—They show a pardonable complacency in conversing of the former days of their country. I heard a female speak of "*our* ships at Salamis."

It is perhaps to be regretted, for the interests of Greece, that prince Leopold did not accept the offer of the crown. There would then have been an influx of Englishmen into the country, who would have expended money and promoted trade. The Protestant faith would also have been the religion of the court, and much good might have resulted to the Greek church from the juxta-position of so much purer a system. The present king, Otho, was born June 1st, 1815, and is the second son of the king of Bavaria. I saw him land at Syra, from a British frigate, amidst the loud acclamations of his people. He visited the school in that island under the superintendency of the Church Mission, and after the children had sung a hymn, and repeated many of their lessons, he expressed himself as being much pleased with what he saw and heard. He appears to be of an amiable disposition, and report spoke favorably of his attention to study. I had an interview with his confessor at Athens, who is friendly to the interests of the Bible Society, and was on good terms with all the missionaries. A number of Capuchins arrived at Napoli by sea, and offered themselves to the king as the instructors of youth; the king informed them that he had no funds he could devote to such a purpose; they then promised to be of no expense whatever to the government, but they were told their services were not required, and were ordered to return without delay. It was politic not to rouse the jealousy of the Greek priests, by the introduction of so powerful a body of opponents.

The king was accompanied to Greece by 7,500 Bavarian soldiers, and it was in contemplation to establish a native force, but the Greeks manifested great reluctance to enter into the regular service. The principal chiefs are disaffected, as they have necessarily been deprived of much of their power, and the prospects before the king are not without dark shades, that must at times make him regret that he has accepted the dangerous distinction.—The merchants are a numerous and respectable class, but the rest of the people are poor in the extreme. The Bavarian soldiers complained bitterly of the hardships to which they were exposed at the out-stations, as in some places they were unable to procure even the common necessaries of life. I heard much of banditti, but there was probably more fear on this subject than real danger, as I was never molested, though I often travelled without a single companion.

The Greek church is awfully fallen from the high position it once maintained, when it could enrol among the names of its professors some of the most eminent of the fathers. There is little public preaching in the churches, and both priests and people are ignorant of the essentials of Christianity. The churches are filled with pictures, to which the people appear to pay the most profound adoration, though they abhor images with a perfect hatred, and flowers are thrown before these

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pictures in the same manner that I have seen them thrown before the idols of the heathen.—They pay great regard to the Virgin and to the saints. Every house, and every vessel upon the sea, contains the picture of some saint, before which a light is kept burning continually. The cities and islands have each their patron saint, about whom they have invented a thousand absurdities. I was at Corfu during the festival of St. Spiridion, the patron saint of the island; and there was a grand procession in his honor, attended by a great number of priests, and by some of the British soldiers from the garrison. The body of the saint is preserved with great care, and on one occasion it is said to have suddenly stayed a fatal pestilence. Upon one particular morning of the year the shoes on its feet are found to be covered over with mud, and the people most firmly believe that during the night the saint has been taking a walk through the world. The fasts are religiously kept, and even the common sailors will not violate them, though I sometimes unconsciously tempted them, by asking them to partake with me of the food I had provided for my little voyages. The crew of a Maltese vessel were murdered by a company of Greek pirates during the late war. The Greeks upon entering the principal cabin, found that refreshments had been prepared, and they began to partake of them, but the captain, on witnessing their conduct, called out that it was a fast day, and they instantly threw down the food in the utmost consternation, as if by this simple act they had committed the unpardonable sin, though their hands were yet reeking with the blood of the murdered Maltese.

There have been as yet but few splendid triumphs produced by the labors of the missionaries, but a leavening influence has begun to operate among the priesthood, by the distribution of the New Testament in Romaic. The Greeks have at least one advantage over the Roman Catholics—that they are allowed to read the Scriptures without note or comment. The Old Testament has never been printed in Romaic, but it is now in the course of translation. I was introduced to the principal native translator, professor Bambas, and it was never my privilege to converse with an individual of more genuine Christian simplicity. It was intended to separate the churches of Greece from the patriarchate of Constantinople, for which purpose a synod had been assembled.

The Greeks are enthusiasts in the cause of education, and mission schools might be established with effect in any place where the population is sufficiently numerous. The school under the care of the Rev. J. Hildner, at Syra, contains 450 children. I heard about a dozen girls read fluently in the New Testament, and many were absent, as it was a festival. They sang a doxology at the conclusion, and I thought at the time that I had heard nothing so affecting since I left my native land. In the same place, which is the most flourishing town in Greece, though of recent origin, and which contains a population of 30,000 people, there is another school, under the superintendence of the government, in which 300 children are educated. The schools at Athens are well attended, and have already produced much good.

I was at Vostitza, upon the gulf of Lepanto, Aug. 7, and at the same time the Rev. W. O. Croggon, of the Wesleyan mission, then stationed at Zante, was passing through the same village, but we knew not of each other, and did not meet. I have regretted this the more, as my excellent brother would have had presented to him a sight of some interest; I was seated under a spreading plantanus, which is said to be upwards of 2,000 years old, and the trunk is nearly forty feet in circumference; at a little distance were numerous fountains, from which the females of the village were taking water to their homes; upon the gulf were many little barks and a few vessels of larger dimensions; and on the opposite shore were Parnassus and Delphos, and the place of meeting for the council of the Amphyctions. I took out from my bag a parcel of tracts that had been furnished me by my kind friends at Athens, and presented one to a fellow traveller who was resting under the same tree, but he regarded the gift with suspicion, until he had opened it, and seen something of its contents. I had soon a number of applicants, and the plane-tree was surrounded as it perhaps never had been before, venerable as it is for years, by Greeks who were sitting in deep silence, and reading with much apparent interest the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. It was gratifying to find that nearly all could read, and that none refused to receive the tracts after they had learnt the nature of the subject upon which they treated.

In the Ionian islands, which are principally inhabited by Greeks, the Greek church and the church of England form the establishment, but the Roman Catholic is specially protected, and all others are tolerated. The absence of Mr. Croggon from Zante, on account of ill health, prevented me from visiting the mission schools during my short visit to the island. There is a flourishing school at Cephalonia, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, under the auspices of the British and Foreign School Society. I am greatly indebted to the kindness of the Rev. D. Lowndes, of the London Missionary Society, stationed at Corfu, one of the learned translators of the Old Testament into Romaic. He has established several female schools in the capital and the surrounding villages, which are patronized by the principal inhabitants, and are well attended. The girls are taught needle-work, in which they have made great proficiency, and the New Testament is used among them as the common lesson-book. Female education has hitherto been much neglected among the Greeks, and I met with many respectable females who were unable to read. Mr Lowndes, in addition to the regular services conducted within the city, makes occasional tours in the interior of the island, and is sometimes allowed to preach in the village churches. The Jews are numerous, and before the English took possession of the islands, they were greatly persecuted by the Greeks, who believe that the Passover cannot be celebrated without Christian blood, and that on this account a child is annually stolen from their families, and afterwards murdered.

From all that I have seen, notwithstanding the character of the present times, I entertain bright hopes of the future prosperity of Greece. The time may never come in which it will maintain a

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position among the great nations of Europe; but the period I trust is not far distant when its claims to relationship and brotherhood will be so powerful as to gain ready acknowledgment from the princes of Christendom. The people are athirst for knowledge; they manifest a laudable desire to emulate the attainments of their fathers; they have men among them who are able to teach, and they are willing to be taught; the rising generation has already acquired the first principles of the truth; and a work has begun that will give them possession of the true SOPHIA, or wisdom, a word that is every moment upon their lips, and bring them into that noble communion, "where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all."

ITALY.

THE word Italy occurs only thrice in the New Testament. Rhegium, Puteoli, the Apii Forum, and Rome are in Italy, but there is no other place in it of which mention is made in sacred writ. We have no evidence in the record of inspiration that it was visited by any of the apostles besides St. Paul and St. Luke. The states of Italy are at present divided among the kingdoms of Naples and Sardinia, the empire of Austria, the States of the Church, the grand duchy of Tuscany, and some other smaller powers. The population amounts to about 20 millions.

ROME.

I ENTERED Rome by the Flaminian way, Sept. 13, in the Diligence from Anconia, where I had performed a quarantine of 15 days, after landing from the Ionian steamer. The States of the Church are thinly peopled, agriculture is without encouragement, and the neighborhood of Rome has become an extensive desert, from the prevalence of malaria.

It would be in vain to attempt a particular description of the city, as there are single edifices in it that would require more ample space than the whole of this volume. It is as true now, as in the days of its ancient splendor, that it is—

> "Terrarum dea, gentiumque Roma,
> Cui par est nihil, et nihil secundum."
>
> MART. 1. 12. ep. 8.

The space enclosed by the walls is said to be about 13 miles in circumference, but a great part of the city is waste, or occupied by gardens and vineyards. There are many remains that proclaim the majesty of Rome under the different masters by which she has been held in subjection, whether kings, consuls, or emperors; but there are few ancient edifices that can be seen in their original form, as the more perfect have been converted into churches, and the more ruinous have been deprived of their principal ornaments, that they might be used in the decoration of palaces and other buildings of modern times.

The *cloaca maxima*, constructed by the Tarquins, has resisted the shocks of 2,500 years, and is still used to carry away the refuse of the city. Some of the aqueducts of the emperors are in so perfect a state as to be in use at the present time. The forum has been covered with ruins, but they are now in part cleared away, and columns are seen, some of them of great magnificence, with their pedestals many feet lower than the present elevation of the ground. There are fragments in it of baths and temples, and triumphal arches, but the mounds of earth, the shops and houses of the present Romans, and the construction of the churches that present themselves on every side, half heathen, half Christian, take much away from the interest of the place; and amidst such a scene it is difficult to imagine the presence of the magistrates, or the voice of the orator, or the assemblies of the people. The Tarpeian rock would still be a formidable precipice, if the houses beneath it were taken away. The triumphal arches of Septimus Servius and Constantine proclaim the prowess of the men in whose honor they were reared: the one fought in Britain, and died at York, and the other was the first emperor who professed the religion of Christ; but we pass away from these to another erection, which tells, in the centre of the Roman forum, of the truth of prophecy and the anger of God. The arch of Titus was raised after his death, to commemorate the victories he had obtained in the east. The bas-reliefs represent the pageantry of his triumph, which was the most splendid that had been witnessed at Rome, and in one of them are figures of the golden candlestick with seven branches, the table of show-bread, the golden trumpets, and other treasures taken from the temple at Jerusalem. The remains of the baths present proofs of the great extent of Roman extravagance, as they have for centuries afforded materials for building to the princes and ecclesiastics, and there is yet sufficient in some of them wherewith to erect extensive palaces. The house of Nero retains much of its ancient form—the colors in some of the passages are almost as fresh as if the work of the present year; and the number of rooms, the admirable contrivances, and the general arrangement of the whole interior economy, afford an insight into the luxury of the times in which it was built, that can scarcely be equalled by the inventions of our own age. The Pantheon has been consecrated as a church, and has a portico in front of sixteen columns. The style combines simplicity with majesty: I could not obtain an entrance into the interior, though I made several attempts, as I was told that the members of the Academy were searching for the skull of Raphael, who was here interred.

The wonder of ancient Rome is the Coliseum, which it has been said can only fall with the world. It is 1,612 feet in circumference, and would seat 90,000 spectators. It was erected under Vespasian, soon after the conquest of the Holy Land, and we are told that it was built in the incredible short space of one year, by the compulsory labor of 12,000 Jews. In the silence of the evening hour, the Christian can steal away to this place from the mockery of the churches and the revelry of the palaces, and when the moon shines

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brightly through "the loops of time," there is a voice comes from the deserted ruin that tells of the cessation of the sports of the gladiators, and speaks more powerfully, by one single utterance, of the true triumphs of the church, than the tiara of the three worlds, or a pope kneeling upon the neck of an emperor. The area was sometimes filled with water, and mimic sea-fights were exhibited; and the whole could be covered with curtains to keep off the sun and rain. In the interior circle are crucifixes and pictures, and service is performed before them in honor of the martyrs who here perished in the early persecutions. The late popes have been at great expense in the erection of buttresses to preserve the ruin from further dilapidation. When the emperor and his court were present, with the senators, the soldiers, and the populace, and there was heard the expiring cries of innocent men, and the roar of infuriated wild beasts, and the shouts of the multitude mingled with the sound, the amphitheatre must have presented a spectacle of brutality and blood in comparison with which even war, with all its cruelties, seems like a rational contention between man and man.

In Rome, the mind experiences a difficulty in grappling with the past, that is not felt to the same degree in any other city of the world; and this arises not so much from the indistinctness of the impression as from its extent, and the diversity of its character. We can watch the rise of the city from a single cottage; we can accompany it in the march of conquest, north, and south, and east, until all Italy bent, crouching at its feet; it rested not here, but still grew, and extended its empire as it numbered its years; the snows of Germany could not arrest its progress, nor the suns of Africa, nor the patriotism of Britain, nor the wisdom of Greece; it passed onward without ceasing, and wherever it passed it claimed the possession as its own: no limits appeared to satisfy the cravings of its ambition, and in the full vigor of its existence it was deemed co-equal with earthly space, and to name the empire was to name "the world." We have been taught to look at the individuals by whom this dominion was gained as more than men; and it is true that many were brave, and some were eloquent, and a few were virtuous; in power they were supreme, as they could frown in anger, and distant kings confessed their fears; and they could issue an edict, and crowns were distributed or countries confiscated; but we must not deceive ourselves by thinking that all this influence brought peace to its possessors, or raised them above the weakness and wickedness of our common nature. We may confine ourselves to one definite period, and it shall be that which occupies the broadest page in the empire's records, when the greatest of its sons were yet in active existence, and the lesson we shall learn will be instructive. The philosophy of the Greeks was at this time studied by the Romans, and it was by this that they professed to be guided in their thoughts and acts; it had been culled by Cicero, and the best of its precepts were made known to the world in some of the most eloquent periods ever penned by man; it had the most extended of all theatres on which to exercise its might; and all the moral power it is possible for the loftiest intellect to put forth, was brought into activity. We have evidence of the results in the writings of contemporary poets, historians, and moralists; and they unfold to us a series of facts so offensive in their nature, that we could not have believed their existence, had we not been furnished with other testimony that none can deny. Nine years after the destruction of Jerusalem, whilst one of the apostles of our Lord was yet alive, there was an eruption of mount Vesuvius, by which the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were covered with ashes, and the inhabitants perished. The same cities were discovered in the 18th century, and the houses, the furniture, the utensils, and the ornaments of the inhabitants, were found in perfect preservation. They are now deposited in the museums of Italy, but many of them are of such a description that they cannot be exhibited to general view; there are figures of the vilest abominations, the most monstrous corruptions, that were objects of daily sight and constant usage. It might have been wished that the ashes that covered these cities had never been disturbed, did we not learn from their removal, in characters more clear than can be produced from any other earthly source, the deep depravity of our nature, and the necessity of a divine revelation. It appears like the act of a gracious Providence, that at the commencement of these times of departure from the volume of the word of God, we were furnished with a warning so powerful against trusting to the imaginations of men. We now learn to appreciate character by an unerring standard, and must thus confess that the greatest of Roman citizens was one who was unknown to the senate, or if known despised, and that the most important of all events connected with the history of the empire was an act of one of its procurators, in a small and distant province. The apostle Paul could claim the privileges of a Roman, and it was a Roman governor who condemned Jesus Christ to the death of the cross.

The city retains much of its magnificence, part of which is drawn from the present, but more from the past:

> "..... And they who come, admire,
> As we admire the beautiful in death."

The population is stated at about 150,000. The streets are regular, and the houses are for the most part respectable in their appearance. The squares are ornamented with obelisks, many of which were brought from Egypt, but the columns of Trajan and Antonine are the most worthy of attention. The Tyber, with its yellow waters, runs through the city, and some of the bridges by which it is crossed are of ancient construction. The fountains are numerous, and some of them most beautiful, and they are as useful to the people as they are ornamental to the city. There are almost innumerable palaces, villas, hospitals, convents, and colleges. I visited with most interest the college of the Propaganda, from whence many great and good men have been sent as missionaries to heathen lands. The modern Capitol is approached by a noble flight of steps, near which are statues of Castor and Pollux, and some ancient

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trophies. The buildings occupy the three sides of a square, in the centre of which is an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelian, in bronze. In front is the hall of the Senators, with a fountain before it, and three colossal statues that represent Rome, the Tyber and the Nile. On the right is the hall of the Magistracy; and on the left is the Museum, filled with ancient inscriptions, busts, vases, altars, and statues. I was most interested with the apartment appropriated to the philosophers. The dying gladiator is the most celebrated of the statues.

The churches amount to upwards of 300, nearly all of which would be regarded as objects of wonder in any other place. The Church of St. John Lateran, the façade of which is most elaborate, is the cathedral of the popes. The Scala Santa is said to contain the very steps by which our Saviour ascended to the judgment-hall of Pilate, brought hither from Jerusalem. They are nearly worn away by the devotion of their numerous visiters, who ascend them on their knees. Under the church of St. Sebastian are the famous catacombs, in which the early Christians sometimes found refuge; they are said to extend several miles. The Church of St. Paul, in which the apostle is said to have been buried, was burnt down in 1823, but is now in the course of re-erection, and if continued on the same scale, will be one of the most imposing erections of the present age.

The church of St. Peter is the most magnificent shrine ever erected by man for the worship of Christ. It was commenced in 1506, gradually rose during eighteen pontificates, and was completed in 111 years. Its cost, if such a building had now to be erected in England, has been estimated at 36 millions sterling. The admeasurement, inside the walls, is 615 feet in length, and 448 feet in breadth: and the dome is 464 feet high, nearly one-third higher than the dome of St. Paul's in London. The first sight almost always creates disappointment, which is gradually succeeded by admiration at subsequent visits. The colonnade in front, and the Vatican at the side, take much away from its apparent size, by their own gigantic proportions. The grand façade is without an equal, but it seems to make the church all entrance, with no structure to support the character of its immensity. The effect of the interior is not commensurate with is actual size. The walls are lined with marble; and there are rich altars at nearly every window, over which are mosaics copied from the most celebrated masters. The whole is by far too gaudy for a house of prayer. The aisles are filled with monuments, few of which are in good taste; but two lions, by Canova, must be excepted; and the monument, by the same hand, erected at the expense of the British nation to the unfortunate Stuarts, is neat and simple. There is the figure of a female in the monument of Alexander VII., so beautiful that it has been partly covered with a robe of bronze. Under the centre of the dome is the reputed sepulchre of St. Peter, surmounted by a magnificent canopy, with pillars of bronze, 122 feet high, taken from the Pantheon. Near the sepulchre is the grand altar, at which only the pope and cardinals are allowed to officiate. Beneath the floor of the present building are vaulted passages, which retain the pavement of the original church, and in these are the tombs of the exiled Stuarts, and of many other distinguished individuals. The space appropriated to divine worship is a recess in one of the transepts, and at one of my visits I saw a great number of dignitaries and other ecclesiastics, who officiated in their appropriate robes. The dome is ascended without any difficulty, by a spiral staircase. From one of the galleries that open into the interior, there is the most striking view of the vast proportions of the edifice. The people walking below scarcely appear like men, and the colossal statues of the monuments sink into far less than the natural size. It was only by actual admeasurement that I could realise the fact, that this structure so far surpasses all others in magnitude; the eye deceives the mind, and it is not until it has been comprehended in parts, and well studied, that a just idea can be formed of its claim to our special admiration. I retained the same impression I had felt at Baalbec, increased by having seen the temples at Athens, that the simple grandeur of the Grecian style of architecture is in some degree lost when applied to large erections. The prejudices of early years must account for the fact, that I can *feel* more in the cathedral of York than in the church of St. Peter at Rome. It is the most pleasing thought connected with the history of this pile, that it was in part the cause of the Reformation. Indulgences were granted to collect money for its erection, and the sale of these indulgences first attracted the attention of Martin Luther towards the unwarranted pretension of the Romish priesthood, which ended in a complete separation from its hierarchy, and in a revival of religion that will not cease to extend until the universe be filled with the glory of God.

The palace of the Vatican stands by the side of the church of St. Peter, and is 1300 feet long. It is not now inhabited, but is used as a receptacle for works of art. Its two chapels, the Sixtine and Pauline, contain some fine frescos, particularly the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo. The library extends the whole length of the building, and contains 160,000 volumes and 40,000 MSS. The books are shut up in cases. I saw many old MSS. and early editions of printed works, but could not obtain a sight of the celebrated Codex Vaticanus, as I was told that an express order was required from the chancellor for the purpose. The museum contains a countless collection of antiquities, and may be called a wilderness of wonders. The Apollo Belvidere and the Laocoon are named among the finest productions of sculpture ever given to the world, and they are well worthy of all the praise they have received.

The pope resides in the palace of Monte Cavalo, on the Quirinal hill. In the square before it are two horses, one of which is said to be the work of Praxiteles, and the other of Phidias. I heard a favorable character of the present pope, Gregory XVI., as he is accounted a man of liberal sentiments; but this avails not towards any public advantage, as all the powers of the papacy are invested in the college of cardinals. I did not make any attempt to gain a sight of his holiness, so called, as I was told that he was confined to his palace from ill health, but I afterwards found that he had celebrated divine service in public during my stay in the city.

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There has been a change for the better, in some respects, since the time of Luther, or if the licentiousness of the priesthood be equally great, it is not equally apparent. The presence of the great number of strangers who are constantly visiting the city may have had some effect in producing a greater attention to public decorum. In 1829, there was nearly 40,000 persons returned in the census who were not members of the Roman Catholic church. The ecclesiastics, regular and secular, amount to about 5000. The ceremonies of the church are conducted with great pomp, but there is little to affect the heart or inform the mind. There is no one to warn the people of their sins, or to explain to them the plan of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. They have altars, stations, churches, and cathedrals; incense, candles, banners, and processions; relics, pictures, images, and crosses; fasting, pilgrimage, confession, penance, extreme unction, high mass, and many sacraments; friars, nuns, priests, bishops, and cardinals; confessors, martyrs, Madonnas, and saints: these are the hopeso f the people, and trusting implicitly in the merit they bring, they eat, and drink, and die, but the sign they make at death is too seldom the acceptable sign of the Lord.

The errors of the church of Rome have been among the most destructive ever suggested by the great deceiver to the mind of man. They throw their awful shade over a thousand years, and involve in their darkness a great proportion of all that have ever professed the religion of Christ.—The pope at an early period stole the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and he proclaims the fact openly to the world without shame, by exhibiting their forms on every possible occasion; and millions of immortal souls might have gained an entrance into the way of truth had they not been prevented by this bold assumption of divine authority. The gate of heaven being thus closed, the word being taken away by which alone the way of access to the throne of mercy could be understood, the popes attempted to array their own forms in the attributes of deity, and set themselves far above all that is called God. They exacted homage from kings, recklessly trampled on the rights of nature, banished the word of life, granted indulgences for the worst of crimes, shed the blood of the innocent, and infused poison into the sacramental cup of the Lord's Christ. The evil spirits might have laughed at the success of their schemes, and have thought, that though they could not seduce Christ by temptation, nor destroy him by death, nor confine him by the grave, they could nevertheless, by the aid of their faithful emissaries at Rome, take away from the earth all knowledge of the atonement he offered to infinite justice for the sins of mankind,—the only power that can bring peace to the troubled breast, or cleanse the heart from the polluiton of its sins. But there was one copy of the Scriptures they could not destroy, one ray of light they could not intercept, one mighty spirit they could not chain by all the force of their fatal spells, and from the university at Wittenberg there came forth a champion of the Lord, who, by divine assistance, returned the keys of heaven to many cities and extensive countries, and called away the minds of men from a feeble priest to "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

It may be said that the sanguinary spirit formerly attributed to the Romish hierarchy no longer exists, but be this as it may, there is the same love of darkness, the same complacency in the ignorance of the people; and the great mass of the inhabitants of all Roman Catholic countries are as destitute in our own day of all knowledge of the essentials of Christianity as in the darkest periods of the middle ages. Not long ago, in a certain district of France, the tracts and Scriptures distributed by one of the Wesleyan missionaries, were commanded to be brought to the priest, who committed them to the flames, and cried out, as the sparks ascended towards heaven, "So perish all thine enemies, O God."

I am still far from wishing to throw back upon the Roman Catholics their own tenet; they assert that there is no salvation *out* of their church, but I will not say that there is no salvation *in* it. I was pleased, in the country towns of Italy, to see the peasantry, when they came to market, enter the church, and placing their baskets by their side, kneel down, and appear for a few moments to be absorbed in silent prayer. There are many who I trust are building upon the right foundation, though the superstructure they erect be composed of only "wood, hay, stubble;" and we know, that when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is, "if any man's work be burned, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

I was presented by a respectable member of the Roman Catholic church with the translation of a document given to him by a canon of one of the principal cathedrals in Italy, whom he had consulted at the instance of a Protestant friend.—The following extracts are in the language of the translator, an Italian:—"There is great rivalry and jealousy between the monastic orders, but the Capuchins are the most popular among the people.....The Jesuits are leagued with the pope, not for the spirit of worship, but to make him the head of an universal dominion, at which they aim.....The translation of the New Testament into the vernacular tongue would be very advantageous. The people are very ignorant, and know nothing but the forms to which they are attached by habit and convenience.....The prelates and other directors of Catholicism measure the faith of the people by the deference shown to the church, and by their voluntary subjection to its form: as to the rest, they pay no regard, and the people are not instructed in their duties.—They make sermons during Lent for the pomp of chatting, but for the most part they are not intelligible to the people. The other sermons are commonly on miracles, or on subjects that concern neither instruction nor morals.....Besides the forced and cunning interpretation of some passages, the people believe in the pope from traditionary habit; but if they were never to hear any more about him, they would not mind it."

The neighborhood of Rome is one scene of general desolation. The malaria is making rapid progress within the walls of the city, causing the silence of death as it advances, and it threatens to leave this once populous capital without a single

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inhabitant, before many more years have been added to its age. In some parts of the city the predictions of the apostle are already accomplished: "The voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee; and no craftsmen, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee; and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee." With equal fatality to the papal interest, but in great mercy to the world, the spread of divine light, by means of Bible and Missionary institutions, is daily banishing from some part of the world the darkness of Roman superstition, creating the activity of life as it advances, and it promises to bring the knowledge of salvation to all who have wandered from the fold of the true Shepherd. Soon shall the sound, already whispered by the still small voice of prophecy, be caught by the saints, and martyrs, and elders, before the throne; they shall shout aloud, and the song shall be heard "as the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunderings;" and seraph shall answer to seraph, and harp to harp, saying, "BABYLON THE GREAT IS FALLEN, IS FALLEN: ALLELUJAH: FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH."

The cities and countries through which I passed, after leaving Rome, are not connected with the Scriptures, except as being partakers in common of the general redemption purchased by Christ. It is therefore time that I doff my pilgrim's weeds, and lay aside my scallop-shell and sandal shoon. The history of the past may have been painful, and that of the present may have brought discouragement, but it is a delightful thought to the Christian traveller, that however far he may wander, whatever land he may visit, every valley and every hill he sees will one day shine brightly with the glory of the Lord. "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things: and blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory; Amen, and Amen. The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended."—Psalm lxxii. 18—20.

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TRAVELS

ON THE

CONTINENT OF EUROPE;

THROUGH PARTS OF

THE NETHERLANDS, SWITZERLAND, NORTHERN ITALY, AND FRANCE,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1828.

BY DANIEL WILSON,

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

FROM THE FOURTH LONDON EDITION.

NEW-YORK:

THOMAS GEORGE, JR. SPRUCE STREET.

1836.

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PREFACE.

The author, ventures to hope that no objections will be raised against the importance which he attaches to the principles of religion in themselves, or against the frequency and warmth with which he commends them on various occasions to others. To make such objections is quite another thing from condemning the harshness of a transition, or arraigning a fault in matters of taste. We need only refer to the constant tenor of the Holy Scriptures, and the deliberate judgment of the best Christians in all ages, in order to show that religion should fill and possess the whole heart. Surely if any thing distinguishes a merely cold accuracy of sentiment from spiritual and vital Christianity, it is this very point. It is easy to admit the truth of every doctrine of Scripture, and yet follow the world, give our affections to the things of time, be supremely desirous of the applause of our fellow-creatures, and shun reproach for the name and doctrine of Christ. A religion which seldom appears but on public and fixed occasions, and which mixes but little with the habitual actions of the life, is far from resembling that holy, animating principle which the Scriptures are designed to implant, and of which they furnish such splendid examples.

A mind penetrated with the astonishing truths of revelation, and grateful for the inestimable blessings of pardon and grace, cannot be indifferent. Lukewarmness in such a case is treachery. The world asks nothing more of us than to be tame and heartless in our religion. Gratitude and love to God, if genuine, must and will appear in their natural fruits. Nor can even a sincere regard to our fellow-creatures consist with the silence on the things of eternity and the soul, which is now so much extolled as a dictate of prudence. The heart which is at all moulded to devotion, cannot but be recalled to its great object by the diversified scenes which arise around it. And the new situations and circumstances of a foreign tour will necessarily excite, in an unusual degree some of these better feelings of piety and thankfulness.

The author is deeply convinced, that our danger in the present day, is not that of regarding God too much, in our travels and our various other concerns, but too little. If we are to "love God with all our heart, and soul, and mind, and strength," the first and spontaneous associations of our ideas will connect us with Him; and our most familiar trains of thought will involuntarily lead us to something relating to his providence, his commands, his mercy, his wrath, his holiness, his glory. That is, the governing affection will in this, as in every other case, draw after it all the rest. The conversation with individuals, whether at home or abroad, will accordingly assume the same tone; and the free and unpremeditated Letters written under the influence of such a principle, will, and must, and ought, to partake of a like character.

All this is so indisputable in the view of every thoughtful Christian, that the author is almost ashamed to dwell on such a point. He is persuaded, that no one admitting the truth of revelation, would have ever objected to religion's occupying all our best time and thoughts, if there were not in the minds of men that secret alienation from the love of God, which the Scriptures lay down as a primary fact in the history of our fallen nature, and which is the source of so many other fatal inconsistencies.

It is very possible, indeed, to err by submitting to the public eye hasty effusions in which religious topics are introduced injudiciously and feebly; and the author is far from saying that he may not have been guilty of this fault in the present publication. But without including his own small work in the vindication, he would beg leave to say, that mistakes in judgment of this nature ought not to be too severely visited. Men make similar mistakes on all other subjects, without incurring contempt. Each one speaks and writes according to his measure of natural talents, and acquired faculties and powers. Piety does not confer these adventitious endowments, nor exempt from the ordinary consequences of defects in them. The paramount duty of connecting the great Author of our being with the perpetual blessings of his bounty, is not to be lightly sacrificed to inferior and doubful questions. The heart which overflows with love to God and man, though it may incur some reproach for minor errors, is infinitely more pleasing to God, than a judgment, however refined, if employed to disguise irreligious principles.

But the author has insensibly advanced towards a grave and important question, and he almost shrinks from the consideration which it seems to demand. The truth is, that his small work has excited anew those objections against what is termed in reproach, Evangelical Religion, which have in all ages followed the sincere profession of the Gospel. Such objections rest on the fundamental distinction between vital Christianity and the mere external forms of it. They have been answered a thousand times—they answer themselves, when the mind is once duly in earnest in the humble study of the Bible. As, however, the author has proceeded so far, he will go on to offer some suggestions on the great topic which he is quite aware is virtually involved in what he has been stating.

It is objected, then, that by this warmth in religion, and the habitual language which we hold concerning it, we claim an immediate and peculiar protection of the Deity, and place the proof of the correctness of our doctrines and practice, not on their conformity to the Holy Scriptures, but on abstractions, imaginations, and feelings; that we presume to invest ourselves with a sort of infal-

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libility, and neglect the common means of moral culture and improvement; and are thus steeled against the force of those reasonings which might reduce us to a more sober habit of thought—that, in short, we are actuated by a spirit of party which has its own terms, insignia, and objects, distinct from those which necessarily accompany genuine Christianity.

To these vague accusations it might be sufficient to reply generally, that every one of them rests on misapprehension or prejudice. No such things are done. No such undue heat is excited. No such claims are asserted. No such party is formed.

The views of those ministers and private Christians, whom the author supposes to be attacked in these accusations, are precisely the same, as to all substantial truths, with those taken by the Universal Church of Christ,—with those which Augustine vindicated in the fifth century, and the noble army of Reformers in the sixteenth. Call them by what name you please, they are the old verities of the Bible, and the foundation of the Reformed churches. The utter fall and corruption of man by sin—his reasonable and accountable nature—his impotency of himself to what is spiritually good—the doctrine of the ever-blessed Trinity—the meritorious sacrifice of Jesus Christ—the gracious operations of the Holy Ghost in regenerating and sanctifying the heart—the duty and necessity of real repentance—justification by faith only—the indispensable obligation of good works and of a life of prayer, watchfulness, and separation from the evils of the world—the ascription of our salvation entirely to the merciful will of God—the authority and sufficiency of Holy Scripture—the resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment—these are the commanding features of Christianity.

But the objection is not commonly urged against these doctrines thus largely stated, but to the application of them, to the urgent manner in which they are enforced, and the commanding influence they are required to have over the heart and conduct. This is only in other words to maintain, that for men to act fully on the great principles of religion as those who solemnly believe them to be true, and know they must be judged according to them at the last day, is an extravagant course of conduct; a position which common sense and the very first dictates of conscience may refute.—The doctrines of Christianity are not a speculation, but deep practical principles—they are to be felt as well as understood—and when they are felt, they produce a corresponding effect on the character—they place eternity full before the conscience—they lay man prostrate in penitent contrition—they raise him with the hope of pardon and salvation through a Redeemer—they require, they encourage, they produce new and holy views and pursuits, pains and pleasures, fears and joys. Till they do this, they do nothing; and that they may do this, the Holy Spirit sheds his grace like dew upon the church, to soften, and fertilize, and bless it. And the sincerity and ardor with which the ministers of religion press these truths on the attention of mankind, is one of the chief means which the Holy Spirit employs in his sacred operations.

But the doctrine of the particular providence of God is accused as enthusiastic, and we are said to claim an immediate and peculiar protection of the Deity. Undoubtedly we hold the Scriptural doctrine of an over-ruling Providence. We believe that "God is about our path, and about our bed, and spieth out all our ways"—that "the way of man is not in himself, that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps"—that "the Lord ordereth a good man's goings, and maketh his way acceptable to himself"—that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father"—that "the hairs of our head are all numbered"—and that "his angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation."—Undoubtedly we not only admit these encouraging truths, but believe, embrace, rely on them under all the sorrows of life. Undoubtedly we endeavor to give full life and efficacy to them, and bring them into the habitual tenor of the spirit and conduct. But then the whole Bible proceeds on this doctrine of a particular providence. One essential difference between Scripture history and every other, is, that the history of Scripture represents the world as GOD'S WORLD, to use Bishop Butler's expression—where God is the author of every thing, and all the hearts of men are controlled by Him according to his supreme pleasure. The Bible lifts up the veil which shrouds human affairs, and shows us God's hand at work where we are accustomed to see only the conflict and confusion of human passions. The histories of Abraham, of Jacob, of David, assign all events, even the smallest, to the divine will: and the devotional and prophetical parts of the Old Testament are comments on the historical in the same view; whilst the New Testament joins on upon the Old, and exhibits the same providence as directing all the various and most minute occurrences in the lives of our Lord and the Apostles.

The same providence overrules all things in every age—or the promises of God to the church have failed. We have not indeed now the inspired comment on the designs of this providence, we have no miraculous directions of the Spirit in concurrence with it, we have no assurance of the results of each particular undertaking. And herein lies much of the distinction between Patriarchs and Apostles, and the ordinary Christian. The scrutiny of the Divine Providence is as minute and penetrating now as in former times; but in the INTERPRETATION of its purposes, we have no longer an extraordinary guidance—nor do we claim any. We follow the rule of the moral law of God, and the apparent duty resulting from the combination and comparison of all our circumstances. We act under the direction of ordinary Christian prudence in the choice of our measures. We wait for the long event of things in order to infer the will of God. We diligently notice all the numerous incidental points which concur to a lawful end, in order to warrant even any probable conclusion as to the divine purposes therein.

But this is no more than to say, that the Christian now lives in an ordinary period of the church. Still the doctrine of a particular providence is not less his comfort and stay. He is not less sure that nothing escapes the vigilance, nothing eludes the power, nothing defeats the designs of his Al-

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mighty Father and Friend. He is not less persuaded that the great God sits, as a moral Governor, on "the circle of the heavens," and ruleth by an ever wakeful providence all the affairs of men—that he stoops to the smallest and most inconsiderable matters, as well as regulates and comprehends the greatest—that he provides for the growth of the lily, whilst he orders and marshals the stars—that he guards the humblest individual Christian as "the apple of an eye;" and at the same time stills, in his general and universal government "the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people"—that to Him nothing is great, nothing is little—that all space is one undivided POINT, and all time, one eternal NOW.

In contemplating this stupendous agency of the Divine hand, we have only to avoid the dangers before alluded to. The infirmity of man may mistake or abuse the purest truths. We must check every appearance of presumption. We must not allow any concurrence of circumstances to induce us to depart from duties of primary obligation, arising from the revealed will of God. Nothing in itself morally wrong, can become right, because Providence may seem to us to favor it. We must also guard against hastily interpreting the designs of God as favoring our own projects in the course of our affairs, however just and good in themselves.

We must likewise be particularly cautious, in applying the doctrine of God's providence in a marked and express manner, to those slight, and comparatively trifling occasions, which are of perpetual occurrence in human life. The reason is, that if we act so, we give them a disproportionate importance, and distort our view, by an attention to small things, from a due regard to much greater ones. A general feeling of dependence and gratitude, in this respect, is all that, with our contracted minds, we seem capable of exercising aright. We should also abstain from those terms and expressions in speaking of the providence of God, which may reasonably endanger the solemnity of religion, and expose it to contempt and ridicule. But these are merely suggestions as to the proportion and manner of bestowing our thoughts on the proceedings of the Divine Providence, and are designed to strengthen, not diminish, the faith with which we hold the truth itself, and apply it wisely and habitually to all the course of human events. Such cautions are constantly given by the ministers of religion, not only as to this, but also as to every other great doctrine of the Bible; they clearly prove that we do not abuse these doctrines in the manner objected; and therefore they confirm what we assert as to the purity of our general principles.

But I pass on to another class of objections. It is said that we place the proof of the correctness of what we believe and practice on feelings, and imaginations, and abstractions, and not on their conformity to the holy Scriptures. A charge utterly groundless. The contrary is so entirely the case, that there is nothing on which we more insist, than on the danger of relying on affections and feelings, to the exclusion of the written word of God. The proof of the correctness of what we believe and practice is the holy Scriptures, and the holy Scriptures only. We have no other criterion, no other standard—"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this rule, it is because they have no light in them." Nor is it easy to divine from what mistake this singular charge has arisen, unless it be from confounding the due use of the affections in subserviency to holy, enlightened reason and faith, with the wild dominion of those affections when left without guidance or restraint—two things about as distinct as any that can be named in the compass of practical theology. Certainly we maintain that the affections, that all the affections of the soul, must be engaged in religion, as well as the understanding and will. We maintain that we are to love God as well as obey him; and in order that we may obey him, we maintain that the infinite benefits of Christ warrant, demand, excite, enkindle correspondent acts of acknowledgment, gratitude, love; we maintain that religion is a spiritual thing, the offspring of grace, implanted by the Holy Ghost, and rising far above morals, and nature, and philosophy, and the unassisted powers of man.

But then we constantly appeal to the Holy Scriptures as the authority, and standard, and rule, to which all these affections are to be referred, and by which they are to be judged. And the proof of the correctness of this judgment we ultimately place, as the Bible does, in the proper fruits of holy tempers, obedient conduct, watchful self-denial, every good word and work. We esteem the affections and require the exercise of them, in proportion as they produce, and because they were designed by our Creator to produce, the vigorous efforts of a righteous and benevolent life. We only transfer them from the service of sin to the obedience of God—that is, we do not spike the cannon and dismantle the walls of the subdued fortress; but make them available to new uses, and direct them against the common enemy.

The charge of assuming a species of infallibility may be refuted in a sentence. For who ever claimed any thing like an infallible accuracy of judgment in the things of religion? Where and when were these presumptuous rights asserted? What! is all the humility of the true Christian, all his self-abasement, all his distrust and meekness, all his fear of God and man, come to this? that he vindicates to himself unerring prudence, and stands on an equality with prophets and apostles! No; we are not so vain nor so wicked. We presume not on any extraordinary, miraculous, plenary inspiration of the Spirit. We presume not to found a new religion, or abrogate an old; to plant a novel church, or prescribe fresh rules of truth and duty. We claim only that ordinary and sanctifying influence of the blessed Spirit, which our Lord promised as the abiding consolation of his followers, and which accompanies and distinguishes his church in every age. We claim only those secret, imperceptible, gentle influences of grace, which, in a manner agreeable to our reasonable nature, enable us to understand the Scriptures, perceive and know our danger, flee from impending wrath, lay hold on Jesus Christ for salvation, and honor and obey him from a principle of gratitude and love. The mistake has possibly arisen from confounding that assurance

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of these great truths, which faith communicates, with a claim of personal infallibility. For certainly we have an assurance of the main doctrines of the Gospel, which rises far above the confidence of speculative deduction, and which gives a persuasion that cold reasoning cannot produce. Certainly we apprehend the vast discoveries of Christ, not by rational conclusions merely, but by a lively faith, which gives a demonstration and substance to things unseen, and renders near and palpable the distant objects of hope. Certainly we have a full satisfaction of mind in the verities of the Gospel, which is above and beyond, though never contrary to, reason, and which sheds forth a light and glory which reason cannot bestow, and knows not how to appreciate.

These observations prepare an answer to the fourth objection, that we neglect the means of moral culture and improvement, and are steeled against the force of the soundest reasoning and argument. For the truth is, we honor reason, and cherish it by the most careful education and discipline. We cultivate all the means of moral improvement. We train, we instruct, we warn, we exhort, we persuade. We strengthen the opening faculties, and form them to investigation and argument. We check all the luxuriance of a young, and all wildness of a hasty and vagrant imagination. We consider that God makes use of means, both in moving the affections, and in informing the understanding. We endeavor, therefore, to invest religion with all that is venerable, and attractive, and generous, and engaging. We seat her in the noblest powers of the soul. We surround her with the rational evidences and credentials which become a divine religion, and by which it claims the obedience of man. We deduce with solicitude all her tenets from the holy records. We weigh, we compare, we receive, we embrace, all the various parts of the inspired volume. We give to every new suggestion, as to the import of its instructions, all the attention which it can demand. We listen to the remonstrances even of an adversary, and deduce from them, if it be possible, some practical directions for our future conduct. We allot to reason and moral culture all that wide province which they are capable of occupying. But, after all, we rely for the efficacy which is to sanctify and save, on what they cannot give, an influence from above, the grace of the Blessed Spirit. We do not forget the doctrine of original corruption on the one hand, nor of the divine grace on the other. And we so attend to the means of moral improvement and the force of reasoning, as to recollect their inefficiency, under the actual circumstances of man, except as subordinate to the illumination of the PRIMARY TEACHER. In human literature and matters of outward decorum and discipline, we assign them a transcendent office; in divine learning and the renewal of the heart, a ministerial only. This, this is the dictate of the best reason; this, this is Christian Philosophy; to honor, but not to deify, the powers of the understanding; to use, but not to rely on, moral suasion to raise and strengthen, in short, the efforts of man by a simple recurrence to the grace of God; to add illumination to reasoning, and sanctifying influence to morals; and never to rest till the one is transformed into faith, and the other elevated and purified into holiness.

But we have not yet removed the whole of the objections against spiritual religion. We are accused of cherishing a spirit of party—we are said to have our petty marks, and terms, and objects, distinct from the accompaniments of genuine Christianity—an accusation plausible, perhaps, to a hasty or inaccurate reasoner, because it may be readily alleged against any body of persons who think alike, and who therefore will commonly act together;—plausible, because, when every fair objection is silenced and all solid grounds of reason taken away, it is the cheap resource of an exhausted mind, and serves to cover the disgrace of discomfiture—plausible, because when a revival of pure religion commences, and the number of truly holy and active Christians in any church has been for a time small, a broad, fundamental distinction of character is unavoidable and praiseworthy, is the result and proof of a divine operation, and the test of a sincere return to God—plausible, because when the minds of men are prejudiced by the secret love of the world, and do not discern the infinite moment of evangelical truth and evangelical practice, they naturally ascribe that to the effect of party-spirit which flows from contrition of heart, love to Christ, and charity towards those who obey his Gospel: not to say that the objector thus eludes the force of conviction, and turns aside the shafts of exhortation and rebuke. But to resolve all that is peculiar to vital Christianity into a spirit of party, is precisely to beg the question in dispute—to shut out the entrance of repentance, and to bar up the mind against the light of truth.

But plausible as this objection may be, to some, how weak is it when attentively considered! What is there of the culpable spirit of party in the clergy or the private Christians who are the objects of the imputation? Do they insist on any certain terms and expressions as supplying the place of conversion? Do they excuse or palliate moral evils when committed by those who side with them? Do they push any truths and doctrines to such an extent as to exclude others? Do they prefer their petty interests to the public good of the church or the community? Do they connive at popular mistakes or excesses in order to subserve their cause? Do they place the proofs of piety and love, in inferior, doubtful, isolated matters? Do they condemn indiscriminately and harshly those who differ from them? Do they aim at the persons, not the errors, of their opponents? Do they exclude from their love and esteem those who are not within a certain pale, however excellent? Do they cherish a narrow, selfish, personal feeling, in opposition to the expanded, disinterested charity of true religion? Have they any peculiar and unworthy pursuits, and dishonorable and hidden schemes which they endeavor to compass—any thing distinct from the discharge of their high duties to God and their neighbors?

But why do I pursue these inquiries? For how contrary is the spirit of every pious Christian to the conduct which is implied in such questions? We appeal to all who know us. We appeal to our lives and conversation, to our parishes and

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neighborhoods, to our sermons and writings. No: it is not a spirit of party which animates us. We delight in charity and peace. We rejoice in opening wide our arms to all who love and serve our Saviour. We labour continually to break down all separating walls, to remove obstacles, to lessen differences of opinion, and promote goodwill and amity. It is our aim to place religion on the broad, catholic, intelligible ground, where Apostles and Prophets left it, and from which controversialists have too often dislodged it. If any thing of a party-spirit appears, we discourage and repress the evil with more diligence than almost any other. And on this and every other subject we keep our minds open to conviction, and correct continually whatever is found to be doubtful or inexpedient. We abstain from many things on the principle of not giving offence—we endeavor to become, in matters indifferent, "all things to all men, that by all means we may gain some."

What gives occasion, perhaps, to the charge is a matter high and spiritual, and touching on the deepest mysteries of redemption. For there is undoubtedly in every age a mystical "body of Christ," "an assembly and church of the firstborn," "a people of God," a "chosen heritage," who are distinct from the merely visible and external communities professing the Christian name. These form the spiritual and invisible church of Christ, extending over all the earth, animated by grace, glorying in the cross of their Lord, and known by their spirit of penitence, love, separation from the world, benevolence, zeal, holiness, joy. These constitute, not a party, contracted and jealous, sunk in some inferior interests, and bound together by prejudice or passion, but the faithful servants of God, who love and serve him in truth, who share his favor, and are heirs of his kingdom. They have the closest communion with each other—they are united by the holiest ties—they pursue the greatest and noblest ends—they confer on all around them the most substantial benefits—they give every proof of sincerity by their constant labors, and, if called to it, by their patient sufferings. To belong to their fellowship, is to be a Christian. The entrance to it is by penitence and faith. The clue to all its secrets is holy love. The insignia which it bears, is the mysterious doctrine of the cross. The language it speaks, is the soft learning of benevolence and meekness. The fruit it produces, is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

And this, in fact, brings us to the true spring of all the objections against the zeal and warmth with which we propagate truth, as well as against the particular doctrines of the Gospel with which they are connected, and on which they rest. There is an opposition in the human heart to the humiliating yoke of Christ. The pride of man resists the doctrines, and the sensuality of man the precepts and restraints of revelation. "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." And this resistance, disguised under the mask of objections, more or less plausible, is the hidden source of the opposition raised against what is now termed in scorn, evangelical religion.

In every age this has been the case. Truth has made its way but slowly, and amidst reluctant disciples. In a Protestant country, indeed, and in a church whose principles are purely scriptural, much is conceded. A national creed is defended. The great outlines of redemption are espoused. But still men deny these very truths in the real extent and application of them as laid down in holy Scripture. They deny the full plain statement of the fall and corruption and impotency of man. They refine and dispute against the real truth of our justification by faith only in the merits of Christ. They plainly resist the doctrine of the Holy Ghost as the author of spiritual life, and the source of all light and grace. They exclaim against those imperative calls to separation from the follies of the world, and to a holy, devout, watchful, self-denying life, which the Gospel addresses to us. They spurn at the idea of loving God and holding communion with him by meditation and prayer. They know nothing of the entire dedication of all and every faculty, and power, and talent, to the glory of God and the good of mankind, as the element and happiness of the renewed soul. The consequence is, that these various truths are curtailed, weakened, omitted, denied, as occasions serve, and the current of public sentiment allows. A standard of orthodoxy is raised which suits well with a tame religion, and passes as reputable amongst men; but which leaves out or despises spiritual and fervent piety. Names of reproach are invented to designate what is termed excessive devotion; and men in general learn to join in the cry, and satisfy themselves with a cold external Christianity, correct perhaps in its tenets, but lifeless and uninfluential in its spirit; whilst they mask the real hatred they bear to truth by representing it to be a mass of extravagant or weak opinions.

Just in proportion as religion is made practical, and is exhibited in the conduct and life, is it distasteful to mankind. The doctrine of a particular Providence—the exercise of the affections on the Divine Saviour—the humble assurance of faith—the expressions and fruits of holy love—active zeal for propagating the Gospel around us—the consistency of a Christian behaviour in all the details of life—are beyond measure offensive, for the plain reason that they disturb men in their indifference, place God and eternity full before them, and remind them of the judgment which we all must so soon undergo.

Such being the case, let me entreat any reader who has been listening to the misrepresentations which spring from these sources, and of which the objections current in the present day, and already considered, are only one unavoidable effect, to pause before he ventures to dismiss so momentous a subject. Let me entreat him to enter himself seriously on the business of religion. I do not want now to combat his particular objections, but to gain his attention generally to the first simple commands of Christianity. Let him place himself as before that throne where we must quickly appear. Let him begin the great work of repentance for himself. Let him study the rule of God's law, that he may attain the knowledge of his sins. Let him try to affect his heart with that sense of them which the Scripture requires. He will soon discern his difficulties—the reluctance of his nature—the perverseness of his will—the rebellion of his

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passions—the feebleness of his purposes—his own impotency to what is spiritually good. He will find that his prayers, his efforts, his resolutions, will be insufficient to overcome his sins and form his habits to holiness. In this painful extremity, let him read the declarations of Scripture as to the grace and work of the Holy Spirit. He will perceive that this is precisely what he needs. Here is a promise of bestowing a tender heart, a divine principle, a superinduced and holy bias, a new framing of the soul, a heavenly birth. Let him then go on to implore these blessings for himself: and in the diligent use of all moral culture, and the various means of grace, he will obtain the proffered aid. He will gradually be "a new creature in Christ Jesus; old things will pass away, behold all things will become new." Nature will be melted down, as it were, and recoined. The strong man armed, will be bound and cast out of the fortress, and the Saviour enter and reign there. The penitent is thus brought, so to speak, into a new world; he discerns and appreciates spiritual things, and rises as far above mere reason, as reason is elevated above the animal powers. What is the result? A new and holy character is gradually created—new habits, new pursuits, new affections, a new course of conduct.

Whilst the convert is learning these practical lessons as to the necessity of grace, he will also acquire a correspondent knowledge of his need of the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God. His tender conscience compares all his actions and pursuits with the holy law which demands perfect and uninterrupted obedience. He discerns his guilt. He finds that one sin exposes him to the just anger of Almighty God. What then must his innumerable daily offences of thought, word, and deed, deserve? These considerations prepare him for welcoming the glad tidings of pardon and acceptance in the propitiatory death of the Divine Redeemer. Christ now arises as the Sun of Righteousness upon his view. The incarnation of the only-begotten Son of God, his life, his sufferings, his resurrection, his glory, become the object of all his trust. He understands the great mystery of God being "just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." He "counts all things but loss, that he may win Christ." Thus does his religion assume a totally different character. He actually reposes on the merits and death of his Saviour for justification, and implores fervently and constantly the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength to obey God. He renounces his own righteousness as to the one, and his own power as to the other; and the consequence is, a new ardor and purity of life and devotedness to God's service. All the springs of gratitude and love are touched. The heart is gained. Christ is enthroned in the affections. That love of God with which man was filled at his first creation, and which was extinguished at the fall, is now rekindled. Christianity has produced a surprising recovery. The fallen creature is restored. God becomes his Lord, his Sovereign, his Master, his end by a new and willing choice. Henceforth "he lives, not" as he formerly did, and as all men by nature do, "unto himself," but "unto Him that died for him and rose again"—and he does this, "constrained by the love of Christ;" that is, actuated by the efficacious motives of the Gospel, and elevated and purified by its grace and benefits.

The degree of activity and self-denial which we have above insisted on as essential to real Christianity, now appears to him natural, obligatory, practicable, delightful. All is in its place. The superstructure suits and becomes the foundation. The edifice rises grand and proportionate in all its parts. The duties and affections which appeared to him extravagant and impossible, whilst he was far from God and immured in the pursuits of the world, now seem necessary and easy. They agree with his acquired habits, they are the spontaneous actings of his new principles, they are produced by lively faith, they are softened and lightened by holy love, they are maintained by the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, they conform him in his life to the example of his Saviour, and they prepare him in his hopes and expectations for the eternal purity and joy of heaven. He has received not a new creed, but a new life. All the parts of Christianity hang together. The doctrines prepare for the temper and spirit. Holy obedience flows from this temper. The effectual grace of God produces and unites both. Good works attest the sincerity of the change. The blessed fruits of peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost form the best comment on the whole. The solid experience of God's gracious aid by his providence, the stable tranquillity of a mind purified by the sacrifice of Christ, the actual happiness inseparable from the love of God, the large measure of holy obedience attained by the principle of faith, the calm patience under the trials of life, and the joyful anticipation of death and judgment communicated by the promises of God—all confirm the truth and reality of this scheme of Scripture doctrine, and show also the inadequacy of every other. In the meantime, the numerous imperfections which the Christian discovers in his best efforts, the temptations to which he feels himself exposed, and the daily defects, errors, and follies of which he is conscious, tend to produce in him that genuine humility and contrition of spirit which is the last finish of the character, which keeps him always dependant on GRACE, AND GRACE ONLY, for every hope of present succor and future salvation, and which renders the gospel the potent, and suitable, and most welcome remedy for all his moral maladies and disorders.

Here is, then, the easy solution of all the complicated difficulties and objections which may at one time have perplexed his mind. A sincere trial of what religion is, affords the effectual answer to theoretic mistakes. Let the reader make the experiment only, and he shall be an example of my remarks. "If any man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine." Let him, with his Bible in his hand, pursue the great object of his own salvation, and he shall soon see the clouds and mists of prejudice dissipated from his mind. Nay, the very points in Christianity which he once viewed as difficulties, shall appear the chief helps and glories of the discovery; and he shall learn to "count all things but loss for the excellency of that knowledge of Christ" which formerly he thought "foolishness." But he shall at the same time find, that he is becoming

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to others the occasion of the very objections and remarks which he at one time entertained himself. In short, he will see that it is not any minute mistake, any charge of a party-spirit, any trifling abuse of terms, any subordinate misunderstanding of a doctrine or a precept, that can account for the wide differences of judgment and conduct between the Christian and the worldly person. The causes lie deeper, and are more firmly fixed. The question involved is the fundamental distinction between the service of God and the service of sin—between the love and faith of Christ, and barren morality—between the obedience of the whole heart to religion, and an external form—between the being alive as to God and eternity and the soul, and the being dead—between the walking in the narrow path which conducts to life, and in the broad which leads to destruction—in a word, between the rising up to the high vocation and transcendent ends of Christianity, and entering into its stupendous mysteries and designs; and the sinking down to the low standard of unaided nature, and the doubtful, inefficient canons of prejudice and fashion.

But the author will not proceed further. He has been drawn on thus almost insensibly by the earnest desire of removing some of those extraneous hindrances to a sincere conversion to God which the industry of polemical writers, and the indisposition of man to spiritual religion, have accumulated. He appeals for the truth of all these statements, to the unerring standard of Holy Scriptures, to the united testimony of all good men in every age, to the effects of divine teaching and grace in each individual heart, and to the solid fruits of godliness which evangelical truth produces—he appeals, finally, and above all, to the omniscient eye of God, and to the expected decision of that last great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed.

It is little for the writer of these pages to say, in conclusion, that the following Letters convey but very imperfectly his views of these Scriptural truths, and exhibit still more feebly his ideas of Scriptural holiness. Such, however, as they are, they may serve perhaps in some measure to show the sort of feeling with which the Christian traveller should, as the author thinks, habitually endeavor to acknowledge the hand and providence of God during a foreign tour; and the spirit and manner in which he should aim to conduct himself, as the servant of God, on the various occasions which such a tour continually presents, to try the force of his principles, and put to the test the meekness and fortitude of his character. It is only for the sincerity of his attempt at doing this, that the author presumes to answer. How far he succeeded, and whether his representations may be beneficial on the whole to others, he leaves to the opinion of the candid reader—or, rather, he refers it to the sentence of that God, who accepts the weakest effort to trace and adore the proceedings of his providence, and who has condescended to say, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Islington, July, 1825.

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TRAVELS ON THE CONTINENT.

LETTER I.

Calais, June 2d.—Gand, June 23, 1823.

Dover—Dunkirk—Pave—Mount Cassel—General Vaudamme — Lille — Duke of Marlborough — Courtray—Pulpits—Sunday at Gand—Popery—Foreign Travel—King of England.

GHENT, *Saturday, June 21st*, 1823.

WE are now fixed, my dear sister, for the Sunday; and, therefore, I have leisure to give my beloved mother and you some account of our movements. We arrived this morning at Gand, or Ghent, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, about eighteen leagues from Ostend. We had a delightful drive to Dover on Monday, and found good accommodations at the Union Hotel. Our passage to Calais in the steam vessel on Tuesday was calm and favorable. We almost all suffered from sea-sickness; but by four o'clock we sat down to dinner in excellent spirits at the Bourbon Hotel at Calais, and began to forget our troubles. It was late on Tuesday evening before we had hired two carriages for our tour; for we found that one would be inconvenient and unsafe. About eleven o'clock on Wednesday, we were on our way to the Rhine. The road annoyed us a good deal, being paved with large rough stones; and the wind was not less unpleasant, blowing fresh from the sea. We passed Gravelines, a place of considerable strength, with five lines of fortification. We started involuntarily at driving, for the first time in our lives, through the formidable works, and hearing the rattling of the iron draw-bridges under the wheels of the carriages, and hardly believed ourselves safe.

About five we reached Dunkirk, formerly the object of so much prevarication and perfidy on the part of the court of France. It is a large, noble town, with a fine port, a handsome church, streets spacious and clean, and the appearance of a good deal of trade. There is a great air of comfort and neatness about this part of French Flanders; but the most deplorable superstitions are prevalent every where. Enormous, ill-formed crucifixes stare you in the face on the public roads: the figure of our blessed Lord being exhibited in the most forbidding, and even disgusting forms imaginable. And the moment you enter into conversation with the people, you are surprised and affected at the degree of ignorance and superstition which they betray. At this town, some of the peasants we talked with actually called the Protestants *Jews*, confounding them indiscriminately with all who reject the Roman Catholic faith. The adoration paid to the image of the Virgin Mary quite appals the mind; the worship of our Saviour is comparatively forgotten. In fact, the Virgin seems almost to engross the veneration of the Papist, and to supersede every thing else.

On Thursday we set off for Mount Cassel, a beautiful spot, seven leagues from Dunkirk, from the lofty summit of which thirty-two towns and four hundred villages are said to be visible, though I could not discern near so many. The view, however, was magnificent. A vast panorama stretched all around. Nature was arrayed in her most beautiful attire, and the eye was delighted in attempting to trace out the variegated wonders of the spectacle. On one side of the hill, towards its foot, General Vaudamme has erected a noble edifice, and laid out a considerable space of ground in gardens and pleasure walks. The spoils of war are displayed in different parts with much taste; but I confess the reflections they awakened in my mind, very much lessened my admiration of them: I could not help thinking of the injustice and cruelty with which most of them were acquired. No glory is solid which violates the first principles of morals.

We reached the celebrated town of Lille about nine in the evening. It was almost dark, and we were afraid the gates would have been shut. It contains sixty-two thousand inhabitants; its works render it a fortress of the first rank, and its citadel is second to none in Europe. The Duke of Marlborough's siege is perhaps the best encomium on these works. Indeed, what mingled recollections are excited in the mind, when travelling over these scenes of former conflict and glory! An English family driving peacefully and undisturbed through Dunkirk or Lille, is quite an important event, when one remembers the history of the two last centuries; and the indignation or alarm which the very names of these towns kindled in the breasts of our forefathers. Thank God for those national mercies which are connected with the annals, however mournful in themselves, of past warfare! The preservation of the Protestant religion in Europe, and the establishment of that religion, and of all the other blessings of our glorious revolution of 1688, in England, where the effects of the hard-fought fields of the incomparable British commander—I said incomparable, but I check myself, for the splendid triumphs of WELLINGTON, place him on a level with England's greatest captains.

I called on the Protestant minister at Lille—only about two hundred and fifty Protestants—feeble, alarmed, dejected—Popery surrounding and watching them with a jealous eye—the French government contracting their privileges—the spirit of the Reformation almost fled. Still there is a Bible Society, which is always a seed

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of future blessings. The place is famous for its manufactures. The men gain three or four francs a day (the franc is now worth ninepence or ninepence halfpenny English,) the women one franc, and the children nearly the same. Food is about a third part cheaper than in London. The women are without bonnets; a sort of high cap supplies the place of them; the wooden shoe is common.

We came on Friday to Courtray, a beautifully neat town; but, alas! the whole place seemed given up to superstition. Lamps are suspended throughout the streets before the images of the Virgin, as if she were a guardian deity. In England we have little idea of the state of things in Catholic Europe, or of our own blessings.

Here, as well as at Gand and a village lying between them, we have seen some of those fine pulpits which are so much admired, and so justly, in the Netherlands. You see I am adverting to a professional topic—every one understands best what relates to his own calling. One pulpit resembled a palm tree, the trunk concealing within it the stairs; the foliage forming the sounding-board, and an immense sort of pumpkin the pulpit itself, which an angel supported underneath. The next was sustained by four female figures as large as life; the sounding-board was surmounted by a cherub raising the cross; angels stooping around to admire. The third was almost entirely of the finest white marble; an angel underneath opened the Bible to an old man, at these striking words, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life." Another angel at the sounding-board was blowing the trumpet of the Gospel; whilst a third was sustaining the cross.

If any thing like pure doctrine were delivered from these pulpits, all would be well. But what a contrast is there between the magnificent pulpits and the mean and unworthy tenets inculcated from them! We are really quite melancholy at witnessing the scenes around us. It seems wholly unaccountable, how men, with the New Testament in their hands, should be deluded and bound down by so gross an imposture as Popery. But I forget myself; the New Testament is not in their hands. The Pope first shuts that sacred book, and then imposes his own traditions. And besides, the Scriptures represent Popery as the "power of error," as "a strong delusion," as "the deceivableness of unrighteousness," as "the working of Satan with signs and lying wonders," as a judicial blindness for the neglect and abuse of light and knowledge, "because men loved not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." There is accordingly a fixed, unalterable attachment to Popery in the minds of the people, a kind of devoted, unsuspecting allegiance, "a bowing down of the soul," that their spiritual tyrants "may go over."

But I must bid you farewell for to-night. We have come forty-five leagues, about one hundred and forty-four English miles from Calais. One of our carriages gave way at Vive St. Eloi, about seven miles from Courtray, a bar of iron behind being broken through by the pavé. We paid four francs for some cords to repair it, which were worth five sous—about sixteen times their value. This accident detained us two hours on the road, and will keep us here, perhaps, over Sunday: otherwise we should have reached Antwerp to-night. The post does not go out till Tuesday, so that I may add a word or two to-morrow, or Monday.

Gand, Sunday Night, June 22d.—We found to-day an English service at the Protestant church. The prayers were well read, and the sermon was tolerable. The clergyman dined with us after church, and gave us a great deal of useful information. He was a pleasant, and, I hope, a pious man. As there was no Protestant service in the afternoon, I went to one of the Catholic churches. It was the first time I had ever witnessed the full display of Popish ceremonies. Really the processions, prostrations, bells, incense, music, chauntings, &c. made up a sort of stage-effect, of which I had had no conception. It seemed to me to be just calculated to deceive mankind. Animal emotion and bodily services were put for faith and the obedience of the heart. The senses were charmed and seduced, instead of the understanding being informed, and the passions subdued. Every thing was not merely unfavorable to spiritual worship, but almost irreconcilable with it. Still the diligent attention of these poor people to their ceremonies, and their apparent devotion and seriousness in the performance of their religious duties, are examples to those who boast a purer creed. We never entered a town, but many were at prayers. Yesterday evening the churches were filled. To-day you can scarcely enter them for the crowd. The Catholics have no idea of being called Christians, and yet neglecting the public worship which Christianity enjoins. The common people, at least, are sincere and in earnest. Their principles are obscure and superstitious, but they are firmly fixed in their minds, and they act upon them.

It is difficult for a Protestant traveller to recover from the surprise excited by these degenerate forms of religion, and to divest himself so far of his habitual associations as calmly to weigh all the effects and circumstances of the system which he is contemplating. Unquestionably, large allowances are to be made for individual piety, under the disadvantages of early habit and education, in a Catholic country. But I must say, that Popery, as a whole, disgusts me more now I see it in act, than when I had merely read of it. Undoubtedly, its worst and most prominent feature is, the idolatry of the Virgin Mary; an immediate consequence of this is, the indirect or open denial of all the chief doctrines of the Gospel; the corruption of the rule of Christian morals* follows al-

* As to the denial of Christian DOCTRINE, hear the language of Luther: "In confession, the Papists make no mention of faith, or the merits of Christ, but only enjoin human satisfactions and merits; as may be seen in the following form of absolution, which the monks use, and those the most devout amongst them, and which I willingly copy out, that posterity may understand the infinite and ineffable abominations of Popery.

"May God spare thee, Brother,

"The merit of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the blessed Mary, always a virgin, and of all the saints, the merit of your order, the

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most of course; and the effect of all this is, the tacit but certain encouragement which is given to skepticism and infidelity. I leave out a hundred other topics—indulgences—transubstantiation—infallibility—traditions—persecution—exclusion from salvation of all not within its pale, &c. &c. Thank God for the Reformation!

In the evening we had service in our family—the evening prayers of our church, and a sermon. I was much inclined to offer to preach this morning at the English service; but I abstained from a sense of duty—my health is now my first object. My heart and thoughts have been continually at St. John's.*

Gand, June 23d. Monday morning.—We have had an excellent night—all well to-day. We are now going to visit the principal curiosities of this ancient town; and shall probably set off for Antwerp in the afternoon. To-morrow we hope to be at Brussels, and on Wednesday to be pressing on towards the Rhine, the magnificent scenery of which river is a great attraction to us. We mean to enter Switzerland by Schaffhausen. Our movements are too rapid to derive any thing like the full advantages of what is called foreign travel. We are come out only for our health. Still we make all the observations we are able, on the habits and customs, the language and government, the policies and religion of different people. We try to study and contemplate men, as Bishop Hurd, I think, expresses it, as they present themselves on the great stage of the world, in various forms, and under different appearances; and we compare every thing with what we have seen or read at home. All this will enlarge, as I hope, our minds, without too much dissipating the attention. It will also tend to lessen undue national prejudices. It will teach us to appreciate the blessings of a free government and a pure religion, and will send us home better fitted to discharge our ordinary duties, and more eager to communicate spiritual benefit to others.

I should tell you that the roads are shocking. Indeed, I need not say this, after having mentioned the pavé; for this forms all the middle part of the roads, and is beyond measure worse than the stones of London streets, or those on our Cheshire and Lancashire roads, whilst on each side you have commonly a deep sand. Carriages break down constantly; sometimes the first day; and generally before the end of the week. We were informed at Lille, that when his majesty the king of England passed through, the year before last, on his way to Hanover, the royal carriage broke down just at the entrance of the town, and that the king was glad to accept the offer of a French nobleman, who made a tender of his own. Farewell.

Believe me your affectionate Brother,

D. W.

LETTER II.

Brussels, June 27.—Liege, July 1, 1823.

Gand—Nunnery—Chrysostom—Louis XVIII.—Lord Gambier—Antwerp—Bonaparte—Scheld Brussels—St. Gudule—Popery—The Martyr Tyndale—Namur—Village of Waterloo—King of England—Coster—Battle of Waterloo—Huy—Liege.

BRUSSELS, *Friday, June 27*, 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER—I sent off my first letter from Ghent, on Monday, June 23. I begin a second letter against the next post-day. We took our view of the city of Ghent on Monday morning.—It stands upon twenty-six islands, connected by three hundred small wooden bridges. It has above sixty thousand inhabitants. A nunnery, where six or seven hundred females maintain themselves by spinning, and other like works, much gratified us. There is less of superstition in this establishment, and more of obvious usefulness, than in any I have yet seen. Charity and diligence seem united, as they ought to be. The nuns are the nurses of the whole town, making it their business to visit and assist the sick. The public library is one of the finest buildings in Europe; entirely of black and white marble. An inscription, taken from St. Chrysostom, very much pleased me, Lectio Scripturarum munitio est adversus peccatum; "The reading of the Scriptures is the defence against sin"—no obscure testimony against the present practice of the church of Rome.

The Cathedral is sumptuous and superstitious beyond all imagination. We ascended the tower by four hundred and sixty-four steps, and thence obtained a rich coup-d'œil of the whole city. It has all the marks of departed grandeur. It was once the rival of Paris, and the capital of the Belgic provinces. It boasted of being the birth-place of Charles the Fifth, and of containing the largest area of any city on the Continent.* It has now a dull and deserted appearance. Its power and glory are gone. Other cities eclipse its fame. It is thus that all earthly distinctions fade away, and that legislators are taught that the proudest eminence of national prosperity may be undermined and destroyed. Gand has acquired a temporary interest of late, from Louis XVIII. having fled to it during the usurpation of the hundred days; and from our brave Admiral Lord Gambier having

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weight of your religious duties, the humility of your confession, the contrition of your heart, the good works which you have done and will do for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, obtain for thee the remission of thy sins, the increase of merit and grace, and the reward of eternal life. Amen.

Comm. in Gal. p. 117. Ed. Witenberg, 1535.

Of the corruption of the RULE OF DUTY, let the Jesuits stand as witnesses. Who can have read Pascal's Provincial Letters without having been astonished at the profligacy of their code of morals, or rather at the virtual overthrow of uprightness, purity, and truth amongst men, which that code occasions and patronizes; and on which their conduct, as an order, for nearly three hundred years, has been too frequently the comment?

I say nothing of the worship of the Virgin, or the secret prevalence of infidelity, because these evils are acknowledged.

* St. John's, Bedford Row, London, at that time the author's chapel.

* The circuit of the walls is little less than fifteen miles.

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here met the American Commissioners, and concluded the late treaty of peace.

At two, our carriages being repaired, we set off for Antwerp; eleven leagues, thirty miles English. As we approached it, the magnificent tower of the Cathedral appeared directly in our view—466 feet high, of the most delicate architecture, and rising at the top to the finest point imaginable—one of the most splendid things of the kind in Europe. The Scheld river, however, flowing between us and the city, we had to pass a quarter of a league in a ferry-boat before we could reach it. As we walked up to the inn, gaudy images of the Virgin offended us at the corner of almost every street; forty or fifty of these, with lamps suspended before them, are scattered over the city, and priests and friars meet you at every turn. The town is most handsome and noble, like the former capital of European commerce. The harbor can contain a thousand vessels. The Scheld here seemed to me broader than our Thames at London; it flows close up to the place. We saw a beautiful pulpit, in the church of St. James, supported by female figures as large as life, representing Truth, Faith, Theology, and Learning; an union excellent and comely. It requires only that these should be practically embodied in the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church, to produce a second Reformation.

But what most interested us were the extensive docks and naval storehouses begun by Bonaparte in 1803, and carried on till the period of his fall. These were to surpass all that Europe could produce, and were to contribute to the overthrow of British commerce and British power. It is with a mixture of surprise and triumph that Englishmen survey the defeated schemes and half-accomplished projects of that extraordinary man, and most bitter enemy of their country.

At three the next day, Tuesday, June 24, we drove off to Brussels, where we arrived at nine in the evening. On our way we passed through Villeforte, where our English Reformer, Tyndale, is said to have been imprisoned. He was afterwards burnt by the procurator of the emperor's court at Brussels, in 1536. His crime was the translation of the New Testament into English! This is the first trace we have seen of that noble army of martyrs to whose labors and sufferings we owe the blessings of the Reformation. We have been now detained at Brussels three days for repairing a second time the carriages—dislocated, weakened, shattered almost, with these pavés. The city is beautifully situated, partly on a hill and partly in the valley; it has one hundred thousand inhabitants, with boulevards encircling it, which will, when finished, be about six miles in extent. The chamber of the Etats Généraux, or States General, is really quite charming, much more elegant and commodious than our English house of commons. The only misfortune is, that, with all this exterior beauty, the life of political institutions is wanting—that spirit of regulated freedom—that happy balance of the different powers of the state—that independence and liberty of discussion—that influence on public opinion, which render the British parliament the glory of the world. Catholics and Protestants sit indiscriminately in the chamber of deputies.

The royal palaces at Brussels and at Lacken, three miles from the town, are pleasing. The chief church of St. Gudule is, like all the other Catholic churches, loaded with images of saints and the Virgin. It has sixteen chapels. A priest showed us the chief curiosities, and told us, with perfect sangfroid, that some Jews having, four centuries ago, stolen the host from the church and stabbed it, blood miraculously issued from it and destroyed them! The pulpit here again is exquisite; it is supported by figures of Adam and Eve driven out of Eden by an angel, with Death triumphing over their ruin. The stairs and back of the pulpit represent the garden of Eden, with the different animals around. The sounding board represents the descent of the Holy Spirit, and is surmounted by our Saviour, and what always accompanies him, the Virgin. The museum and library are fine; one hundred thousand volumes, and many exquisite pictures of Rubens. We here saw the first book printed at Brussels, in the year 1476, entitled *Speculum Conscientiæ*.

We have been introduced to a very pious Protestant gentleman, who has shown us the greatest kindness. To him we owe the obligation of examining our carriages, and recommending us to a respectable coachmaker. We have been sadly imposed upon. An Englishman should, if possible obtain an introduction to some merchant at Calais or Brussels, or he will probably be put off with miserable, ruined vehicles, decked up for the occasion, which will fail him, as ours have done, the very first day or two of his journey. This gentleman talked to us much on the state of religion. He loves England. He considers that things are rather improving upon the whole here; still the gross, heavy superstition of Popery weighs down the consciences of men, and darkens the fair front of Christianity. Bonaparte is the idol, and the present government unpopular; but Popery, after all, is the permanent obstacle to religious improvement. My friend ardently hopes, as I am sure I do, that the pure truth of the Gospel will once more spread through Europe; and silently, but effectually, dissipate all anti-christian errors, whether on the side of infidelity or superstition.

Namur, Sunday, June 29.—A city almost entirely Roman Catholic! Twenty thousand souls, and scarcely a Protestant family! Not so much as a single sermon that I could hear of, in any of the parish churches throughout the day, for the people of the town! Thank God, the military from Holland and Switzerland have Protestant chaplains and services in a chapel built for them by the present King of the Netherlands, who is himself, as you know, of the Protestant religion. As soon as breakfast was over, we had the morning prayers of our own church and a sermon; our little congregation was seven as usual. At twelve, I went to the Military Chapel, to hear the German sermon, of which I found I could not understand a word—I have lost my German. I conversed afterwards with the chaplain, who spoke pretty good French; he was a sensible and pious young man. I said all I could to encourage him in a bold and manly profession of the gospel. In the afternoon, we went to the Cathedral—Popish service—building fine—pulpit of beautiful, though unadorned, marble. We are now about to have

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our second domestic service. How I pity these Catholics, brought up to worship, not the God and Father of all, but the Virgin Mary and the Saints!—Farewell.

Namur, Monday morning.—We are now going off for Liege; we hope to be at Spa on Wednesday; at Aix la Chapelle, Thursday; Cologne on the Rhine (where the pavé ends,) Saturday. At Brussels, we engaged with a Swiss voiturier, who had come here with four horses from Rome, to conduct us to Berne. We left Brussels at nine on Saturday, and at eleven were on the field of Waterloo. The small village church contains twenty-two monuments of English officers who fell on that memorable spot, with suitable inscriptions—a most affecting sight. In an adjoining plot is the burial ground of four hundred of our brave soldiers. His Majesty the King of England was most minute in his inquiries, when he was here two years back. He even visited the garden where Lord Anglesey's leg was interred. The field of Waterloo itself is covered with corn; but the hedge leading to Ohain, the farm of Haie Sainte, Huguemont, Planchenoir, &c. remain.—The spot where the last attack was made on the English by the Imperial Guard, is marked by a pillar, and also that where General Gordon fell. The Wellington tree was brought to England two years ago, and is at the British Museum.

Jean Baptiste de Coster, Bonaparte's guide, was ours. We took great pains in distinguishing him from a multitude of impostors who deceive the unwary, by claiming his name. He is an elderly man, full of enthusiasm in his description of the battle. We spent an hour with him on this fearful scene of England's glory. He led us to the very spot where the hottest part of the battle took place. It is impossible to give you any idea of the horrors which he described. The mind shudders at the thoughts of the sufferings of our brave men, and of the wide-spread desolations of that terrific day. Even now the corn displays a rank luxuriance on the ensanguined field. The bones of the dead are dug up by the rude hand of the laborer.* The marks of the balls may still be traced on many of the trees, and relics of the spoils are offered you at every turn. What a deliverance for Europe was wrought on those plains! What praises do we owe to God for the security, happiness, and power which were all achieved or confirmed to Britain by that mighty conquest.

Really, when one reflects on the character of Bonaparte, on his prodigious successes, on his confessed skill as a general, on his prodigality of human life, on the efforts which he then made, and on the possible consequences of his gaining the field, one's heart swells with gratitude and thanksgiving to the God of battles, who fortified the breast of our noble commander during the fearful struggle, and crowned him with the most important victory which the annals of history, ancient or modern, can boast. It is a curious circumstance, that the Duke of Marlborough, a hundred years before, had fixed on the same plains for giving battle to the French army, and was only withheld from engaging by the timidity of the Dutch Deputies.

We reached Namur at nine, after a journey on pavé of forty-four miles. It is a strongly fortified place, celebrated for the long sieges which it sustained at the close of the last century but one; and, like all frontier towns, has been the perpetual scene of bloodshed and misery. Forty thousand soldiers were quartered here in 1815 under Grouchy. It stands on the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse or Maese; behind it a fine mountain rises adorned with hanging wood, and crowned with tremendous fortifications. It forms the back ground of the picture. The walk by the river side is exquisite.

Huy, Twelve o'clock, Monday, June 30.—We have been four hours and a half coming to this beautiful town. The road has been by the side of the Meuse, seventeen miles. The hanging woods, the rocks, the villages, the windings of the river, the ruined castles, and a road of fine smooth earth, not pavé, formed one of the most striking and beautiful drives I have ever taken. The cliffs and woods, in some places, were sublime.—The rain of yesterday had laid the dust, and brightened the verdure on the face of nature. The peculiar feature was the trees and woods, interspersed amongst the rude rocks in the most picturesque manner. At this place we ascended the fortress, which Lord Wellington, as we were told, has been six years directing several thousand men to construct, and which is considered to be impregnable. The walls are in some places ten or eleven feet thick.

Liege, Tuesday, July 1.—We arrived here last night, the road continuing equally beautiful; but the heat of the day, especially in the morning, was very great, and we find ourselves a good deal fatigued. To-day is the post, and therefore I close this letter. I found no letters from England at Brussels, but hope to receive some at Cologne. We are all well.

I am, &c.

D. W.

P. S. We have underrated the distance we have travelled; the leagues are two miles and three quarters English; so that we have now gone about two hundred and seventy-five miles from Calais. We have two coachmen, and two beautiful white horses to each carriage. Liege contains nothing very remarkable. It stands in a picturesque spot on the side of a hill; a small river banked with stone walls, runs through it; and the gardens coming down to the river, are beautiful; a promenade, with trees, affords a delightful walk all around. In coming here we saw the sides of the mountains, for the first time, covered with vineyards. We had occasion to call on a clockmaker in the Great Square. He seemed an acute, sensible man. A deeply fixed discontent was apparent, notwithstanding his attempts to conceal it. The recollection of Bonaparte was vivid in his mind. So we find it every where almost.

* Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila,
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.
Virg. Georg. I. 493.

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LETTER III.

Spa, July 1.—*Coblentz, July* 10, 1823.

Road to Spa—Verviers—Aix la Chapelle—Charlemagne—Relics—King of England—Juliers—St. Austin—Sunday at Bergheim—Cologne—St. Ursula—Tomb of Magi—Bonn—University of Catholics and Protestants—The Rhine—Drachensfels—Remagen—Andernach—Coblentz—Timber-float—Spy.

SPA, *Tuesday, July* 1, 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER—We have safely arrived at this beautiful spot—a romantic watering place, well known by fame to you and every one else, for its mineral springs. The road from Liege is mountainous, and in many places highly picturesque; and as we approached Spa, we travelled along a deep hollow with lofty cliffs on each side of us covered with hanging woods. Below the road ran a small but rapid river, winding along the valley, which having been swollen by the recent rains, was inimitably beautiful. On our road, we stopped an hour at a small inn, in the chamber of which I found a sort of chapel, dressed up with a crucifix, and many superstitious ornaments: underneath, however, was a copy of verses so pious, that I transcribed them, and send them for your benefit. I think them admirable: possibly they may be an extract from Corneille's Translation of Thomas à Kempis.

La Sainte Volonté de Dieu; la Folie de la Croix; ou, Maximes de la Sagesse Evangélique.

Domptez vos passions, faites-vous violence:
Mortifiz vos désirs, cherissez le silence.
Croyez sincèrement chacun meilleur que vous;
Jugez de tous au bien, soyez affable à tous;
Ne vous prévalez pas du mal que font les autres;
Excusez leur defauts, humiliez vous des vôtres.
Détournez votre esprit des objets curieux;
Ménagez vos momens, car ils sont précieux.
Evitez avec soin l'amitié trop humaine;
Elle trouble le cœur, et ne produit que peine.
Obeïssez gaïment, ne murmurez jamais;
Votre âme jouira d'une solide paix.
Que cette paix seroit durable et salutaire;
Si l'on n'avoit le cœur qu'à son unique affaire.
Et si l'on savoit bien graver dans l'esprit;
Que le monde n'est rien, si l'on n'a Jesus Christ.

Heureux qui prend le temps comme Dieu le lui donne;
Des biens, des maux présens, sait faire son profit;
Et qui pour l'avenir au Seigneur s'abandonne,
Disant, content de tout, *Dieu le veut, il suffit.*

Spa, Wednesday, July 2.—We have had a beautiful day. This village is surrounded with the finest rides and walks imaginable. The waters were known to the Romans, and are mentioned by Pliny. They were in repute throughout Europe, as early as the fourteenth century. They spring from the adjacent hills, which are said to be formed of calcareous earth, mixed with silicious substances. They are all a strong chalybeate; and some of them are impregnated with sulphur. Their flavor very little differs from that of common water, except that they have a taste of iron. The water from the Pouhon spring is the strongest, and is exported to almost every part of the world. The place has fallen off since the last war, and is now apparently going to decay. The German bathing-towns are superseding it. We shall stay here over to-morrow probably.

Little did I think I should ever spend a birthday at Spa; but so it is. I am forty-five to-day. With how many mercies surrounded; with how much to lament in myself! Time how swift! This world how vain, how unsatisfying! May the salutary springs of this place lead me to recollect and to thirst more ardently for that fountain of "living waters, which springeth up unto everlasting life!"

Aix La Chapelle, Saturday, July 5.—We left Spa on Thursday after dinner, and came by a delightful road to Verviers, a town, eleven miles distant, remarkable for a small river, the waters of which are used in dying clothes. The town is situated in a valley; a promenade made half way up on one side of a hill commands the place, and affords an exquisite prospect. The town is before you, overtopped by the green hills behind it; between the town and the foot of the hill are the gardens of the houses in the main street, running down to the river, over which bridges are thrown, that add much to the whole effect. The number of inhabitants is about ten thousand. We saw a multitude of persons in the evening kneeling down on the outside of one of the church doors, uttering miserable cries before the image of a saint. We are now come to German servants, and find our French of little use to us.

On Friday morning, at seven o'clock, we came to Aix, twenty-five miles; here we enter the dominions of the king of Prussia. This city is associated with every thing grand in modern Europe. The peace of 1748 was signed here; and at the Hotel de Ville is an immense picture of all the ambassadors who were present on that occasion: unfortunately they are not portraits. A tower of this building was erected by the Romans. The baths of hot sulphureous water, of the heat of one hundred and forty-three degrees of Fahrenheit, gave the town the name of Aix, a corruption from *aquæ*, waters. The cathedral was built by Charlemagne in 804, and yet preserves his throne of white marble, in which thirty-six emperors of Germany have been crowned. Over his tomb is a plain stone with this simple inscription, *Carolo Magno.*

The pulpit is not remarkable for its architecture; but around the sounding-board are these words, "But we preach Christ." Alas! the fact is, they now preach the Virgin Mary; before whose image we saw, what may be seen every day, a person kneeling with uplifted hands in prayer. The relics of this church are enchased in immense shrines of silver gilt, set with precious stones. A priest gravely showed us a nail and several pieces of the wood of the cross; the sponge, in which the vinegar was offered to our Saviour; a part of the girdle of our Lord; a link of the chain with which St. Peter was martyred; an arm and some of the hair of John the Baptist; a tooth of St. Thomas; some bones of Simeon, &c. It was

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with the utmost difficulty I could keep my countenance. I asked the priest if all these things were matters of faith. He replied, "No, but they rest on the most undoubted historical evidence"—which, for my part, I always thought was the proper ground of faith as to a matter of fact. These relics are publicly exhibited for fifteen days once in seven years. About 40,000 persons daily crowd to see them during that time. In 1545 more than 100,000 came every day for this purpose. How gross are the impositions of this corrupt church! May the blessed Spirit of Grace hasten the time when truth shall once more triumph over its Papal, as it did over its Pagan foes!

Aix is surrounded with beautiful boulevards; and the adjoining hill of Louisbourg commands a fine view of the city. The allied monarchs were here for three months, four years back; and our own beloved king the year before last. His affability and generosity won every heart. English newspapers are, I am told, prohibited throughout most of the Prussian states—we could find none. Every creature is brim-full of discontent; and much beyond the occasion, I should think.

Bergheim, Saturday evening, July 5.—We have finished our journey for the week. We left Aix this morning for Juliers, eighteen miles. Here we were shown an ancient portrait of the greatest of the Christian fathers, St. Austin, with this inscription, "Saint Aurelius Augustinus, the pillar and teacher of the church, the abyss of wisdom, the terror of heretics, the restorer of the apostolical life." If the doctrine of Austin had but been preserved uncorrupted in the church, there would have been no need of a Reformation, eleven centuries after his death, to revive the evangelical truth which he taught. After dinner, (which now costs us twenty-pence a head,) we set off for this village, where are six hundred and fifty souls, and scarcely a Protestant. It is a sweet, calm place; the hotel clean, people attentive, beds comfortable. Our host was a fine young man, one of Bonaparte's soldiers, and not at all disguising his hatred of the Prussian government. In the house opposite, the royal family of France received the news of the detention of Louis XVI., at Varennes, in 1792. Farewell, for to-night.

Monday morning, July 8.—Yesterday we had our English service twice, as usual. My college friend, whom I shall often have occasion to speak of, preached to us most excellently. A Protestant sermon is doubly delightful now we are annoyed and disgusted with Popish doctrines and corruptions on all hands. The church here is filled with superstitions; a procession of two hundred persons came eighteen miles, yesterday, to sing hymns in honor of the Virgin. Still the attention of the people at church was very great; their prayer-books are in Latin and German. Under an image of our Lord, we found these words, "Thou who passest by, honour always the image of Christ; but adore not the image, but him whom it represents." It is thus precisely that a heathen priest would have excused his idolatry. We inquire all we can as to the state of the people. The children in the Prussian states are forced to go to school; all read and write; the men are husbandmen, and get six or seven francs a week, and their food; the women three francs. The people are discontented. They conceive themselves degraded by being taken from France, a leading power in Europe, and made an appendage on Prussia. Their trade and wealth have sensibly diminished.

Bonn on the Rhine, Tuesday, July 9.—We left Bergheim yesterday at seven, and came to Cologne by ten, fourteen miles—for we never go more than about four miles an hour. We spent seven hours in visiting this most ancient and curious city, Cologne. The Rhine here first burst upon us; a noble, broad, rich flood, rushing from the Lake of Constance, and flowing on with a gradually retarded stream, to Holland, more than seven hundred miles—I should rather say, rushing from the Grisons through the lakes of Constance. Cologne was a city built by the Romans, of whom many memorials remain. A large room in the old Jesuits' College is filled with Roman sarcophagi, altars, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions found in the town and neighborhood. The venerable Professor Walraf, after fifty-five years spent in the collection of antiquities and specimens of the fine arts, still lives to enjoy his reputation. On the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship—which is soon approaching—a fête is to be given him by all the authorities of the town.

The churches, convents, &c. are numerous: amounting, it is said, to one hundred and eighty-five in number. The Cathedral is a stupendous unfinished edifice, which was two hundred and fifty years in building. Here we were shown—can you imagine it?—the tomb of the three wise men who visited our Lord. Actually so! The front of the tomb in which their pretended sculls are placed, is of gold, enriched with oriental topaz. Their names, Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar, are fixed beneath in letters of rubies, their bodies are enshrined in massy silver gilt, adorned with precious stones. Yet three centuries back this city was all but Protestant. The Archbishop, Herman Count de Wied, had actually espoused the Reformation. But the Popish party prevailed; the pious archbishop was deprived of his see, and the dawning light was smothered or extinguished. What guilt is incurred by those who trifle away the "time of their visitation!"*

We visited the church where Rubens was baptized, and that where St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins were interred.† The town is strongly fortified, has fifty thousand souls, and one thousand three hundred Protestants; amongst whom, I am told, there are many most excellent and spiritually-minded persons. The city is an-

* I can refer now with great pleasure to the interesting details on this subject in the Rev. J. Scott's able continuation of Milner's Church History, 1826.

† "The hugest fraud of this kind (as to relics) that ever was practised, was when the contents of a whole cemetery were brought forth as the bones of eleven thousand British virgins, all bound from Cornwall, to be married in Armorica, carried by tempests up the Rhine to the city of Cologne, and there martyred by an army of Huns under Attila. Even this legend obtained credit; all parts of Christendom were eager to acquire a portion of the relics, and at this day a church may be seen at Cologne, literally lined with the bones."—SOUTHEY's Book of the Church, vol. i. p. 293.

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nexed to Prussia. We noticed a most magnificent organ in one of the churches—the gallery composed entirely of marble, with statues of the apostles and patriarchs in the front of it—the whole supported by marble pillars, and filling up an entire corner of the church. It is splendid beyond conception.

Remagen on the Rhine, Tuesday evening.—We have had a most charming day. At Bonn, I enquired after a Lutheran clergyman with whom I had made some acquaintance in England, a most pious and sensible man. The person whom I addressed, immediately said he knew him, and that he had just sent around his letter to announce his approaching marriage—for I found that it is the custom of all respectable persons here to write circular notes to their friends, to inform them of the day of their intended marriage—in England we rather conceal such an intention. I soon met with my friend, and he conducted us over the University of Bonn, founded, in 1819, by the king of Prussia—five hundred and twenty students, half Protestant and half Catholic—eighteen professors—library, fifty-five thousand volumes.—The college, a former palace of the Elector of Cologne, of immense extent. There is said to be a considerable revival of piety among Catholics and Protestants here. The estimate of real Christianity rises, its vital truths are better appreciated, and circumstantials less vehemently insisted on. There is an excellent Bible Society; and in consequence the nature of spiritual religion, as well as its obligation, is understood. The leading Catholics are sensible men, and their churches here are almost entirely free from altars and images.

Still Popery in itself is the same; and as soon as a Catholic priest preaches the Gospel purely, he is, somehow or other, removed or banished by his superiors: though he cannot be further persecuted, as the king is a Protestant. I hear that one priest in Alsace has been the means of converting forty families in his parish. The kings of Prussia and the Netherlands are Protestants. This is a great point, and is working considerable good, and would work more, if Protestant princes understood better the great principles of the reformed faith, and felt more deeply the obligation of acting upon them. At the period of the Reformation, religion actuated the counsels of kings, and entered into the policy of alliances; and ministers of state took into account their responsibility to God for the cause of the pure faith of Christ committed to their care.

Our drive from Bonn to this place, Remagen, by the banks of the Rhine, was exquisite; words can give you no idea of it. A fine river, five or six hundred feet broad, with continual windings, opening into bays; on each side villages, with beautiful spires; vineyards, crags, corn-fields, interspersed: the scenery now rising with magnificence, now sinking into softer beauty; distant mountains bounding the prospect; nothing can be conceived more splendid and lovely. We alighted at Mehlem, and crossed the Rhine at Kœnigswinter, to ascend the lofty mountains of Drachensfels, one thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the river, and commanding an astonishing view. A monument is here erected in remembrance of the passage of the Rhine by the German troops near this place in 1814. As soon as the guide reached the summit, he exclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest"—Gloria Deo in excelsis—a pleasing remnant of ancient piety.

As I walked down the hill, I asked our guide if he had a Bible. He told me he had, and that he read it constantly.—I asked him a few questions about the Old and New Testament history; when I discovered that his Bible was a pamphlet of 18 or 19 pages, drawn up by the priests. He had no idea that there was any book such as we mean by the Bible—so sad is the ignorance of these poor people. The corn harvest is begun. The vintage is not till the middle of October. Every thing here depends on the vine: the landlords let portions of land to tenants for half the crop of grapes of each year; the punishment for eating any grapes is five francs the first offence, and four days' imprisonment the second. The wine is thirteen pence the bottle. During the brief time of the vintage, the people employed eat as many grapes as they like.

Coblentz, July 10, *Wednesday.*—We have just arrived at this town, which, from its immense fortifications seems to be the key of Germany. We left Remagen at nine this morning, and dined at Andernach, near which place it is thought that Julius Cæsar crossed the Rhine. The dinners here annoy us; nothing is simple and plain; hashes, stews, oils, dirt. Andernach is a curious town—very old—full of remains of Roman antiquity—a gate built by Augustus. But it is the road along the Rhine which is most interesting; for ten or twelve miles the diversified scenes, and beauty of the views, exceeded all the conceptions which I had previously formed: vineyards, rocks, mountains, every thing that can enchant the eye, and fill it with gratitude to the Author of every blessing. Here we intend sleeping. We are four hundred and forty miles from Calais, and all well, and surrounded with the goodness and mercy of God!

We have now smooth roads, without pavé, and the weather is charming. Coblentz is beautifully situated on the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. A bridge of boats crosses the Rhine. The view on each side is exquisite. The river flows with a strong current, and is, I should think, about one thousand feet wide at this part. We here saw some of those timber floats, for which the Rhine is so celebrated. When the various smaller floats are united, they form an immense raft, about 1000 feet long, and 90 broad, which is managed and piloted in its course by 400 men, and when sold in Holland produces about 10,000*l.* sterling. The vast pieces of timber are firmly joined to each other, and temporary wooden houses are built on them for the accommodation of the men. We hope to be at Franckfort on Saturday, and at Basle sometime about Tuesday week, July 22.

I am yours, D. W.

P. S. After dinner, as we were sitting in a café here in Coblentz reading the journals, a gentlemanly-looking man, seeing us to be strangers, addressed us. He began by asking me some common questions; but soon turned the conversation to politics, and inveighed warmly against the

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existing Prussian government, and the want of freedom amongst the continental nations. He went on to extol the liberty and riches of England. His manner surprised me; and having heard that spies were often employed to induce strangers to disclose their sentiments, I was very reserved. Upon this he plainly asked me what I thought about the Holy Alliance, and the invasion of Spain by the French. I replied, that I was a minister of religion: that my information was far too slight to enable me to give a correct opinion; that as a stranger I took no part in the politics of the countries through which I travelled; but cultivated a spirit of good-will towards all nations. He was evidently chagrined, and rudely turned away from me. I thus escaped, as I imagine, the surveillance of the police, or perhaps a summary order to leave the country. Sir Henry Wotton recommended our great poet, Milton, when about to travel on the continent in 1638, "to keep his thoughts close and his countenance open"—advice not inappropriate after a lapse of nearly two centuries.

LETTER IV.

St. Goar, July 11.—*Carlsruh, July* 19, 1823.

Scenery of Rhine—Ehrenbreitstein—French Monument of Campaign in Russia—Discontent—Hirtzenach—Jew—Bingen—Vineyard—Weisbaden—Violation of Sabbath—Mentz—Franckfort—English Newspapers—Conversion of Priest—Göthe—Revival of Religion—Darmstadt—Leander Van Ess—Oppenheim—Storks'-nests—Heidelberg—Martin Luther—Professor—Castle—Manheim—Flying Bridge—Schwetzingen—Carlsruh—Floods.

ST. GOAR, *on the west bank of the Rhine, 460 miles from Calais, Friday, June* 11, 1823.

WE are now, my dear sister, in the very heart of the most beautiful part of the Rhine. From Bonn to Mentz, ninety-seven miles, the route is by the side of this majestic flood. Magnificence and beauty are united in the highest imaginable degree. The loftiest rocks, craggy, crowned with ancient and dilapidated towers, rise before you, so as sometimes to darken the scene, and are then joined and softened by a perpetual garden. The profusion of vegetation all around, especially the luxuriant vines, carried up every chink and crevice where the sun can reach; the beauty and freshness now shed over them, together with their fragrant smell as they are flowering, compose a scene quite inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it. Hundreds of small villages also, with spires towering above them, and perhaps an old fortification and gates, or a ruined château, are scattered on the banks on each side, whilst the ever-flowing Rhine, deep and rich, expands itself into a lake, or presses on between abrupt rocks, or embraces, every now and then, an island filled with fruit-trees and vines;—conceive of all this, and you will allow me, without blame, to be a little enthusiastic. The noble road which the French have raised by the margin of the stream, and without pavé, increases the pleasure of this part of our journey. I think I never felt such warm emotions of gratitude to the Almighty Giver of all good, as since I have been passing through this scene of wonders.

The spot where we now are, (St. Goar) for example, is enclosed on all hands by the most variegated mountain scenery. The ruins of Reichenfels are above the town; at our feet is the Rhine; on the opposite shore is Goarhausen, crowned with a Roman fortification. The sun is shedding its glories on all sides, whilst the broken rocks and valleys receive or reject his rays, and create the most grateful alternations of light and shade. Last night we hired a boat, and ascended the river to witness the setting sun and observe the two shores in unbroken luxuriance. Every reach forms in fact a superb lake: we passed from one to another, comparing the different beauties which each presented to us with a lavish hand. The scene was majestic indeed; and the last rays of the orb of day tinging the mountain tops, and throwing a glow over the waters, completed, so to speak, the picture.

But I must, absolutely, tear myself from this topic to tell you, that at Coblentz we ascended the heights of Ehrenbreitstein, an impregnable fortress, commanding a prospect beyond measure extensive. The point of greatest beauty was the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. The Moselle, with its deep red stream, meets the yellow waters of the Rhine; and the combat between the two is most surprising. They do not mix. At the mouth of the Moselle, the division of the two waters is so strongly marked, that you would think a dam had been interposed; but the Rhine forms, with its larger current, an overpowering barrier against its weaker neighbor, whose waters creep along the shore till they are gradually lost in their course. We visited only one church at Coblentz, St. Castor—for the beauties and simple majesty of the divine works in CREATION, gave us no great taste for the superstitions of a church which has been employed so many hundred years in deforming the greatest of all the works of God, REDEMPTION.

A noble fountain, however, attracted our attention; it was built by the French in 1812, and bears this inscription: "1812, *Memorable pour la Campagne contre les Russes.*"—Beneath this, the Russians, in 1814, added these words: "*Sous le prefecture de Jules Doazan, vu et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe de la ville de Coblentz, 1st January,* 1814." A mixture of great good and great evil seems to have followed the rule of France for twenty-three years over the Pays Bas, and the countries on the Rhine. The convents are abolished; the Protestants have churches; the cities and roads are improved and beautified; education is promoted; knowledge and truth have entrance; Popery has received a deadly blow; commerce, art, industry, property, are revived and quickened. But, what a painful catalogue of miseries, injustice, ruin, infidelity, vice, must be drawn up on the contrary side! On the whole, it must be admitted, that the population is still favorable to the French, and would wish to return to them as masters. The memory of Bonaparte is too much cherished, loved, adored every where. May God, the Sovereign Ruler and Saviour of mankind, educe good from the confusion and tu-

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mult of human passions and conflicts! The peaceful Gospel of Christ is the only remedy for a distracted sinful world.

At Hirtzenach, a village near St. Goar, we halted at a small inn, where the master was a Jew, who refused to give us plates and knives, &c. because we were Christians; and looked anxiously into our tin boxes, to see what food we had with us. The first article was part of a ham. However, with unaccountable inconsistency, he went to a neighboring house, fetched all we wanted, and placed them before us. I read to him from his Hebrew Bible some prophecies of the Messiah, which he seemed very little to understand, and still less to take any interest in. Last night our supper here (St. Goar) was curious; first, soup, something worse than water-gruel; next, boiled veal; then chicken, stuffed with bread pudding, and accompanied with cherry sauce and salad; then cold salmon, cut in slices; next, roast mutton; lastly, cakes and cherries. We are now in the heart of the wine country. The finest white wine is here exactly thirteen pence (twenty-six sous) the bottle; and for large bottles, twenty pence (forty sous).

Bingen, Friday evening, July 11.—We have now quitted Prussian Germany, and entered the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt. We are four hundred and seventy-seven miles from Calais.—We spent this morning in taking a second excursion on the Rhine, at St. Goar, for three hours, where new beauties continually presented themselves. At half-past twelve we dined at the Table d'Hôte, and at two came on seventeen miles to this town, Bingen, of four thousand souls. It stands on the confluence of the Rhine and the Nahe. The waters of the Rhine, being here confined by shelving rocks, form a narrow strait.—The road to it was actually one garden for sweetness, whilst its rude, magnificent scenery sustained an awful grandeur all around. We arrived at six, and have been taking, for the first time, a walk in a vineyard; it belongs to a gentleman of Bingen, and covers about five acres, on a lovely hill, commanding beautiful views of the Nahe and the Rhine; and on the summit presenting the ruins of a Roman castle. These five acres yield nearly seven pipes of wine, of one thousand two hundred bottles each, selling in retail at about thirteen pence the bottle. As we returned to our inn, at half-past eight, we stepped into the church, the religious gloom of which, just as the evening was coming on, was inimitably fine. Adieu.

Weisbaden, in the Duchy of Nassau, Sunday, July 13, 1823.—This is our fourth Sunday since we left London. We hoped to have reached Franckfort yesterday, but the horses could take us no farther than this German watering-place, so celebrated for its hot baths. We have had our private service twice, but could find only German Protestants for public worship. We are now in the dominions of a Protestant prince; but what a state of things for a Sunday! The shops all open—a ball at our inn this evening—music at dinner—public places crowded—the whole village in disorder—not an appearance of devotion! This blotting out, as it were, of the Sabbath from the days of the week, is quite frightful—it is like the blotting out of the covenant of mercy between God and man. I have hitherto had chiefly to tell you of Catholic superstitions—but, alas! the name of Protestantism, what is it? All is here as bad, or worse than in Popish towns, with a criminality infinitely deeper. I speak of the impression made on a traveller. Doubtless there are many servants of God who are keeping holy the sacred day in the retirement of their families. But Gand, Namur, and Bergheim—Catholic towns—had a far more devout aspect than Protestant Weisbaden.

Monday, July 14.—At Mentz, where we spent some hours on Saturday, we observed a visible decay in the cathedral; it was nearly burnt down in the revolution, and the riches plundered; the marks of the bombs are still apparent on many parts. Indeed, generally we remark, that Popery, though still formidable in so many respects, is on the decline where the French have ruled, as to its power, wealth, tyranny, and influence. The Archbishopric of Mentz was suppressed in 1802. It is still a Bishop's see; but has long been vacant. Perhaps all is preparing for the revival and prevalence of pure Christianity once more. The city of Mentz is a fine one, with astonishing fortifications; but the churches were much injured during the war, and the marks of the shells thrown into it at the siege, remain. We were in the same room at the Three Crowns, as the Duke of Wellington and all our Princes occupied, in passing through the town. It has thirty thousand inhabitants, and a fine bridge of boats over the Rhine.

I should have told you that we were much annoyed at Weisbaden with a loquacious, forward young man, who happened to sit near us at the Table d'Hôte. His officiousness quite perplexed us. We had the utmost difficulty to elude his prying questions. He talked too much to be a spy; but his pertinacious recommendation of an inn at Franckfort betrayed his secret. He must have been a man sent round to the watering-places to collect guests for particular hotels. Really one cannot be too much on one's guard abroad.

Franckfort on the Maine, 522 miles from Calais, Monday evening.—We arrived here to-day at one o'clock. Many things concur to render this one of the most interesting places we have visited.—It is a free city, with its own domain, burgomaster, senate, and laws—fifty thousand souls—perhaps the first commercial city in Germany—fine wide streets—large and noble private and public buildings all about—every appearance of wealth and activity. We had here the pleasure of meeting, for the first time since we left home, with English papers, a sure indication of a free state. Indeed, every thing breathes that spirit of liberty, that cheerfulness, and that prosperity, which make this town one of the most noble spots on the Continent. French, Swiss, Italians, Turks, English, all assemble in it for the purposes of commerce. It is a Protestant city; at least three-fourths of the inhabitants are Protestants. An entire equality is afforded to all the different confessions of Christians. It has seven thousand Jews, and many of them very opulent. The French Protestant Minister is a delightful man—pious, discreet, amiable, well informed. He has been with us several hours this afternoon. The police is excellently managed. Vice and wickedness are discounte-

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nanced. The public places of amusement are few, and no suspicious females permitted to frequent them. What a contrast does this last point form with the disgusting indecency of our London theatres! There is here a Bible Society, and a Jews' Conversion Society.

In the public library is a copy of the edition of the Latin Vulgate Bible, printed upon vellum in 1462, by Fust and Schoiffher at Mentz. It is the first edition of the Bible with a printed date, and is an extraordinary effort of the art in its earliest day. The first Bible indeed ever printed, was begun at Mentz in 1450, and published in 1455 or 1456. It is called the *Mazarine Bible*, from having been in the library of the celebrated cardinal of that name; and is not only the first edition of the sacred text in any language, but the very first book printed with metal types. The beauty and regularity of the press-work are highly extolled by Mr. Dibdin, who speaks of it as a master-piece of skill. I cannot but dwell with delight on the first successes of the noble invention of printing, in circulating the Bible, and thus paving the way for the Reformation in the following century.

There are no foreign troops at Franckfort. I should tell you, that at Mentz there are seven thousand troops, half Prussian and half Austrian; whilst the duke of Hesse Darmstadt, to whom the town belongs, has only one hundred men to keep the police. I learnt here some particulars of the conversion of the Catholic priest whom I mentioned in my last letter.* He lived near Pforzheim, and became impressed with the truths of real Christianity by reading the Scriptures. He then began to "preach Christ crucified." The lord of the village and forty-four families, containing between two hundred and three hundred souls, were gradually awakened by God's mercy. The priest was summoned before his superiors for preaching against the Popish ceremonies. At length he and all his flock publicly renounced the church of Rome. The duke of Baden heard of him, and went to one of his sermons. He was so much affected, that he declared he had seldom heard so edifying a discourse. He invited the priest to Carlsruh. There is another priest, I am told, near Valenciennes, who has followed the same course. May God multiply the number, and a second reformation will soon begin.

Oppenheim, between Darmstadt and Heidelberg, Wednesday evening, July 16.—I had much conversation with my friend the French minister, before we left Franckfort this morning. I was also introduced to one of the senators, an excellent man, president of the Bible Society. A human philosophy applied rashly and presumptuously to religion, is the poison of German divinity among the Protestants:—endless refinements, imaginations, corruptions of faith, tending to skepticism or atheism. Things are mending, but it is incredible what daring impieties are currently received. The first genius of their country, Göthe, a native of Franckfort, is an absolute idolater of what he calls *le beau*, in Christianity, in Mahomedanism, in infidelity, in every thing. Thus unbelief stands more fatally opposed to the faith of Christ than even superstition. The calamities, however, of the late long war have been the means of checking this incursion of infidel principles, and of bringing men back to that pure doctrine of the Gospel which only can give peace and consolation. It is a remarkable fact, that such has been the decay of all Scriptural truth amongst the Protestants, that many of the Roman Catholics have surpassed them in real piety. The light has shone brightest in the Catholic parishes. Those who were concerned for their souls, and panted for the doctrine of pardon, found some relief at least, in the discourses of the priests. So true is it that superstition, bad as it is, may consist with the life of God in the heart, but that a proud infidel philosophy cannot. The one overloads and encumbers the foundation; the other digs it up, and destroys it altogether.

But to return to my narrative. We arrived safely at Darmstadt, the capital of the grand duchy of that name, at twelve to-day. I hastened to the house of Leander Van Ess, with whom I had been sometime in correspondence in England; he had left the town in the morning early to go to Cologne, and would not return for a week! A greater disappointment I scarcely ever felt. I saw, however, the study of this excellent man; I sat in his chair; I visited his collection of Bibles; I conversed with his secretary. Leander Van Ess was fifty-one the eighteenth of last month. He has left the University of Marburg, where he was professor, and lives now under the Protestant grand duke of Hesse Darmstadt. He has had a spitting of blood for four years, which prevents his preaching; but he gives himself up to the propagation of the Gospel, though he remains a Catholic priest. He has printed fourteen editions of his New Testament; each of an immense number of copies. He has circulated altogether four hundred and ninety-four thousand eight hundred and sixty. No funds but those of an institution like the noble British and Foreign Bible Society, could have supported the expense of printing such an incredible number: and the liberality and wisdom with which that society assists in publishing Catholic translations of the Scriptures, cannot be too highly praised. Versions by far inferior were the chief means of effecting the glorious Reformation. I do not speak of the Apocryphal books, because the reading of them is admitted to be useful by Protestants. The desire for the Scriptures among the Catholics at the present time, priests as well as laity, is greater and greater. Sometimes Van Ess circulates seven thousand in a single month. Lately, a priest in one parish sent for two thousand New Testaments—the parish is in the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest.

The secretary presented me with his picture, and a copy of his New Testament. What a blessing is such a person! what cannot the grace of God do in the most corrupt church! how charitable should we be in our judgment of individuals! This admirable man, though he calls himself a Catholic, has almost the spirit of a Reformer. He dwells on nothing but the great and necessary doctrines of Christianity. It is impossible to read his correspondence without perceiving a strength and clearness of judgment, an independence of principle, a love of truth, a superiority to the prejudices of education, a zeal in the diffusion of the

* Page 48, supra.

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Gospel, a disregard of personal sufferings, a hardy appeal to the first fathers of the church, and a readiness to act with Protestant societies, which are quite surprising. Above all, there is a firmness and undauntedness in all he does, which reminds us at times of Martin Luther. Let us pray that many, many such Catholic professors may be raised up in every part of the continent, and "the traditions of men" will fall of themselves.

I can hardly persuade myself to turn from this subject to say, that Darmstadt is a flourishing town; with all the marks of that activity and prosperity which, as at Franckfort, distinguishes a free from an oppressed population. We came on to Oppenheim, twenty miles, (five hundred and sixty from Calais,) this afternoon. The village is obscure, though populous. The country is pleasing. The peasants are without shoes and stockings. The men wear large hats like our English dignitaries—what we call shovel-hats; the association in our mind is very humorous. But the storks'-nests are most curious; these enormous birds are in almost every village; they build on the steeples of churches, or the top of a chimney, with a large nest like a basket, stretching over on all sides. They are never disturbed, much less killed. They are superstitiously reverenced. The people think the house will never be burnt where a stork builds. The stork feeds on insects, frogs, mice, &c., and never injures the corn. To see these enormous birds, half as tall as a man, strutting about on the top of a house, as if on stilts, is very strange to us.

Heidelberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Friday morning, July 18.—We arrived here yesterday, at eleven o'clock. The town is beautifully situated on the Neckar, fifteen miles from Oppenheim. The chief attraction is the ancient electoral castle, which Louis XIV. laid in ruins at the close of the seventeenth century, in his ambitious war against the Palatinate. The remaining walls were much injured by lightning sixty years back. It is still perhaps the most magnificent ruin in Germany. The keep and outward wall of the platform are entire; and a beautiful semicircular walk runs through a plantation adjoining. It is situated on the side of a fine mountain, the base and summit of which are ornamented with hanging woods. Before it, the Neckar, the bridge, the town, the adjoining hill covered with vines, the distant Rhine, and the Vosges mountains, are stretched as in perspective. The extreme steepness of the mountain on which it stands, allows of those sudden turns of scenery in the gardens and pleasure-grounds surrounding the castle, of which nothing else can admit. In short, the whole thing is the noblest of the kind we ever saw; we spent five hours in admiring it.

A venerable professor of the university conducted us; but the difficulty of finding a common language was extreme. We attempted a mixture of French, English, and Latin; but at last Latin was our only language. It would have amused you to see my college friend and myself brushing up our old Latin, and adapting our pronunciation as well as we could to the German—and this after dinner—overcome with heat—and mounting up a tremendous hill. The sentiments of the professor were evangelical, and his temper and spirit most charitable. It was delightful to converse with a man so well instructed in the great truths of salvation. I called on him at his own house in the evening. He was very diligent in inquiring after the real state of spiritual religion in England. I see plainly that my beloved country is looked up to as the glory of the Reformation, and the hope of the nations of the continent. The university is open to Catholics and Protestants—six hundred and fifty members. It is the oldest university in Germany, having been founded in 1382. The valuable library which had been presented to the Pope, when the town was taken by the Bavarians in 1622, and deposited in the Vatican, was restored in 1815. The grand duke is a Protestant; and full liberty of worship is enjoyed. There is here a Bible Society; and religion seems, on the whole, flourishing.

It was in this place that Melancthon began his studies; that Luther came on foot from Worms, and disputed with the Augustins, in 1518; and that the famous Heidelberg catechism was afterwards published. I speak of this catechism with a peculiar pleasure, because it has been familiar to me from early youth. It was reprinted about twenty years back by the university of Oxford in the Sylloge Confessionum. I confess my mind lingers on these continental towns, where the noble army of reformers laid the foundation of all the religious blessings which we now enjoy.

Manheim, Friday, July 18.—This is a beautiful city, first founded in 1606, as a refuge for the persecuted Protestants of the Netherlands. It was entirely destroyed by Louis XIV. in 1689; so that the present city is a new one, of twenty thousand souls, half Protestants and half Catholics; the streets are regularly laid out in one hundred and twelve squares. It is situated on the confluence of the Rhine and the Neckar, and is considered the finest town in Germany. The old palace of the grand duke of Baden is very spacious, but dilapidated: it is something like our palace at Hampton Court. One of the most curious things at Manheim is the flying bridge across the Rhine. It is difficult to give a clear idea of it. But it seems formed of six or seven boats fastened together at such a distance from each other, as to extend in a slanting direction over half of the river. The extreme boat at one end of this series is fixed firm in the middle of the river by an anchor: the extreme boat at the other end reaches the shore, and is fastened to it. When any one wishes to cross the river, he enters this last boat, which is then loosened and carried by the stream to the opposite shore; the fixed boat preserving it from being carried down the current. The direction which the flying bridge takes, is like that of the pendulum of a clock.

We slept last night at Schwetzingen, celebrated for a pleasure garden of the duke of Baden, of one hundred and eighty acres, laid out in the French and English manner. The most sumptuous building in it was a mosque, resembling that at Mecca, the walls of which have inscriptions from the Koran, with translations in German; the whole must have cost an immense sum. Notwithstanding this magnificence, the approach from the village is shabby, from the utter neglect

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of cleanliness in the court of the château itself, by which you enter; grass grows on the pavements, and the château is much dilapidated. Indeed, an unseemly union of finery and untidiness marks many of these foreign palaces. The palace at Manheim is larger than any English one, but almost in ruins from inattention: kings and dukes aim here at more than they can support. The real dignity of a prince is the prosperity of his subjects. A free state, where education and morals are duly cultivated, and the pure Gospel of Christ is preached, needs no gaudy and half-finished trappings to adorn it.

Carlsruh, Saturday, July 19.—We arrived here to-day, after a journey of thirty-one miles. We are now 624 from Calais. This is a beautiful town, which has sprung up about the ducal palace of Baden, around which all the streets unite like rays of the sun. The weather is fine, and sometimes rather cold; the roads generally excellent; the inns vary in accommodations. The diet is strange to us, and unfavorable to health; the bread often sour, and the meat indifferent. But still, we are all well; and can we be grateful enough to the divine hand which sustains us continually and scatters so many blessings upon our path! During a foreign tour, the recollections of what we owe to our heavenly Father daily, are much more lively and affecting than they are at home. We perceive more his constant care in the new and untried scenes through which we pass. The reflections also which are suggested by the comparison of our institutions and habits in England with those of other countries, would touch our hearts even more than they do, if we were more under the teaching and grace of the Holy Spirit. A Saturday evening abroad brings a crowd of thoughts into the mind—but I must conclude.*

Your affectionate

D. W.

* I cannot but add here an expression of regret upon a subject alluded to in the above letter. The Apocryphal question, by the heat and irritation attendant upon it, has gone further to chill the spirit of unity and love at home, and the zeal and success of such distinguished individuals as Leander Van Ess abroad, than any thing that has occurred during the last 30 years. Thank God, the public mind is returning to a sounder state on a point, which, considering the avowed non-inspiration of the Apocryphal books, on the part of the Protestant bodies, and the implied admission of the same fact by the Roman Catholic writers of all classes, has been exaggerated beyond all reasonable limits, and has in truth created more of evil in a few months, by calling public attention to those neglected books, than the books themselves had probably occasioned in three centuries. As the Reformers directed these ancient, and in some parts instructive writings, to be publicly read in churches, there surely was no reason for the clamor raised against the Bible Society for allowing them to occupy the same position—or, if the utter removal of these works was judged desirable, there was still less reason for accompanying the act with severity and suspicions. If the Apocrypha was injurious, the whole Protestant church, with Luther at its head, and not the British and Foreign Bible Society, were to blame.—March, 1827.

LETTER V.

Rastadt, July 20.—*Shaffhausen, July* 27, 1823.

Union of Lutherans and Calvinists—Pastor Henhöfer—Importance of Gospel—Rastadt—Ulm—Kehl—Strasburg—Cathedral—Letters of Reformers—Emmendingen—Manner of Travelling—Food—Hoellenthal—Bad Inn—Black Forest—Donaueschingen—Danube—Mr. Canning—Switzerland—Schaffhausen—Innkeeper—Fall of Rhine—Swiss Sunday.

CARLSRUH, *July* 20, 1823,
Sunday afternoon.

THIS is the fifth silent Sunday, my dearest sister, which we have spent since we left England. The town is chiefly Protestant, but German is the only language. I went this morning and spoke to the Lutheran minister, after church, but it was with the utmost difficulty we could understand each other, as he spoke neither French nor Latin; the church was well attended, and is a most beautiful edifice, built by the grand Duke of Baden, and is some evidence, I hope of the increased regard paid to religion here. I could neither understand the prayers nor the sermon—a good knowledge of German and Italian is almost as essential as that of French, to a tour on the continent.

The Lutheran and Calvinistic churches, after three centuries of division, have at length begun to unite. I hope this is another token for good. The dispute about consubstantiation will now no longer be the reproach of the Protestant communities. Few things did more harm to the infant cause of the Reformation than this sacramentarian controversy—there was so much of heat, asperity, violence, mingled with it—and this upon a point where most of the parties meant nearly the same; and which, after all, was not a fundamental one. On no occasion, perhaps, did the great Luther so far forget himself. The warmth of controversialists is generally in an inverse ratio to the real importance of the question in debate. Love is the key to truth as well as holiness.

I learn here, that the name of the converted priest whom I have mentioned to you before, is Henhöfer, and the place where he now lives, Graben, near this town; his former abode was Muhlhausen. We observe that the Catholic churches in Protestant towns, are far more simple, and less superstitious, than in other places. Here and at Franckfort, there are scarcely any altars or images—in fact, the Catholic church in this town is less ornamented than the Lutheran—but this is an inferior point—I perceive more and more that the main blessing wanted in every place is the grace of the Holy Spirit of God. I am sure we have little idea in England of the state of things abroad. We amazingly overstate the comparative amount of good effected by our societies;—the world is still "dead in trespasses and sins,"—vast tracts of barren Protestantism, or untilled and fruitless Popery, stretch all around us. May that heavenly dew descend which only can soften, penetrate, and sanctify the soil! The value of our religious advantages in England is more than ever impressed on my mind. A Sunday at home, what a blessing! The importance also of the Holy Scriptures, and of dwelling on the plain, practical, necessary truths

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of the Gospel, strikes me in a most forcible manner. I see that all languishes and fades as the Gospel is forgotten or unknown. This is God's great remedy for fallen man; and nothing else will touch and change the heart. Men's devices, controversy, cold statements of truth, superstition, enthusiasm, have no efficacy to save man. The doctrine of a crucified Saviour, delivered in simple dependance on the grace of the Holy Ghost, is "the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation" now, as it has been in every age.

Rastadt, 17 miles from Carlsruh, Monday July 21, eleven o'clock.—We have just arrived here for our morning stage. The heat has been intense; 20 degrees, I should think, higher than on Saturday. Carlsruh, which we have just left, is a neat, beautiful town of fourteen thousand souls, founded as late as 1715. From the palace as a centre, thirty-two lines are drawn on all sides; twenty or more of these are walks in the forest, and gardens behind it; and the rest streets, composing the town; so that from the tower of the palace you command the whole circle. Dukes here do as they please; towns must be built as objects; but I prefer our English freedom, though our cities are somewhat irregular. Rastadt, where we dine, is a town of three thousand souls, on the river Murg, celebrated for the congress between France and the empire in 1798; when two of the French envoys were murdered on their journey to Strasburg. There is a magnificent old château, in which we saw a most interesting portrait of Melancthon, and a large engraved head of the first William Pitt in 1766.

The people in this part of the duchy are poor—few manufactures—little public spirit; in other words, little liberty. The Duke takes more care of his palace than of his people. The duchess-dowager is an adopted child, or a niece, of Bonaparte. Presents from Bonaparte abound in the palace; especially, we noticed a tea-service of superb china, with coffee-run, &c. of soild gold. The dress of the peasants here continues the same, except that the women wear amazingly large straw bonnets, flapping down before and behind—children of four years old, and women reaping, have these enormous umbrella bonnets. The houses here are built with two or three jutting shades or roofs over each row of windows, formed of tiles, and have a very singular appearance.

Ulm, thirteen miles from Rastadt, Monday evening.—This is a small village on our way to Kehl. The thermometer, at six this afternoon, was 83° in the shade; on Saturday, it was 55° or thereabouts; for we were glad to put on cloaks and great coats. We have come thirty miles to-day, and travelled seven hours. Ulm is only a mile from the Rhine. The Black Forest stretches like an amphitheatre behind us, from Heidelberg to Basle. The country is flat, and without vines; but abounds in corn and fruits. It produces a good deal of tobacco.

Kehl, on the Rhine, Tuesday evening, July 22d.—We came here this morning, seventeen miles, in order to pass the Rhine, and visit Strasburg. We crossed by a bridge of boats of the extraordinary length of 3900 feet. The old wooden bridge is half destroyed. We did not take the carriages, because of duties, searchings, &c. on entering France. We spent about six hours there. It is a city of fifty or sixty thousand souls, half Protestants and half Catholics. It has been part of France since the middle of the seventeenth century; but the manners of the people, their dress, their food, their employments, their taste, all are German. The difference between them and the inhabitants of France is quite striking. The fortifications have been newly increased and strengthened. It was the Argentoratum of the Romans, and abounds with Roman antiquities; for instance, there is a mile stone and other memorials of the reign of the emperor Trajan.

The cathedral is one of the very finest in Christendom: it was founded in 510. The tower is four hundred and seventy feet; forty-six feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome;* it is said to be the loftiest building in the world after the pyramids of Egypt. It is a masterpiece of architecture, being built of hewn stone, cut with such delicacy as to give it some resemblance to lace. As you ascend, one half of what, in other towers, are walls, is here open work, with single iron cross-bars; the ascent is rather fearful; but the view of the Rhine, of the Ill, and the Brensch, (rivers here falling into it,) of the city, and all the surrounding country, is most beautiful. The day was very wet, so that we could not reach the extreme summit. The entrances of the cathedral are particularly fine from the excellent preservation of the rich stone-work with which they are adorned; the figures ornamenting in groups every part, are still perfect, and have a striking effect—in short, we could not satisfy ourselves in beholding this monument of the arts, which combines the most elegant symmetry of parts with the most entire solidity and the greatest magnificence.

We visited St. Thomas's, a noble Protestant church, fine, simple, majestic. A monument in white marble, to the memory of Marshal Saxe, adorns one end of the nave. We saw two bodies of the families of the counts of Nassau, preserved many centuries, and placed in coffins with glass at the top; one female, one man; each in full dress, the woman most gayly attired; the rings of pearl too large for the withered fingers; the face all in powder, falling on the bones of the skull; the whole an affecting lesson of mortality, and of the inefficacy of all attempts to hide the deformity of death by a splendor, which only increases it by contrast. Nature shudders at dissolution; the real victory over death is by faith in the triumphant and risen Saviour.

There are ten other churches in the city. We visited the royal palace, the cabinet of natural history, the museum, and the library. This last pleased me exceedingly—one hundred and fifty thousand volumes; MSS. of the New Testament, and of the classics, of the ninth and tenth centuries; early editions, &c. What most gratified me was a collection of MS. letters of Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, and the other Reformers. I could not but gaze with veneration on the very hand-writing of these holy men, into whose labors we have entered. The hand-writing of our queen Elizabeth was not half so interesting to me. In

* St. Peter's is 494 feet high; St. Paul's at London 340.

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the same library we noticed with pleasure forty-three volumes of Bibles, presented by the British and Foreign Bible Society; great care was apparently taken of them. I called afterwards on the secretary of the Bible Society here, to try to encourage him a little in that sacred work; the importance of which strikes me more and more, as I observe every where the fatal effects of the neglect of the Scriptures. The secretary was evidently gratified, and wished much to engage me to attend a special meeting of the committee. We also saw here the Bible printed at Strasburg in 1466, supposed to be the first ever printed in Germany; which is undoubtedly a mistake.

The university of Strasburg contains thirty professors, and nine hundred students, Catholics and Protestants. This union throughout the parts of Germany we have visited, is one of which I am anxious to ascertain the real tendency. When I ask, I am uniformly told, that no jealousy, no debates follow, between the professors and students; but moderation and peace, though without intimacy. It seems an extraordinary thing how modest and reasonable, comparatively speaking, Popery can become, when stripped of its temporal power and divested of a party spirit. It never has stood, it cannot stand before the Holy Scriptures. The New Testament contains nothing of the peculiar dogmas of Popery. Those who read that sacred book learn a totally different doctrine. The circulation of the Bible seems to me the most inoffensive, and yet efficacious, means of sapping superstition and idolatry now, as it was in the sixteenth century.

Our host to-night has given us a melancholy account of this village, Kehl. It is on this side of the Rhine, as Strasburg is on the other; three times it was burnt down in the last war; there were formerly two thousand inhabitants, there are now six hundred. It was pillaged whenever the armies passed. It is a place of great importance, in a military sense, for the defence of Strasburg, and for operations on the Rhine. What a blessing is peace! Commerce is not active here; the people say the taxes overburden them at home, and the English undersell them abroad.

Wednesday morning.—We were awoke this morning at five with the noise of cannon. The whole house shook: it was only the soldiers exercising; but I cannot describe how frightful it was to peaceful and unpractised travellers; what must, then, the horrors of war itself be!

Emmendingen, 33 miles from Kehl, Wednesday evening, July 23.—We have had a delightful drive to-day, through nineteen towns and villages, near the Rhine still, though not within sight of it. In some places the prospect was magnificent; the loftiest mountains in varied outline before us, and a sweet fore-ground of villages, spires, and woods. Occasionally we have vineyards; but hemp and hops abound. The houses are sometimes painted in front with various devices of flowers, balustrades, and other ornaments. The signs at the inns are of cut or cast iron figures, with gilded ornaments. Some of the women wear long hair, plaited, reaching behind almost to the feet, or else two long ribbons in a similar way. As we enter the villages, sometimes a whole band of peasants take off their hats and salute us, with the utmost complaisance.

The town we are now at is just below an immense mountain, the Kandelberg, three thousand nine hundred and three feet high, with the Vosges on the right, which divide Germany from France. The Rhine is seven leagues off. The cultivation here is not well managed; there are no hedges; and patches of corn, hemp, hops, potatoes, vines, seem all intermixed in one spot.

It would be amusing to you to see our cavalcade as we go on. We are nine in all, in two landaulets; Mrs. W., my little daughter Eliza, and myself, in one, and the servant on the box with the coachman; our friend and fellow-traveller with my two sons in the other. My boys change about with me from time to time. We have three horses in one carriage, and two in the other. Our chief coachman is of the Pays de Vaud; a civil, obliging, sensible, clever man, thoroughly acquainted with his business. He talks French, German, and Italian. We pay him forty-eight francs (about two pounds) a day when he works, and twenty-four francs when he rests. We generally rise in the morning at five, and start at seven, and go a stage of four or five hours, sixteen or eighteen miles; dine at twelve, or half-past, staying three hours; and then take our second stage of four or five hours, till seven or eight; then we drink tea or sup, as we like, and retire to our rooms at nine. We generally find one person in the inn who speaks a kind of French, and then all goes on smoothly; but sometimes you would laugh at the figure we all make in a German inn, without a soul to understand us: I, with my dictionary, endeavoring to recall my old forgotten German, as well as I can; till at last, Mrs. W., our friend, the boys, the inn-keeper, the chamber-maids, and the coachman, are all in the room together, before we can make out what we want.

Then the kind of beds we meet with—sometimes not a blanket in the house; sometimes an unpleasant odor pervading the chambers; often floors grimed with dirt, no curtains, no window-shutters, no carpets; small, hard, narrow beds, on an inclined plane, so that we have to manœuvre almost all night to keep ourselves from rolling out. But our greatest annoyance is the food loaded with sauce and grease; meagre meat, without nourishment; fowls like pigeons: we had some yesterday, with a sort of custard sauce. I really believe our health suffers from want of good, substantial, plain diet. I give orders myself for mutton chops, without butter, gravy, sauce, pepper, &c.; they bring up veal cutlets as hard as a board, and covered with onions and Cayenne. Those who travel for their health, would do well to remember how large a deduction must be made on the score of change of food. We should have done infinitely better, if, instead of our Swiss maid, we had brought one of our English servants with us, who understood something of our mode of living at home. At Franckfort, however, we really met with excellent meat. We hope soon now to be at Bern, fixed for a time; and then my first care will be to get good food for my dear family, who are really wonderfully well, considering we have now come seven hundred and eleven miles, and travelled near six weeks. The roads are very smooth, and without pavé.

Hoellenthal, or the Infernal Valley, between Frey-

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burg and Neustadt, Thursday night, July 24.—We set off this morning, from Emmendingen, and came eight miles to Freyburg, a town of eleven thousand souls, on the entrance of the Black Forest. We were much delighted with the cathedral, which, though smaller than that of Strasburg, is more beautiful. The open-work of the tower is really surprising; I observed, as we mounted its five hundred and thirteen steps, that five open spaces in the walls occurred for every closed part; the tower being supported by these closed parts, and the stone staircase which runs up within it. It is just as if the Monument in London were built, not with closed walls, but with five-sixths of them in open-work; it really is quite incredible. After dining, at half-past twelve, we came, in five hours, fifteen miles, to this valley, from which I am writing.

I was not prepared to expect any thing beyond a common drive; but the extraordinary magnificence of the scenery was such as to dispute with the finest parts of the Rhine. For ten or twelve miles the road followed the windings of a lovely stream, the Treisam, through a valley adorned on each side with craggy mountains of stupendous height; on the sides of which, the hanging woods of dark fir were beyond measure grand and sublime. The views on the Rhine had indeed more of softness joined with grandeur—the noble river and vineyards were peculiar to them—but the scenes to-day had something more of wild and rude nature in her most majestic forms. Our hotel to-night is a deduction from the varied pleasures of the day; we are crowded into a close, low, miserable bed-room, where we had to eat our supper. For a tea-urn we had a common open sauce-pan and ladle; in fact, the inn is the end of a large building like a barn, and the rooms are so low, we can hardly stand upright in them; all is a contrast to the beautiful scene stretched before our view by the hand of Nature.

The houses here are curious: a large roof stretches beyond the walls, on all hands, ten or twelve feet; under this projecting roof a gallery runs along on the outside of the first story, and sometimes a second gallery at the second story. The rooms are so allotted, as to provide stable, wood-house, carpenter's shop, &c. &c. under the same roof. The houses are entirely of wood, which exudes a gum with which they are stained; the galleries are for entrance when the winter snow blocks up the ground floor. The women now begin to appear in stockings, but these are of a deep red; they have no gowns, but their under-dress is turned up like a pudding-sleeve gown, short round the arm; they wear large hats of an immense circumference, with the rims stretched out in an immovable circle. All is German still; so that I can obtain little moral or religious information. We had our coachman up into the chamber this afternoon, as our interpreter. It was impossible to do without him.

Friday morning.—Our meeting this morning at breakfast was most curious. My friend reported that he had been thrust into a miserable hole of a room, into which people were continually entering—his bed intolerable—scarcely any sleep. My boys were almost suffocated, and had little rest. Ann and I had beds with double inclined planes and ridges. Eliza's account was the most satisfactory; she did not know how she passed the night, for she had not awoke once. In the mean time, the servant girls were clearing out the boys' room, to get the breakfast ready for us.—We started between seven and eight, and came eight miles to Neustadt, where I am now writing, a small town on the Black Forest. A tremendous hill, called Hoellensteig, or the Infernal Hill, led to a more open country, on the bosom of which cottages were sprinkled, with here and there a chapel entirely of wood, about four yards square; we entered one—the cross, an altar, and rude offerings, were within. We soon passed one or two comfortable hotels. We ought to have pressed on to one of them last night, and not to have implicitly followed the advice of our voiturier, who has full as much regard for his horses as for us.—In fact, with a large party like ours, and two carriages, it would be far better to divide, when we have to spend the night in small villages, than to crowd into one miserable inn.

This Black Forest covers fifty leagues of country; it was the cradle of those formidable Germans who annihilated the Roman Empire. Sixteen thousand souls live in it, in insulated cabins; these cabins have long roofs covering the galleries, and reaching down to the earth behind the dwelling-house; the barn is over the house; the whole is built of beams crossed and tied together, without bricklayer's work; and the ceilings of the rooms are wainscot, and they use slips of fir for candles: they trade in wood-work, which finds its way even to America.

Donaueschingen, 21 miles from Hoellensteig, 13 from Neustadt, Friday night.—This is a small town, consisting of two thousand souls, at the extremity of the Duchy of Baden. It is beautifully situated on elevated ground. Near to it rises the Danube, the noblest river in Europe, which washes in its course fifteen hundred miles of the territories of Bavaria, Austria, and Hungary, till it empties itself in the Black Sea. Some of its springs are in the court-yard of the Château, in an enclosed basin of thirty feet square; whence a rivulet flows, which joins the Brigach and the Breg (two far more considerable streams,) and is called the Danube. We jumped over it with ease.—From what obscure causes do the mightiest effects flow! A river celebrated throughout the world, and rolling by some of the noblest cities, is here feeble and inconsiderable! It is thus the current of evil from a single individual, small at first, sometimes swells as it flows, till distant regions are desolated with its waves. The sources of the widest blessings to mankind have also their first rise in small and unnoticed beginnings. Nay, the first bursting forth of that "well of water which springeth up into everlasting life" is small and inconsiderable. No wise man undervalues the beginnings of things.

We have now pursued the Rhine three hundred and fifty miles in its majestic and fruitful course, and have visited the Danube in its first feeble and unperceived struggles. Thus the two noblest and most celebrated rivers in Europe are associated in our minds in their origin or their progress, and will be connected with the numerous events of ancient and modern history, which our

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reading may furnish. It is a pleasing and instructive part of foreign travel, to visit the scenes familiar to us from our earliest reading. It furnishes fresh materials of thought. It gives a life and locality, as it were, to our knowledge. It embodies and realizes history.

We have now left the Black Forest, the mountains, the cabins, and all the magical scene. Our inn to-night is excellent. Mr. Canning was here two years ago; and our host seemed never satisfied in telling us of the dignity of his manner, the acuteness of his questions, and, above all, the correctness of his French—in which, however, our informer was no great proficient himself. Our friend slept in the room which this distinguished statesman occupied. Adieu.

Schaffhausen, 778 miles from Calais, Saturday evening, July 26.—Thank God we have entered SWITZERLAND, in health and peace! The road from Donaueschingen, twenty-two miles, is extremely beautiful; rich valleys crowned with verdure, mountains rising in noble boldness on each side, the road winding with continual change of scenery, brought us to the first of the Swiss cantons. As we passed beyond the Baden frontier, the improvement in agriculture, and general appearance of the villages, was striking. Hedges, well-cultivated fields, neat farms, met our eyes for the first time since we left England; every spot of land is now employed to the best purpose, and with neatness and cleverness.

As we entered this land of freedom, the associations awakened in our minds were most pleasing. An inconsiderable country—rude and barren—apparently doomed to bondage and obscurity—has raised itself by valor and conduct to be the admiration of the world. It preceded England by two or three centuries in the march of liberty; and, except during the twenty years of the French domination, has been acquiring for more than five hundred years an almost unparalleled measure of national glory—from education, industry, commerce, a free government, public spirit, virtue, and, since the Reformation, from the light of pure Christianity. There is something so noble in all this, that it fills the imagination, and imparts an additional charm to the natural beauties of the country itself.

Schaffhausen contains about seven thousand souls. Many of the fronts of the houses are covered from the top to the bottom with the devices which I have before mentioned. Several statues of Swiss heroes adorn the public places. The son of the principal innkeeper talks very good English. He spent six months in England for the purpose of learning the language. He spoke to me with great feeling of the kindness of Dr. Steinkopff; and there evidently appeared to be a strong religious impression remaining on his mind, from what he had seen of the zeal of our societies for the propagation of the Gospel, and of the high tone of Christian doctrine and practice in our happy country. We have an introduction to a professor of theology here, who is an example of primitive kindness.

Soon after our arrival, we took a cabriolet, and drove three miles, to see the celebrated fall of the Rhine. The road leading to it is exquisite; vineyards stretch over all the sides of the mountains, and the country is open and variegated. The road leads along by the Rhine, which is here of a deep green color. I am not sure if I was not a little disappointed at the first coup-d'œil of the fall itself. My imagination had been heated by descriptions, and I thought the descent would have been greater. But as soon as I had time to recover myself, and recollect how much the width of the river took away from the apparent depth of the fall, I was better prepared to view the wonderful sight. It is truly astonishing.

A multitude of rocks first impede the flow of the river; through these it makes its way, till, having overcome them all, it rushes down about eighty feet, with an impetuosity, a rage, a boiling foam, which literally darken the air, and create a constant mist and shower. The body of water which falls, and the fury, the incredible fury, of the descent, make this a wonder of nature. The thunder of the cataract is so loud, that it absolutely drowns the voice—you cannot hear yourself speak. Immediately above the fall, four immense, ragged, overhanging rocks stretch at considerable intervals quite across the flood. These divide the torrent for a moment into five parts, without lessening its fury. Ages back they doubtless formed a complete barrier which the stream had to surmount, and which made the depth of the fall double what it is at present.

Many falls in Switzerland are more picturesque, but none so terribly majestic as this. It impresses quite an awful conviction of the power of God, and how soon all nature would be dissolved, if he were to permit. We observed the fall, first from a gallery overhanging the side of it, and watered with its dashing stream; then in a boat from the middle of the river; next, from a window of a house on the opposite side; lastly, from a summer-house commanding the height of the river just before its fall. We had likewise the pleasure of seeing it in a camera obscura. It added greatly to the delight of this excursion, that my dear Mrs. W. was well enough to accompany us; indeed, the real beauties of our tour have lain open to her inspection as much as if she had been ever so strong. It is chiefly the interior of buildings, which she has been unable to visit.

Sunday, July 27.—"My soul is athirst for God, yea, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before the presence of God?" says the inspired Psalmist; and such would I wish to be my feelings on this my sixth silent Sunday. I have been to the Protestant German service, (all the canton is Protestant;) a venerable clergyman, seventy or eighty years of age, preached. I would have given any thing to have understood him; his manner was so earnest, so impressive, so affectionate, so impassioned; his voice majestic, and yet sweet. The service began with singing, (which was vociferation rather than singing;) then a prayer by the minister, who came from the gallery into a sort of tribune opening from it; after this a sermon and prayer; singing concluded. The service began at eight in the morning. Several persons in the congregation sat with their hats on. During the sermon, two officers were going round collecting money, in bags hung at the end of long poles. There was a large congregation, and all seemed very attentive. After breakfast we had our English liturgy, and a ser-

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mon. At twelve, we went to the catechising at the cathedral; it was very pleasing to see one or two hundred children seated in order, whilst a minister heard them a portion of the Heidelberg Catechism, one of the most excellent of all the Protestant formularies. After the children had answered, the minister began to put questions to one of them; and then, apparently, to explain the portion to the whole body of children—I was delighted—this is the reasonable, intelligent worship of God; but it is late, and I must wish you adieu for to-night.

I am yours affectionately,

D. W.

LETTER VI.

Zurich, July 18.—*Basle, August* 1, 1823.

Bridge—Swiss customs—State of Religion—Professor—Fall of Rhine—Eglisau—First view of Alps—Zurich—Reformers—Inn L'Epee—Antistes Hess—Mr. Wilberforce—Zuingle—Documents of Reformation—Clergy—Bible Society—Lavater's Forgiveness of his Murderer—Aarau—Good done by an English Clergyman—Basle—M. Blumhardt—Stoves—Fountains—A Divine—Tombs of Erasmus and Ecolampadius—Holy Alliance—Council of Basle—Likeness of Erasmus.

ZURICH, *Monday evening, July* 28, 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER—Before I quit the subject of Schaffhausen, I must tell you, that this morning we examined a curious model of the bridge over the Rhine here, burnt by the French in 1799. It was built by a common carpenter, with only one pier, over a space of three hundred and sixty-four feet, all of wood; the pathway being suspended under, not placed over, the arches, so that it quivered with the slightest movement of a passenger. I may as well mention also, a few other things which struck us by their novelty during our stay there. We observed a funeral, where the procession consisted of several hundred persons; every friend of a deceased person attending in a mourning robe. The churches, though noble, majestic buildings, are absolutely devoid of ornament, having been stripped to the bare walls. There was a nakedness about them which offended the eye. I prefer the wisdom and moderation of our English Reformers in this, as well as other respects; but the Protestants here are of the Calvinistic, not Lutheran, persuasion. The Catholic pilgrims who visit Einsiedeln and other celebrated places of pilgrimage, walk hand in hand, with bouquets in their hats, singing as they pass the streets: on Saturday thirty-two passed in this way through the town. The Swiss keep unusually good time; beginning the day in summer at three, dining at twelve, and shutting up their shops at seven; and their clocks happen now to be an hour and ten minutes faster than those at Paris. Every youth who chooses may become a soldier to defend the state. We saw a number of little lads exercising this morning. So far as to the customs of the place.

Its moral and religious state I endeavored to ascertain from the professor. The Protestant cantons are very strict and firm in their peculiarities, more so than I have hitherto observed in other parts. There are thirty or forty clergy in the small canton of Schaffhausen. The attention paid to the catechising of the children, and the preparing them for the Holy Communion, is excellent. We might learn much from the Swiss on this subject. All the children of the canton are obliged to attend and learn their catechism; and there are ministers especially appointed for their instructors. They seem to have no idea of leaving the young, as we too much do in England, in ignorance of the principles of Christianity. Religious education is, in their view, the very first duty they owe their children; and the only foundation of a tranquil, well-ordered, virtuous community. The laws are strict, and the magistrates also exercise a salutary influence over public morals; but I doubt whether spiritual religion, with its holy fruits, is now actually flourishing. The Sacraments are, however, well attended. In a town of seven thousand souls, there are four or five hundred communicants, at two or three churches (perhaps one thousand five hundred or two thousand in all,) communicating once or twice a year. Still I fear that all this is too much of a mere form, and that the chilling theology of Germany has infected the canton. May God raise up a new spirit of faith and love among them!

I did all I could to make the professor understand our views of religion in England; and to encourage him in openly following the doctrines of the Reformation, as the only hope of a revival of true Christianity. It is a delightful thing to be able in any measure to strengthen the hands of a brother in the Gospel. I can do but little; but what I can do, I feel bound not to omit. He spoke to me about the Règlement at Geneva. He expressed himself with great reserve, but evidently regretted that measure. He was very curious to know something about our English universities, and the plan of literary and religious education in them. I satisfied his inquiries, and really felt gratified that I should happen to have about me a list of the officers and heads of colleges in Oxford and Cambridge to present to him. You cannot imagine with what pleasure he received it.

We left Schaffhausen at eight this morning, for Zurich, twenty-five miles. On our road, we stopped again at the fall of the Rhine, and once more admired its unequalled terrors. The Rhine is a continued flood—a torrent, from the dissolved snows, where it springs, till it loses itself in Holland, after a course of seven hundred miles—so that a vessel, when first going down the stream from Switzerland, shoots like an arrow. The width of the fall is four hundred and fifty feet; the least depth sixty feet, the greatest eighty. It differs from the Niagara in two respects; in volume of water it is inferior; in majesty it surpasses it. The Niagara is two thousand seven hundred feet wide, and one hundred and fifty-six feet high; but it merely turns suddenly down the fall in a continued stream, as from a lock; whereas the Rhine, with unparalleled fury, dashes from rock to rock, till the spray and foam obscure the view.

At Eglisau, a lovely village on our way, where

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we dined, we saw, for the first time, a covered bridge, erected in 1811, over the Rhine (the French having burnt the former one;) you walk over under rafters and beams, windows on each side opening upon the river. It is entirely covered at the top with a roof, and enclosed on the sides, so that you are, as it were, in a-house; whilst the rafters, &c. make you think it is the roof a country church. These covered bridges abound in Switzerland.

As we approached Zurich, we caught a first view of the distant Alps, about Zug and Schwitz. The hills first in view were shaded by the afternoon sun; over these, brilliant volumes of clouds were discernible; and from amidst the clouds, the peaks of the Alps were easily distinguished by their defined outlines, sharp summits, and the bright whiteness of the eternal snows with which they are covered. We entered Zurich, the capital of the canton, about five o'clock. I could not but be sensibly affected. This is the first town in Switzerland that separated from the church of Rome three centuries back—it was the favorite asylum of our English Reformers during the vacillating and tyrannical reign of Henry the Eighth, and the bloody persecution of queen Mary. It is supposed to have been the place where our great Cranmer, soon after he had been raised to the primacy, caused the first complete edition of the English Bible, Miles Coverdale's, to be printed, in the year 1535.* The town contains eleven thousand souls; the canton one hundred and eighty-three thousand; nearly all Protestant. It is amongst the most thickly peopled tracks of the continent of Europe; which is owing chiefly to the long-continued enjoyment of good government, and to consequent habits of virtuous industry.

The beauty of the country accords with its reputation. We are at the inn called L'Epée. Imagine a room fifty feet by thirty, of which two sides are a continued window, overhanging the broad deep-blue torrent of the Limmat, which, rushing like an arrow from the lake of Zurich, seems hurrying to pour itself into the Rhine. The old wooden bridge which leads across it is immediately before me, and is wide enough for the market, which is just now in amusing confusion, and presents a most characteristic scene of Swiss costume and manners. The noble churches, quays, and public buildings on the other side of the river diversify the prospect. In the distance on my right a second bridge appears, with a tower built in the midst of the torrent for state-prisoners—whilst still further on, my eye is lost in following the beautiful lake itself, till I discern at length the Alps rearing their majestic heads beyond it in the utmost horizon.—Such is the room where I am writing this letter; I suppose it is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is curious, that in order to reach this splendid chamber you have to defile through stables, voitures, horsemen, voituriers, ostlers, post-boys, and smells of all kinds, by a dark, narrow passage; for the entire ground floors of the Swiss inns are occupied by this sort of miseries; partly, I suppose, on account of the frequent inundations from melted snow, or overflowing rivers.

Last night we ascended a bastion, near the town, and beheld the magnificent scene of the range of Alps illuminated, or rather gilded, by the setting sun; it was, really, as if all the snows were suddenly set on a blaze, the fiery meteor was so bright and so extensive. As the sun further declined, the magic scene lost its enchantment. It is singular, that this is the first night this summer that the Alps have been thus visible. My friend travelled four years ago in Switzerland, and never saw any thing like it. Indeed, we have been favored all our journey. The weather has been unusually cool, with the exception of a day or two, and we are all now in comfortable health. May we have the additional blessing of a thankful, humble, holy, theachable heart, to see God in every thing, to love God because of every thing, and to be led up towards him by every thing! I should just mention, that on our road to Zurich we crossed a part of Baden, when the same appearance of negligence and misery returned which I before noticed. As soon as we regained the Swiss territory, all was again neat, convenient, industrious, and happy: such is the difference between the effects of civil and religious freedom, and of an arbitrary government.

Zurich, Tuesday, July 29.—I have been introduced, to-day, to the celebrated Antistes Hess; he is eighty-two years old, a venerable, pious, holy man, on the verge of heaven; with a heart full of love to the Saviour, and to the souls of men. I took my three children to him, that he might bless them. The Antistes spoke to me much of Mr. Wilberforce, whose book he had read with delight: he begged me to convey to him his Christian regards: it was delightful to me to see this aged disciple. He is one of the persons whom I was most anxious to know. You are perhaps aware, that Antistes is a Latin word, meaning nearly the same as President. It is a title often given in ecclesiastical writers to bishops, though sometimes to simple priests. In the Swiss Reformed churches, it is applied to the ecclesiastical head of a canton. The government of these churches, though not episcopal, differs considerably from what is called Presbyterianism. I met at the house of the Antistes, an aged magistrate of this place, who commended to me the cause of Switzerland, and begged of me again and again to represent to my countrymen the state of his canton; pressing on me that Switzerland had been the cradle of the Reformation.

We next visited, with much pleasure, the city library, abounding in original unpublished letters of our Reformers. The history of that interesting period, after all Burnet has done, might, undoubtedly, be much enriched from these stores. Such an undertaking would require great zeal, discretion, knowledge of ecclesiastical history, and, above all, a commanding and pious mind; but its success would be sure. We saw the three well-known Letters of Lady Jane Gray, written to Bullinger, in 1551.

* The New Testament had first been published by Tyndale about 1526: the Pentateuch appeared in 1530; Miles Coverdale completed the arduous task under the auspices of Cranmer, in 1535. This Bible is in a folio volume, printed in double columns, in what Mr. Dibdin terms, a *foreign secretary-gothic type*. It was executed, as it is generally thought, at the press of a Zurich printer.

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The Epistles of St. Paul in Greek, transcribed entire in the hand of Zuinglius in 1517, just as he was first discerning the chief corruptions of the church of Rome, were most interesting to me, not only as an ancient manuscript, but as tracing the Reformation to its true source, a deep study of the New Testament.

Zuingle, amongst all the noble body of Reformers, seems to have been one of the most able and acute. He was born Jan. 1st, 1487. He soon began to discover the real force of the chief doctrines of Scripture. He not only copied out the text of St. Paul's Epistles, but also committed them all to memory, and earnestly sought by prayer the teaching of the Holy Spirit; comparing Scripture with Scripture, and explaining the obscure passages by the more clear. In 1581 he was elected by the chapter to the office of preacher; and on Jan. 1, 1519, he delivered his first discourse in the cathedral of Zurich before an immense auditory. His wisdom and penetration were so remarkable, and the influence which he acquired over the council and all the inhabitants of Zurich was so great, that he was soon able to carry the canton along with him in a firm but gradual profession of the evangelical doctrines. It is remarkable, that he had laboured his way out of most of the errors of Popery, and had attained to the light of Reformed truth in Zurich, at the very time that Luther, without design or concert with him, had been carrying on the same holy work in Germany.

The present pious and holy Antistes lives in the same house where this great Reformer dwelt; in the garden of which is a room literally filled with unpublished archives of the Reformation. The honor in which Zuingle is held here is remarkable. I observe, that God has often brought about the greatest works of mercy by a few distinguished individuals in a town or country, raised up by his Spirit, embued with the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and armed with zeal, fortitude, wisdom, and love; Zuingle at Zurich, Ecolampadius at Basle, Bucer at Strasburg, Calvin and Beza in France and Geneva, Luther and Melancthon in Germany, Cranmer and his noble associates in England. May men of a like spirit be raised up again! May divines and professors transcribe and study, like Zuingle, St. Paul's Epistles! Soon would Protestantism revive, and Popery fade away before it! It is known that our English Reformer, Ridley, committed to memory early in life, almost all St. Pauls Epistles, as well as the Catholic ones; the benefit derived from which he acknowledged with gratitude, just before his martyrdom.

In the afternoon we took a sail on the lake, delicious beyond description. The evening however, was not so favorable for viewing the setting sun, as last night. I am much grieved to say, that my impression of the present state of real religion in some parts of this canton is not so favorable as its former celebrity would lead one to expect—in one parish, St. Peter's, four or five hundred only attend at church, out of five thousand inhabitants, for forty-eight Sundays in the year; and two thousand five hundred for the four remaining Sundays, the sacrament days, which seem almost superstitiously reverenced—many of the clergy of Zurich meet the magistrates and gentlemen at a club, once a week, to smoke and talk politics; these are not promising symptoms. I do not pretend, as a stranger, to judge. I take my account from the confession of one of the clergy, who told me these things without the slightest idea of their impropriety. I am quite distressed that Mr. Gessner, the son-in-law of Lavater, is not in Zurich. The superior talents and eminent piety of this excellent minister make me exceedingly regret that I am unable to see him. He forms a bright exception to the melancholy statement just given. I trust there are many others. O how different a thing is real spirituality of heart from the name of religion, whether Reformed or Catholic!

Zurich, July 30, *Wednesday.*—My dearest Ann accompanied me to-day to the benevolent and pious Antistes. His amiable and truly Christian temper appears in all he does and says. When he took leave of my wife, he presented her with one of his smaller works, and prayed that peace and grace might be with her, and that her sons and her daughter might be her comfort and support. He then added, "We shall never meet again in this world, but we shall meet in another, to be with Jesus: that is our proper country; there is peace, holiness, and joy." The institution for the blind in this city, and that for orphans, much interested us. It was affecting to see the blind write, and do sums in arithmetic by letters and figures impressed on the paper with an iron pen; so that they knew them by the touch. The singing of the orphan children was very beautiful. I called on the bookseller of the Bible Society; that noble institution, though less flourishing now, has accomplished much good, considering the limited resources of a single canton. We visited the arsenal, and several other objects of curiosity. The people marry very young in Zurich, and are betrothed yet earlier. The taxes are light: their largest bookseller pays four Napoleons a year (about 3*l.* 3*s.*) for every thing. *

The tomb of Lavater in St. Peter's church much affected me; he was wounded by the hand of a common soldier during Massena's invasion in 1799, and died after fifteen months of extreme suffering. His benevolence and tenderness of heart had been remarkable amidst all the eccentricities of his opinions through life; and they appeared conspicuously on this trying occasion. He not only did all in his power to prevent the criminal from being discovered; but left him at his death the following affecting testimony of his forgiveness: "Memorandum to be given after my death, with an affectionate letter, if it be possible, to the grenadier (D'Elsass, as I think,) who shot at me, Sept. 26, 1799—but care must be taken that his name be concealed. May God pardon thee, as I from my heart pardon thee! O, may you never suffer what I suffer through you! I embrace you, my friend; you have done me a kindness without knowing it. If you see these lines, may they be a seal to you of the grace of

* There are several print-sellers here who have most extensive and beautiful collections of Swiss engravings. I bought what are called the One Hundred Views, and also the Fifty Views. I gave thirty or forty shillings for the two sets. I may as well add, that the duty on colored prints at Dover is reduced from two shillings each to two pence.

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the Lord, who forgives penitent sinners; who delivers them, and makes them happy! May God enable me earnestly to pray for you, so that I may never doubt that we shall one day embrace each other before the presence of the Lord!"—Surely this paper breathes something of the spirit of the martyr Stephen. The murderer is said to have previously received favors from Lavater.

Aarau, Thursday night, July 31.—We left Zurich with regret this morning, and came twenty-eight miles to this town, the capital of the canton of Argovie. It has three thousand inhabitants, chiefly reformed. It stands pleasantly on a hill on the Aar river, the two banks of which are united by a covered bridge. We were surprised to find that the same church is used here for Catholics and Protestants: we entered it; there were no superstitious ornaments. The Protestants meet at eight, the Catholics at half-past nine, on the Sunday. We dined at Baden, where there is a most beautiful village on the banks of the Limmat. At the table-d'hôte I met two strangers from Basle. After a good deal of conversation, the lady turned out to be a friend of an English clergyman of my acquaintance, and begged me most earnestly to remember her to him, and to assure him that she had not forgotten his advice, but read every Sunday one of the sermons he gave her: it was delightful to me thus to trace some fruit of the advice given by my dear friend. What good might not be effected, if English travellers were studious to lose no opportunity of honoring God their Saviour, on the occasions, however slight, which continually present themselves. An impression may often be left on the mind of a foreigner by a kind and appropriate remark, which nothing can efface. An Englishman has peculiar advantages for this, from the weight attached to his country all over the Continent.

Basle, 26 miles from Aarau, Friday evening, August 1.—We have had a charming ride to-day; the road from Aarau to Stein (a lovely village on the Rhine) lay through a noble picturesque country. Some of the villages were more characteristic than any we have yet seen. From Stein the road ran by the Rhine; and when we had come within nine miles of Basle, we sent on the carriages and came down, or rather were flooded down, the Rhine, in a boat; the stream carried us the nine miles in an hour and a quarter—a rather hazardous voyage, as our friends at Basle told us. Basle is a very ancient city, situated at the angle where the Rhine turns northward for Germany. It contains sixteen thousand souls, almost all Protestants. The same liberty prevails here as at Zurich, the same habits. Bread is three half-pence the pound—meat, two-pence three farthings the pound—wages, two shillings a day. There are eight churches. Mr. Blumhardt, of the Missionary Institution, called upon me this morning—a most devout, delightful man. How refreshing to the mind, to meet with a Christian brother in a foreign land, whom one can understand: for Mr. B. speaks French and English well.

Travelling from canton to canton, it is curious to see the changes in the villages—some Popish, some Protestant: the latter are always the more comfortable, neat, industrious; but they all seem to live together in peace; and a reasonable liberty appears equally dear to all. The dress of the women varies in each canton: the hair of the Zurich women is neatly combed and parted: they have no gowns, but their underdress expands over the shoulders, something like a surplice; they have a stomacher of cloth, with braids of scarlet crosswise; they seem of a strong, fine race, compared with the French and German women.

At Aarau, yesterday, we observed the houses, all along the main streets, with jutting roofs, only not shelving to the ground; each house has its own roof advancing perhaps ten or twelve feet; so that we walked under them during the rain quite defended; the roofs differ in height, shape, color, &c. so as to make a most singular appearance. I believe I have not mentioned the German and Swiss stoves, with which almost every room is furnished; these are sometimes of iron, of a moderate size; but oftener of tiles, stone, or Chinaware, and then they are eight or ten feet square, standing on thick legs, which raise them a few inches from the ground, and reaching in a turret form to the ceiling. The fire is placed in them from the passage, through an opening in the partition-wall of the room: there is no grate nor flame seen, but the warmth is produced by the whole mass of the tower being thoroughly heated; the China stoves are of green, blue, or yellow.—The fountains also in this country are curious objects; every town and village, however small, has its fountain. The Catholic adorns his with saints, the Protestant with heroes: there is no such thing as water conducted to each house, as with us; all depends on the fountains, which are commonly large stone enclosures, from twenty to fifty feet round, with two, four, or six jetsd'eau, which fall so as to meet conveniently the tubes, &c. placed on the margin of the basin. Around these basins are collected women, washing garden-stuff or clothes, horses drinking, servants extending jugs, &c. At Stein we were at the singular hotel, looking full on the Rhine, of which M. Simond speaks in his *Voyage* with warm commendation. We showed the landlord the book in which mention is made of him: he was not a little astonished that his solitary house should be thus celebrated.

Perhaps one of the most singular persons we have seen since we have been abroad, was a Protestant clergyman of one of the towns we have lately passed through; pompous, good-tempered, officious, confused; with a mixture of pride from his station and family, and of familiarity from an affected condescension towards others; the high priest, and yet the friendly, kind, obliging man; tedious withal; dawdling, never seeing the good sense of a thing, and having no tact in discovering the inconveniences which his conduct occasions; a worthy, bustling, unintelligible personage. But all this would have been nothing, if it were not that this same person is a divine, nay, *the* divine, the great man in theology, whose reputation spreads through the neighborhood, who talks perpetually of the Reformation, and whose opinions gain credence. I really was quite nervous in his company: after many trials I could get no one good sentiment out of him; he did nothing but talk to me of his church, his parish, his house, and

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four or five portraits of himself. A negative character is not enough for a clergyman in a dying, guilty world. The minister of Jesus Christ has a high message to deliver, a weighty stewardship to discharge, a solemn trust to guard. He has to teach by his doctrine and his conversation. He is not to sink down to the standard of the world, but to rouse that world from its torpor, and awaken it to the unseen interests of the soul and eternity.

Basle, Saturday evening, August 2.—The cathedral here interested us greatly this morning. It is one of the noblest Protestant churches of the Continent. It is built of a fine red stone; simple, yet majestic in its ornaments, with numerous aisles and monuments, and a remarkably curious cloister. The tombs of Erasmus, and of Ecolampadius, the Basle Reformer, much delighted us. The town is neat, and seemingly full of business. The public library contains thirty-two thousand volumes, and manuscript letters of most of the Reformers. In the afternoon we spent two or three hours with the excellent Mr. B. The first Foreign Bible Society was formed here in 1804, the very year when the original institution began in London. At the third centenary of the Reformation, New Testaments were given from the altar of the cathedral to all the children of the town—above two thousand were distributed. What an appropriate gift! The missionary institution contains thirty-four students, and is about to be enlarged. The lecture rooms and chambers are simple and unadorned.

The state of true religion is, on the whole, improving in Switzerland and some parts of Germany. Truth, holiness, and unity increase, hundreds of Catholics receive Bibles and attend Protestant churches. The Lutherans and Reformed have begun to unite in the common term evangelical. The Antistes and most of the clergy preach and live according to the Gospel. On the other hand, the court of Rome threatens, the Pope is aroused; he thinks the Protestants have begun to propagate their views by Bible and missionary institutions; and he is determined to oppose them. The Jesuits are the Pope's household troops; they are spreading every where, and resisting, in the most open manner, every attempt at Scriptural education. The holy alliance is thought to favor the Pope and the Jesuits, by acting on the idea that *all societies* are dangerous.* In the mean time, the friends of the truth are active and humble, leaving events with God. Mr. B. was exceedingly struck with London when he visited it for the first time last year. He says it took him six months, on his return, to cool and collect his scattered and astonished ideas, and digest what he had observed. He thinks Paris is only a village compared with London. He complained, however, of London fogs, London water, and London cookery—the fine mountain air, the Rhine, and the ordinary food of Switzerland; these are what he wanted to complete his happiness—he scarcely once saw the sun the first six weeks he was in London. But he forgot all this in the intellectual and religious festivals in which he participated.

I omitted to say, that we saw at the cathedral to-day the very hall where the council of 1431–47 held its sittings; the self-same seats and other furniture remain. That council was convoked to prevent the Reformation; but the scandal raised by the vices of the bishops, who composed it, had the effect of convincing men of its necessity, and of hastening its approach. It happened curiously, that on the very benches where the Pope's legate and the other members of the council sat four centuries back, the trophies of the Reformation were placed, which had just been displayed at the celebration of the third centenary of that great event.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

P. S. Before I shut up my letter, I must add, that, in the old divinity school of the cathedral, we saw a likeness of the celebrated Erasmus, scratched apparently by an idle student with the rough point of an iron nail, on the common wooden desk which was before him, during lecture. Three centuries have rendered this roguish trick a great curiosity. The lines are beginning to be faint; but the likeness is still strong. You will please however to observe, that Erasmus is not one of my prime favorites. He had talents, wit, and learning in abundance; but he wanted the heart of a Reformer. The important aid which he at first rendered to Luther, was more than neutralized by the bitter opposition to the Gospel, in which he at length openly joined.

LETTER VII.

Moutiers, August 4.—*Bern, August* 11, 1823.

Sunday at Basle—View from table-d'hote Room—Valley of Moutiers—Anabaptists—Soyhier—Court—Cormoret—Rock Pierre Pertuis—Observations on Swiss Government—Neufchatel—Reformer Farel—Bienne—Island of St. Pierre—J. J. Rousseau—Seedorf—Bern—Voiturier—M. Wyttenbach—The great Haller—Swiss Diet—Sunday at Bern—Pastor Henhofer.

Basle, about 963 *miles from London, Sunday, August* 3, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER—We are now closing our seventh absent Sunday; and have, for the first time, met with French service. We attended twice; at nine o'clock and at three. I endeavored to hear the sermons with that candor and sincere desire to derive instruction and comfort, which become a Christian, and especially a foreigner; but really they were

* I find from friends who have returned from Rome since the publication of the second edition of this work, that nothing can exceed the present boldness of the Catholic hierarchy there—except their folly. Open claims of infallibility are made, indulgences placarded, the Bible and education spurned, the certain perdition of heretics avowed, the authority of human traditions asserted and vindicated as strongly as ever. In short, all the comparative mildness of Pius VII. and Gonsalvi is forgotten, and a new reign of intolerance commenced.—The Jesuits direct every thing.

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so indifferent, or rather so unscriptural, that I was grieved at my very heart. Man is the same every where. It is not a mere freedom from superstition and infidelity which is enough. It is spiritual life which is wanting—that sensibility and perception which is the gift of the Holy Spirit, and without which a moral death pervades all the powers of the soul—no due sense of sin, no real penitence, no faith in Christ for justification, no holy love, no communion with God, no dedication to his service, no separation from the world, no true obedience. I hope the strong impression I receive abroad of the necessity of the Gospel in its simplicity, will never be effaced from my mind. What is Protestantism, without the truth on which it rests, and the Holy Spirit by whom alone that truth can be taught or blessed? I cannot but mourn over the decay and desolations of the Protestant churches, as I pass from place to place. At Basle it is the French churches of which I speak; for the German here, thank God, are prosperous. The sixteen Lutheran ministers, with scarcely an exception, truly preach the Gospel. The Sabbath, therefore, generally, is much better observed than in Germany; the shops shut; no amusements; great order and decency.

Monday morning, August 4.—Basle was celebrated in the fourth century; it is capable of containing a hundred thousand inhabitants, but it has now only sixteen thousand. It is superbly situated on the Rhine, which here becomes navigable. The larger houses in the town have the front doors made of open wire-work, so as to admit the air. Many of the inhabitants have a swollen neck; arising, as Mr. B. informs us, from the nature of the water; but, as others think, from the moist, foggy atmosphere. In the Valais, this disease becomes a protuberance, and is often accompanied with idiotcy. On the whole, Basle much delights us. The table-d'hôte room overhangs the Rhine; with the noble bridge over it, connecting great and little Basle, on our right, full in view. The prospect from one of the bastions surprised us quite unexpectedly one evening, as we were walking on the fortifications. At a sudden turn of the path, the most picturesque view burst upon us as by magic—The Rhine—the bridge—a part of the town—the tower of an old church—a beautiful well-wooded country—a thousand various objects interspersed—the whole exquisite. It is, in short, the simplicity, industry, piety, and happiness of the people, together with the liberty of their country, and its uncommon magnificence and beauty, which endear it to Englishmen. Switzerland is the land of moral and intellectual freedom, and one of the chief glories of Reformed Europe.

Court, between Basle and Neufchatel, Monday night, August 4.—We have come to-day thirty-two miles. This is the third time I have been surprised with a richness of scenery wholly unexpected. Nothing is so difficult to describe. Language—at least my language—is unable to follow the inexhaustible variety and profusion of beauties in Switzerland. For nine hours to-day our attention and admiration were excited so perpetually, that we were fatigued under the continued effort. It was not the Rhine, it was not the Hoellenthal,—the former, with its majestic flood and exuberant vines, is unequalled in its way; the latter in wild and awful scenery appeared to us at the time incomparable—but the valley of Moûtiers, where we now are, is of so new and grand a character, so considerable in extent (twenty-two miles,) so varied at every turn throughout its course, that, though different from all the preceding scenery, we must allow it to be one of the very finest things we have yet seen. We are indebted to our good friend who has travelled in Switzerland before, for the excellent choice of our road on this and other occasions. Few Englishmen ever think of Hoellenthal, or the valley of Moûtiers. If a traveller has not time to study well the best books before he leaves home, he should by all means obtain the company of a friend who has a thorough knowledge of the country, and judgment and taste to direct his attention to the most deserving objects. Otherwise he will infallibly lose some of the most interesting points.

The valley of Moûtiers is a sort of fissure or chasm in the immense chain of the Jura mountains. The river Birse flows through it in a rather small, but clear, impetuous, and diversified stream; its numerous cascades, its various bridges, and endless windings, create an inexhaustible fund of pleasure. The rocks of immense height—vertical—parallel—answering to each other on the opposite sides of the chasm, sometimes like leaves of a book, and bearing on every side smaller or larger trees, apparently without any superincumbent earth—vast ravines in these masses, down which the torrents at times roll—overhanging fragments, threatening, as it were, to fall every moment, together with the sinuosities of the valley, formed a scene of wonder and delight. The foliage also, now of dark fir, now of lighter underwood; at one time filling up the valley, and hiding the bursting river; at other times rising up the mountains; and almost always spreading out on the rent masses of granite, added continued beauties,—whilst the enormous bodies of rock here and there forced down by the winter tempests, or loosened by the thaws and floods, almost closed the road, and blocked up the river. Along this valley the Romans formed a road, which, after having been more than once obstructed by the falling rocks, was opened again for the last time in 1752. The following inscription, in Latin, is engraved on a stone on the side of the road: "Joseph William, of Rincius, prince bishop of Baldenstein Basiliensium, opened this road, which had been shut for a long time, by breaking through the rocks and opposing mountains, and casting bridges over the Birse, with a labour worthy of the Romans." This boasting inscription, like too many others of the same class, is far from being true. The bishop took no other part in this enterprise, but that of claiming the honor of it. The inhabitants of the valley raised the money, and effected the laborious task.

The road now is excellent. We met as we drove along some venerable old men in great simplicity of attire, and with long flowing beards. They were part of the community of Anabaptists, who were banished from Berne in 1708, because they refused to take oaths and to bear arms. What an odious thing is persecution, especially in free states, and most of all where the

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Protestant religion is professed! There are about 1000 of these good people here—industrious, meek, and religious—capable of being a blessing to any nation. They have no similarity of sentiment with the German Anabaptists of the sixteenth century.

I have been naturally led to reflect to-day on that awful disruption of the deluge, which was doubtless the origin of the amazing scenes through which we passed—the face of the creation bears marks of that signal judgment of Almighty God on a sinful world. I endeavored also to meditate on the goodness of God in furnishing man with sources of pleasure in the wonders of creation, and spreading over the wrecks of the world the sweet foliage and fertility, which are more delightful from these contrasts. When the last breaking up of nature shall come, and the rocks and mountains depart, may we inherit a new and brighter world wherein dwelleth righteousness!

The people now speak French. We are in the canton of Berne, containing two hundred and fifteen thousand souls, chiefly Protestants. We dined at Soyhier, a small Catholic village, where all the tombstones have cups or basins hanging by them, I suppose for holy water. In the corner of the churchyard is a small building filled with the bones of the dead, with an aperture or window, open to the air, by which you may see them, and touch them, if you please. The villages in this valley are curious, from the very low cottages of only one story, very wide, with roofs of wood, and large stones placed here and there upon the roof, to prevent its being blown away.

Cormoret, Tuesday morning, eleven o'clock.—We left Court this morning at seven, and came on here, sixteen miles, through a fine open country, bordered by mountains. At a place called Pierre Pertuis, we stopped to see the source of the Birse, whose stream had afforded us such extraordinary pleasure yesterday: it gushes from the side of a rock with such force as to turn three mills almost immediately. Above this source a lofty rock is pierced to admit the road: the opening, of about forty-five feet by fifteen, was known to the Romans, as an inscription cut in the rock,* and almost obliterated by time, testifies. It is situated at the foot of the mountain Vion. We were overtaken by a most violent storm as we approached this village, Cormoret, and here discovered the advantage of Swiss architecture; for the host of a small auberge no sooner saw us, than he opened the door of the barn, and we drove in under cover, first one carriage, then another; a door in the side opened into the house, and stairs, steep as a ladder, conducted us to the salle-à-manger, or dining hall, over the said barn, where we now are. The ceiling, walls, floor, are all of the same materials, unpainted wood. Our cold meat is brought out, which we put into our tin boxes at Basle. We have also Kirchinwasser (eau de cérise,) together with fresh eggs, warm milk, bread, all set out on an immense table, which surrounds three sides of the hall, and has no particular appearance of having been lately cleaned. In this style we are now about to dine, at half-past eleven, Swiss time.

Twelve o'clock.—As the storm continues, and we have finished our frugal meal, I will now go on with such remarks as occur to me. Switzerland formerly contained thirteen cantons, but at present twenty-two, confederated together by an act of congress, 1814; by which the actual limits and rights of the different states were as nearly as possible preserved. The Swiss date their freedom from the first efforts of the canton of Uri, Switz, and Underwald, to throw off the Austrian yoke in 1308, under the heroic guidance of William Tell; of whom I must tell you something, if possible, when we come to the scenes of his exploits. Though a republic, Switzerland has never, like Rome or Athens, formed one great community; but has remained a confederacy of small states, managed by a general diet of deputies from each canton. It is by far the most mountainous country in Europe, having in fact only one large tract of level ground towards Basle, Zurich, and Bern. If you are travelling in some parts, you may eat on the same day the fruits of the coldest and of the warmest climates—the apple and pear, with the grape, almond, and fig. Switzerland contains one million seven hundred and fifty thousand souls, of whom above a million are Protestants. Basle is the largest city, Geneva the most populous, and Bern the most beautiful. The cantons differ from each other materially in religion and in form of government; but a spirit of independence, activity, industry, pervades the whole, and makes them the freest and happiest country in Europe, after Great Britain.

Neufchâtel, Wednesday morning, August 6.—The storm clearing up yesterday, we set off at half-past one. We soon came to a hill very steep, but apparently moderate in length; the two coachmen, with all our party, except Mrs. W. and Eliza, walked up. It turned out to be a genuine Swiss mountain, at least three miles long, and three thousand feet in height. We were more than an hour ascending, and as the boys and I followed a countryman by what he called a shorter route, we had the happiness to clamber up a side so precipitous, that we were obliged to cling to the roots of trees to prevent our falling backwards. At the top we saw a small auberge; we entered it by the barn, and from that turned into the kitchen, where a moderate fire was burning, not on the hearth, but in the open raised sort of oven, which is usual in this country. We sat down to dry our feet whilst they prepared us some coffee; happening to look up, we saw that the whole fire-place, ten feet by fifteen, gradually formed the chimney, which was all of wood, forty feet high, ending in a square at top, on which was a board raised on one side to allow the smoke to escape, by a pole which descended the whole length, and was hung

* The inscription is as follows:

Numini Augus-
torum
Via facta per Titum
Dummium Paternum
11 Virum Col. Helvet.

"To the divine Augustus, this road, made by Titus Dummius Paternus, Duovir of the colony of Helvetia, is dedicated."

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by cords at the side of the oven. As we were sitting, the door opened, and in came our good friend, who had followed the main road, allured by the same hope of relief as ourselves. Eliza arrived soon after, and then Ann. We had a refreshing cup of coffee, in the salle-à-manger—which, by the bye, was all of wainscot, and with double windows; a defence against the winter storms; five months' snow falling most years.

We arrived at the capital of the canton of Neufchâtel at eight, after thirteen hours' journey, and forty-four miles. The weather was rainy in the afternoon; so that we could see little as we descended to the town, except the fine lake expanding its deep-blue waves on all sides. Had the weather been fine, the Alps would have crowned the horizon. We observed the villages had still the low cottages, with wooden shingles for tiles. The water-pipes were not placed against the houses, but led off about twenty feet, so as to carry off the water beyond the front gardens into the road. We noticed also extraordinary large dunghills caked with much care, cut all around, apparently ten years old each, and placed in the garden precisely under the bed-room windows, I suppose, from the value attached to them by this frugal people. We had excellent beds after our fatigue last night, the best since we left England: my own chamber seems a sort of ball-room, thirty feet by twenty-five—these measures are, of course, in the way of conjecture; as all my remarks on Switzerland, in some degree, are. I am no professed traveller.

Bienne, on the lake of the same name, Wednesday evening, August 6.—We left Neufchâtel at eleven this morning, after seeing the cathedral, fountains, and vineyards—it has three thousand souls. The sepulchral stone of the Reformer Farel is in the church yard. The Alps, which on a fine day are seen stretching on the opposite side of the lake and bounding the view, we could not discern. We came on to Cerlier, twelve miles, to dinner; and then leaving the carriages, embarked in a boat on the lake of Bienne. We soon landed at the small island of St. Pierre, about a mile in circuit. It abounds in beautiful scenery. The single house on the island is an auberge, formerly a monastery, and of late years celebrated as the refuge of J. J. Rousseau for space of two months in 1765. The walls of his room are actually covered with inscriptions. A trap-door in the floor remains, by which he escaped from unwelcome visitors. A book for entering the names of strangers is kept. I was determined to accompany my signature with some token of disagreement from the sentiments of this pernicious writer. I therefore wrote, "D. W. qui, tout en admirant le genie de Rousseau, en déplore les erreurs, et les suites si funestes au Christianisme, et à la morale."

It is quite impossible that true religion should revive in France and Switzerland till the undiscerning encomiums of mere talent be superseded by a just and manly estimate of moral and intellectual excellency. Brilliancy of wit only augments the guilt of those who employ it to the corruption of mankind. In the case of Rousseau, not only do we see the finest powers of mind uncontrolled by religion, but positively left wild to the impulses of vanity, selfishness, and impurity, without one redeeming quality. Yet men are intoxicated with the enthusiasm of his powers, utterly forgetful of the infinite mischiefs which he spent his whole life with a malicious diligence in scattering around him. The consequence of this sickly admiration of his genius is, that thousands of youth read his sophistical writings—catch hold of some specious objections to Christianity or to morals—allow their faith to be weakened or overthrown—take no pains to re-invigorate it by careful study and practical obedience to truth—insensibly commence infidels—and are lost at length in the vortex of sensuality and skepticism.

But to return. There are fine vineyards on the island, which are let to fifty families, who have half the grapes for their labor: last year, this little island, or rather a third part of it, yielded one hundred and sixty thousand bottles of wine; some years it yields only twenty-four thousand. Such is the uncertainty of the vintages in this country. We re-embarked, after a slight refreshment, and sailed to the town of Bienne. The wind was favorable, and the prospects on each side of the lake were charming; but the agitation of the vessel produced in some of us a qualmishness which interrupted our pleasure.

Bienne is a small town of two thousand five hundred souls, at the foot of Mount Jura. The fosse or moat of the fortifications is turned into gardens—a circumstance which we have often seen, and which always fills me with an indescribable pleasure. I remember as we drove out of Lille, it was delightful to me, after passing four or five lines of frightful fortifications, to turn my eye down and see a number of gardeners and haymakers at their peaceful occupations at the bottom of the fosse. Bienne abounds with fountains; the stone figure of one of which represents a good and evil angel struggling for the soul of man: Satan has horns and an enormous tail. Over another is a Swiss patriot, immovable as the pedestal on which he stands. The gate-way has an extremely old bas-relief of two heroes, the peculiar undauntedness of whose countenances and attitudes bespeaks the Swiss bravery. The chief manufactory in this neighborhood is watches: a good workman can gain about eight francs a day, an ordinary one three or four. Bread is three halfpence a pound, meat threepence. Out of forty-nine thousand souls in the canton of Neufchâtel, there are only two prisoners now confined in jail, and these for robbery. The punishment of death is scarcely ever inflicted. We hope to be at Bern to-morrow, where letters from England await us; I cannot but feel anxious, after a total silence of nearly eight weeks, to hear of my beloved family, and beloved congregation; the duties also before me may materially vary in consequence: may God grant us all needful direction, and vouchsafe us the grace which sanctifies and saves!

Bern, Friday morning, August 8.—We arrived here yesterday afternoon, after a delightful journey of twenty-four miles from Bienne. We are now about nine hundred and eighty-seven miles from Calais, and one thousand and eighty-seven from London; and having reached what may be

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called the capital of Switzerland, and our resting-place in this enchanting country (for Geneva, if we go much there, is but two or three days' journey), I would raise, if I may be allowed to make the allusion, my memorial, and call it "Ebenezer;" and say, "Hitherto hath God helped us:" we have travelled all this way without a single accident, properly speaking; and with only those variations in health which occasional heat and over-fatigue have brought on. The weather has been, on the whole, more favorable to us than it would have been during any other summer for several years. Here we intend first to wait, and entirely rest ourselves, and then form the best plan we can for our health, comfort, and instruction during our remaining tour. Thank God, I found letters from England at the post, with nothing but good news. I received six letters altogether.

We dined yesterday at Seedorf, a lovely village, commanding one of the finest views we have yet seen. The road from Bienne was almost one continued succession of mountains; which you will readily believe, when I tell you that Bern is situated one thousand seven hundred and eight feet above the level of the sea. It is indisputably the finest city we have seen, from the beauty of its site, from the nobleness and regularity of its main streets, from the fine white free-stone of which it is built, and from the arcades or piazzas, which adorn not merely a market-place, like our Covent Garden, but absolutely all the chief avenues throughout the city; added to this, a beautiful stream of water flows through the streets, with fountains at convenient distances. It more resembles Bath than any place I have seen abroad. It stands on a lofty hill, surrounded almost entirely by the Aar; about five degrees more south than London. It is one of the most modern cities in Switzerland; for though it was rebuilt entirely after the destructive conflagration of 1405, the chief buildings are not older than the middle of the last century.

Friday evening.—We have been settling to-day with our voiturier, who here leaves us. We have paid him one thousand seven hundred and four francs for forty-one days, at the rate of forty-eight francs for thirty days' travelling, and twenty-four for eleven days of rest. The distance he has brought us is seven hundred and ninety-two miles; which is about one shilling and ninepence halfpenny a mile, for five horses and two carriages—but then we have the hire of the carriages, two hundred francs a month each, to pay when we return to Calais; so that the rate of travelling is, on the whole, sufficiently expensive.

I have been to-day introduced to the Rev. M. Wittenbach, cousin of the celebrated editor of the Plutarch, published some years since by the University of Oxford. He has been fifty-two years a pastor in this town—a truly delightful person—full of good sense, piety, kindness, playful humor, courteousness, and anecdote. I am not sure I ever met with such a man. He reminded me very much of the late Rev John Newton, the friend of Cowper—so sensible, affectionate, entertaining, and venerable. He travelled to the Alps every summer for thirty-two years, till the French revolution closed the series. He was known to our Coxe, who was here in 1776. He founded a Bible and Tract Society in Bern in 1792, and is the father of the British and Foreign Bible Institution in Bern. He took us over the library and the museum this afternoon. The cathedral stands on the summit of the hill on which the town is built, overlooking the Aar; on the side next the river a terrace has been erected, with immense buttresses to support the wall, which is above one hundred feet high, and which a Swiss writer, in the warmth of his patriotism, has compared to the walls of ancient Babylon. The promenade is as delicious as the prospect is magnificent. I doubt if Europe can match the scene. The female peasantry here have a costume extremely peculiar. They have ornaments of black lace fixed on the back of the head by a sort of close cap, from all sides of which an enormously deep black frill sticks upright like sails; the higher this rises, and the more stiffly it rears itself, the more fashionable is the dame who wears it. The weather to-day has been wet and cold.

Saturday morning.—I must preserve a saying of the great Haller. M. Wittenbach had been speaking to him of the difficulty and importance of finding the middle line, the line of true wisdom, amidst the conflicts of mankind. The venerable Haller replied—*La ligne de milieu, la ligne de sagesse, c'est une ligne mathematique qui n'a pas de largeur*—"The middle line, the line of wisdom, is a mathematical line which has no breadth." This excellent man was a native of this city, and a descendant of Haller the Reformer. He died here in 1778; and is deservedly called the great Haller, on account of his surprising talents, his success in every kind of study, his love to his country, and, above all, his piety towards God. A monument was erected to him in the Botanical Garden in 1808.

The Diet of Switzerland, composed of deputies from the twenty-two cantons, is now sitting.—When one recollects the amazingly small weight which this Diet has in the affairs of Europe, one cannot but smile to see the members walking in state every morning to the Diet in bag-wigs, cocked hats, and dressed in black; each preceded by two marshals in black, with their swords, and their hats off, adorned with cloaks of rich variegated cloth. In contrast with all this, it is painful to think that the ancient independence of the Swiss Diet is supposed to be sinking before the influence of the Holy Alliance, which dictates to it the political measures to be adopted, and will hear of no remonstrance. Switzerland will soon begin to decay, if its noble spirit of liberty be fled. It has just suspended the liberty of the press for a year, and enacted laws for banishing foreigners—steps which a century back no power in Europe could have induced the Swiss patriots to take. These false steps will infallibly lead on to worse ones.—To-day the Diet has suspended its sittings to attend a national festival for *wrestling*; a relic, and the only one in Europe, I suppose, of the wrestlers in republican Rome. In the cathedral choir are displayed, during their sessions, the trophies gained in the fifteenth century, over Charles duke of Burgundy. The cathedral is a plain, but noble

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building. Bern is so healthy, that from the year 1663 to 1700, out of 4225 deaths, there were 29 persons who died between 90 and 100, and 1081 between 70 and 90, years of age. Out of four infants born, one commonly attains the age of 70.

Sunday evening, August 10.—I have this day had the most delightful Sunday since I left home. The French Protestant service began at ten. The church was crowded. The minister preached a most excellent sermon on sanctification as flowing from our justification before God. At two o'clock there was a baptism of his child: the service was public. A liturgical office was read; godfathers and godmothers named; vows undertaken; and excellent prayers offered up. The infant was dressed in white, in a sort of bag closed at the feet. The water was poured by the clerk from a silver ewer into the hand of the minister; a sermon admirably good was then preached by a second minister. There is no solemn reading of the Scriptures in these French churches, which I think an essential defect, There is also very little public confession of sin, or prayer.

Indeed all I see abroad raises my esteem of our English liturgy. The foreign churches, in their ardor to recede as far as possible from the church of Rome, seem to me to have too little consulted the interests of devotion, and to have attended too exclusively to public preaching. We are always in danger of extremes. The primitive church was in nothing more remarkable than in the spirit of contrition, meekness, and humility which pervaded it. The hidden life of the Christian was the main source of divine principles and practice. The church of England, whether true spirit is imbibed—her doctrines and her devotional forms—her evangelical instructions, and her prayers—perhaps comes the nearest of all the reformed communities to the practice of the first Christians; and is best adapted to such a creature as man.

After the morning sermon, a curtain, which separated an entire portion of the church opposite to the pulpit, was withdrawn, and lo, a popish altar, with two chapels, and a pulpit! For, the established religion being Lutheran, the Calvinists and Catholics use the same church. At half-past four, our fellow-traveller preached us an excellent sermon in our chamber. Thus the day has been refreshing to my mind. What a tender plant is religion in the human heart! how soon does it wither! what constant need of the heavenly dew! Lord, be thou, by thy grace and Spirit, as the dew unto us; renew, penetrate, soften, fructify, bless! —I introduced myself to the two ministers here, and found them charming persons: they lent me the work of the converted priest; the title is, "The Christian Confession of Faith, of the Pastor Henhöfer, of Muhlhausen, who, with forty families, his former hearers, turned from the Catholic to the Evangelical Lutheran Church: Spire, 1823." Muhlhausen is a village belonging to the Baron Gemmingen, two miles from the Baron's chateau at Steineyg, which is situated near Pforzheim, between Carlsruh and Stutgard.

Monday morning.—The weather has now become beautifully fine; and my friend, and the lads and I, are going off to Thun and Lucerne, for what is called the Oberland Mountain Tour, for about ten or twelve days. We leave dear Mrs. W., the child, and our Swiss maid-servant here till we return: the travelling on mules over mountains is not suitable to their state of health; whilst I am assured it may exceedingly contribute to the further re-establishment of mine. Farewell; may God preserve us all to his heavenly kingdom!

I am yours most affectionately,

D. W.

P. S.—I should have told you, that one of the most characteristic views of Swiss manners I have yet beheld, was from the window of our inn, the Falcon, on the main street of Bern. It was market-day. The crowds of persons, each in the costume of their neighborhood; their strange appearance and language; the variety of fruit and flowers exposed to sale; the constant change in the groups moving before you; the strong, healthy, robust look of every creature; the air of independence and freedom in their countenances, struck us with admiration.

NOTICE OF THE PASTOR HENHÖFER.

I here subjoin some further particulars of the conversion of the pastor Henhöfer, of whom I have made mention in another letter. I extract them from the "Archives du Christianisme," for 1824.

M. Aloyx Henhöfer was Catholic curé of the communes of Muhlhausen and Steineyg. In proportion as he studied the sacred Scriptures, with a conscientious desire to fulfil his pastoral duties, his preaching began to savor of the doctrine of Christ; and he gradually proclaimed the Gospel with so much unction and force, that multitudes came from the most distant villages to hear him. He was soon cited to appear before the Ecclesiastical Authorities at Bruchsal, to give an account of his doctrines. It was on this occasion he published the Confession to which I have alluded.—In this he declares, that all the time he was curé of Muhlhausen he never said a word contrary to the principles of the Catholic church; and when he preached against the abuse of ceremonies, it was only to combat the errors of some of his parishioners, who thought to satisfy their consciences by merely observing the exterior forms of religion. The authorities of Bruchsal deprived him of his living; declaring, that by his "Confession" he had pronounced his own separation.

The Baron de Gemmingen, lord of the parish, with all his household, and the curé Henhöfer at the head of forty families, comprising about 220 persons, soon after publicly separated themselves from the church of Rome. They made a profession of their faith in the evangelical doctrines, in the Baronial chapel of Steineyg; and then, as many of them as were adults, received the Holy Communion according to the rites adopted since the reunion of the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches. This affecting ceremony was celebrated in a Catholic country, in the midst of a crowd assembled from all the neighboring places, with doors and windows open, without the slightest

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interruption or disturbance—a proof of the excellent temper which prevails between the two communions in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

As about half the parish of Muhlhausen remained Catholics, and the new converts had of course no claim to the revenues of the living, nor to the use of the parish church, they have for the present joined themselves to the parish of Urbain de Pforzheim, and divine service is celebrated in the chapel of the castle of Steineyg. M. Henhöfer has not at present thought it right to remain as their pastor, on account of the umbrage it would give the Catholics. Nevertheless he was examined as a Protestant candidate, April 11, 1823, and was ordained the following day. He is a pious, calm, amiable man, who has acquired surprising influence by his personal character.—His publication has created a lively sensation in Alsace, and the Catholics read it with even more eagerness than the Protestants.

The Baron de Gemmingen has addressed a letter to the inhabitants on his estate, from which I give an extract as a specimen of the truly evangelical principles on which his conversion rests.

"Some have said, that the motive which has determined us to embrace the Evangelical Religion is, that it is more convenient; and that we should not have thought of it, if it had imposed more difficult duties. Such language can only proceed from the most profound ignorance, and has no need of refutation with men of understanding. Without doubt a Catholic, who knows nothing but his own church, may be led to think, in seeing the small number of rites practised in the evangelical religion, that this religion is more easy, more convenient, according to the judgment of this world, than that of the church of Rome. But, my dear friends, the man who attaches himself only to the exterior of religion, who follows the usages of such or such a church, without possessing the interior life of grace, without having received Christ into his heart, without ever seeing in him, his Redeemer, his only benefactor; without being penetrated with a gratitude towards him which inflames his whole soul, and which increases in proportion as he discovers more his own corruption; this man, to whatever communion he belongs, is an useless member of the body of Jesus Christ, a branch dried up, which cannot produce any abiding fruit. The interior life, or the new birth of the man, is the essential condition, without which no one can enter into the kingdom of God. Our Lord himself has explained this truth with great force in his conversation with Nicodemus by night. To put off the old man, to strive against one's passions, is a task more difficult than the observing of these exterior practices, from which interior Christianity has but too often suffered."

Such are some of the circumstances of this remarkable conversion. The Scriptures studied with humble prayer, seem, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, to have been the only guide.—May the same sacred book, in the hands of that Spirit, lead more and more, both of Catholic and Protestant pastors, to the true knowledge of Christ: soon would the wilderness of this world blossom and flourish, and the visible church regain its primitive holiness and glory.

LETTER VIII.

Lauterbrunnen, Aug. 12.—*Grimsel, Aug.* 17, 1823.

View from Inn at Lauterbrunnen—Lake of Thun—Interlacken—Unterseen—St. Beat—Staubbach—Anecdote—Wengen Alp—Chalets—Avalanches from Jungfrau—Grindelwald—Anecdotes—Glaciers—Sheideck Alp—Miserably wet Journey—Reichen-bach—Valley of Meyringen—Lake of Brientz—Fall of Giessbach—Mud Torrents—Handeck—Grimsel—Sunday Reflections—Italian Nobleman—Lord Byron.

LAUTERBRUNNEN (*Clear Fountains*) *in the Oberland of Bern, Tuesday, August* 12, 1823, 44 *miles from Bern.*

MY DEAR SISTER—I am now sitting at the window of the salle-à-manger at Lauterbrunnen. On the right hand of the view which is before me, the celebrated Staubbach, a fall of water of eight hundred feet, is descending in foam and spray; the perpendicular rocks present no jutting shelves to break its fall; it is a soft, gentle, elegant stream, the sport of every wind, and, as it reaches the earth, lost in vapor. Immediately beyond the nearer rocks which rise all around, the Breithorn Alp, with its never-melting snows, rears its head; it seems quite close to me, from the brightness of the snow, illuminated with the afternoon sun; but it is, in fact, twenty miles off. Next in the prospect a mountain appears with a streak or two of snow at the top; and then the Jungfrau Alp, which is twelve thousand eight hundred and seventy-two feet above the level of the sea, lifts its snowy top above the masses which hide my view of the rest of its vast form. In the nearer ground are the cottages of the village, creeping up the habitable parts of the hills, and interspersed with beautiful meadows and foliage; whilst the roaring of the Lutschinen river, which rolls through the valley, alone breaks the deep silence which reigns all around, and combines, with its noble cascades, just under my eye on my left hand, to complete one of the most beautiful and majestic views imaginable. The scenes of Zurich and Basle must yield in attraction and grandeur to this; for here the rudest and most savage mountain-prospect is united with the eternal snows of the Alps, and the sweetest picturesque home-scenery. You would wonder that I could write thus cheerfully, or even write at all, if you knew that I have been twenty miles or more in a small country car this morning, exploring the beauties of the valley, of a single point of which, as seen from the inn, I am now speaking; my senses are overpowered with wonders.

My friend, the two boys, and I, left Bern yesterday in a hired car, and came on to Thun, fifteen miles, where we embarked on the lake of that name, and reached Interlacken at seven. The lake is itself one thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, and is embosomed in the midst of the Alps, which raise their lofty summits in all directions. It is esteemed one of the most beautiful in this romantic country. We stopped in our voyage to ascend to the cavern of St. Beat; a dark cave which lies on the side of the lake, and is said to go a league under the earth. A river gushes through it. The popular tradition is, that in the first century, the earliest Christian

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missionary to Helvetia finished his days and was buried here. We landed at Neuhaus, hired another car, and passed through Unterseen, one of the most romantic towns we have visited. We slept at Interlacken, which lies between the lakes of Thun and Brientz, and affords a view of a prodigious chain of Alps from the Haslerberge to the Niesen. The situation of the village is most lovely; but the place has much fallen off during the last four or five years—the inn bad—the walks overgrown with weeds—every thing neglected. Even the walnut-trees, once the finest in Switzerland, seem to languish.

We set off to Lauterbrunnen this morning at seven; and on entering the valley were astonished at every step, at the scenes which opened before us. When he approached the Staubbach (dust-stream) we found it was composed of an immense mass of water which the great height disperses as it falls. After proceeding in the car two leagues, we ascended on foot an enormous rock, for an hour and a half, to see the cascade of Schiltwaldbach, rushing between two mountains with a surprising force. It would have amused you to see our faint and weary steps toiling up the rock under a burning sun; I was the worst of the party, and leant most heavily on the arm of the guide. When we reached the top, some cold chamois and beef, with water from the stream, dashed with eau de cérise, served to recruit our strength. We lay along on the grass or rocks, under the shade of an overhanging mountain, for more than an hour, contemplating the new scenes before us, and meditating on the greatness and goodness of our heavenly Father apparent in the operations of his hands—"O Lord, how wonderful are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

On our return, we saw another cascade, not equal in height to the Staubbach, but surpassing it in other respects. An immense body of water pours, or rather dashes, out of an aperture, which it seems to have opened in the side of the rock; the foam is so great, that two rainbows are formed by its spray; one near the ground, the other at its first rushing upon the edge of the aperture, perhaps one hundred feet up the rock. As we were coming home, our guide, who speaks English, said to us, "Sirs, do you see the row of firs growing on that shelf about eight hundred feet from the ground, just below the summit of the rock over against us?"—"Yes."—"Last winter, a cottager hearing that his goats were on that ridge, went down after them; it was in January, and snow covered all its surface; he trod on a stone which had ice under the thin snow; the stone gave way as he trod; he slipped, fell, and was literally dashed to pieces." Such are the tremendous accidents perpetually occurring in Switzerland. We were petrified with horror. May we be ever ready for death, whether it meet us by some unexpected calamity, or steal gradually upon us! Such is man's self-flattery, that in point of fact, death comes unawares on most.*

In the pairsh of Lauterbrunnen (the sweet little church is just below) there are three hamlets, Murron, Grindelwald, and Wengen, on the top of the mountain; they are about five thousand feet above the sea, and contain thirty houses each, where the cattle are fed during the summer. The old people of seventy and eighty come regularly to church every Sunday, three or four leagues, when the weather allows; for during nearly six months, the whole parish is covered with snow, and torrents roll down every path. The people are Protestants; but there is an air of untidiness and roughness about them, arising from their manner of life. The cottagers gain sevenpence halfpenny a day and their food. A farm-house, with all kinds of rooms and offices, can be built for about six hundred francs, twenty-three pounds; but then it is all of wood. The river here is a cascade of snow-water, flowing from the glaciers above; a thick, dirty, foaming stream. The people eat no bread, but live on potatoes, milk, and cheese, with meat occasionally. These mountains produce neither corn nor wine. The hay-harvest is now beginning, August 12th. The inn at Lauterbrunnen is extremely good: far, far better than that at Interlacken. The landlord was butler to the celebrated Madame de Staël.

Wednesday, August 13th, 1823, Grindelwald, 5 afternoon.—Will you believe that we have actually crossed one of the fearful Alps to-day? By nine o'clock this morning we had travelled three hours, and were seated on the roof of a chalet (a hut) taking our early dinner. You may judge of the height we had reached, when I say, that for three hours we mounted almost perpendicularly, as fast as our horses and mules could carry us; we had, in fact, ascended six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Before us was the Jungfrau Alp, with only one unbroken valley between us; it is of the enormous height just mentioned;* but from the chalet it appeared even loftier than it had done at Lauterbrunnen, because all intervening objects were removed. Our view from the roof of the chalet was most magnificent. On our extreme right was the Silver Horn Alp, with an unvaried cap of snow. On our left was the Monk Alp; and last, the Eiger Alp. Before us was the Jungfrau or Virgin Alp, so called, because no human foot has ascended it. It appeared in inexpressible dignity, and seemed to command proudly all the neighboring summits. We could clearly discern on it the line of perpetual snow; the crags and shelves; the precipitous sides; the glaciers and torrents.

As we were eating quite gaily our meat and bread, with milk which the herdsman brought us, and were admiring the sublime scenery around

* I have often reflected on the admission of Gibbon that the possibility of unusual and sudden modes of death should not be without its influence on the mind.

"Mr. Buffon," he says, "from our disregard of the possibility of death wihtin the four-and-twenty hours, concludes that a chance which falls below or rises above ten thousand to one, will never affect the fears of a reasonable man. The fact is true, but our courage is the effect of thoughtlessness, rather than of reflection. If a public lottery were drawn for the choice of an immediate victim, and if our name were inscribed on one of the ten thousand tickets, should we be perfectly easy?"

How strikingly is this applicable to the subject of religion; and how much does it illustrate the wisdom of habitual preparation for death!

* 12,872 feet.

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us, which the superb fineness of the day greatly augmented, we suddenly heard a sound like distant thunder—we started—the guide told us it was an avalanche, or fall of a body of snow, from a lofty, precipitous ridge of the Jungfrau, to the next projecting cliff below. We turned round, and could see nothing—we resumed our meal. Soon the guide with the utmost eagerness bade us look towards the place to which he pointed—we now saw an immense body of snow rushing down to the shelf beneath—in an instant we again heard a noise like a tremendous clap of thunder—the more startling from the perfect stillness on the face of nature—our food involuntarily quivered in our hands—the impression for the moment was alarming—a kind of apprehension seized our minds for which we could scarcely account. The fact is, the snow which we beheld in its fall was an amazing mass; and the depth of its descent was at least a thousand feet; whilst the report of the concussion was greatly increased by the echo. We saw, after two or three great avalanches, the loaded snow on the lower shelf begin to flow down like a river into the valley beneath. These avalanches, when they fall near the public roads, which is often the case, are most destructive and dangerous.

But it is time for me to tell you that we rose at half-past four this morning, and at six were in cavalcade on two horses and two mules, with a guide, and two servants to bring back the beasts; all hired over-night for the passage of the Alps, the guides at six francs a day, the animals nine—our bags were tied on behind us; the guides carried our staves, umbrellas, and provisions. My eldest lad went first, then our kind fellow-traveller, each on a mule; my younger son and I followed on horses. We ascended by a narrow winding path, sometimes by steps, then across a quag, then over a little champaign country, but mostly over loose stones. After an hour's ride, we had ascended three thousand four hundred and fifty feet, (Lauterbrunnen, where we slept, is two thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea,) and passed a village of about forty houses, built of wood, occupied by small proprietors of land, and peasants. After two hours' further ride, we reached the chalet of which I have spoken; we were then on the top of the Wengen Alp—for every Alp has its name.

These chalets are inhabited for three months and a half only of the year, by farmers' servants, who first drive up their cattle by the same road we came, and then feed them there during the summer, and make cheese of the milk. The chalets are wretched sheds, of beams uncut, without chimneys, the roof of wood, secured by rows of large rough stones. The people live on milk and cheese, and have a sad, unhealthy look. No occupation can be imagined more solitary and deplorable. But the Swiss peasant can read, and the Bible can cheer, and, I trust, in many instances, does cheer, his lonely hours. We stayed nearly two hours at the place to rest the beasts, as well as ourselves. Soon after eleven, we began to descend, when the inconveniences we had found in our ascent, were nothing compared with what we now had to experience. I can only liken it to the going down the roof of a house. The terror was increased by the additional feeling, that bridles were useless, and that you must give your animal his head. The edges of precipices, rivers, narrow bridges of only two beams, stones yielding to the foot, gaps of road descending by steps—you could not help yourself. The guide told you it was nothing; the animals went on at the rate of three miles an hour unconcerned, stopping to crop the grass and flowers as they passed; and, after three hours and a half of descent, we were landed safely at the valley of Grindelwald. This valley is three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the sea—about the height, I think, of Snowdon in Wales.* As we were coming down to it, we observed a wide-spread desolation; trees torn up by the roots and stripped; meadows covered with small rock or dust; the road obstructed; vast masses of stone between us and the nearest Alp, the Wetter-horn: we inquired the cause. A dreadful mass had burst off from the rock last winter, during the night, and had literally destroyed every thing which it met in its course; happily no lives were lost.

No words can describe the scenes of this day. How great must that God be who formed all these wonders, and who sustains them all! "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou visitest him!" The people here are Protestants, and each parish has a church. As we ascended to Wengen, the women and children came out and sung us a hymn very sweetly. The beauty and magnificence of nature could not but heighten our feelings of religious awe, gratitude, and love. Devotion seemed to be aided by the majectic temple by which we were surrounded.

The inn is just under the Mettenberg Alp. The weather yesterday and to-day has been the finest since we left England; not a cloud, and yet not too hot; twenty parties have crossed the Wengen Alp this summer, ladies as well as gentlemen. The snow has fallen, so lately as this month, about twenty-three feet deep. I forgot to tell you, that two of our beasts were named Gabby and Manny; for a long time we supposed these were the real names; at last our guide rather shocked us by saying, that the first was called Gabriel, and the second Immanuel! Our journey to-day was twenty-one miles, in eight hours and a half. We have now a simple luxury of the most refreshing kind; ice in a basin, which we put into our wine or milk, and which gives a coolness quite surprising, now that the thermometer is eighty. The ice comes from a neighboring glacier, which we visited this afternoon, tired as we were.

It was the first glacier we had seen, and a most astonishing sight—an inclined plane of a league or more, covered with congealed snow, ice, and water, according as the summer sun, the heat of the earth, the storms, and the rush of superincumbent matter, have been more or less. From this plain, the glacier descends a precipice or ravine, filling up the cavity, with the same combined materials of snow, ice, and water, till it reaches the valley of Grindelwald, where we saw it. It appeared to us an enormous rock of cleft masses of ice, perhaps one hundred feet above the earth, with caverns worn by the water at the bottom.

* Mr. Pennant fixes the height of Snowdon at 3568 feet.

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From this sort of caverns the snow-rivers rush from which the Rhine, Rhone, &c. are supplied.

A Swiss Protestant minister was lost here a few years back, by incautiously stooping to examine a gaping fissure. He lost his balance, and in one instant perished. In the year 1790, the innkeeper at Grindelwald, named Christian Boren, fell into a crevice, as he was conducting his flock of sheep from Bäniseck. Happily he sunk near the great torrent which flows within the glacier; and following its bed underneath the caverns of ice, arrived at length, almost by a miracle, at the foot of the glacier, with only one arm broken. He lived many years after. Every thing in Switzerland is mixed up with sudden catastrophes.

Thursday evening, August 14, *Meyringen, chief place of the Valley of Hasli, in the canton of Bern.* We have had a completely wet morning; four hours' ride over the same sort of unaccountable road as yesterday, with the gratifying accompaniments of being soaked with rain, and of having the beauties of the journey entirely obscured from our view by the clouds. The day promised to be pretty fine when we started at six this morning, and continued without rain as we ascended the Sheideck Alp, (six thousand and forty-five feet above the level of the sea;) but when we came to the brow, instead of enjoying a view of the beautiful valley of Meyringen, we found ourselves enveloped in thick clouds which rose in masses from below, and met us full in the face. We had three umbrellas; but these, on horseback, with a pelting rain, were not of much use; our great coats were, however, of essential service. We rested about an hour at a wretched hut, only better than a chalet. The eau de vie de Cognac, with which our guide was furnished, was a real benefit to us in this emergency, as well as the hot milk we obtained here. We mounted again in woful plight, for three hours more of rain, fog, clouds, swolen rivers. As we approached Meyringen, our guide, without saying a word, directed us across a meadow to visit some cascades, as calmly as if nothing had happened! They were grand enough; but my sad state of wet and fatigue deprived me of all pleasure in the sight. The fact, however, is, that the Reichen-bach, rolling with a fine stream, pours into the valley of Meyringen by five cascades of eighty or one hundred feet each, and then joins the Aar, which flows through Meyringen.

I must tell you, disconsolate as I am, that soon after we left Grindelwald we came to the second or upper glacier; for there are two at that place. We alighted and went on the enormous flakes of ice: the water was dropping all around; and when we came off them, we could see the hollows which the water had scooped out underneath. As we went on our way, we had a still better view of these moutnains of ice from above. They are the most remarkable things we have seen; the upper one has advanced, that is, invaded the land, two thousand feet in the last twenty years. The tradition of Grindelwald is, that there were formerly fertile valleys in the spot now choked up with these masses of ice. Glaciers, says M. Ebel, are, in the first instance, vast beds of ice formed above the limits of perpetual snow, and which are sometimes enclosed in the valleys of the high mountains, and there held immovably; and sometimes, when they are not held there, descend by the sides of the valleys. This motion is produced, in part, by the weight of the ice, which draws it on when it loses its equilibrium; but chiefly, by the melting and diminution of the ice beneath, and on the sides, where the glacier (or body of ice) touches the earth or rocks. The glacier, thus losing its centre of gravity, bursts asunder with a dreadful noise, and glides down the declivity till it finds a new support. There are about 400 in the chain of Alps from Mount Blanc to the Tyrol; covering a space of about 1000 square miles: the depth of which varies from 100 to 600 feet.

Meyringen, Friday, August 15.—This morning, instead of the guide calling us at four o'clock, he did not come to our rooms till half-past seven. The clouds and heavy rain had gained us this prolonged repose. Ten hours' sleep was by no means disagreeable to us. After breakfast, the day cleared up a little, and we hired a car, and drove nine miles, to the lake of Brientz.

The valley of Meyringen, through which we passed, is esteemed one of the most beautiful of all the Swiss valleys; the rocks on each side are so lofty, the intervening vale so lovely (about one or two miles broad,) the outline so variegated—but the special beauty is the number of cascades descending the sides of the overhanging cliffs, and divided into separate falls. At one spot, we had in view at the same time four or five cascades, each falling one or two hundred feet. The village of Brientz is romantically situated on the lake, with one thousand five hundred inhabitants; two good inns, and a third unfinished. In fact, the visitors to Switzerland, since the peace, are multiplying, and improving the inns every where. We took a boat to cross the lake, and visit the fall of the Giessbach, about two miles. We were rowed by an old woman near seventy, her daughter, and her little grand-daughter, about eight or ten years old; one man steering. The Giessbach descends from the Schwarzhorn Alp, and is one of the finest cataracts we have seen; it has ten separate descents, the beauty of which is heightened by scenery the most varied and romantic. At two or three points of view, we had the impetuous torrents on our left, relieved by a foreground of the most picturesque foliage, and contrasted with the soft tranquillity of the lake on our right; while the head of the fall was concealed by lofty firs. As we returned, the owner of the adjoining land, with his children, entertained us with some delightful music. A New Testament was in the room. It is, indeed, most pleasing to find, throughout this country, Bibles and books of devotion: I saw in a miserable chalet on the mountain, yesterday, Arndt's excellent work on True Christianity. All places are alike to the God and Father of all; and some of these simple peasants, perhaps, who know nothing but their Bibles and their mountains, may be happier than most of the inhabitants of Paris or London. Christianity is a universal blessing for ruined man; and to trace its effects and encourage in some degree, however small, its professed followers in obeying it, is one of the noblest duties of an Englishman on a foreign tour.

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I should tell you, that it is on the borders of the lake of Brientz that some of those tremendous torrents of moistened clay rush from the Alps, and carry every thing before them. They are formed by the pools of water collected in the clayey portions of the rocks, which accumulate till they burst their barriers. In 1797, thirty-seven houses and a great number of gardens and meadows were literally buried under one of these turbid muddy streams. The villagers of Schwendi and Hochstetten escaped only by going up on the most elevated part of the roofs of their houses. The lake was several months in recovering its usual purity.

Saturday, August 16, *three o'clock, afternoon.*—We are just arrived on the wildest of all the Swiss mountains, the Grimsel, six thousand feet above the sea; twenty-four miles from Meyringen. We are at a lone house, called the Hospice, and the only one for ten more long mountainous leagues. The danger of not meeting beds was, therefore, so alarming, that we sent on a courier this morning at three o'clock to engage rooms. The man had gone the eight leagues on foot, and had returned about three of them, when we met him, at one o'clock; that is, he had run, or walked, thirty-three miles in ten hours, over a road, which if you had seen, you would have thought that none but goats could pass. We have been nine hours and a quarter going, on horses and mules, the twenty-four miles. Nothing more surprises me than the inexhaustible variety of grand outline and beautiful scenery in this wonderful Switzerland. But I find it is one thing to have some relish for the beauties of nature, and another to be able to describe them. I am altogether incapable of the task.

We have, in fact, passed to-day, a country quite as deserving to be seen as any thing we have already visited, and yet utterly different. The character of the valley of the Aar is wild and savage grandeur; desolation upon desolation; a road, or rather crag, which all the sagacity of our mules could scarcely overcome; sometimes, rude stone steps; then, the smooth slippery back of a rock; then, loose pebbles; then, quagmire; then, enormous sharp stones, from which the winter torrents had worn away all the earth, and left only holes for the beasts to tread in. Still upon this road, the mules passed with perfect safety. We followed the course of the Aar the whole of the way, which forms continual cascades, foaming furiously over rocks which frequently almost fill up its bed. By the bye, I found that our mules had been this road thirty or forty times already, and this encouraged us to set off; and most amply have we been rewarded. The fall of the Aar, called the Handeck, is magnificent indeed. The body of water is immense, another river uniting with it at the fall; and the peculiarity is, that a scooped rock, or rather a narrow basin, or chasm of rocks, opens an abyss of two hundred feet to receive the torrent. To look down it made me quite giddy. We are now so high, that it is excessively cold, though the sun shines, and we left Meyringen at a thermometer about seventy. We had, indeed, passed over ground as high both on Wednesday and Thursday; but this is the first time we have stopt at such an elevation. Our friend has not accompanied us, as he passed the Grimsel four years ago, and he wished to improve the time, by visiting some places new to him. My dear sons and I, with two mules, a horse, a guide, and a servant who tends the mules, are now the whole party.

I must, before I finish to-day, translate for you a Latin note out of the strangers' book here: "We were first overcome by heat and fatigue; then, by rain, wind, cold, and the badness of the roads; we came here without having seen what we travelled on purpose to see; and all hope of better weather being lost, we departed, imprecating every thing evil against mount Grimsel." Such is the angry record of two gentlemen, one from Petersburgh, the other from Leipsic.

Sunday, August 17.—This is my ninth Sunday, and we are in a situation the most desolate and gloomy, as to outward things, possible—in a lone house, twelve mountain miles from any church—not a tree nor shrub to be seen—nothing but barren rocks piled one upon another—not a creature that understands English, and only one who understands French. Still, if God is with us, it is enough. We have our morning service, in a quiet, tranquil room, with a fire, (for it is just like a keen December day;) using as many of the church prayers as I could remember—for we have only a pocket bible with us—reading some psalms and lessons, and closing with a sermon, or rather exposition. We then went to take a little turn to warm our feet; and now my dear sons are employed in writing on a subject which I have given them, till our afternoon service. I cannot do better than follow their example.

The first reflection that occurs to me, whilst meditating in this solitude, is the GREATNESS AND GOODNESS of that God who upholds and governs all this wild and stupendous scene around us—that God who "sits on the circle of the heavens," and before whom "the mountains are as nothing." But all this divine glory in nature is accompanied with marks of his wrath; the effects of the convulsions of the deluge are every where visible—the fountains of the great deep have been broken up, the mountains have been rent asunder, the earth has been shaken out of its place. How good, then, is our heavenly Father, who still spares a wicked and ungrateful world, which he has shown that he could instantly destroy; nay, farther, how much more gracious is He, who, instead of destroying the world as it deserves, has given his only-begotten Son, to offer himself up as a sacrifice for our sins! May the works of creation ever lead up our minds to God in Jesus Christ our Lord! It is thus that our Saviour teaches us to employ all the objects of nature, in his divine discourses.

The next thought that strikes my mind is, the MANY BLESSINGS which have accompanied my family and me on this journey. Every thing has turned out for our good; the weather has cooled the season, and made our travelling safe and agreeable; delays have proved benefits. Ever since we set off we have had blessing upon blessing.

In the next place, how unspeakable is the COMFORT OF PRAYER! Wherever I am, my family can pray for me, and I can pray for my family.

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The "throne of grace" is accessible at all times, and in all places. My dear Mrs. W. and child now at Bern, my affectionate mother and family at London, my large and beloved flock at St. John's, are united to me by the bond of prayer; all may confer benefits and receive them, by intercession to that God who is every where present and has all things in his hands.

Again, let me reflect on the duty of CONTENTMENT AND GRATITUDE; I see nothing abroad, but what makes me more thankful for the lot Providence has appointed me at home. Switzerland is beautiful to visit in a summer tour; but England is the happier land in all respects, if she knew her privileges. Consider the family in this inn. In July last, the snow was twenty-three feet deep behind the house. For nine months in the year, the family are compelled to leave it to a man and two dogs, and go down to the plain of Meyringen; and when they are here in the summer, they have to pass twenty-four miles of steep mountain road, whenever they go to church.

Once more, let me make a remark on THE PLACE ITSELF where I am writing. It is called an Hospice or Spital. It was enlarged last year with eleven new rooms by the government of Bern; and the innkeeper is obliged to entertain strangers, to receive the poor gratis, and keep the house open all the winter, for fear any travellers should be passing. May not this remind me of that true hospice and refuge, which our Saviour has set up in the Gospel, for the wandering traveller? The names of the persons who enlarged this house are painted in great characters on the wall of the dining-room; should not this teach me to engrave, as it were, the Saviour's name on the tablet of my heart, and record the memory of his grace there?

Further, let me consider the CHARITY with which we should regard these simple people. The poor cottagers come from Murren, six leagues, six thousand feet of descent and ascent, to Lauterbrunnen church, even when seventy or eighty years old. Many of the houses have not only the names of the builder, but texts of Scripture, written on the outside. In a small inn at Guttanen, four leagues off, where we stopped yesterday, I found inscriptions on each side of the door of the chamber; one of which was to this effect, "On God's grace and good blessing, all man's success depends; and without his help and mercy, all man's doings are vain." I find in this inn, the Grimsel, a very excellent book of prayers, and a pious French tract; given, probably, by the Basle Tract Society. There are a man and his wife and seven children here, and six servants. I have been talking to the only daughter, who understands French, and have given her a Testament; she was very attentive to what I said, and asked me if I knew Dr. Steinkopff, whom she saw some years ago. I am far from dwelling on such small circumstances; but surely they may lead us to hope, that God our Saviour has many true disciples in these wild deserts—many who love, and fear, and obey him in simplicity of heart. The most enlarged charity is ever the duty of a traveller.

Lastly, I cannot but reflect on the unspeakable importance of Englishmen ACTING CONSISTENTLY as Christians, when abroad. We met here last night, at supper, (at five) an Italian nobleman, a Florentine, and two English gentlemen of family; to-day, though it is Sunday, all have gone on their journey. Now, if every Englishman would but keep holy the Sabbath, and show what the Protestant religion is, in his conduct, unnumbered blessings might follow. The Italian nobleman seemed a man of reading and acuteness. He spoke rather contemptuously of the Pope, and the supposed designs of the see of Rome. He was acquainted with our English history, and did not conceal his admiration of our free constitution, on which he offered some comments that showed an independent, discriminating mind. In short, he discoursed without reserve on every subject that was started. Especially he joined in abhorrence of the principles of lord Byron. He admitted the charms of his poetry; but there seemed to be a strong impression on his mind that such a man was really most pernicious and despicable. I was glad to hear him say, that no persons of character in Italy or elsewhere would associate with him.

It is impossible to foresee what good might be done by the ten or fifteen thousand British travellers who are scattered over Europe, if they acted an open, kind, consistent, religious part, as they ought; but if they are ashamed of their principles, and conform, one in one thing, and another in another, to the wrong practices of the Continent, they share in its guilt, and, indeed, are answerable for all the evil which they might have prevented, or remedied, by the manly discharge of their duty as servants of Christ.

I am yours most affectionately,

D. W.

LETTER IX.

Furca Alp, August 18.—*Bern, August* 24, 1823.

Glacier of Rhone—Furca Alp—Realp—Capuchin Friar—Hospital—Cold—Valley of Reuss—Devil's Bridge—Amstag—New Road—Altorf—William Tell—Fluellen—Lake of four Cantons—Switz—Mount Righi—Storm—Mount Pilate—Ruin of Goldau—Stranger's Book—King of England—Italians and Russians—Kusnacht—Lucern—William Tell—Wooden Bridges—Pere Girard—Luther—Zofingen—Herzogenbuchs—Bern—Sunday—Fast—English Service—Government of Bern and England.

HOSPITAL OF HOPENDAL, (*place for the reception of strangers and travellers,*) *at the foot of Mount St. Gothard, in the Canton of Uri, Monday, Aug.* 18, 1823.

WE set off, my dear sister, this morning, from the Hospice of the Grimsel, at a quarter before six: the morning was dull, but without rain for some time. As we ascended the remaining part of the Grimsel Alp, we looked behind us and saw a thick white cloud completely filling the valley, and rising gradually up the mountain. We had nearly three thousand feet to go before we reached the summit, by a road far worse than any we had yet passed. We had continually to cross masses of snow, quagmires, and torrents without bridges. We had stones in the manner of stairs

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on Saturday, but to-day we had stones in the manner of falls and pits; so that when the mules stepped down, it was with a plunge: we had, also, many slippery backs of rocks. You may judge of the sort of difficulties by this circumstance, that as soon as we began to descend, we were obliged to alight, and walk down the whole of this frightful Alp.

Immediately in the valley between the Grimsel and the Furca Alps is the glacier of the Rhone, which has its source here. This glacier far surpasses in extent and grandeur those at Grindelwald—it is as if an immense sea, when rushing down the valley, had been suddenly turned into ice, with all its agitations. I conjecture, from my eye, that it may be about eight hundred or one thousand feet wide, four thousand long, and five or six hundred deep. Imagine yourself only at the foot of such a sea of broken ice, from beneath which twenty or more turbid snow-streams are bursting out, which form the Rhone. As soon as we had crossed the valley, through which the Rhone passes, we began to ascend the Furca Alp, eight thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, and two thousand eight hundred and eighty above the Hospice where we had slept. As we mounted up, another glacier appeared on our right. The cold was yet more intense than on the Grimsel. Our limbs were completely benumbed. The rain also now began to fall, so that we lost the noble view of the distant Alps, which in fine weather is incomparably grand. As soon as we had reached the top, we were obliged to alight and descend, not a mountain of earth, but an immense mountain of snow, over which we slid and walked as well as we could.—I can quite understand now, why the snow is perpetual on the higher Alps: we were almost frozen at eight thousand feet; what, then, must be the intensity of cold, at twelve or thirteen thousand feet?

After a journey of five hours and a half (four of which were in the rain), we reached the first inhabited house, the hospice of Realp. When we came to the door, I was surprised to see the guide ring the bell, and then humbly take off his hat, when the door opened; and much more to see a venerable Capuchin friar come out with a long beard, a brown garment of the coarsest cloth, reaching to his feet, with a large hood hanging behind, and girded round his waist with a thick common cord; whilst a deep frill of coarse linen fell a good way down his breast. He wore no stockings, and only rough sandals on his feet.—He came gravely up to us. He could not speak French; but his look was benignant, and he showed us into his room with much courtesy, brought us a bottle of a light sweet Italian wine, spread a cloth for us, and then retired, whilst we ate the provisions we had brought with us. As we were dripping wet, we begged to have the wine made hot: it was done in the most comfortable manner possible. We had time during dinner to look round the room—furniture old, but convenient—figures of our Saviour—a printed list, several feet long, of the abbots of his order—holy water—a stove—and in a very small cupboard his library and bed. I tried to make the friar understand me in Latin, but without success. We paid for our entertainment, gave something for the poor, set off again about twelve, and came on here, two leagues, making twenty-four miles, which, with the Alps and the rain, made a formidable day's journey.

We are now at a comfortable inn at the small Catholic village of Hospital, in the canton of Uri, four thousand five hundred and forty-nine feet above the sea, (therefore, cold enough, I assure you,) with thirty-four houses, a church, and chapel. At the top of the village stands a half-ruined castle, which once belonged to the lords of the Hospital, or hospice; for all the villages on these Alps seem to have been designed as refuges for travellers.—Through the village flows the arm of the Reuss river, which springs from the Furca glacier.—The village is on the road for Mount St. Gothard. The weather has been unfavorable to-day, but we have had no fogs to obscure materially our prospect, either of the glaciers, or of the wild scenery through which we have passed; only we lost the view of the distant Alps.

We have now overcome one of the grand difficulties of the Swiss tourist, the passage of the Grimsel and the Furca. The boy who went with my friend to Stanz returned to us last night, saying that his master was weary of the passage of the mountains, and had sent him and the horse back, determined to make his way to Lucern by cars or by the Lake. In these mountainous places the weather is commonly bad. Hospital is the highest public inhabited village in Switzerland; and the inn-keeper's brief description of the weather is, that they have frost and snow for nine months in the year, and rain for the remaining three. There are no trees in this valley, not even the hardy fir; all is one wild surface, without foliage. Every stick of wood for domestic use is brought up some leagues, from Amstag. The cows and goats feed on the grass, which just now looks a little pleasant; but even these animals have a wild, rough appearance, especially the cows. The lakes here are too cold for fish.

The poor inhabitants of this, and other villages around, suffered extremely during the war. The Austrians and French fought in the very streets of Hospital; our innkeeper tells me the scenes were dreadful beyond description. How frightful and horrible is this to all our best feelings and habits! How implacable is the ambition of man! What a scene must it have been, to behold the natural terrors of the Alps aggravated by the miseries of war! But so it is. There is hardly a rock or precipice in Switzerland, which has not been the spot of desperate conflict. Surely, an English traveller cannot hear of these things, and reflect on the events of the late revolutionary war, without some gratitude to God, for having exempted his happy country from such calamities. And the gratitude will be increased by comparing the climate and general circumstances of these Alpine regions, with those of his native land.

Hospital, Tuesday morning, 7 o'clock.—For so long the weather has allowed us to rest. We have had an excellent night; we were in bed about half-past eight. These dinners at eleven, and suppers at five, suit us. I never was better in my life. The breakfast is now coming in, and the weather has suddenly cleared up; so that the

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sun is mounting over the Alps before our window, and is throwing this romantic village into a beautiful picture of light and shade—and hurries us off for our day's journey.

Amstag, one o'clock, Valley of the Reuss, sixteen miles from Hospital.—I am now sitting, faint with heat, at one of the windows of the dining hall of the inn, with a burning sun full on the four open windows of the room;—such is the effect of a descent of two or three thousand feet in this marvellous country—yesterday as cold as Christmas, today as hot as Midsummer. But this is nothing; I must positively employ half an hour, while dinner is preparing, in giving you some idea, if I can, of the extraordinary valley through which we have been passing. It is called, by the inhabitants, Krachenthal, Roaring Valley, on account of the tremendous noise with which the Reuss rushes from rock to rock. It is certainly one of the wonders of Switzerland.

We rode about two miles, on leaving the Hospital, in the wide open valley, without a tree, the Reuss rolling along its course; when we came to a mighty rock, which seemed quite to stop the road. As we approached, we found a tunnel or gallery had been bored through the solid granite, fifteen feet high, twelve broad, and two hundred and twenty long. This is better than the bridge hung with chains, and dangling on the outside of the rock over the torrent, which was the old road. We now descended by a narrow paved way, ten feet wide, to what it called the Devil's Bridge, thrown over the fall of the Reuss, which here meets with tremendous precipices, and foams as it rushes down them. The bridge seems built in the air, from its elevation and boldness; it is one hundred feet above the river. Its span is seventy-five feet, and the fall of the Reuss under it, in a slanting direction, is at least three hundred feet. The architect is not known; and the extreme frightfulness of the cataract over which it is thrown, has probably led the common people to ascribe it to fairies first, and then to the evil spirit. The scene is, perhaps, unparalleled for sublimity and terror. The road after this continues to descend the valley, like stairs for steepness. It is built against the perpendicular rock, and sustained in many places by arches and walls on the side of frightful gulfs. For a league this miraculous sort of tract extends. During all this time the roaring Reuss continues to roll its agitated torrent. I think this is the most romantic of all the Swiss rivers. It never ceases its rage. From rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, it dashes forward, with a succession of falls; sometimes lost among the masses of stone, then appearing again in redoubled force.

We soon came to Goeschinen, where a new road, passable for carriages, begins, and goes on nearly four leagues, to Amstag, the place where I am now writing. It is a surprising undertaking for a small Swiss canton, (Uri) to have formed a road, twenty-five feet wide, by the labor of several thousand hands in three years; I know nothing in England like it for hardy and dangerous enterprise. It is as smooth as our Bath road; and has been formed by blowing up rocks, dividing places dangerous to travellers, throwing bridges over the torrents, (there are seven or eight) still keeping the inclination so gentle, that it descends only about seven feet in one hundred. Conceive our delight in witnessing this bold undertaking, especially when you consider that the valley itself is one of the most picturesque we have yet seen; noble mountains; the river winding, now its frightful, and then its gentle, course; ravines intersecting the valley, and carrying down the smaller torrents; meadows and orchards delighting the eye as we descended lower; a forest of firs, varying the scenery for a mile or more; villages, with their little chapels, now and then appearing: the whole augmented by one of the finest days nature ever presented to man, with a gentle north wind to moderate the heat. I was grieved to see that in many places the new road was already injured by the torrents and falling masses of rocks, so that a constant expense will be incurred—but dinner interrupts my story.

I resume my letter at *Altorf, the capital of the canton of Uri, half-past seven, Tuesday evening*, after a ride of three hours and a half. I was speaking of the expense and labor which this new road will require, and which heighten the merit of the enterprise. I should add, that it very much protects passengers from the danger of the avalanches from the mountains, which were often destructive. Such was the terror of them, that formerly travellers were not allowed to speak in certain parts of the road, lest even that slight agitation of the air should occasion a fall of snow.* It further facilitates the immense traffic carried on between Lucern, Milan, and Northern Italy. We met a drove of noble oxen, and many teams of mules laden with casks. Milan is twelve or thirteen days' journey from Hospital. The people in these villages seem to me untidy and poor. The meadows are rich; and they use a high wooden frame for drying hay, which raises the grass above the ground, and makes it in twelve or fourteen hours.

In coming on to Altorf, we stopped at Burglen to visit a chapel built on the spot where William Tell was born. It is decorated with pictures relating to the events of his life. Altorf is a small Catholic town of one thousand six hundred souls. It abounds with monuments of William Tell. The tower, the fountains,—every thing is designed to commemorate him. His history is connected with all the liberty of Switzerland.

We met on our way to-day many peasants laden with wood for the valley of Ursern, where Hospital is. As no trees grow there, all their wood (coals are unknown) is brought up three leagues. On our road, also, we met our friend and companion, who, after spending his Sunday at Stantz, came to Altorf last night, and was going to visit the Vale of the Reuss; we are now at the same hotel. He reports that he remained at Stantz on Saturday, not because he was weary of the mountain road, but because his horse and boy were equally bad, so bad that he despaired of reaching Lucern by their means. He thinks the new road which I have so much commended, takes off, in some places, from the picturesque beauty of the scenery, as he beheld it four years since.

* I am sorry to see from the Swiss Journals that the devastation occasioned by the avalanches this winter (1824) has been particularly great. The valleys of Gauli, Gadmen, and Guttanen, are stated to have suffered severely.

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Switz, the capital of the canton of that name, (and from which the whole of the country is called,) Wednesday, quarter before 10.—We set off this morning a quarter before six, and saw the melancholy effects of a fire at Altorf, in 1799. The ruined houses remained yet unrepaired. We came to Flüelen in an hour, and there embarked on the lake of Lucern for Brunnen. The passage of two hours was exquisite, from the noble and grand character of the scenery of the lake. We stopped a moment at the spot where William Tell escaped from the boat in which they were conveying him to prison, and where a chapel is now built.

I promised to tell you something about this extraordinary man. It was in November, 1307, that the Austrian bailiff Gesler, having placed his hat upon a pole, at Altorf, and ordered every one who passed to salute it, William Tell nobly refused. He was condemned, as you may remember, to shoot at an apple placed on the head of his son. He struck off the apple; but Gesler, observing a second arrow in the hand of Tell, asked him what he meant to do with it: "It was destined for you," replied he, "if I had killed my child." He was seized instantly, chained, and thrown into a boat which was to convey the governor back to his castle at Küssnacht. A storm fell on the lake. In imminent danger of perishing, they released Tell from his chains, and suffered him to take the guidance of the vessel. The hero leaped on shore upon the rock where the chapel now stands; outstripped Gesler; waited for him in a hollow path, and transfixed him with an arrow. The Linden tree, at Altorf, against which the child stood, remained till 1567, two hundred years after the death of Tell, which happened in 1356. His family was not extinct until the year 1720. A chapel stands on the spot, at Grutli, where the confederation oath was taken, in January 1308. Thus was the foundation of liberty and knowledge, of national virtue and piety, laid in Switzerland. The Reformation two centuries after, so far as it extended, completed the deliverance.

We landed at Brunnen at nine, and came on to Switz. The lake we have crossed is, perhaps, the finest in Switzerland—eight leagues long, four and a half wide, bordering on the four forest cantons, Switz, Uri, Underwald, and Lucern. Between Brunnen and Switz, we passed the bridge, covered as usual, of Ibach, where the battle took place between Suwarrow and Massena, in 1799.

Twelve o'clock.—I never dined better in my life at eleven o'clock, than I have here: we are now going to ascend mount Righi. This town of Switz is in a garden of natural beauties. The vast rocks behind it are like giant sentinels to guard it.

Wednesday evening, top of Mount Righi.—I must write a line to you to-night, though in a salle-à-manger crowded with French, German, Swiss, English, all talking together, in a hotel on the summit of the Righi, six thousand one hundred and fifty-six feet above the sea, and four thousand five hundred above Switz. The peculiarity of this mountain is not so much its great height, as the accessible and yet commanding point in which it terminates, which gives it, when the weather is clear, one of the noblest and most extensive views in the world: the consequence is, that almost every traveller ascends it. It is not the road to any town, as the other Alps I have crossed are, but an insulated spot, which has become celebrated from the comparative easiness of the approach. The moment a fine day appears, all the world hurry forwards to the only inn and only house on the extreme summit of this vast elevation.

The scene at the table-d'hôte is comic beyond description. We were between five and six hours coming up the mountain, in many parts by stairs so steep, that we ascended at a rate of forty feet in a hundred. The heat added to the fatigue; but the extraordinary scene, now we are at the top, surpasses all my conceptions, even of what Switzerland could produce. The eye has an unimpeded view all around. It is a sort of natural panorama. The main disadvantage (which yet adds, perhaps, to the interest of the excursion) is the uncertainty of finding a bright, unclouded sky at this great elevation: either the valleys or the tops of the mountains are commonly obscured with a dark mantle of clouds. As we were at supper, we were hurried out to ascend a wooden platform, forty or fifty feet high, raised on the edge of the precipice, to behold a gathering storm. We were astonished at the sublime sight. One quarter of the horizon was illuminated with the setting sun in the softest beauty, whilst in another quarter the most gloomy storm shrouded with all its horrors the tops of the adjoining mountains, and was approaching the Righi—but I must absolutely stop.

Righi, five o'clock, Thursday morning.—I was compelled to break off last night by the excessive noise in the dining hall: I had half a dozen people talking to me at once, and therefore was soon wearied out, and retired to rest. My friend and I were crowded into a small room, the feet of our beds touching each other; presently the house became more noisy than ever with the company going to their chambers, (for these wooden houses shake at every step,) and soon after, the storm which was lowering in the evening, began to descend—the lightning, thunder, and rain were tremendous; I really thought the house would have fallen. It is now five in the morning, and the rain and the brouillard completely obscure the whole scene; nevertheless all the house is in motion, and families are going down the hill. Fifty-one persons slept here last night—twenty-four gentry; twenty-seven servants and guides; in the course of yesterday, there had been fifty-two gentry.—The house is very small. I find a New Testament of the Bible Society in this Catholic solitude, with an inscription to-state that it was left by Messrs. Treuttell and Wurtz, "for the use of Christians whom the bad weather might prevent from seeing and admiring the great work of the creation, and adoring the Creator, by mounting towards him by the help of his works." In the strangers' book I was startled to see the name of his present majesty, George IV., who assuredly never ascended this mountain.

When the weather is fine, fourteen lakes are visible here, and the sun rising upon the range of the Alps is magnificent. They may be traced from the Glarnish on the east, to the Oberland Bernois on the southwest; whilst on the north,

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your eye may range from the lake of Constance to that of Neufchâtel. All Switzerland, to the east and north, is open before you; and much further, into Suabia. The only hill we could distinguish last night was Mount Pilate, which is called properly Mons Pileatus, or Mountain with a Cap, because a cloud generally rests on its extreme top, even in the finest weather. The common people say that Pontius Pilate came here and threw himself down the precipice in despair, for having condemned our Saviour.

As the morning is so unfavorable, and breakfast is not ready, I must tell you a sad story.—As we ascended the Righi yesterday, we passed over the melancholy ruins of the village of Goldau. In 1806 an immense mass of earth from the Rossberg, gradually loosened by two or three months' rain, fell down with scarcely a moment's warning: it was the 2d of September; four villages, of which Goldau was the chief, lay at the foot of the mountain. All was buried in an instant—two churches, one hundred and eleven houses, two hundred barns, &c., and four hundred persons, with three hundred and twenty-five head of cattle, were overwhelmed; and a new ruinous mountain, one hundred and fifty feet high, was formed by the vast mass. The loss was estimated at three million eight hundred and forty thousand livres of France.

Those who had been aware of the dangerous state of the mountain, and the probability of some disaster, were not warned in time. Two old inhabitants who had predicted the calamity, when some one rushed into their cottage, and told them the rock was actually falling, disbelieved the message, and were lost. A party of ten persons had been two months waiting for fine weather to visit Mount Righi. They set off for Switz the day of the catastrophe; five of them staid a moment behind the rest, to take some provisions; the instant the others entered Goldau, the enormous ruin carried them away.

A physician from the neighboring village of Arth, Dr. Zay, has published an account of the calamity. During the whole day the air was darkened with clouds of rock and earth. Entire forests, and large blocks of the mountain, were borne through the air as swiftly as an arrow.—Houses, cattle, men, all were dragged along, and seemed to fly in the midst of the heavens. Several females and children were almost miraculously preserved. Two women were forced into a pit fifteen feet deep, and thus escaped. A maid servant, Jeanne Ulrich, with Marianne, a little girl five years old, were overwhelmed. The maid was torn from the child, and hung suspended among beams of wood and ruins, which crushed her on all sides. Her eyes were filled with blood. She thought the last day was come, and betook herself to prayer. She heard the cries of the child. Two hours passed; a neighboring church clock struck, but no help arrived. The cries of the child became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased.—The girl, thinking she was dead, made desperate efforts to liberate herself, and at last freed her legs from the mass of ruins. Soon the little Marianne began again to cry; she had fallen asleep, and on waking renewed her lamentations. Two hours more elapsed, when the child's parent, Viguet, who had carried his two sons to a place of safety, returned to deliver the rest of his family. He searched amongst the sad remains of his house; a foot appeared above the ruins; he approached, he recognised a part of his wife's dress; he uttered the most piercing lamentations, which reached the ears of the servant and Marianne, who instantly redoubled their cries. The father knew his child's voice, and rescued her with only a broken limb. The maid was afterwards taken out, scarcely alive. They both recovered.

It is remarkable, that in this very neighborhood, an entire street of Zug, with a part of the towers and walls of the town, sunk, without a moment's warning, into the lake, in the year 1435. Sixty persons then perished. The infant son of the keeper of the archives, Adelrich Wikard, who was found floating in his cradle on the waters, was rescued, and became afterwards the father of a family which deserved well of the state.

O God, how unfathomable are thy judgments! thus is it that thou alarmest a sleeping world, and callest man to prepare for sudden death, and sudden judgment; whilst the grace of thy Gospel sets before them a dying Saviour, whose redemption no falling rocks nor sudden destruction can overwhelm; nay, which will appear most glorious "when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the earth shall melt with fervent heat!"

It is astonishing and terrific as you ride over the place where Goldau stood; the ruins are above one hundred feet deep; the adjoining lake of Lowertz was filled up for fifty feet. Many persons beheld the ruin from the top of the Righi; and were compelled to witness the destruction of their own lands and houses, without the possibility of giving any aid. Only a few bodies and mangled limbs have been dug up after seventeen years. Such was the tremendous impetus of the falling rock, that prodigious masses were carried by the rebound many hundred feet up the opposite hill, i. e. perhaps three or four leagues from the summit whence they fell. Such a scene I never witnessed. Still, the love of their native spot is so deeply fixed in the Swiss, that two or three new houses are beginning to rise in the midst of the ruins. One of the churches has been rebuilt; the grass is now hiding by degrees the frightful spectacle, and even some strips of meadows are forming here and there.

Righi, 10 *o'clock.*—The morning is actually clearing up.

Eleven o'clock.—No: all our hopes are disappointed; the valley is filled with clouds; fogs are rising and covering every thing with one mantle of deep and impenetrable obscurity. Thus we shall be compelled to leave this queen of mountains without seeing all its magnificence of prospect. I may as well tell you, before I lay by my letter, that in coming up yesterday, we visited the convent of St. Mary in the Snow, four thousand two hundred feet above the sea, where a small convent of Capuchin friars, for receiving strangers, is supported. The little church adjoining is curiously adorned; and in the small village two inns have been built within three years.

In the strangers' book on Mount Righi, I find so many fictions, that I have now no difficulty in accounting for the insertion of the name of the king; but I have called in all the people of the

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house and examined them, and they stoutly affirm that our king was here, and wrote with his own hand his name and date, October, 1816, and that he came with three ladies and four gentlemen in his suite. Such is the vanity of these good people!

Perhaps I cannot employ myself better than by going on to say, that the keeping of a strangers' book is one of those foreign customs which one cannot but approve of. It is, perhaps, a little galling at first to an Englishman, to be obliged to put down his name, age, country, family, time of arrival, place of destination, motives of journey, &c., as soon as he drives into a town. But the pleasure is so great to see what countrymen or friends are before you on the road, and to look back and read the names of travellers in past years, that you are soon delighted with the plan. In frontier towns the book is often under the regulation of the police; but in small towns in the interior, and places of fashionable resort, as the fall of the Rhine, Mount Righi, &c., it partakes more of the nature of an album, in which travellers write down any sentiments they please, together with their names. Sometimes an opinion is given of the country they have passed through, or advice as to inns and roads; at other times a short poetical effusion is inserted, or a stroke of wit and drollery. You meet occasionally with very admirable thoughts, and bursts of real genius. My friend transcribed a striking copy of verses. It is curious even to look over the hand-writing of celebrated individuals. The strangers' book, further, enables you to compare the number of travellers from different countries. I counted once or twice, and found the English four or five times as numerous as those of any other nation. It is much to be regretted, that the unpardonable license of a few persons, I am afraid chiefly Englishmen, is rapidly tending to put an end to this innocent and gratifying custom, or at least to the confining of it to the dry record of the police towns.

Righi, twelve o'clock.—We are in as miserable a plight as ever poor creatures were: a dreadful wet day—shut up in a close room, as in a prison—scarcely able to breathe—five or six leagues to reach Lucern—no prospect—nothing but rain and fog. Some of the party are endeavoring to throw a ring, suspended by a cord from the ceiling, upon a hook fixed at a suitable distance in the wall of the room—a trait of genuine ennui.

For my own part, I have been amusing myself with talking with two Italian gentlemen—well informed—admirers of England—discontented with their existing government—ready for change—with no great attachment to Popery; really this is the case with all the foreigners we meet. Tyranny, in a day of general information, galls the mind, and defeats, and must defeat, its own purpose. I endeavor to give the best advice I can; dwelling chiefly on the importance of the Scriptures, and the elevating nature of true Christianity. I have been deeply interested also, with two students from St. Petersburgh—amiable, scholar-like young men; they spent last winter in England. I shall not soon forget their surprise, when they happened to discover who I was. They had frequently heard me preach in London. The meeting thus with occasional auditors, on a sudden, in the heart of Switzerland, appals me. I feel, as it were, quite uncomfortable, lest I should have failed in giving them a faithful impression of the Gospel of Christ; and yet, if these young Russians have heard me, so may others from other lands. What a responsible office is that of the sacred ministry! What diligence, what solicitude, what uprightness, what simplicity in following the Holy Scriptures, what humility and fervor in imploring the grace of the sacred Comforter, does it require?

Lucern, Friday morning, seven o'clock.—We arrived here last night; the weather a little cleared up after dinner yesterday at the Righi, and at two we mounted our beasts to descend; three hours brought us to Küssnacht, a town on the lake of Lucern; and three hours more to this town. The weather was rainy, but still tolerable. The views of the surrounding country, as we came down, were lovely: we had the lakes of Lucern and Zug full before us. The road from Küssnacht was positively through a garden, by the side of the lake, with just those gentle rises which gave us the sweetest views imaginable.

We have now finished our Oberland tour of two hundred and forty-nine miles; only it happens, that we are landed at a town nearly seventy miles from Bern, and have thus two days' journey to reach my dear family. We visited yesterday a third chapel of William Tell, built by the government, on the spot where he slew Gesler the Austrian governor. So that there is a tower, as I have before mentioned, at Altorf, on the place where William Tell's child stood with the apple on his head; a fountain where the father stood; a chapel on the site of his house at Burglen; a second where he escaped from the boat conducting him to prison; a third where he slew the oppressor of his country; and another where the oath of confederation was taken at Grutli—at this last place, an English wag has written on the wall, "Cato street conspirators!" Thus is the love of liberty nourished in the breasts of this fine people: Catholics and Protestants seem the same in this respect. There is a public spirit, a hardy courage, a patriotism, an independence of mind, about the Swiss, connected with a ready subjection to lawful authority, and a sense of moral and religious obligation, which are the true foundations of national prosperity. Their adherence to all their ancient usages, even in their dress, is observable; each canton has its costume. At Switz, the women have caps with two high white frills, plaited, and standing nearly erect on their heads, like two butterfly's wings; quite different from the Bernois, yet equally fantastical and inconvenient.

This Oberland country has, on the whole, filled me with wonder, astonishment, and gratitude. "How glorious, O God, are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep." O that, in this glorious creation, man did but love and obey Thee as he ought!

Lucern, where we now are, is the capital of the canton, and romantically situated on the north-west banks of the lake of four cantons. It is just in the heart of Switzerland. It is one thousand three hundred and twenty feet above the sea. The fine river Reuss crosses it, over which there are three bridges. The name is probably derived

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from the Latin word, Lucerna, a lamp or light-house; as the most ancient building is the great tower where the light was formerly suspended; possibly in the time of the Romans. It contains six thousand souls. It is the great mart of commerce between Switzerland and northern Italy, the road over St. Gothard beginning at Altorf, the other side the lake. The Catholic religion is here prevalent; so that all up mount Righi we found stations and crucifixes for pilgrims. Many of the priests are said to be men of piety and information, and to have been on the point of embracing Protestantism a few years back. Some political events unhappily interfered to delay the execution of this good design.

In these free states, a reformation may be effected with comparative ease, if once the minds of the leading magistrates and clergy are duly informed and impressed with divine truth. They depend on no foreign potentate. A majority of the senate determines all questions. What they once resolve on, they never want courage to perform. It was thus that the reformed doctrines were received at Zurich, Bern, &c. in the sixteenth century. The German language prevails through the Oberland; so that I have had no great means of gaining information on the general state of morals and religion. I can speak indeed of particular facts which fall under my own observation; but when I come to reflections on a whole canton, I remember the diffidence which becomes a stranger on such subjects. Still, I cannot but avow, that the general appearance of these Catholic cantons is strongly against them; whilst in Bern all is industry and cleanliness, and not a beggar to be seen.

Zofingen, thirty miles from Lucern, half-past nine, Friday night.—While supper is preparing, I will write something of the occurrences of a most delightful day. After breakfast this morning, we went to see a model of Lucern and the neighboring country, on a scale of about thirteen inches to a league. It was most gratifying to trace out part of the tour we had just made. Our attendant pointed out the model of one Alp, the Titlis, on which the ice lies one hundred and seventy-five feet thick in summer. General Pfyffer spent his life in traversing the mountains, and executing this model. A portrait of him, in his travelling dress, adorns the room; and his camp-seat, of a most simple but admirable contrivance, was shown us. We next visited the arsenal, and saw the sword of Zuingle, the Reformer, (for he was compelled, by the law of the republic, to bear arms, and he fell on the field of Capelle, in 1531;)* and then the Jesuits' church and the cathedral, where the tawdry ornaments and superstitious images of the Virgin re-awakened that pain of mind which the Protestant cantons had soothed. A noble monument just erected to the Swiss regiment, who perished at Paris, in defending Louis XVI., August 10, 1792, very much interested us; it is a lion, 28 feet long, cut out in the rock, and the names of the officers inscribed beneath.

The three covered bridges in the town are surprising structures; the first, that of the Court, is one thousand four hundred feet long; the second, one thousand one hundred; in the spaces between the beams of the first there are two hundred and thirty-eight paintings from the Old and New Testament; and of the second, one hundred and fifty-four from the lives of the heroes and saints of Switzerland. A third bridge has thirty-six pictures from Holbein's Dance of Death. The river Reuss is here of a deep blue-green color, very rapid, and so clear that you may count the stones at the bottom. We ascended two hills which commanded magnificent views of the town, the lake, the adjoining hills, and distant Alps: perfectly enchanting.

Zofingen, Saturday morning.—It was eleven o'clock before we were in bed last night; the fact is, we spent all the morning in seeing Lucern, and had a journey of six hours and a half to take after three o'clock, in order to reach Bern by Saturday night. I have only further to say about Lucern, that the views from the bridges and the neighboring hills are some of the very finest in Switzerland. Zurich and Lucern are the most enchanting towns we have seen. The road hither ran by the side of the lake of Sempach; but by seven the evening came on, and we could see little of the prospect; a fine moon-light, however, aided us. At the town of Sursee, whilst we were taking some refreshment, I saw a portrait of Père Girard of Fribourg. The son of the aubergiste had been his scholar: I sent for the boy in. He had been five years at school—seemed a fine, clever lad—spoke in the highest terms of M. Girard. He tells me, M. G. had five classes, and four or five hundred children, at Fribourg; and that he gave lectures on the catechism, and taught the children the New Testament. He was, in truth, too good for the Papists;—they raised an opposition—the Jesuits aided—and Père Girard's whole establishment is now broken up. This aubergiste had sent his son fifty-five miles to this good schoolmaster. These individual cases of piety and zeal continually occur. The intrepidity and faith of such men are of a character which we have little conception of in England, surrounded by Protestant connections and protected by Protestant laws. Surely charity should peculiarly rejoice in such triumphs of the grace of God, in the midst of the corruptions of Popery.

*I cannot but just add here, that undoubtedly there was too much of secular politics mixed up with the higher principles of the Swiss Reformers. An interference with the temporal governments proved one very lamentable impediment to the advance of the Reformation. The character of Luther stands pre-eminent, above all the Reformers, in this respect. His wisdom, spirituality of mind, subjection to "the powers that be, as ordained of God," and moderation on doubtful points, (except in the sacramentarian controversy,) placed him on an elevation, to which I am not aware that any of his contemporaries can be raised. Religion was with him a matter of the heart, and the reformed doctrines the consolation of his aroused and most tender conscience; and all this in a very peculiar degree. Others may have had more learning, as Melancthon; or more acuteness, as Calvin or Zuingle; but for deep, affecting views of religion, superiority to secular politics, and experience of inward temptations, united with magnanimity of mind, and uncommon powers of eloquence, none can be compared, I think, with Martin Luther.

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The town of Zofingen is in Argovie, and is Protestant; it contains about two thousand souls. A house was destroyed by lightning, in the storm of Wednesday night. The women in Lucern wear, not caps, but immense straw hats, with very small flat crowns, and four bows of ribbon, two green and two red, with sometimes a bunch of flowers. Our voiturier (for we were obliged to hire one at Lucern to take us back to Bern) feeds his horses with bread; when we stopped yesterday, we saw a boy with a loaf of bread, (of the same sort as we had ourselves,) cutting it with a knife, and giving first one horse a slice, and then another, which they seemed to eat with much pleasure.

Herzogenbuchs, seventeen miles from Zofingen, twelve at noon.—We have had a pleasing drive of four hours through a fruitful country. The village is neat and clean, and the whole place is crowded with men and women who have been attending a funeral, and are now going to dinner. We are in a Protestant canton, and within seven leagues of Bern. The village contains about five hundred inhabitants; two or three hundred of whom are dining, or about to dine, at this funeral.

Bern, Saturday evening, half-past seven.—Thank God, I find myself again with my dear Ann; and thank God also she is remarkably well. The fortnight's entire quiet, though dull to her in some respects, has restored her to wonderful health and strength. She has also now become accustomed to the food and place, and knows better what she is about, and how to manage the people and things in Switzerland. How great a blessing is this! We had a beautiful ride from Herzogenbuchs to Bern, twenty-one miles. Almost all the country from Lucern to Bern is well cultivated, the views beautifully mild, herds of cattle feeding in different spots, the meadows yielding four or five crops a year, the farming buildings large and convenient—the whole reminding us of beloved England—which could not, of course, be the case in the mountain regions we have left. As we approached Bern, a noble range of Alps stretched themselves before us. We passed Hofwyl, the celebrated spot where M. Fellenberg has his school and his establishment for agriculturists; but it was too late to stop.

We have been, in this Oberland tour, three hundred and fifteen miles in twelve days, and above two hundred of it on mules. Never did I derive so much benefit to my health, as by these mountain rides. We propose now to go on to Lausanne on Monday. We shall set off for Paris (please God) by the 1st of October, at latest; stay there till the 23d, and be at home on Friday the 31st. I had the particular pleasure of finding a letter from you, dated August 6th, and received August 21st, on my return here. Your account of our dear relative grieves me to the heart. My prayers shall be united with yours, that these severe and repeated afflictions may become real blessings to him, by awakening him to more seriousness, determination, and earnestness, in seeking the salvation of his soul, which is the grand concern of man, and without which we are lost and miserable, though in the utmost outward prosperity.

Bern, Sunday evening, August 24, 1823.—We have had to-day a delightful Sunday; twice have I not only attended public worship, (which we always do,) but heard "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," as St. Paul expressed it, from the lips of his ministers. The difference between a cold harangue on ethics, and the gracious message of peace and joy in Christ Jesus, is immense. Duty must follow, not precede, much less exclude, salvation by faith. The morning subject was John, v. 44. "How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?"—the afternoon, Heb. x. The church was crowded in the morning, and the attention of the congregation most pleasing. Notice was given of a public fast for Sept. 11, "On account of the sins of the people, and in order to render thanks to God for his benefits." The language of the notice was very pious and appropriate. After recounting the various public blessings of Almighty God to the republic of Bern, it proceeded to mention "the most excellent of all God's gifts, the holy religion of Jesus, which is an inexhaustible source of truth, virtue, and consolation, to so many thousands of souls." It then dwelt on the ingratitude and sins of the people, and exhorted them "to fly to the grace of God in Jesus Christ, and seek from Him the pardon of their sins by unfeigned repentance, a lively faith, and a true conversion." It ordered, lastly, that all the shops should be shut after three o'clock the preceding day.

At half-past four we had our private service. Three English families joined us; so that we were eighteen in all. I was not in the least acquainted even with the names of my auditory; but an opportunity occurring, I had just mentioned to two families, at the table-d'hôte, that I was about to have English service; and, as we were beginning, a third family, a clergyman's, begged permission to come in. They all seemed intensely attentive. My subject was from 1 Thess. i. 5, "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." I hope some good was done. One family was, at the least, better employed than on the preceding Sunday, when they were at a play at Lausanne. This the father of it had told me with perfect sangfroid; adding, that he had been properly punished; for they were late, and could obtain no good sittings. It was this conversation which led me to propose to them to join our English service. How lamentable is it that British travellers have so slight a sense of the obligation of keeping holy the Sabbath!

So far as I can learn, there is much of true religion in this important canton. It quite delights me to be able to say this. I have so often had to give you unfavorable accounts, that I have a double pleasure, when *truth* allows me to unite with *charity* in my reports. The education of the children is strictly attended to—indeed every parent is compelled to send his children to school and catechism. In this respect the Swiss governments possess a real moral power. In the police of the towns; the suppression of vice; the prohibition of theatres; the banishing of bad persons at once, and without ceremony; the laws against luxury, &c.; it is amazing what a salutary influence some of these states exercise over their comparatively diminutive territories.

The town of Bern contains about a ninth part

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of the population of Liverpool or Manchester; and all the canton not a fourth part of the population of London—indeed the twenty-two Swiss cantons are not much more populous than that one immense city.* Every thing therefore falls immediately under the notice of the magistrates, and may be checked at its first appearance. And this sort of paternal, though perhaps somewhat arbitrary, restraint, being connected generally with the faithful preaching of the Gospel, all seems to be done, that any government can do, for the suppression of public immorality and the encouragement of piety and virtue.

Whereas in England things are on a very different footing. The overgrown population of the metropolis, the extent of the other commercial towns and cities, the jealousy of their civil rights which pervades all ranks, the measure of political and religious liberty which they claim and enjoy, the influence of public opinion on parliament and ministers of state, the tone of religious sentiment given by the bishops and clergy, all combine to prevent the interference of an arbitrary discipline, and to leave things at the disposal of law and the general feelings of the nation. Undoubtedly this has degenerated too often into negligence and disorder, especially in the permission of blasphemous and seditious publications, in the neglect of the education of our poor, and the inadequate provision for the public worship of God. Nor has the faithful preaching of the reformed doctrines in their simplicity and vigor, been always so general with us, as it seems to have been in the Swiss churches.

Still, in England there is a principle of renovation implanted, and concealed, as it were, in all our free institutions, which revives whenever the mercy of God visits our country, and which was never, perhaps, more powerfully at work than at present. The standard of religious sentiment is rapidly advancing, our clergy are rising from their torpor, and are preaching and living according to the Gospel; the influence of public sentiment is turned, in a considerable degree, to the side of piety and good morals; our government favors the progress of this mighty change; Parliament itself begins to move; our Bible and missionary institutions are in some proportion to our wealth and commercial greatness. Now, in the small governments of Switzerland, I suspect that much more must depend on the personal character of the members of the government, and much less on public opinion. And if a spirit of negligence as to morals, or of persecution as to religion, should pervade the minds of the chief persons in a canton, there would be far less hope of a recovery than in England.

But I am indulging too much in this sort of reflections, for a stranger; the state of things in the canton of Bern is at present delightful; and, after all, under every form of government, the extent of real spiritual religion in the heart and life, must ever depend on a higher cause—the pure preaching of the doctrine of Christ, and the grace of God's blessed Spirit. May that grace descend more and more on our own happy country and all Christian nations and churches, yea, on all mankind!

I am your affectionate brother, D. W.

P. S. As I have been speaking on the subject of strangers' books, I cannot close my letter without mentioning the two ingenious sentences which were written in the time of our James I. by the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton, whose advice to Milton I noticed in a former letter.

The first is a keen satire; and would have been more complete if the ambiguity of the English word, lie, could have been expressed in the Latin:

"An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."—"Legatus est vir bonus peregrè missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ,"

The other is more grave, but not without a touch of humor; for I suppress the long solemn list of Sir Henry's titles, and of his various embassies, which precedes it:

"Henricus Wottonius, &c. &c. &c. tandem hoc didicit, Animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo."—"Henry Wotton, &c, &c. &c. at length learned this, That souls are made wiser by being quiet."

The first was written early in Sir Henry's life, and was printed from the Latin copy, eight years afterwards, and maliciously transcribed on several glass windows at Venice, where he then resided as English Ambassador. The other was the cool and weighty result of experience, after a long life spent in diplomatic services.

I wish all the sentences written now were as well worth remembering.

NOTICE OF THE PUBLIC FAST AT BERN.

This public religious service is annual in the Swiss churches, and is attended to with much solemnity by all classes. Surely other churches might do well to imitate so good an example.—What cause have we in England, at the time I am writing this, (February, 1825) for thanksgiving as well as for humiliation—for *thanksgiving* on account of the unnumbered blessings which God has vouchsafed to us; blessings almost unparalleled in the history of nations—for *humiliation* on account of our, alas! too flagrant and aggravated national sins. Surely the growing sense of religious obligation which marks the general body of people in England, would support the venerable heads of our church in so seasonable an appointment. The highest pitch of public prosperity always touches on the most fearful reverses, by leading to pride, luxury, vice, and forgetfulness of God. I insert the whole of the valuable document from which I have given a passage or two above. I never saw a copy of it in this country.

Nous avoyer et conseil de la ville et republique de Bern, assurons nos chers et fiuëles ressortissans de notre gracieuse bienveillance, et leur faisons savoir:

Que, de concert avec les autres Etats réformés de la Confédération, nous avons arrêté de faire célébrer, Jeudi 11 Septembre prochain, u n jour solennel d'actions de grâces, de jeûne et de prière.

* Switzerland contains 1,750,000 inhabitants; London, 1,274,800; Bern 13,340; Liverpool, 118,972; the canton of Bern, 215,000

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Et qui de nous, chers et fidèles ressortissans, ne se sentirait avec nous porté à remercier Dieu publiquement, et du fond d'un cœur touché, en réfléchissant à tous les bienfaits qu'il a répandus sur nous pendant cette année si pleine d'évenemens? Une paix profonde régne au sein de notre patrie, et dans les contrées qui nous avoisinent; tandis que dans d'autres pays plus éloignés le fléau de la guerre trouble la prospérité des peuples: et de cette tranquillité découlent pour la vie domestique et publique d'inombrables bénédictions qui s'étendent sur tous les états et sur tous les âges. La terre a été fertile au-de là de toute espérance, et par ses riches productions a confondu les inquiétudes de ceux, auxquels la température variable et pluvieuse de l'été faisait craindre le retour de la disette. Et si par-ci par-là des orages ont occasionné quelque perte, que ce dommage est peu de chose en comparaison de tout le bien que nous avons reçue de la main du Seigneur! ce n'a été en quelque sorte qu'un avertissement pour nous rappeler pu'il est en sa puissance de nous donner ou de nous enlever ce qui nous est le plus nécessaire.

Et pourquoi ne ferions-nous pas mention du plus excellent de tous les dons de Dieu, de la sainte religion de Jésus, qui est enseignce purement dans les églises et dans les écoles, et qui est une source intarissable de vérité, de vertu, et de consolation pour tant de milliers d'ames?

Si l'expérience journalière de cette grâce du Seigneur qui se multiplie sur nous de tant de manières, doit à juste titre nous animer à la célébrer avec joie; nous ne saurions cependant vous le cacher, un regard jeté sur l'état religieux et moral de notre peuple, dèvoile une grande corruption, qui en vérité nous rend indignes d'une telle grâce. Une légèreté sans bornes se manifeste dans les villes et à la compagne sous une multitude de formes; dans l'indifférence thouchant la connaissance et l'adoration de Dieu, chez plusieurs dans un total abandon des temples du Seigneur, dans l'oisiveté, le goût du luxe, et une vie déréglée, qui entraînent la ruine de familles entières, comme aussi des individus en particulier. Et à côte de cette dèplorable et criminelle légèreté, n'avons-nous pas la douleur de voir dans quelques contrées des hommes pervers continuer à faire un horrible abus des choses divines, de tout ce qu'il y a de plus saint, pour tromper les simples, pour séduire les faibles, et se livrer à la plus grossière immoralité? Des iniquités aussi graves ayant lieu, ainsi que tant d'autres transgressions qui minent insensiblement la prospéerité publique et domestique; le soin paternel que nous devons prendre du salut de nos ressortissans nous oblige à les exhorter sérieusement, de recourir à la grâce de Dieu en Jésus Christ, et de chercher auprès de lui le pardon des péchés par une repentance non feinte, une foi vive, et une conversion véritable, se rappelant soigneusement qu'il ne faut pas s'en tenir à la simple promesse de s'amender, mais que le sacrifice agréable au Très-Haut, c'est une vie Chrétienne selon la vérité, la pureté, et la charité,

Nous attendons avec confiance, que quiconque desire le bien de la patrie, et son propre avantage, ne manquera pas au jour de jeûne prochain, d'implorer pour cet effect de l'amour éternel le secours d'enhaut, et la conservation des biens précieux dont nous jouissons.

Mais pour prévenir autant que possible tout ce qui pourrait troubler la dévotion pendant ce jour solennel de jeûne, nous ordonnons enfin sérieusement, que durant tout ce saint jour, et la veille depuis les trois heures de l'après-dîner, toutes les auberges et pintes soient fermées pour chacun, excepté pour les voyageurs étrangers; nous défendons en même temps les courses indécentes d'une paroisse dans une autre, et entendons que chacun fréquente l'église de sa paroisse.

Veuille l'Auteur de toute grâce lui-même faire servir cette institution à sa sainte gloire, á la prospérité de la patrie, et à l'avancement du bonheur de chacun en particulier.

Donné le 18 Août, 1823.

Chancellerie de Berne.

LETTER X.

Morat, August 25.—*Lausanne, August* 31, 1823.

Battle of Morat—Avenche—Payerne—Lausanne—Reformation—Translation of Scott—Lake of Geneva—Lodgings—Calvinism—Nion—Coppet—M. Neckar—Madam de Stael—Geneva—Rhone—Steam Boat—Death of Missionaries Johnson and Palmer—The Pope—Ferney—Voltaire—Sunday at Lausanne—Preachers—Persecution—Calvin's Will—Arrete at Lausanne.

Morat, canton of Friburg, 15 *miles from Bern, Monday, August* 25, 1823.

My dearest sister,—At length we have left Bern, eighteen days after our arrival. We have been driving to-day through a sweet country, though of necessity less striking than the Oberland, which still captivates my imagination. On reflection, I feel more and more gratified at having had health and strength to visit it. The Jungfrau, the Avalanches, the Giessbach, the Glacier of the Rhone, and the valley of the Reuss, seem quite to fill and overwhelm my mind. Even the Righi, bad as the weather was, has left a strong impression on my recollection. Next to a perfectly clear day, I conceive nothing could have been finer than the beholding the tremendous storm gathering in the horizon, hours before it burst upon us, contrasted with the sweet sunshine on the opposite side. I must tell you, that good old Mr. Wyttenbach called on us before we left Bern, and gave us his blessing: and that three young ladies out of our congregation yesterday, seemed a good deal affected with the discourse; they spoke to us this morning with evident interest and anxiety. It is impossible to reckon on the impressions made by a single sermon; but attention to truth is always a hopeful sign, and may lead on to consideration, repentance, conversion; —"faith cometh by hearing."

It is, perhaps, scarcely worth adding to what I have said about Bern, that the founder of the town was a duke of Zæhringen. He is represented over one of the gates, in a colassal form, twenty feet or more high. In all these towns and cantons, you should know, that the walks and varied beauties of nature are opened to the public, and you are sure to find shady paths and convenient

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seats for your repose; nothing is usurped as of private use. I forgot to say, that at Lucern, all the dogs in the town are secured with muzzles of brass or iron, placed loosely over the mouth; nothing could be more curious, than to meet ten or twelve of these poor animals in every street, thus deprived of liberty.

Morat, where we now are dining, is beautifully situated on the lake of that name; it is one thousand four hundred and sixty feet above the sea, and has a thousand inhabitants. It is celebrated for one of those great battles, by which a small number of Swiss heroes overcame France and Austria, and established their independence. The battle of Morat was fought June 22, 1476, against Charles duke of Burgundy. Two thousand heroes kept an army of seventy thousand French in check, at Morat, till the Swiss confederates could arrive—Couriers were despatched in all directions to hasten their march—In three weeks thirty-five thousand men were collected—They at once resolved to attack the enemy's camp, and they gained a complete victory. Three-and-twenty thousand of Charles's army perished on that day; and the duke escaped with difficulty, with three thousand cavalry, to Morges. The Swiss loss was four hundred killed, and six hundred wounded.

The lake of Morat, is only six miles long, and two broad; but abounds in a fish called sabet, said to be the largest of all the fresh water kinds. We have had a fearfully hot ride of four hours and a half. This is the fourth fine day we have had in succession.

Payerne, Canton de Vaud, half-past nine, Monday night.—We left Morat at half-past six, and soon came to the spot where the battle of Morat was fought. A building formerly stood there, forty-four feet by fourteen, containing the bones of the Burgundians who fell, with this truly Swiss inscription: "The army of Charles, duke of Burgundy, besieging Morat, was slain by the Swiss, and left behind them this monument, in 1476"—"hoc sui monumentum reliquit." The building was destroyed by the French, in 1798. A new and simple column was erected last year, with this inscription, "Victoriam, 22 Jun. 1476, patrum concordia partam, novo signat lapide Republica Fribourg, 1822." "The victory obtained by the union of their forefathers, 22d June, 1476, is marked with a new column by the Republic of Fribourg, 1822—a simple and sublime record!

About half-past seven we passed through Avenche, the ancient Aventicum, founded 589 years before Christ, and a most flourishing city and a capital of Helvetia, under the emperor Vespasian, from A. D. 69—77. It was destroyed by Attila in the fifth century. We saw the ruins of the Roman tower, walls, amphitheatre, altars, temples; and drove for a mile over what formerly constituted Aventicum. An inconsiderable village is all that now remains of what was once the metropolis of Switzerland. Thus the glory of cities passes away. The spot abounds with ancient inscriptions; one is too curious to be omitted. Tacitus relates, that Julius Alpinus, chief magistrate of Aventicum, was massacred by order of Aulus Cæcina, in the year 69; in spite of the prayers of his daughter. An inscription has been found in the antiquities of the town, which remarkably confirms this historical fact. It is an epitaph, most simple and touching, on this very daughter, and supposed to be written by herself. "I, Julia Alpinula, here lie, the unhappy offspring of an unhappy father. I could not avert by my entreaties the death of my father; the fates had appointed him an evil death. I lived XXIII. years."* It is thus that incidental circumstances corroborate the truth of history. The Scripture annals have been confirmed a thousand times in a similar manner; and though they embrace a period of several thousand years, and touch on the history of all countries, and have lain open to the misrepresentations of unbelievers in every age, nothing has ever been established to weaken their authenticity.

Moudon, Tuesday morning, August 26.—We set off this morning at half-past eight. Before breakfast, we went to see the church of Payerne, where there is a tomb of queen Bertha, who built, in 962, the cathedral, from the ruins of Avenche; the edifice is now used as a barn. We saw also, the curious saddle which she used, made of wood cased with iron, and with a high framework, like a child's go-cart, so as to defend and fix the whole body. We are now at a small town called Moudon, twelve miles from Payerne—one thousand four hundred souls—built by the Romans, on the Broie river, which joins the lakes of Morat and Neufchâtel. The country here is much more tame than in the Oberland (indeed you must expect dull letters after the wonders of the Alps,) but still fruitful, variegated, agreeable.

Now let me answer your inquiries about the beds in the Pays Bas and Germany (for my letters are miscellanies indeed:) 1st. We were in danger of rolling out, from the inclined, shelving form of the high, thick, awkward, trebled mattresses; the beds inclined both from one side to the other, and from the head to the foot. 2d. If you kept in bed, then you were in danger of losing all the scanty clothes at once, by the slightest change of position. 3d. If you laid hold of the clothes to prevent this, then you infallibly uncovered your feet; and in rising to adjust the clothes, the whole bed became deranged. 4th. When other things were settled, you had to search about with your hands in the straw of the mattresses, and push down some of the principal bumps as well as you could. 5th. The curtains being suspended on a ring or hoop, from the top of the room (the beds having no posts,) you were in danger of pulling down the whole canopy upon you, if you drew the curtains round you. 6th. All these dangers being over, you were exposed every minute, till the house was quiet, to persons of all descriptions coming into your room; for the lock would sometimes not turn, and you had no bolts. Then, 7th. The servants knew not one word of French; and, lastly, the beds themselves were so small, and so beset with hard wooden sides and ends, that you were infallibly exposed to injuring your hands, or arms, or head, by violent blows. Now we are in Switzerland, the beds are generally better.

* "Julia Alpinula hic jaceo infelicis patris infelix proles. Exorare patris necem non potui; male mori in fatis illi erat. Vixi annos, XXIII."—Grut. Inscrip. Tac. Hist. L. 1 et 2.

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Lausanne, capital of Pays de Vaud, Tuesday night.—We arrived here at eight o'clock. The drive of twelve miles was fine and beautiful. We crossed Mount Jorat, two thousand seven hundred and seventy feet above the sea. The mountains on the other side of the lake of Geneva were clearly visible; but Mount Blanc (the great popular curiosity of Switzerland, or Savoy, properly speaking) was obscured with clouds. As we approached Lausanne, the lake and adjoining country opened beautifully before us. The peasants have here a new variety of bonnets—a straw one, rising above the head in turrets, and ending in a sort of handle at the top, something like a bell. Lausanne is a town of eleven thousand souls; Protestant; one thousand six hundred and eighty feet above the sea. It is situated on three hills with their intermediate valleys, so that many of the streets are steep. It is filled with voituriers and carriages of all sorts, and claims a kind of privilege of furnishing travellers, who commonly enter Switzerland by way of France, for their Swiss tour in the summer, and their Italian in the winter. The lake of Leman, or Geneva, on which it stands, is the largest in Switzerland, after that of Constance. It is above forty miles long, and ten broad; forty small rivers, besides the Rhone, fall into it; Geneva is at the other end of it. A steam-boat has just begun to sail in it, for the first time in Switzerland.

We heard yesterday and to-day of the effects of the dreadful storm on Wednesday night, when we were on the Righi: seven houses and many heads of cattle were destroyed. What thanks do *we* owe to a good Providence for preservation!—One stroke of lightning might have summoned the crowded guests of our inn, and us amongst them, to their eternal account! You have no idea, in England, of the storms in these warmer climates.

Lausanne, Wednesday, 3 o'clock.—We have taken lodgings for a month, with liberty to quit at a fortnight. A kind, excellent Swiss friend, whom we knew in London, has been indefatigable for our comfort. We have a suite of four rooms on the first floor, looking full on the fine Lake of Geneva; a sitting room about twenty-five feet square; three bed rooms, and a cabinet; all neat, and even elegant; with an approach through a gateway and yard, from the main street; so that we have the most exquisite view imaginable on the one side, and all the comforts of a town on the other. We have a nice little garden, to which we descend from our parlor; from this we look down upon a sweet garden belonging to another house; from which the vineyards begin still lower down the hill, and these vineyards extend to the lake itself. We pay two hundred and forty francs a month, about two pounds ten shilling a week.—It is no recommendation to us, but we are informed, that Gibbon inhabited our lodgings for six weeks, before his own house was ready for his reception.*

* Gibbon thus describes the situation of his house; which is quite appicable to our charming lodgings: "I occupy a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres has been laid out by the taste of M. Deyverdun; from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman lake, and the prospect far beyond the lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy."

Thursday, 6 o'clock, morning, August 28.—Lausanne is by no means a fine town in itself, but it is most beautifully situated. It stands above five hundred feet above the lake, and is a fine object from a distance. There are charming walks just beyond it, on one of the hills, commanding a view of the lake, and of the part of the town which stands upon a second and nearly parallel hill. The intermediate valley is filled with vines. Noble trees and seats increase the pleasure of the promenade. It was amongst the earliest towns to embrace the Reformation in the sixteenth century. The proverbial dissoluteness of manners of the Popish clergy of that era, is still talked of in Lausanne. The church of St. Anne, and the houses of the priests, were, in fact, turned into places of the grossest and most abandoned profligacy. It was thus, that the enormity of the evil, prepared men to receive the remedy.

Never was any point of history more clearly made out than the necessity of the Reformation. Christianity was almost forgotten, both in its doctrines and duties; and a frightful code of superstition, united with manners the most corrupt, was rapidly obliterating every trace of its genuine character. Even as the Roman Catholic religion exists now, a reformation would have been indispensable. But we are to judge of the importance of that great event, not by what Popery actually is, after the tacit influence on it of three centuries of evangelical truth, in the Reformed churches; but by what it was before Martin Luther separated from it, and by what it would have been, long before the present day, if that heroic Reformer and his noble associates had not acted as they did. And we are to recollect, that besides the gross errors, both in faith and practice, which disgraced it then, and which disgrace it still, it cherishes a spirit of persecution, insists on all its absurdities as matters of faith, imposes its iron yoke on the conscience, and will hear of no remonstrance, no advice, no correction.*

The Panorama in London gives an accurate and pleasing view of the entrance to Lausanne from Geneva. In the evening, the dear children and I spent all the time in our sweet little garden,

* This tyrannical dominion is one characteristic of the fallen church of Rome. "We offer the Papists every thing we ought, and more than we ought," says Luther, "we only claim to ourselves the liberty of conscience, which we have in Christ Jesus. We will not be compelled or bound in conscience to any work, so that by doing it we should be righteous, by omitting it condemned. We will willingly use the same meats with them, and observe the same feasts and fasts, if they will only permit us to keep them of our free choice, and cease from these threatening words, by which they have hitherto terrified and subjected the whole world: 'We command, we insist, we excommunicate,' &c. Here we will, and ought to be rebels, and pertinacious; otherwise we should lose the truth of the Gospel, and our liberty, which we have, not in Cæsar, in kings, in princes, nor in the Pope, the world, and the flesh, but in Christ Jesus."—Comm. in Gal. p. 71. Wittenb. 1535.

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or rather terrace, for we have a wall and iron railing which supports the ground of which it is composed; and this railing prevents our falling down thirty or forty feet into the next terrace-garden, which is immediately below us towards the lake. It is now six in the morning: the three windows of our saloon are open; the sun is mounting over the hills on the other side of the lake, and shedding a lovely tint on every object. Our kind fellow-traveller and my eldest son are going with me, in a car, to Geneva, (thirty miles) that I may not lose a moment in seeing after the translation of Scott.

You know that I have been some time engaged in assisting to have this admirable practical comment on the Scriptures translated into French.—The whole body of French Protestant Theology affords no one plain, spiritual, solid exposition of the Holy Scriptures. With immense difficulty I have found a translator well skilled in English, accustomed to literary occupation, master of a good style, and of the same sentiments with my author. He has nearly translated the Gospel of St. Matthew. The warm approbation of the design from all quarters exceedingly encourages me to go on; and the tendency to error and excess amongst some pious persons here, makes it more and more important. Still I feel a great doubt whether so large a work will succeed, in the present state of things, on the continent. At the utmost, I only expect it may conspire, with other more efficient and adequate measures, to aid the revival of religion. May God order, direct, and bless!

I approach Geneva (for which I am now setting off) with feelings of peculiar veneration. The name of Calvin stands high amongst the Reformers, divines, and scholars of the sixteenth century. There is no man to whom I owe so much as a commentator. The reproaches cast so liberally on what is called Calvinism in England, are, for the most part, (as moderate men of all parties now agree in allowing) either the effect of pure ignorance, or of dislike to spiritual religion. The excesses and daring spirit of too many modern religionists, have no warrant in the writings of Calvin. A more sober, practical, holy writer, generally speaking, does not exist. There was, undoubtedly, something harsh in his character; he carried his acuteness too far in his system of divinity, so as to overstep, in my judgment, the exact moderation of the Sacred Writings; and in his scheme of church government, he followed, not the Episcopalian, but the Presbyterian model. His virtues bordered on severity. But, after all these deductions, he was amongst the very first men of his own or any age; and the objections raised against his writings in modern times, have little or nothing to do with his failings, but might be almost as well raised against what the Scriptures state of the fall of man, of salvation by grace, of justification by faith, of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and of holy obedience as the fruit of love.* In fact, these are the things in which true religion consists; and, therefore, they are distasteful to the pride and sensuality of fallen man. This dislike sometimes assumes one disguise and sometimes another; but it is only a disguise—the dislike as to vital godliness itself. What is now opposed in England as Calvinism, was opposed in the preceding age under other names; and will be opposed in the next age under names still varying with the fashion of the day.

Nyon, on the road to Geneva, 21 miles, 1 o'clock, Thursday.—We are sitting in a garden, at a most beautiful spot on the lake, which, with its deep-blue waters is rippling before us. We set off in our car at seven this morning, my son driving, and my friend and I going inside. The day is hot, but beautiful. We have driven most of the way through vineyards, which have little or no fence to them. The grapes are now large, and in some few spots ripe; but the vintage will not take place for a month. We passed through Morges and Rolle, two lovely towns, situated each on a bay of the lake, and affording, as you approach them, a charming view.

We are now at Nyon, the spot where Cæsar, after defeating the Helvetii, founded the first Roman colony, fifty-six years before the birth of our Lord. All here is fertility, industry, and fruitfulness. This lake of Geneva is diversified by perpetual bays, towns, chateaux, vineyards, orchards, country-houses. I observe, in the towns, that the shopkeepers, in their signs, give not merely a single figure, as in England; as of a man, a boot, a bottle, a hat, &c.; but a long board filled with all the figures of different sorts of boots, bottles, hats, which they happen to sell; so that you have quite an historical painting—in wretched style of course.

About six miles before we came to Geneva, we passed through the beautiful village of Coppet, celebrated as the residence of M. Neckar, and of his still more distinguished daughter, Madame de Staël. I much wished to have called at the chateau, to which I had been invited by the kindness of the present possessor, the Baron de Staël; but I found it was impossible. You will be charmed to hear that the Baron with his noble and amiable sister, are blessings to the neighborhood. Their benevolence and piety are such, that they acquaint themselves with the circumstances of all the poor families around them, and administer relief to their bodies and minds. It is quite delightful to think, that the descendants of one of the most able statesmen of France, and of perhaps the most brilliant writer of her age, should be devoting all their talents to the diffusion of the truest philosophy, the illumination and moral elevation of their fellow-creatures, by the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and of the blessings of real Christianity as purchased by our Lord and Saviour. It was with extreme regret I found myself unable even to make a short stay in this attractive spot.

Geneva, Thursday night, nine o'clock.—We arrived here about six, after a very hot, dusty, disagreeable journey in point of fatigue; our little low car placed us, as we approached the city, in the midst of the dust; and we met a continued succession of carriages. The country continued sweet and beautiful. The view of the cathedral, and other buildings of the city, from the hill, is very fine, chiefly from the circumstance of its being placed at the extremity of the lake, just where its waters flow out and form the Rhone. This

* I place the preamble of his will at the end of this letter.

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noble river, which I saw springing from the glacier, between the Grimsel and the Furca, and which was then a stream of mere turbid snow-water, enters the lake of Geneva at Boverat, nearly of the same muddy white color; but when it flows out and enters France, it is of the clearest deep-blue color, pure to the bottom. It seems to be nearly as wide here, as the Thames at London. As it rolls on to Lyon, it receives several rivers as large as itself, till at last, in its approach to the Mediterranean, it surpasses, in volume and rapidity, the Rhine. It is, altogether, one of the noblest rivers of Europe. It rushes through Geneva, in two or three large streams from the lake; and convenient bridges are thrown over them.

Geneva is very ancient; it is mentioned by Cæsar as the last town of the Allobroges, and the nearest to the borders of Helvetia. It now contains twenty-five thousand souls, in about one thousand houses, which gives a much larger proportion for each house than any other place I am acquainted with. The houses are accordingly very high—five or six stories. Many of the streets have a peculiarly awkward appearance from the roofs, at this extreme height, jutting out over the streets ten or twelve feet, and being propped up by poles, or wooden pillars, fixed on the ground below, and then secured midway by cross-beams. Nothing can be so awkward; and what increases the awkwardness is, that small rows of shops run opposite the houses between the foot-way and the street itself.* It resembles somewhat our ancient city of Chester. The town is famed for education, talent, industry, and commerce. Watchmaking is particularly followed. Numbers of English are here, and in the neighboring villages, and country-houses, and their opinions and example have the greatest weight. I wish I could report that the tendency of them was uniformly good.

At the table-d'hôte, at supper, we had the mortification to find that the new steam-vessel sailed from Lausanne to-day, and brought nearly one hundred passengers, without heat, dust, &c., in six hours, what took us nearly twelve; nay, that the air was so fresh on the lake, that many persons put on their great-coats. We were the more vexed, because we had inquired about the boat, and were misinformed. The fact is, the steam-boat is so violently opposed by voituriers and innkeepers' servants, that there is no learning the truth concerning it. It is a ten or twelve horse-power, built by a Scotch engineer, with a crew of Italians; burns wood; goes the tour of the towns on the lake once a week; and answers uncommonly well, having fifty or sixty passengers most days. I wrote a note to my translator last night, and am to see him this morning.

Friday morning, seven o'clock.—I am now writing in my room at my inn at Geneva, five stories high, with three windows overlooking the Rhone and the lake, and a view of the town and rising hills on the opposite shore. By being at this height, I am lifted up out of the smells, closeness, and heat of the streets at this hot season; and therefore ascend my eighty weary stairs, and cross the eight landing-places, contentedly.

Friday, half-past nine.—I have sent to the post, and received your welcome letter of July the 29th; many, many thanks for all your intelligence. I have written a note to Cologne to recover your first. Present my kindest love to our friends of the Church Missionary Society; tell them to be of "good cheer in the name of the Lord:" these sad deaths amongst the missionaries, of which your letter gave me the account, are the way to life. Johnson and Palmer are names dear to the churches of Africa. I knew them both. Johnson attended me for some time before he went to Africa, to receive such advice and instruction as I could give him. The surprising success of his labors has often filled my heart with gratitude.* His simplicity and devotedness were seldom equalled.

Palmer was also a man of peculiar faith and love. He had won my heart. In early life he had been in the army. In the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna he was quite a boy, and would have perished, if an officer had not rolled him in a blanket and thrown him on horseback behind him, and thus rescued him. He was at the battle of Waterloo; I remember the vivid description he gave me of that dreadful field. He described to me the majestic figure of Lord Wellington as he hastened on his fine charger, with his telescope in his hand, and his loose Spanish cloak floating behind him, to different parts of the line. At the close of the war, he devoted himself to another and a higher service; on that service he had just entered, when it pleased God thus to call him to himself, with his wife and infant child. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence. Johnson was removed in the midst of his eminent success; Palmer in the dawn of future promise. Johnson from the four or five hundred converts, and the seventeen hundred hearers whom he had been the means of collecting around him; Palmer from the crowded population of Free Town, where a wide field of probable usefulness was opening before him. The loss of two such men is a heavy stroke, and was meant to be felt; but may that God who has inflicted it, sanctify, support, overrule, comfort! The more my own health has failed, the more do I learn to feel for my friends in England under sickness and sufferings. I am myself, indeed, wonderfully better: I eat, sleep, and bear fatigue well; still I am not without feelings of weakness at times—and as life flows on, I see eternity more vividly before me.

The news has just arrived here that the Pope is dead, at the age of eighty-two or eighty-three. There is said to be a current prophecy at Rome, that whatever Pope shall reign twenty-four years, he will be the last. This Pope has reigned nearly twenty-four years. Would to God he may be the last!

One o'clock.—I have been three or four hours with my chief translator. He is evidently an amiable, pious, sensible, scholarlike young man; but dejected, feeble in health, and of a tender, and perhaps somewhat scrupulous, mind. St.

* This obstruction is, I understand, about to be gradually removed.

* He left a congregation of 1700 people at Regent, a town near Sierra Leone, and schools of above 1000 children. The communicants were 450, all converted Negroes, who had been liberated from slave vessels.

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Matthew is translated in the rough, and part of it is copied. I have been able to contradict a report which has been prevalent here, that I was actually dead. My friends were solemnly assured of the fact the other day; I believe they are now convinced that the report was premature.

Lausanne, Saturday, August 30.—I spent the evening, yesterday, with my translator at Geneva; saw what he had done in the translation, and fixed a meeting with some friends on the same business for next week. I met in the course of the evening several persons of much piety and tenderness of spirit. Afterwards I walked about many parts of the city, which is surrounded with a beautiful country. A new wooden bridge, suspended by iron wires, twisted together like cords, and carried over three stone gates or arches, is very curious. It leads across the fortifications and fosse, to a lovely point for seeing Mont Blanc, which, however, the cloudy weather forbade us to behold.

In the evening my friend and companion, with my son, drove out to Ferney, where Voltaire lived. The portraits of Milton and Sir Isaac Newton are in his room; his tomb was destroyed by the Austrians; but he ordered a bust to be erected at Ferney, fifty years after his death—1828. The mischief which he did to Switzerland, and especially to Geneva, is not to be described. A previous decline in spiritual religion, and in the great doctrines of their reformers, had disposed the Genevese to receive the poison of his writings and example. He boasted that the magistrates and clergy dined commonly with him; that all honest men were Deists, though some few Calvinists, out of a city of twenty-four thousand free-thinkers, remained; and that he should soon gain over the whole place. Howard, our celebrated philanthropist, said, in 1770, that he then found that "the principles of one of the vilest of men (so he describes Voltaire) had greatly debased the ancient purity and splendor of Geneva." The fact is, that some even of the ministers of religion corresponded with Voltaire, and allowed him to jest with Christianity in his letters to them. They were not ashamed also to be present at his private theatre, with all its corruptions and profaneness. The consequences need not be stated.

When speaking on this subject, it is impossible not to lament, that the Christianity which Voltaire beheld, whether in France or in Geneva, was not calculated to give him a right impression of its high and holy tendency. Gross superstition, and a careless Protestantism, almost equally concealed from him the commanding grace and blessedness which the doctrine of a divine Saviour, and the rule of Christian holiness, are designed to convey. The extreme profligacy of the French court, under the regency, and throughout the reign of Louis XV. must have aided also in maturing his infidel and demoralizing principles.

This morning at six, my friend and I returned to Lausanne, in the steam-boat, leaving my son to drive home the car. Instead of eleven hours of sun, dust, and fatigue, we had six hours of cool, agreeable, tranquil passage over the lake. We reached Lausanne at twelve o'clock; and I found my dear family all well, and most happy in their nice lodgings. The heat is very great. The Swiss say, each such day is a ton of gold in ripening the vintage. In the evening I walked with my old Lausanne friend to a beautiful hill, called The Signal; it presents a panoramic view of the town, lake, and adjoining country. The ascent is by a lovely winding path in the midst of meadows and vineyards.

Sunday morning, August 31*st, Lausanne, eleven o'clock.*—I have been already twice to church: at half-past six, the parish church near us was filled with people; and I heard a pretty good discourse from that admirable text, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." John, iii. 14, 15. The fault of the sermon was, the being too superficial, too general, too declamatory. At nine, I went to the cathedral, to hear the first preacher in the canton. He is a doctor of divinity, of great respectability, and of a venerable appearance, about sixty-five years of age. The service began by a young student of the college ascending the pulpit, and reading, rather carelessly, three chapters of the Bible, whilst the congregation was assembling. He then read the Ten Commandments, and the summary of them given by our Saviour. Upon this he left the pulpit, and the preacher mounted it, who began by giving out two verses of a hymn. An organ led the immense congregation, whilst a chanteur, a sort of clerk, standing up in the middle of a pew (the congregation, I am sorry to say, sit in singing,) sung with a very loud and distinct voice. Then the preacher read an excellent, but brief confession of sin, and some prayers. The whole of this part of the service was good; but, as I thought, vastly inferior to the simple and edifying liturgy of our own church.

He next delivered a discourse of twenty-five minutes, from 1 Cor. xi. 26.—"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." His divisions were clear and appropriate. First, Ye show forth the merit and propitiation of the death of Christ; secondly, Ye show forth the infinite love of Christ in that death, and the obligation we are under of loving each other; thirdly, Ye show forth your belief in the future coming of your Lord, and the fulfilment of all his promises. The whole was admirably good; striking, solid, elevated, instructive, evangelical—perhaps it wanted something as to the application to the heart and conscience towards the close. After the sermon, the reverend preacher read a prayer for all states of men; the creed; and a concluding prayer. The clerk very much offended me by sitting with his hat on during the service. The cathedral is a fine old large building.

Nine at night.—I resume. The venerable professor's sermon at the cathedral this morning was so good, that I lament to hear his doctrine is not equally so at all times, and above all, that he joins in a persecution of a few very pious, though possibly not altogether discreet, persons who have lately appeared in the canton. What an inconsistent thing is human nature! Here, in this small republic, which boasts of its freedom, almost inquisitorial powers are assumed by the magistrates and clergy. This is exactly what I feared

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when speaking of Bern. As soon as any person gives offence, the magistrates make no scruple of banishing him at once. They allow no dissidents from the establishment; not a soul. A minister who is suspended cannot preach at all. Now, at Geneva, non-conforming ministers, and meeting-houses are tolerated, at least for the present. And yet at Geneva, the church has openly denied the faith, whilst at Lausanne, the main features of orthodoxy are strongly insisted on: all these things furnish much matter for reflection.

Perhaps one may say, that indifference naturally leans towards toleration; and proud nominal orthodoxy towards persecution. Indifference inclines towards toleration, because it undervalues the importance of all religious sentiments; and because it is aware it needs for itself the forbearance it claims for others. But orthodoxy, when separated from the true spirit of the Gospel, is often self-righteous, bigoted, proud—proud of talents, proud of what it thinks the correct form of truth, proud of holding others in subjection, proud of crushing opposition, proud of erecting itself as a Pope in its own circle; it therefore leans towards persecution. These incidental evils do not at all lessen the immense importance of truth; in fact, they are not evils belonging to truth, but to the want of a practical, affectionate, humble apprehension of it, in all its extent.

At half-past eleven, this morning, we went to the English service, and heard an excellent sermon from an English clergyman, who was passing through the town. At two, I heard a fourth sermon, pretty good, from a professor of the cathedral—But I am weary, and must again say, adieu.

Believe me your affectionate,

D. W.

P. S. We think of taking a tour to Chamouny and the Great St. Bernard next week, after my meeting at Geneva; leaving Mrs. W. in this beautiful house, where we have one of the finest, softest views in Switzerland.

PREAMBLE TO CALVIN'S LAST WILL.

I subjoin, as a specimen of Calvin's theological views, as well as of his spirit and character, the preamble to his last will, dictated just before his death in May, 1564.

"In the name of the Lord, Amen. I, John Calvin, minister of the word of God in the church of Geneva, being so oppressed and afflicted with various diseases, that I am fully induced to think that the Lord God has determined shortly to take me out of this world, have ordered to be made and written my testament and my last will in the form that follows:

"First of all I give thanks to God that he had mercy on me (whom he created and placed in this world,) and not only delivered me from the profound darkness of idolatry in which I was sunk, and brought me into the light of his Gospel, and made me a partaker of the doctrine of salvation, of which I was most unworthy; and not only, with the same mercy and loving-kindness, bore with my many faults and sins, for which I deserved to be rejected and cast off by him; but also that he hath exercised such gentleness and kindness towards me, as to deign to make use of me in preaching and promulgating the truth of his Gospel. And I testify and profess that it is my wish and intention to spend what may remain of my life in that same faith and religion which he delivered to me by his Gospel, nor to have any other hope or refuge for salvation than his gracious adoption; on which only my salvation rests. And I embrace with my whole soul the mercy which he has vouchsafed me for the sake of Jesus Christ, by making propitiation for my sins by the merit of his death and passion; so that satisfaction might be made for all my sins and transgressions, and the memorial of them be blotted out. I testify also and profess that I humbly beg of him that he will so wash and purify me by the blood of that supreme Redeemer, poured out for the sins of the human race (effuso pro humani generis peccatis,) that I may be permitted to stand before his tribunal in the image of the Redeemer himself. Also I profess that I have diligently laboured, according to the measure of grace and loving-kindness which God has bestowed on me, purely and simply to preach his word both in my sermons and in my writings and commentaries, and faithfully interpret his Holy Scriptures. I testify also and profess that in all the contentions and debates which I have had with the enemies of the Gospel, I have made use of no tricks nor sophistical and bad methods, but have acted candidly and sincerely in defending the truth.

"But, wo is me! all my labor and zeal (if they deserve the name) have been so remiss and languid, that I confess that innumerable things have been wanting to the right discharge of my office, and that unless the unbounded loving-kindness of God had aided me, all my labor would have been useless and vain. Yea, moreover I acknowledge that unless the same loving-kindness had helped me, the gifts and blessings of my mind which he vouchsafed to me would have more and more brought me in guilty, before his tribunal, of sin and negligence. On which account, I testify and profess that I have no other hope of salvation except this one, that God, as he is the Father of mercies, will show himself a Father to me who acknowledge myself a miserable sinner."

ARRETE OF LAUSANNE.

Since my return to England, I find an *Arreté* has actually been published at Lausanne, in the precise language that persecutors have almost universally adopted since Louis the Fourteenth's revocation of the edict of Nantes. It forbids all private religious meetings; and directs magistrates to dissolve such meetings by force. Every person found guilty of being present at these meetings is to be punished with fines, imprisonments, &c.

And is it in Switzerland—Switzerland, the nurse of the Reformation—Switzerland, the country of Zuingle and Ecolampadius, and Beza—

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Switzerland, the last favorite refuge of religious liberty in Europe, that this has taken place? Who can too strongly express his detestation of such intolerant and unchristian measures? For the calumniated persons, who are the objects of it, are acknowledged on all hands to be peaceable members of the republic, unexceptionable in their moral conduct, and pious and devoted Christians. What trifling faults they may have committed, or what errors even they may have fallen into, I do not know, nor will I trouble myself to inquire;—it is enough for me to know that such infirmities and foibles, supposing them to exist, are no palliation whatever of the abominable guilt of persecution. But so it is. The clergy, when they refuse to accept of divine grace, have always been the worst of enemies to real spiritual religion. All experience declares this, and especially the history of the sufferings of Christ our Lord.

I subjoin a copy of the Arrêté, as a most curious document, and a sad specimen of what a Protestant government is capable of enacting:—

"*Le Conseil d'Etat du Canton de Vaud.*

"Vu les rapports parvenus depuis quelques années, sur les principes et la conduite d'une nouvelle secte en matiere de religion, vulgairement appelee des Momiers, qui s'est introduite dans le canton; ainsi que sur les assemblees ou reunions de cette secte qui, dans certains lieux, se tiennent aux mêmes heures que le service du culte public;

"Considérant que si l'autorite n'a pas à s'occuper de ce qui concerne les opinions religieuses des individus, en tant qu'elles n'influent pas sur l'ordre publique, il est neanmoins de son devoir d'intervenir, lorsque ces opinions se manifestent par des actes exterieures qui tendent à troubler cet ordre public;

"Considerant que la nouvelle secte dont il s'agit, a donne, lieu sur divers points du Canton á des desordres plus ou moins grâves, qui, s'ils n'etaient arrêtes dans leur première cause, pourraient avoir par leur developpement ulterieur de facheux resultats;

"Considerant que ces sectaires ont declare par l'intermediaire de ceux qui s'annoncent comme leurs chefs ou directeurs, qu'ils se separent de l'eglise Nationale et se rendent independans des institutions et ordonnances qui la regissent, pour former une eglise nouvelle;

"Considerant que les actes qui se font dans leur assemblees constitueraient ainsi un veritable culte, etranger à la religion de l'état;

"Considérant que les principes erronnés ou exagérés professés dans les dites assemblées et hautement avoues soit par les sectaires, soit par ceux qui se présentent comme leurs Chefs, sont absolument subversifs de l'ordre social, tant sous le point de vue de l'union dans les familles, que sous celui des rapports qui dérivent des institutions civiles et religieuses;

"Considérant, enfin que les dits sectaires se placent, par leurs discours, leurs démarches, et leurs actes de proselytisme, dans un état d'aggression ouverte contre l'eglise nationale;

"Ouï le departement de l'interieur———Arrêté.

"Article 1. Les Assemblées ci-dessus mentionnées sont expressément défendues, commes contraires à l'ordre public et à la paix religieuse.

"Art. 2. Les Juges de paix et les municipalités specialement charges de faire dissoudre immediatement toute assemblee ou reunion de ce genre, et cela par les moyens que la loi met à leur disposition pour le maintien de l'ordre public.

"Les Juges de paix et les municipalites feront sans delai rapport au conseil d'etat des mesures qu'ils auront prises en execution du present article, et des circonstances qui auront provoque des mesures.

"Art. 3. Toute personne réunie à une de ces assemblees prohibees, qui n'aura pas obei de suite à l'ordre de se separer et sera convaincue d'avoir, par sa resistance, mais l'autorite dans le cas d'employer la force, sera poursuivie pour être punie conformement à l'article 53 du Code correctionel (trois jours de prisons) sans prejudice des peines plus grâves auxquelles les suites de cette resistance pourraient donner lieu.

"Art. 4. Seront poursuivis pour être punis conformément à l'article 58 du Code correctionel (600 livres d'amende, ou dix ans de prisons) suivant le prescript de l'article 11 de la loi du 2 Juin, 1810, tous les individus dont les demarches tendraient a gagner des proselytes à une secte contraire à la paix religieuse et à l'ordre public. Tout individus qui fournirait un emplacement quelconque pour y tenir des assemblees prohibees, sera envisage, comme complice et poursuivi comme tel.

"Art. 5. Seront egalement poursuivis, pour être punis des peines mentionnees à l'article precedent tous les individus reconnus pour avoir provoque ou dirige une assemblee prohibee, ou pour avoir fonctionne en qualite de Chefs, ou de Directeurs, ou de tout autre manière semblable.

Art. 6. Le present arrêté sera imprime, publie, et affiche. Il sera transmis aux lieutenants du conseil d'etat, aux Juges de paix, et aux municipalites charges de veiller et de tenir la main à son execution.

"Donne sous le sceau du Conseil d'Etat à Lausanne le 15 Janvier, 1824.

"*Suivent les signatures et le sceau.*"

Thus is the Inquisition of Spain transferred to Protestant Switzerland; and the noblest gift of the Reformation, LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE is openly violated.

As this part of the volume is again going through the press,* I take the opportunity of giving some further information on the above most distressing subject, partly taken from letters lately received from Switzerland, and partly from other authentic sources. It is quite lamentable to see to what a length some of the Swiss PROTESTANT governments have actually carried the spirit of persecution.

I first give a copy of the law passed at Lausanne last May, four months after the above Arrête, and embodying the enactments of that decree:—

"*Le grand conseil du canton de Vaud, sur la proposition du conseil d'Etat.*

"Considerant que quelques personnes exaltees cherchent à introduire et à propager une nouvelle secte religieuse;

* March, 1825.

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"Voulant reprimer les actes de cette secte, qui troublent l'ordre public, decrète:

"Article 1. Toute assemblee de partisans de cette secte, formee de personnes etrangères à la famille, pour y exercer le culte, ou y celebrer quelqu'une des ceremonies de l'eglise, est defendue, et sera immediatement dissoute.

"Art. 2. Les personnes qui auront preside ou dirige ces assemblees, y auront officie, ou auront fourni le local, seront responsables et punies de l'une des peines qui suivent.

"Art. 3. Toute acte de proselytisme ou de seduction, tendant à gagner à cette secte, est interdit; et celui ou ceux qui s'en seraient rendus coupables, seront punis de l'une des peines ci-après.

"Dans l'appreciation de la gravite du delit, et dans l'application de la peine, les tribunaux prendront en consideration la seduction exercee envers les instituteurs des colleges ou ecoles, envers les personnes du sexe, ou celles qui sont sous l'autorite de parens ou tuteurs.

"Art. 4. Les contraventions aux articles 2 et 3 ci-dessus seront punies, ou par une amende qui ne pourra exceder six cents francs, ou par la defense d'aller ou de sejourner dans telle commune, ou par la confination dans une commune pour un temps qui ne pourra exceder une annee, ou par une prison de discipline qui ne pourra exceder une annee, ou enfin par un bannissement hors du canton qui ne pourra excoder treis ans.

Art. 5. La défense d'aller ou de séjourner dans une commune sera convertie en confination du condamné dans sa commune, pour un temps qui ne pourra exceder une année, dans le cas où il aurait enfreint cette défense.

La confination dans une commune sera convertie en prison de discipline pour le reste du temps, si le condamné avait enfrient sa confination.

Le bannissement hors du canton sera converti en prison de discipline pour le reste du temps, si le condamné avait rompu son ban.

Art. 6. Toute cause qui aura pour object un des délits prévus par la présente loi, sera nécessairement soumise au tribunal d'appel.

Art. 7. Le conseil d'état est chargé de la publication et de l'exécution de la présente loi.

Donné sous le grand sceau de l'état, à Lausanne, le 20 Mai, 1824.

Such is the harsh and inconsistent law of a Protestant Swiss canton, in the enactments of which neither is the sect well defined, nor the crime clearly pointed out, nor the punishment invariably fixed, but all is left to the interpretation of tribunals and the eagerness of informers. It seems that if a single person, not of the family, should be present where the Scriptures are read by a parent to his children and servants, the whole number would be considered as guilty. This is far more indefinite and oppressive than the French laws, bad as they confessedly are, which prohibit the periodical assembly of more than twenty persons without the authority of the government; and thus at least define precisely the act which is to be considered as criminal.

And above all, what is this prohibition of proselytism? Are not men to be allowed, by reasoning and persuasion, peaceably to propose their sentiments to others? May men talk of politics, literature, philosophy, and is religion alone—*the one thing needful*—to be banished from their conversation.

But I proceed to give some account of the actual execution of this unjust law.

M. Charles Rochat, minister of the Gospel, of the canton de Vaud, of a respectable family, and whose brother is one of the national clergy of the canton, is the first on whom the severity of the new law has fallen. Five persons were found seated around a table in his house, with the Bible open before them—the wife of M. Rochat, a common friend, with two of his sisters, and a young person, a stranger. This was the whole crime. M. Rochat was found guilty of reading in his own house, before his wife and four friends, a chapter of the New Testament! For this he was at first condemned to three years' banishment, which, however, the tribunal of appeal reduced to one year.

Next, M. Oliver was banished for two years by the sentence of the same law.

Like judgments have been pronounced against MM. Chavannes, Juvet, and Fivaz, of whom the two former were previously confined TEN WEEKS IN PRISON.

Two females were also banished by the jugement de première instance of the tribunals of Orbe and Yverdun, on the charge of similar meetings being held at their houses; one of whom, however, has been since acquitted at Lausanne, as it was proved that she lived with her mother, and, consequently, that it was at her mother's house, and not at her's, that some friends after dinner had read the Bible together.

But it is not merely in the canton de Vaud that these enormous instances of injustice have occurred; at NEUFCHATEL an act of arbitrary power has just been committed, almost incredible from its severity. An old law, long obsolete, has been discovered, which it seems was passed two or three hundred years back. A simple agriculteur has been made the first victim of its revived powers. He received into his house M. Juvet, one of the condemned ministers of the canton de Vaud, and allowed him to administer the sacrament. For this crime he was thrown into PRISON FOR THREE MONTHS, and was then brought up in chains and with a rope drawn tight round his neck to receive sentence. TEN YEARS OF BANISHMENT was the punishment pronounced; and if he shall attempt to return before the expiration of this term, he is to be MARKED WITH A HOT IRON for the first offence, and for the second TO BE HUNG. No passport was given him; so that he is left to be hunted about from place to place like the most degraded criminal. This worthy man, whose name is Magnin, has a wife and three children, for whom he has now no means of procuring support.

Such is the account which has just been received. Possibly some slight circumstances may be inaccurately stated, from want of more complete information on the part of my correspondents; but of the main facts, no doubt whatever can be entertained. Grosser acts of unqualified persecution have seldom been perpetrated, since the glorious Reformation first burst the chains of Popish darkness and cruelty. Nor can any one thing, in my opinion, be so deeply criminal in the eye of

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that God who is the sole judge of the consciences of his creatures, and who has committed to civil governments the duty of restraining and punishing open immorality and vice, and upholding piety and virtue; but not of erecting a tribunal over the feelings and various judgments of men in minor points of religious practice; much less of abusing the sword of justice to purposes of base and wanton cruelty, in matters purely indifferent.

Our Warburton has nobly shown that for the magistrate to meddle with Christian doctrine and discipline, in the detail, must be the source of endless confusion. To maintain religion in its elementary principles, as the spring of public morals, and to protect the national profession of it from insult and outrage, whilst a full toleration is granted to those who peaceably differ from the majority with regard to the form of it, is the very utmost limit of the magistrate's power; all beyond is persecution.

The low state of the Protestant churches has long been lamented by every serious mind. But still the free toleration which for more than a century they have afforded to the true servants of God has, at least, honorably distinguished them from the tyranny and ambition of the church of Rome. LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE is the badge of the Reformation, and has now been fully understood and generally acted upon for a series of years, in Protestant states; whilst persecution and cruelty have been left, as by general consent, to be one of the characteristics of the GREAT PAPAL APOSTACY.

Other evils have, it is true, too much infected the Protestant bodies—these we do not palliate or conceal—but the peculiar guilt of persecution has hitherto been abhorred amongst them. Indifference, skepticism, Socinianism, impiety, vice, must be confessed to have too widely prevailed. Some of the reformed churches have, alas! lamentably declined from evangelical truth and vital religion, and have been long verging further and further from the strictness of the Gospel in every respect, except as this one blessing of RELIGIOUS FREEDOM has supplanted the monster persecution, and has left an opening for the "witnesses to prophecy," as the Apostle speaks, "in sackcloth." So long as this was the case, a hope of a revival of religion might always be entertained; because true Christians were still allowed, by their public and private labors, to endeavor to persuade and convince mankind. Declines, in spiritual religion, are the fruits of our fallen nature generally, and are quickly remedied as often as the mercy of God returns to a people, and a continuance of religious freedom allows that mercy to operate.

Thus, in England, the generous spirit of toleration left open the way for the extensive revival of real Christianity which is now going on amongst us; and has attended, in every step of its progress, the diffusion of the evangelical doctrines on which that revival rests. But if persecution be once permitted to resume its baneful influence—if the witnesses for Christ and his grace, in a corrupt world, be banished or imprisoned—if the peculiar doctrines of the redemption of the Gospel, which brought our forefathers out from the church of Rome, are proscribed in the very churches which were formed by that separation—if we unite a lukewarmness about divine truth, or rather an indifference what errors are maintained, provided men are not living and preaching according to the true faith of Christ, with a spirit of intolerance and persecution—that is, if we join the worst INCIDENTAL evils of Protestantism, with the foulest DIRECT enormities of Popery—the consequence will be, that our "candlestick will be removed out of its place,"—Rev. ii. v—and the fearful arm of the Saviour be soon aroused in the defence of his violated cause. Soon will "judgment overtake us" —soon will "the ambassadors of peace" be recalled —soon will national calamities "avenge the quarrel of God's covenant"—soon will the ministers of grace be sent to other people "bringing forth the fruits thereof"—and the Protestant churches be left "as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city—and then the strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them."—Isaiah i. 8. 31.

I know it is alleged, in extenuation of severe enactments, that enthusiasm and disorder are the consequences of unlimited toleration—but I know how weak and futile are such allegations. Undoubtedly, most great revivals of religion are attended, through the infirmity of our nature, with some extravagancies and excesses—no wise man can expect it to be otherwise—but what is the true remedy of such evils? Not persecution, but the force of reason and right conduct—the influence of sound and holy doctrine—the persuasion of Scriptural warnings and admonitions—the calm and friendly treatment which experience and wisdom furnish to youth and indiscretion—and especially the preaching of the full truth of the Gospel, in all its sobriety and force, by the established ministers of the church. Against such weapons enthusiasm has never been able to stand. It soon dies away. The minds of men are gradually informed. The Scriptures are seen to abound with the most suitable examples and instructions against it. The new teachers of religion acquire growth and solidity—a distinction is made between true and false zeal—the consequences of intemperate warmth are observed in the folly of those who are most heated with it—and, at last, a genuine and sound piety of principle and conduct is generally recognised and cultivated.

Such is the natural course of things. Whereas, if the sword of vengeance is raised against pious and unoffending citizens, on the ground of religious opinions and practices, all is thrown into confusion—the innocent and conscientious are punished—the sanctity of truth is outraged—the progress of reformation stopped—the Spirit of grace quenched and dishonored—the chains of ignorance, indifference, and vice, forged and prepared—all inquiry into real religion checked—the timid part of the clergy, induced by fear, to conceal and abridge the truth of the Gospel—every thing reduced to a formal and stationary routine —a dead calm spread over the church—and every thing lost as to vital piety. Thus the surest foundations of national prosperity are dug up—the spring of virtuous enterprise broken—morals left to mere natural motives—arts, science, commerce, discouraged and enervated—and, above all, the blessings of Almighty God withdrawn.

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I trust that the remonstrances of Protestant Europe may prevail with the Swiss governments to reconsider their proceedings; and that ere long this foul blot on the Reformed churches may be wiped out, and the true spirit of religious liberty and toleration again distinguish and bless their communities. It is understood, that many of the clergy of the Canton de Vaud bitterly regret the steps which have been taken; but are at present borne down by the magistrates in the council.—Whether those clergy might have prevented the enactment of the law, if they had boldly and fully protested against it from the first, it is now impossible to say, and in vain to inquire. I can only hope, that the repeal of it will as speedily as possible obliterate the memory of the lamentable facts which have been just related.

Such a hope is not too sanguine. Already has a most forcible remonstrance been presented to the government, signed by twenty-six ministers. This cannot but produce good. The document is valuable, both as it *explicitly avows* the adherence of so large a part of the clergy to the admirable Helvetic Confession, (which, next to our own Thirty-nine Articles, is perhaps the best of all the Protestant Confessions,) and also as *explicitly disavows* the principles of persecution.—The following are extracts:

—"Nous declarons donc ici solennellement que nous regardons la confession de foi Helvetique comme conforme aux paroles de l'Ecriture Sainte, et à la doctrine de notre Sauveur Jesus-Christ, règles invariables de notre foi; et que, loin de prêcher ni d'enseigner rien qui lui soit contraire, nous l'adoptons sincèrement et en suivons fidèlement les directions, nous y tenant pour obligés, devant Dieu et devant les hommes, par notre conviction intime et par le serment que nous avons prêté en consequence."—

—"Nous pensons que le Christianisme ne doit s'etendre et regner que par les armes de la persuasion, rendues efficaces par la grâce de l'Éternel notre Dieu; que, de plus, les rigueurs pourraient aigrir et eloigner davantage ceux que la douceur eût peut-être ramenes; que les lois, pour peu qu'elles fussent sevères contre des separatistes, pourraient prêter des armes trop redoutables aux hommes moins eclaires que les legislateurs, et qui auraient à en faire l'application; qu'elles pourraient enfin influer d'une manière fâcheuse sur le jugement du peuple moins eclaire encore: opinion que nous ne pourrions que trop justifier par l'histoire des demêles religieux de tous les temps et de tous les lieux. Ainsi, repoussant de toutes nos forces le reproche de persecution dont le clerge est si souvent l'objet, nous demandons, du fond de notre cœur, à notre Dieu et à notre Sauveur, qu'il incline à la clemence le cœur de nos souverains magistrats; qu'ils se regardent comme les pères de tous ceux qui ont le bonheur de vivre sous leur gouvernement, et les protegent egalement; que s'ils croient devoir deployer la severite des lois, suivant leurs attributions, ce ne soit jamais pour gêner la conscience de leurs administres, dont elle est le domaine sacre et inviolable; qu'ainsi, *abandonnant à Dieu le soin de punir les offenses qui ne regardent qui lui*, ils laissent au temps, à la grâce et à la persuasion qui decoule de la sainte parole, le developpement de leurs salutaires effets."—

With a protest containing such sentiments, I do not despair of the Swiss churches. Truth will revive and spread. The doctrines of the Reformation will flourish the more for this attempt to oppress them. The consciences of men will be awakened; and persecution will again fail, as it ever has done, of crushing "THE GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD."

The immense importance of the case will, I am sure, plead my excuse for these observations and extracts. Protestant Switzerland stands on the edge of a most fearful precipice. The conduct of the church of Geneva will be considered in a future part of this work, and therefore is not here adverted to.*

LETTER XI.

Geneva, Sept. 2.—Martigny, Sept. 6, 1823.

Translation of Scott—Cathedral at Lausanne—Pere Girard—Mont Blanc—Conversation with Genevese—Savoy—Bonneville—Valley of Cluse—Goitres—St. Martin's—Chede—Servoz—De Saussure—Chamouny—Glacier of Bossons—Accident in ascent of Mont Blanc—Italian Gentlemen—Montanvert—Couvercle—Mer de Glace—Alps—Infamous sentence in Strangers' Book—Tete Noire—Trient—French Emigrants.

Lausanne, Tuesday morning, Sept. 2, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER—Yesterday I was employed the whole morning in examining two chapters of the translation of Scott, which I had brought with me from Geneva. I went over it, line by line, and word by word. It gave me satisfaction; it is, so far as I see, faithful, clear, simple; nothing is omitted, nothing changed. But I am no kind of judge. A good translation is a task of incon-

* I leave the above pages unaltered in the present edition. The facts I believe, are correct, and the observations still too applicable to the existing state of things. The last accounts with which I am acquainted are those stated in the Christian Observer for November and December 1826—Three years of continued persecution, in the face of Protestant Europe, after all the means employed in various ways for awakening a sense of shame in the minds of the Lausanne authorities, is a portentous event! But I have had an opportunity of conversing with one or two persons of influence in the Pays de Vaud, and the incurable prejudices against all spiritual religion which seemed to possess their minds, convinced me of the real cause of the persecution, and of the hopelessness of remedying the evil by mere argument.—Divine grace, the influence of truth, remorse of conscience, conversion, the holy lives and deaths of the sufferers, the rapid spread of the proscribed doctrines, the removal of the chief persecutors by sickness, or change of abode, or the hand of death—these are the means which a good Providence will employ, in its own time, for the relief of the injured and oppressed. In the mean while, may earnest prayers be poured out by all those who love the Saviour, in behalf of the sufferers, and of the sacred cause in which they are engaged.—March 1827.

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ceivable difficulty. The value of the original work rises in my view every time I consult it—such solidity; honesty; strong sense; originality; theological knowledge; evangelical purity of doctrine; simple following of the mind of the sacred writers; freedom from party spirit; discretion; sound and manly criticism; acute resolution of difficulties; practical and holy tendency throughout. I really know of no commentary, except, perhaps, Calvin's, which is equal to it.

What I most want, is more steady, competent laborers; there is still very, very much to be done before St. Matthew will be ready for the press. I am going off to-day to meet our friends at Geneva, about the work; and then to proceed to Chamouney. It is possible we may go on to Martigny, and even Milan, and return by Lyon. The weather is most inviting.

In going to the cathedral yesterday, I found it was built on an extremely high hill; you first ascend a street exceedingly steep, and then come to a singular covered staircase (in the open street) of one hundred and seventy steps; so that the church stands quite on a pinnacle; the view which it presents of the surrounding country is of almost unequalled extent and sublimity. The academy is near the cathedral. It was founded in 1537. Henry Stephens and Beza were formerly professors in it. It has now about two hundred students. The library is remarkable for the books left to it by Don Jacynthe de Quiros, a Spanish gentleman who, in 1750, quitted the church of Rome, embraced the reformed religion, and became professor of ecclesiastical history at Lausanne.

At one o'clock yesterday I visited a pious family, two or three miles from Lausanne, at a house beautifully situated in the midst of vineyards, and commanding a fine view of the lake. I had a most affecting conversation with them. The father, mother, sisters, all seem quite in earnest about their salvation. But, unhappily, they have few wise, enlightened guides. Too many of the ministers at Lausanne, with much orthodoxy and zeal, are said to want that humble and practical knowledge of the Gospel, as a concern of the heart, without which they cannot direct others. On the other hand, a pious minister (who has lately been silenced,) has fallen into the dangerous error of always dwelling on the mysterious doctrine of the divine election, &c.; so that the serious people are almost as sheep without a shepherd. What a delight is it on a journey to be able to advise, comfort, and strengthen, in any degree, the minds of distressed brethren in the faith! I could scarcely tear myself away from this family.

At Geneva, things I am told are much worse than here, as to the public doctrines taught by the clergy. The decline in religion began in that city about eighty years back, when the subscription to the formulary of the Swiss Reformers—the noble and most scriptural Helvetic confession—was abolished; then came in Voltaire as a resident in the town; next, the catechism of Calvin was done away with; lastly, a *règlement* was issued about six years since, drawn up with adroitness and caution, but plainly intended to prevent the ministers from preaching explicitly and fully on the divinity of Christ, original sin, grace, and predestination—the three former of which articles contain the very sum and substance of the Gospel; and the latter of which is undoubtedly an important scriptural doctrine. Thus, from being the flower of the Reformed churches, Geneva has (for the time, and I trust it will be only for a short time,) fallen into the gulf of deism and Socinianism.

I have obtained a copy of the pamphlet published by the friends of M. Girard, the schoolmaster at Fribourg, giving an account of the whole of his proceedings. It is authorized by the municipal council. It seems that the charge alleged against him was, that his schools of mutual instruction were hostile to religion. The statement, however, of M. Girard proves that the principles of religion, and religion too of the Roman Catholic form, entered into all his arrangements. The Catholic catechism of the diocese was the chief book, and his schools were warmly approved of by the bishop. Still the Jesuits were dissatisfied because some good sense and sincere piety were apparent in M. Girard's method. His crime was, that he made *faith working by love* the end and foundation of his instruction; that he was attached to the principles of Fenelon and Rollin, and avoided all mere mechanism in education; that he labored, as he states, to place religion in the understanding and in the heart of the children.

The municipal council of Fribourg, notwithstanding the arts of the Jesuits, solemnly assure him of their approbation. They tell him "that their Master-instructer, the divine Redeemer, neglected not, in his instructions, the forming of the heart; his manner of teaching was never a dry theory. You are, then, reverend father," they continue, "misunderstood; the expression is too weak; but truth at last will resume her rights.—Man proposes; God disposes. We think, that because God loves our school, he has been pleased to visit it with chastisement.

"The municipal council, faithful to its oath, will fulfill its duties, of which it feels the honor and the importance; not one of its members would charge himself, as it respects the present and future generations, with the responsibility of being indifferent at such a solemn moment. Let us hope! God, whom we invoke, will protect our children, and save them from the abyss."

Nothing can be more affecting, I think, than this touching appeal. An address from the heads of families in Fribourg closes the pamphlet, testifying to the same facts. "Our conviction," say they, "ought to be of some weight in the scale; we have a right to express it. And who are the best judges? those who blame the school without knowing it, or the fathers of families, the earliest teachers of their children, who have constantly their eye fixed on their morals, their docility, their progress, and who can compare the present with the past?"

The pamphlet was published at Fribourg about four months since. It affords a further illustration of the good which is going on in Catholic countries, to an extent we have little idea of in England; but, at the same time, of the spirit of the Jesuits and chief rulers in the present councils of the Popedom.

Geneva, Wednesday morning, 5 o'clock.—We

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had a delightful sail yesterday in the steam-boat. The only drawback on our pleasure was, that my dear Mrs. W. was not with us; her health obliges her to remain tranquil during this our second mountain tour. The view of the banks of the lake, as we sailed by, was exquisite, especially as the evening drew on. We passed the château of Prangins, where Joseph Bonaparte resided after his Spanish dream of royalty. The Mont Blanc was visible above the mountains of Savoy, almost the whole way; and at sunset, it remained illuminated, or rather gilded by the sun, full twenty minutes after every other mountain was in the shade. Its height is not apparently greater than that of the Jungfrau Alp; but its extent, size, various ridges, enormous platforms, &c., make it infinitely more majestic; it appears literally a region of ice and snow.

During our passage, I had a long conversation with some respectable young Genevese, on various religious topics. It was grievous to see how the poison of the prevailing sentiments at Geneva had infected their minds. They seemed to have no fixed principles, except a loose general notion that the Bible was the word of God. All the evangelical doctrines they thought harsh, doubtful, or unimportant—moral instruction was all that man required—every one had a right to put his own sentiments on the New Testament, as the Reformers had put theirs—all opinions were equally good, if men's conduct only was conformed to them. Such is the sophistry by which the stupendous revelation of a divine Redeemer, dying for our sins, and sanctifying us by his Spirit, is evaded, and the dregs of heathen ethics alone retained—that is, the whole Bible, as the standard of truth, is overthrown, and "the imaginations of man's own heart" substituted in its place.

At our landing, our kind friends were waiting for us on the shore, and I had a conference with them for two hours. They met me again for three hours, this morning at seven. We are gradually arranging the plan of the publication of St. Matthew. I agreed to provide a person to copy the MSS. fair for the printer; fixed January the first for the time when all should be ready for the press; and promised to meet them again in about three weeks, on my return from Chamouny. These Genevese friends seem men of the deepest piety and sweetest spirit of love; I was delighted and edified. I forgot to say, that our lodging-house at Lausanne is Maison Miliquet St. Pierre, première étage; it is quite worth recording, in order to inform any friends who may be coming to Lausanne.

Bonneville, 18 miles from Geneva, half-past two.—We are now in the duchy of Savoy, attached to the kingdom of Sardinia. The capital is Turin, which we hope to see before we return. Our road has run through the valley of the Arve. The country has been singularly beautiful, something like the valley of the Reuss, only that the river Reuss incomparably surpasses the muddy, straggling, wandering Arve, whose shores are desolation itself. Savoy is Catholic; and negligent, indolent, and in many parts, dirty. The vines, instead of being regularly planted and supported in rows, as in the neighboring lands, are positively allowed to grow at random, in the most scrambling manner, on the ground, with potatoes or willows rising among them. This small market town of Bonneville has six hundred inhabitants. Just before I left Geneva, your parcel arrived from London. I had time to send it on to Lausanne without a moment's delay.

St. Martin, near to Sallenche, 36 miles from Geneva, eight o'clock.—We have had a most charming drive. The valley of Cluse opened upon us about two leagues from Bonneville. Cluse (the Roman Clausum, because, according to some, it appears to close up entirely the valley) is romantically situated on the Arve. The craggy mountains are in contrast with the sweet fertility of the valley, and vary so perpetually in their outline, size, and appearance, that it is impossible for words to convey any adequate idea of them. At one particular spot, three small cannon were drawn up by some peasants and fired, to give us the pleasure of hearing the repeated echo of the mountains.

Two things distressed us to-day, one a natural, the other a moral defect—almost every second person here has a swollen neck; sometimes so as to distort the whole figure; it almost amounts to a goitre; children often have it. Besides other inconveniences, I conceive it must materially impede the poor in their labors. The other defect is, the lamentable misery and superstition of these parts. We actually saw on a cross, by the road-side, this notice, "The archbishop of Chamberry and bishop of Geneva grants forty days' indulgence to all those who shall say before this cross, a pater, and an Ave-Maria, with an act of contrition, 1819." And yet this bishop of Geneva ruled that fine canton till the Reformation; and it was only in 1754, that the duke of Savoy relinquished his claims upon it. O what a blessing is deliverance from the monstrous domination and errors of the church of Rome! The duke once made, as perhaps you know, a base attempt to seize the town, in 1604, in the dead of the night, and during a profound peace: the heroism of the Swiss, however, was not to be overcome; and they repulsed the invaders. The river Arve, by which we have been travelling, is a torrent springing in Savoy, and pouring into the Rhone, near Geneva; it swells so suddenly at times, as to cover all the adjoining fields, and do great mischief.

Servoz, on the road to Chamouny, 11 o'clock, Thursday, Sept. 4.—We set off at eight this morning, after wretched beds, and a wretched breakfast; but all has been repaid by the magnificent view we had of Mont Blanc, in all its splendor. The mass, or rather chain of Alps, bearing the general name of Mont Blanc, covered with perpetual snow, rose over the intervening mountains. The contrast between the snowy terrors of the Alps, immediately above us, and the rich verdure of the valley, the profusion of trees on the hills, and the lovely meadows creeping up their sides, by which we were passing, was really incredibly striking. The outline of the fir-crowned mountains, in the near prospect, was surmounted with the snows of Mont Blanc, apparently quite close; so that it seemed impossible that we should be melting with heat, so near to tremendous ice

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and cold. At one point, we had first the small lovely lake of Chède at our feet; then its banks, gently rising and presenting themselves above; next the verdant mountains; and lastly, Mont Blanc, of which the vast snowy summits were beautifully reflected in the clear surface of the lake.

Before, however, we came within view of this astonishing Alp, we stopped to visit a fine cascade at Chède village. The torrent falls altogether above one hundred feet; but it is divided into five different branches or beds, which the stream has worked for itself. It was very curious to see a beautiful rainbow, as early as nine in the morning, formed by the spray, and which, from the point where we stood, was nearly an entire circle, beginning in the rain upon the grass on one side, continuing over the torrent, and then returning to the grass almost under our feet on the other. But I can think of nothing but Mont Blanc; it so much surpasses all my expectations. When our good friend was here four years ago, the day was wet, and he saw nothing; the weather to-day is superb, and we see every thing. The very village where we now are is romantic beyond description. I am sitting at the door of the inn, writing on a rough wooden table, which shakes at every movement of my hand—the village church just in view—a few scattered houses around it—three noble mountains guarding it behind, on which some fine clouds are just resting—fruitfulness apparent all around—whilst company are driving up to the village, on the same errand with ourselves; and the sun from behind the mountains is casting the prospect into alternate light and shade.

Astonishing indeed are the works of the great God—impressed with the footsteps of his majesty, power, and grace. We only want a heart constantly raised up to him in gratitude, and seeing him in all the operations of his hands, to complete the duty, and enhance the pleasure of such a scene of wonders!

Chamouny, seven o'clock, Thursday evening, 24 miles from St. Martin's.—After leaving Servoz, we soon entered the valley of Chamouny, which, as late as 1741, was almost entirely unknown. Two Englishmen then explored it. In 1760, M. de Saussure undertook his first journey to it. The ascent of Mont Blanc by that enterprising traveller, in 1787, brought it at length into notice; and nearly one thousand strangers soon visited it annually. The reputation of the valley, and the conveniences prepared for travellers, have been increasing ever since; so that we have found here one of the very best inns in Switzerland. Chamouny is separated from all the great roads, and seems quite cut off from the rest of the world. It is about twelve miles long, and a mile broad. At the entrance of the valley is a monument erected to a naturalist, who fell down a fissure a few years since, by neglecting his guide, and was lost. Such warnings perpetually occur. A lad with a trumpet astonished us, at a particular part of the road, with the echo which the Alps returned at every blast.

About a league from Chamouny, we came to the small village of Bossons, above which is a most noble glacier, so situated, that travellers are able to cross over it. We ascended the contiguous mountain, excessively steep, about two thousand five hundred feet. We then passed over the heap of loose stones, cast up by the last eboulement, which lay between us and the glacier, and thus came on the solid mass of ice and frozen snow. There was one great fissure in it which it was terrible to look down; and at the bottom of which roared a torrent of water; all the surface of the glacier was slippery, from the heat of the sun upon it. It was cold as December. The scene was very fine.

After making our way across, we had a much more difficult heap, or rather ruin of stones and loose rocks, first to ascend and then to descend, before we could find the path which led again to Bossons. Part of the road which we took was that by which De Saussure, with his eighteen guides, ascended, in 1787. Indeed we may be said to have been at the foot of Mont Blanc all the afternoon. I see one of its summits (fifteen thousand five hundred feet, the highest ridge in the old world) at this moment from my chamber-window. On a ridge of the Alp, perhaps two thousand feet above me, a fire is just now lighted, as a sign of rejoicing that no animal has been lost during the day in driving down the cattle for the winter.

Almost the first person I saw in the inn here was a gentleman from England, who three years ago ascended Mont Blanc, in a company of sixteen. They reached the grand plateau of the Alp, (thirteen thousand five hundred feet) the fourth day, after incredible fatigues, from rain, snow, cold, and the hard rocks, with only a covering of leather to protect them during the night.—They were obliged to send down two guides, the second day, for food. On this vast plateau, or ledge, they found an immense quantity of fresh fallen snow, not frozen; it was extremely laborious to walk on, the snow was so deep; still none of the guides apprehended danger. But on a sudden the whole field of snow on which they were treading gave way, and overwhelmed the unfortunate travellers; their footing sunk; and they were covered, rolled along, borne away, by the enormous avalanche. The snow lodged in the next fissure, or crevasse, which it met in its descent. Three guides unhappily perished; the other thirteen persons extricated themselves with infinite difficulty—or rather were preserved by the mercy of God.

Still persons are frequently ascending; or attempting to ascend, for they seldom reach the real summit. Six guides went up with a single Englishman the day before yesterday; and some friends have been all to-day watching them from the inn, with a telescope: they are expected down to-night. The first persons who ever reached the summit of Mont Blanc were James Balma and Dr. Paccard, in 1786. The following year M. De Saussure, with eighteen guides, attained the same eminence. He spent five hours there. The rarity of the air was such, that his pulse was above 100; he had no appetite, and suffered much from intolerable thirst. The winding path is between fifty and sixty miles altogether, of steep ascent.

We have met here an Italian gentleman, with

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whom we had made a slight acquaintance at Basle; a quick, ready, sensible man—talking French and English tolerably well—one who has for above twenty years spent his summers in travelling—neat in his person—about forty years of age—equipped with all the smaller conveniences which so long an experience could not fail to give him—he has read a good deal of history and politics, and is very communicative. He has one very good practice; he never sets out on a tour till he has devoted six months to a thorough study of all the best writers on the country he is about to visit. A turn to satire gives a point to his remarks. His admiration of England is extreme; but I can observe, that he takes a pleasure in relating little anecdotes to the disadvantage of individual Englishmen. He has collected five stories in his present tour. I suppose he calls himself a Catholic; but he has clearly no just impression of the importance of religion. He speaks on the subject with levity, and even indecorum; mingling the tenets of his church with the essential truths of Christianity, and laughing at both. He was just now telling one of the guides, who he heard would not eat flesh on Fridays, that the Pope being dead, (as I mentioned in my last) he was at liberty to eat meat whenever he liked; but that if he had any fears, he would give him a billet to Jesus Christ. I could not help remonstrating with him for the latter part of this sentence; observing, that though I was a Protestant, and of course did not hold the Catholic Fasts, I still agreed with the Catholics in the great truths of our common Christianity, and especially in adoration and love to our divine Saviour. He received the hint with perfect politeness, and dropped the subject. I remember the Italian nobleman at the Grimsel said something, in the same ironical way, of the Holy Ghost choosing a new Pope. Secret infidelity is widely spreading in Italy.

Friday morning, half-past 6, *chalet on Montanvert*, 3,150 *feet above Chamouny.*—We were called this morning at half-past three, and started at half-past four, for the Jardin on the Mer de Glace, in a party of thirteen; a guide and mule for each, with boys, &c. We have been ascending two hours in fearful cold and wind, on a road steep beyond description, three leagues long, amidst the ruins of fallen trees and rocks.

Twelve o'clock, Couvercle, Mer de Glace.—I am now writing on a spot, where, perhaps, never man wrote before, and whence I can scarcely look around me without terror. We have been walking and climbing, for five hours, ten or fifteen miles up hills and mountains of ice, snow, and impenetrable rocks, amidst chasms and torrents hundreds of feet deep. I am now on the heights of the Mer de Glace, nine thousand two hundred feet above the sea, seated on the ground, with my letter and pocket ink-horn before me, a rock for my writing-table, and my small pocket-book placed under my paper, to keep it a little steady. We have been surmounting immense fatigue and danger, ever since we left the chalet at seven. All other difficulties are nothing compared with those which surround us; and we have a descent of seven hours, not a little dangerous, to make, before we reach our inn. Still the extraordinary magnificence of the scene above, below, around us, when one can calmly look at it, seems to recompense us for every thing. If we get back alive, however, one thing I can venture to assure you of, that the fatigue and terror are such as to prevent our ever coming up again.

Chamouny, 8 *in the evening.*—Thank God we have all returned safe. Let me now give you some notion of the day's journey. We were fourteen hours and a half on the road, and went forty miles; ten miles on mules, and thirty on foot; which thirty were in a perpetual course of ascents, descents, sliding and jumping. After leaving the chalet on Montanvert, in the morning at seven, we descended and crossed the éboulement or vast heap of granite and sand, which intervened between that and the glacier. The path was frequently on the surface of a shelving rock of slate, *three inches wide*, with a precipice at our feet.—When we came to the glacier, or Mer de Glace itself, we had new difficulties of every kind to surmount; and in the course of our progress three vast éboulements to climb over. When we reached the summit of the mountain, which is called the Couvercle, about noon, (nine thousand two hundred feet) we were so exhausted with heat and fatigue, that we threw ourselves on the scanty grass growing on the rock, as if we were dead.—After an hour and a half's rest, and a dinner on the provisions carried for us by the guides, we set off on our return. Nothing can describe the day's journey; the simple fact of walking thirty miles on ice and rock, with declivities, crevices, gulfs, ice-torrents, &c. seems sufficiently terrific, but can convey to you no adequate idea of the real scene.

Enough, however, of our fatigues. Now, to give you some account of the Mer de Glace. It is an enormous glacier, forty-five miles long, and two wide, and rising to an inaccessible height.—We only ascended to the point commanding the finest view. It gave me the idea of a sea in a storm suddenly frozen, or choked with snow and ice. We saw nothing but congealed waves or rather mountains of frozen water. The ice is not clear and smooth, but mixed with sand and stones, and on the surface alternately melted and re-frozen every twenty-four hours. In all this sea, changes are continually taking place, from the causes I assigned in a former letter:—a single day's rain or snow alters infallibly a variety of places. The most fearful things are the fentes, crevices, or fissures, some fifty feet wide, others just beginning to form themselves; others like a well, three or four hundred feet deep, with an impetuous torrent pouring down them, and working like a mill at the bottom; together with thousands of rivulets formed by the summer's sun on the surface. As the masses of ice descend, the superincumbent rocks and stones descend with them. These are gradually carried along; some travel five hundred feet down the immense glacier in a single year. The foot of the Mer de Glace is in the valley of Chamouny, whence the river Arveiron flows, which joins itself with the Arve, and pours into the Rhone, near Geneva.

To travel on this sea of wonders was in itself dangerous enough—a single inadvertent step might have been fatal—the extraordinary skill and experience of the guides, however, (for each per-

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son has his separate one,) make accidents extremely rare. The views which we witnessed were enchanting. The deep azure of the sky in one of the finest days ever seen; the vast region of ice which the sun gilded with his rays, and the panorama of snow-clad Alps, rising stupendously all around, are really beyond my powers of description. They made us forget all our fatigues. The union and contrast of the scenes in nature apparently the most irreconcilable—and all beheld for the first time, and under the most favorable circumstances—produced an impression in which what was wonderful and pleasing had an equal share with the sublime and stupendous. In three spots I sat down, penetrated with admiration, and made my guide tell me the names of the Alps around me; I give the names as accurately as my ear could catch them: 1st, Charcoux; 2d, Grapon; 3d, Mont Blanc; 4th, Le Geant; 5th, Tamla; 6th, Grand Jorasse; 7th, Petit Jorasse; 8th, Le Sehon; 9th, Les Courts; 10th, Aiguilles Rouges; 11th, Gemme Verd; 12th, Le Moine; 13th, Aiguille de Dru; 14th, La Flechiere; 15th Le Breveut.

I just add that the guides here are respectable, well-informed men; mine is called The Bird, L'Oiseau. He has been thirty-eight years a guide. The most respectable Swiss writers correspond with them. They speak very good French—the language of Chamouny is a patois. There are forty of them at Chamouny, and seventy mules. Every thing is regulated by the government, even to the order in which the guides go out. Chamouny contains near fifty hamlets, three churches, and three thousand souls. It is a Catholic priory; but our guides were intelligent, and seemingly in earnest, on the subject of religion. I talked with my own a good deal. He clearly distinguished between the essentials of religion and morals, and the ceremonies and usages of his own church. He spoke of judgment and eternity, and the sin of man, and the death of our Saviour, with some feeling. There seemed also a conscientiousness governing his mind, which gratified me a good deal. I have not myself met with any Catholics so well informed.

Chamouny, I must say, deserves all its popularity; two thousand two hundred and fifty visiters came to it last year; out of whom, about forty only went to the end of the Mer de Glace; which is some commendation of our courage, but, perhaps, not of our prudence, at least so far as I am concerned. The day has been beautiful—not a cloud.

And now may it please God to fill my heart with praise for his works, adoration of his awful majesty, gratitude for preservation, and a humble desire to see his love, his wisdom, his providence, his power, his glory in all things! I am sure religious feelings are the appropriate consequences of such a day's excursion. It is most painful to me to say, that one Englishman* has for ever disgraced himself here by attaching to his name, in the strangers' book, an unblushing avowal of atheism. He has not, however, escaped a suitable and most severe and striking retort from one of his countrymen. He had annexed to his name these horrid words, ἀφοσιούσιος φιλανθρωπιστης και αθεος.* Immediately under them this thrilling reproof, in allusion to Psalm xiv. 1.† is now inserted, Ει μεν τ' αληθες λεγει, μωρος· ει δε μη, ψευστης.‡

Trient, canton of Valais, Switzerland, three o'clock, Saturday afternoon.—We set off this morning, twenty minutes before nine, and have been six hours and ten minutes coming eighteen miles. We have passed through the valleys of Chamouny, Val Valorsine, Chatelet, where Switzerland and Savoy divide, and Trient, where we now are. Often as I have expressed my astonishment at the variety of Swiss and Savoy scenery, I must repeat the same language. Certainly nothing can exceed the surprise we have felt all this morning. We have crossed a barrier called Le Tête Noire; and all the way, especially in passing the mountains, there has been nothing but wonders. Valleys sowed, as it were, with the fragments of fallen rocks; villages of romantic beauty, and of architecture the most rude; noble firs crowning the mountain sides; several glaciers descending in the ravines from the common source of the Mer de Glace; the path now sinking into the deepest valley, now rising into a frightful precipice, sometimes leading by rude stairs of rocks, at other times by torrents and sand; the whole way diversified with the ruins of falling firs, the effects of the tremendous storms of the winters, so as at places to obstruct the path; lastly, the torrent of the Trient rolling along to disgorge itself into the Rhone, whilst the alternate succession of barren scenery and cultivated meadows, like mosaic-work, in the valley and up the side of the mountains, completed the picture.

But words fail when they are attempting to describe Switzerland. One applies nearly the same terms to the valley of the Reuss, the Hoellenthal, the valley of Moûtiers, the Chède, and the valleys seen to-day; and yet they are all widely different from each other; and each utterly inconceivable, except to one who has visited them for himself.

It was by this almost impracticable road of the Tête Noire, that hundreds of French emigrants escaped into the Valais, when the French invaded Savoy, in 1792. Countesses—marchionesses—carrying themselves their infants—officers—priests—in the midst of them the bishop of Nismes, a venerable old man, eighty years of age—formed this long and pitiable caravan. It rends the heart to reflect on the miseries of that period. The rule of the French on the Rhine, was followed, as I have told you, with a mixture of great good amidst the horrors unavoidable on revolutions; but their rule in Switzerland seems to have been one unmixed calamity. Liberty, literature, morals, religion, private and public happiness, withered at their approach, and have only begun to revive since the restoration of the old state of things in that fine country. Bonaparte is, generally speaking, detested here, as much as he is in other places adored.

* Percy Bysche Shelley.

* —— Democrat, philanthropist, and atheist.

† "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

‡ If he speaks truth, he is a fool, if not, a liar.—See Christian Observer, vol. for 1824.

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Saturday evening, half-past six.—We are just arrived at Martigny, in the Valais, twenty-seven miles from Chamouny.

D. W.

LETTER XII.

Great St. Bernard, Sept. 6.—Brieg, Sept. 10, 1823.

Jardin of Mer de Glace—Forclaz—Bas Valais—Martigny—Deluge of the Dranse—Sunday at Martigny—Sermon—Popery—Orsieres—Lyddes—Pious Admonition on Eternity—Great St. Bernard—Dogs—Monks—Chapel for Dead—Lives saved—Provost—Sion—Valais—Prayers at Great St. Bernard—Catholic Admonition.

MARTIGNY, *Bas Valais, Switzerland, Saturday night, Sept. 6, 1823.*

MY DEAR SISTER,—I was quite mortified in sending you my last letter; it was written in such inexpressible hurries, and seemed to me, when I read it over, so sadly unconnected and incomplete. Indeed, this has been more or less the case with all my letters. I know, however, that your love will excuse the defects of my rapid accounts. I believe I did not tell you that the particular points of the Mer de Glace which we went to visit were the Couvercle and the Jardin, or garden. The Couvercle is an immensely high rock, to which you have no access but by crossing the sea of ice, as we did, and which, from its height and position, commands an unbroken view of Mont Blanc and eleven other Alps. From the Couvercle there is a twenty minutes' walk to the Jardin, which is a rock rising above the Mer de Glace. A slight stone enclosure marks out the garden, which is covered, during the brief summer, with vendure and flowers. The contrast with the snowy mantle concealing the face of nature all around, is very striking. This Jardin we did not reach; I really was overcome.

There are eighteen immense glaciers, formed from the Mer de Glace, in different ravines, and thirty smaller ones. The English gentleman, whom I reported as having ascended Mont Blanc returned safely; he accomplished the task in thirty-seven hours; but his fatigue was so great, that he was at last literally obliged to be pushed up by the guides. At the summit, a tremendous storm of snow and wind had nearly carried them all away; he remained there only five minutes, and could scarcely see any thing. His object was not science; but simply pleasure, or curiosity: he had made no preparation, had no instruments with him, and was unaccompanied by a single friend. Such exploits are regarded by every one as hazardous and useless, instead of being entitled to admiration.

My old guide (who went up with De Saussure in 1786, and was named by him L'Oiseau) tells me the accident which occurred on Mont Blanc, as I have already mentioned, in 1820, arose, as he thinks very much from the youth and inexperience of the guides: a whole day's rain and snow fell whilst the party was ascending, and made the peril of an avalanche almost certain. The oldest guide now at Chamouny is Balma, aged seventy-six, named by De Saussure, "Mont Blanc." My friend and fellow-traveller's guide was the son of the Syndic, or chief magistrate of the village, which said Syndic we met, with a scythe on his shoulder, in primitive simplicity, going to mow, as we ascended Montanvert. The guides have seven, eight or ten francs a-day; those who go up Mont Blanc thirty or forty francs a day, and sometimes much more. They also rear and keep the mules, which are worth twenty or twenty-four Louis each (from nineteen to twenty-three pounds.) In fact, the whole apparatus of Chamouny is unequalled: there are twenty-four porters, for carrying ladies only. I suppose, during a good summer of four or five months, a guide may get eight or nine hundred francs, (about thirty-six pounds) besides his food; some much more—which is almost a fortune in Savoy. In our journey to-day to Martigny, we observed perpetual fragments of rocks scattered every where in the fields, so that the farmers collect them in great heaps in different spots, in order that the grass may have room to grow at least on some of the land. To overcome or lessen difficulties, is the perpetual task to which man is called by all the various disorders on the face of nature: and in no country so much as in Switzerland and Savoy.

When we left Trient, at four o'clock, we began to ascend the mountain Forclaz, from the summit of which, and in the descent, the view of the Valais (an immense valley, about a hundred miles long, reaching from the lake of Geneva to the Grimsel) was most enchanting: the plain with all its varied beauties, as far as Sion—the Rhone rushing through it—the Alps of the Oberland girding it around—and all illuminated with the afternoon's sun—nothing could be more exquisite. Martigny, where I am now writing, is a small town, one thousand four hundred and eighty feet above the sea (Chamouny is three thousand one hundred and fifty.) In the time of the Romans it was called Octodurum. On descending to it, we had to cross the devastations occasioned by the bursting of the river Dranse, which quite saddens my mind when I think of them. The melancholy story resembles that of Goldau, except that the loss of lives was not so considerable. It arose, I understand, from the Dranse, which rushes down the mountains about eighteen miles from Martigny, becoming first obstructed, and then stopped in its course, in the valley of Bagnes, by the falling of masses of ice from the Glacier of Getroz. A most enormous lake was thus formed, thirteen thousand feet long, and from one to seven hundred feet wide; the mean depth being two hundred; and the whole mass of water eight hundred millions of cubic feet! The country was soon alarmed at the tidings of this accumulation of waters; and a tunnel, or gallery, was cut through the barrier of ice, to facilitate the escape of the river by its usual channel. The lake was actually reduced forty-five feet; but this was not sufficient to prevent the calamity. For on the 17th June, 1818, the waters burst in a moment, without the least warning, through the barrier of ice, and rushed forth with such fury, that in one hour they had reached Martigny, eighteen miles. The torrent destroyed fifty-two houses at Champsee, and overwhelmed

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a surprising number of fields, houses, barns, manufactories, &c. at Bagnes and Martigny; all was swallowed up in an instant. An entire forest was rooted up by it; and damage done to the amount of one million one hundred and nine thousand seven hundred and sixty francs of Switzerland, about two hundred thousand pounds English.

How instantaneous, as well as awful, are the judgments of God! What an uncertain, treacherous scene is this passing world! And what deductions do such events make from the pleasures of a residence in this country, however enchanting in many respects!—But I must conclude for to-night; it is past eleven, and I have been travelling hard for two days.

Martigny, Sunday, eleven o'clock.—Again in a Catholic town, with not a single Protestant, as I am told. This, my twelfth Sunday, is distressing to my mind. We have been to the Catholic church, (for there is no other) and heard a sermon in French; for French is the language all through the Valais. As we entered the churchyard, we saw a priest uttering some prayers, and then sprinkling water on the people who were kneeling around. On coming into the church itself, we found it crowded with people. I asked a lady to lend me a Prayer-book; but she could not tell me, nor could I find out, where the priest was reading: one thing I suspect, that but few in the church could understand a word of the prayers—those near me were muttering their allotted Paternosters, without any reference to the public prayers, and, when I asked them, could give me no idea where the priest was—it did not seem to enter their minds—indeed, intelligent worship was clearly no part of the object for which the congregation was assembled. The music undoubtedly was beautiful. After half an hour, the priest gave notice that the Pope was dead, and exhorted the people to pray for his soul, and to beg of God to grant him a worthy successor. He then read notices of Saints' days, and of the nativity of the Virgin Mary, which falls to-morrow.

Next, another priest, the prior, I believe, of the parish, ascended the pulpit, and delivered a sermon on our Lord's words, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." His subject was, the duty of restitution. After his introduction, I was surprised to observe, that he not only paused and kneeled solemnly down in the pulpit himself, but that the whole congregation knelt down also in secret prayer, before he entered on his discussion. The pause was peculiarly impressive, I assure you, and what I never saw before; though the intercession of the Virgin, undoubtedly, corrupted it sadly. The sermon was admirable, as an abstract explication of the particular duty of restitution, chiefly drawn from Chrysostom and Augustine. There was a degree of talent, a force, an acumen, a dignity in all the preacher said which arrested attention. The whole made a powerful impression. I saw some countrywomen who stood near me in the aisle, positively quake for fear. There was nothing of Popery, properly speaking, in it—it was a good ordinary discourse on its topic. Still, it was defective, and even unscriptural, as the instruction of a Christian divine—there was not a word as to the way of obtaining pardon for our breaches of this duty; nor a word of the grace of the Holy Spirit, as necessary to assist us to keep it for the future; nor a word of the necessity of watchfulness over the corruption of the heart, as the spring of all sin and evil. Nay, he plainly said, that good works, that is, the performance of this and other moral duties, would save us, in direct contradiction to the whole tenor of the doctrine of redemption. The sermon was delivered from memory, and interspersed with striking anecdotes. When it was over, I left the church, and was surprised to find that the churchyard was filled with people, kneeling or sitting, apparently very devout, though they could neither hear nor see any thing.

But this, bad as it is, is the fairer side of Popery; if you go into the complicated system of its corruptions, you find that superstition every where fills up the place of Scriptural Christianity; and that Jesus Christ is almost unknown in his holy salvation from sin and guilt. Even what is true in Popery is spoiled by the manner in which it is disfigured or curtailed; for instance, the people are not taught the ten commandments as we have them in the Bible; but an abridgment, in which the second, that is, the commandment against idolatry and image-worship, is positively left out, and the tenth divided into two; and to which are appended what are called the commandments of the church, six, I think, in number, which are given in the same form, and with the same solemnity as those of the decalogue; and are infinitely more insisted upon by the priests, and observed by the people. The whole foundation of what the priests inculcate is, moreover, not the authority of the inspired revelation of God, but the authority of the church—they "teach for doctrines the commandments for men."

Then only consider the many incredible errors and superstitions, which they have by this means contrived to affix on real Christianity—pilgrimages, traditions, prayers for the dead, veneration of relics, intercession of saints, indulgences, dispensations, pretended miracles, purgatory, the sacrifice of the mass, transubstantiation, the denial of the cup to the laity, penances, auricular confession, image-worship, celibacy of the clergy, monastic vows, infallibility of general councils, supremacy of the Pope, implicit submission to the church, lost estate of heretics, prayers in an unknown tongue, tyranny over the conscience, virtual prohibition of the Bible. Such, avowedly, is Popery in itself; though many individual Roman Catholics know little about it, and are pious and simple-hearted Christians.

But amidst all these corruptions nothing seems to me so flagrantly unscriptural as the adoration of the image of the Virgin, and the trust reposed in her by the great mass of the people. I conceive this idolatry to be much more displeasing in the sight of God than the worship of the queen of heaven, so vehemently reprobated by the prophet Jeremiah, or the prostration of the Pagans before their idols, which St. Paul and the other apostles so indignantly condemned.* Indeed, when I think of the peculiar jealousy of the infinitely glorious Jehovah on the subject of any

* See Jer. xliv. and Acts of Apostles passim.

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approach to idolatry, I see in this one feature of Popery, the infallible mark of an open apostacy from the faith. The extraordinary fondness of the people for this worst part of their creed, only increases this conviction in my mind.*

O, may the time be hastened when these fatal errors shall cease, and Christ alone be again acknowledged to be Lord by all Christians! And may Protestants walk in the blessed light they enjoy, and not sink, in avoiding Popery, into the fatal gulfs of indifference, skepticism, and infidelity—the carelessness, divisions, and irreligion of professed Protestants are the scandal of Christendom. I have heard many, many worse sermons from Protestant pulpits than the one I have just told you of. May the blessed Spirit descend upon the universal church once more, and dispel Popish and skeptical darkness, as he once did Jewish and Pagan! All we want is His inspiration and His book. Send the Bible, we pray thee, O Lord, into every family, and attend it with thy sacred influences: and then truth and holiness will again flourish in the earth, the inventions of men die away, and charity become the bond of peace amongst thy disciples!

So far as I recollect, this is the first Sunday where I have found no church of any kind except the Catholic; as it is certainly the first time I have heard a French Catholic preacher. On the Grimsel there was no church at all; but every where else I have found some Protestant service, and attended it, though in German. In this town there is possibly not a creature who ever read the Bible—a large proportion of the people would not know what I meant by that sacred book—many would have even no idea that God has given an infallible written revelation of His will to man for his guidance and salvation.

Sunday, two o'clock.—We have just had our English divine service; never did the prayers of our truly Protestant and Reformed church appear to me more scriptural and more edifying, nor the psalms and lessons more consoling and instructive, than after having witnessed the Popish ceremonies. I expounded Luke xiii. 1—5.

Lyddes, canton of Valais, Monday morning, Sept. 8, *eleven o'clock.*—At half-past three this morning our guide came to call me. But the weather was dull; and we were so long deliberating whether to set out or not, that it was a quarter to six before we were on our mules. We have now gone sixteen miles on the way to the celebrated hospice of the Great St. Bernard. Our road has been through the valley of Entremont. For the first few miles we were passing over the desolations occasioned by the bursting of the Dranse. It really reminded me of what the Scripture speaks of the universal deluge, when God swept away every living thing from the face of the earth. It was melancholy to see the valley, described as once so lovely, now choked and covered with masses of rocks and heaps of sand. It has been actually necessary to make a new way in many places, and in one spot to cut a gallery or tunnel, about one hundred and fifty feet long, through the granite ruin which stopped the road. It is said, that above fifty persons perished in that calamity.

As we were going through the village of Orsieres we heard voices singing in the church, and on entering, found it crowded with people—it is the *nativity of the Virgin Mary*, who is, as I have said, the chief object of the Papists' devotion. All along the road the people are going or returning from mass in crowds. In Lyddes, where we now are, the mass being over, the street is filled with idle folks. Business and labor are wholly suspended. It is curious, that all the men in these villages have coats of the same color, a snuff brown, with large cocked military hats. If the men in these towns were taught to labor, to improve their roads, repair their hedges, and cultivate their land, instead of praying to the Virgin Mary; and if the women would mend their clothes and wash their children, and keep their houses tidy, instead of making caps and petticoats for the same lady, we Protestants cannot but think they would be better employed than they now are. But every great departure from truth is attended with accumulated moral evils in one way or other.

I forgot to tell you, that at Martigny we saw a celebrated tower, built by the Romans (for Cæsar was at Octodurum;) a beautiful cascade, called the Pisse-Vache, and the fall of the Trient into the Rhone, by a crevice or fente between two rocks, so narrow as scarcely to admit of the stream to pass.

I have been much delighted here (Lyddes) with a religious admonition on the subject of eternity, printed in large letters, on a folio sheet, and hung up in the salle-à-manger; a similar paper is placed in every house in the parish; it quite relieves my mind to see some one great truth of Christianity plainly taught, and without superstition. I have obtained a copy, from which I give one extract—"Understand well the force of these words—a God—a moment—an eternity; a God who sees thee; a moment which flies; an eternity which awaits you:—a God whom you serve so ill; a moment of which you so little profit; an eternity which you hazard so rashly." I dwell with pleasure on this paper, because after what I have been just observing, these are the things which moderate one's depression, and teach one charity towards the persons of individual Catholics. They lead us to hope that there are in the church of Rome numbers of humble and contrite disciples of the lowly Jesus, who substantially understand and feel the awakening truths of Christianity, who put all their confidence for salvation in the atoning blood of their Saviour, and who are guided by His Spirit in the paths of true obedience—these "do not worship the BEAST, neither

* The Virgin Mary is, beyond all comparison, more adored than the ever-blessed God—the worship paid to her is universal in all places, and by all people. After the VIRGIN, some of the principal SAINTS seem to be the most worshipped; then our SAVIOUR; and lastly God, our heavenly FATHER. "Shocking as this may appear," proceeds the writer from whom I quote, "it is too true. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say, that throughout Italy, Spain, Portugal, and every country where the Catholic is the exclusive religion of the people, for one knee bent to God, thousands are bent before the shrines of the Virgin and the saints."†

† Rome in the nineteenth century, vol. i. 22.

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his image, neither receive his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands." Rev. xx. 4.

Hospice, au Grand St. Bernard, Monday evening, Sept. 8, *eight o'clock.*—We arrived here about five, after a journey of eleven hours—twenty-eight miles. The road became more and more wild as we ascended, till at last all vegetation seemed to have ceased. We are now at the celebrated religious hospice of the monks of St. Augustine, of which you have heard so much. My curiosity is greatly excited; and as my sons could not conveniently take their journals with me, they entreat me to be as full as I can in my account to you. It is eight thousand three hundred and fourteen feet above the sea—the highest spot in Europe which is inhabited all the year round. It was founded in the year 962, by St. Bernard de Meuthon, who was the provost for forty years, and died in 1008. It is on the high Alps which separate Le Valais from Piedmont; and it was, before the Simplon and Mount Cenis' roads were made and improved by Bonaparte, one of the greatest passages between Switzerland and Italy. It is still a very considerable thoroughfare, especially for the poor Piedmontese, who cross every spring to Switzerland and France for employ. This hospice has twelve monks, and six domestics, constantly resident to receive the poor without payment, and succor the distressed traveller. They are bound to entertain these travellers for three days, and in case of illness, to nurse and attend them till they recover.

The domestics go out almost every morning during the winter, on different routes, to search for pilgrims who may have lost their way. They take with them dogs of a Spanish breed, called the St. Bernard dogs, very large and powerful, who have a sagacity so unerring, that they discover and follow the tracks on the mountains, though covered with eight feet of snow. They go before the domestics, clearing a path with their heads and feet; and as soon as a traveller is near, they invariably smell him out, and lead the servant to him. The domestic is furnished with bread and wine; and sometimes a dog is sent out alone, with a basket tied to his neck, containing these necessaries. The number of lives saved is incredible. Last winter an old man was found quite frozen, whom they restored to life. Two other men had been carried away by an avalanche of snow, and would undoubtedly have perished but for the hospice. One single dog has saved the lives of five persons; his name is Jupiter; there are four others, named Lion, Turk, Pallas, and Castor. We had them called to us, that we might caress them, for they are good-natured and generous animals. In the course of last year twelve thousand travellers passed some time at the hospice. Last night there was four or five hundred persons who slept here. It was a double festival. All the chambers, halls, passages, floors, were crowded with guests. The snow falls almost all the year; it freezes commonly in the morning, even during the height of summer; and the lake behind the house is frequently frozen over even in July. This afternoon the thermometer was 44; whilst yesterday at Martigny it was nearly 80. There are not above ten days in the year when the sky is perfectly clear throughout the day. Thirty horses and mules are employed nearly half the year, in fetching wood from the forests, twelve or fifteen miles from the convent.

Close to the hospice was formerly a Roman temple, dedicated to Jupiter Penninus; on the site of which various antiquities are continually found. We were shown a large collection of them—amongst which were many medals of great value. When we first arrived, a monk, in a loose habit of black, buttoned down close in front, with a black cap, received us and showed us first into the dining-room, and then to our chambers. Soon after another monk walked out with us, and pointed out the chief beauties around. At one place he showed us the division between Switzerland and Italy; and made us tread at the same time on both countries. He bid us mark several spots where the dogs had discovered frozen travellers, and had been the means of saving them: one he particularly pointed out, where they had discovered a peasants family perishing in the snow; upon which one of these noble animals had contrived to take up an infant, and place it on its back, and then hastened to the hospice, to fetch persons who might rescue the unhappy parents. The story affected us almost to tears.

It is not only the frosts and snow which create the danger, but the dreadful storms of wind, which come on quite unexpectedly and carry away the traveller. The Italian courier passed, a few winters ago, from Aoste to the Great St. Bernard, on a very inclement afternoon. The monks endeavored to persuade him to abandon all thought of going forward. He was determined to proceed. They then sent two servants with him, to direct him on his way. As these did not return when they were expected, another domestic, with three dogs, was dispatched in search of them. The dogs refused to move, though they were the best of the whole number: this was the sure sign that extreme danger was on the road. However, life was at stake, and the dogs were at length forced to go. That night neither men nor dogs returned; and some days afterwards they were all discovered buried under an avalanche, about half a league from the convent, perfectly dead. To support their expenses, the monks in the summer entertain visiters, who make presents to the institution. Last Wednesday, forty strangers, mostly English, breakfasted here.

At seven o'clock this evening the bell rang, and we were ushered into the salle-à-manger. I was all eagerness to observe their manners and customs. All the monks, or chanoines, as they call themselves, were present. Latin prayers were said with much devotion; the English staring.—The monks each placed one or two of us between them at the table, and an excellent supper was served up—abundant without extravagance; it consisted of soup, various hashes, and some game. The wine light, but good.

The conversation was most friendly and agreeable. I was placed next the provost. I conceived that our hosts might be men of some theological learning, and turned the conversation to the subject of religion, and to the doctrine of Augustine, the founder of their order. I told them I agreed with that great writer in his defence of

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the doctrine of grace and his opposition to Pelagius, and generally in his exposition of Christian truths and duties. I added, that St. Augustine was esteemed by Protestants as one of the great lights of the church; and was constantly appealed to in their articles and confessions. The provost immediately asked me if I was a minister of religion, and what became of my parish during my absence. On my telling him that I was a master of arts of the university of Oxford, that I had been ordered to travel abroad on account of my health, and had committed my duties at home to a valuable and pious fellow-clergyman, who would discharge them with conscientious fidelity, he pursued his inquiries no further. There was an intense curiosity apparent in all he said. I assured him that all good Protestants loved their Catholic brethren who, like Nicole, and Pascal, and Fenelon, believed truly in our Saviour, and obeyed simply and humbly his commands. I added, that I hoped the time would soon come when the Holy Spirit, being poured out on Christendom, a general agreement on essential TRUTH would prevail, and a holy CHARITY as to non-essential. I could not discover, however, from his replies, that he was much acquainted with these topics. Practical benevolence seems the only business of these worthy monks, whose early education and secluded habits must leave them to the full influence of first impressions. One of them, however, on the other side of the table observing my conversation with the provost, began to talk with me on the French preachers, and the striking sermons of Brydayne, just published. He agreed with me, in admiring the fine, affecting appeals which abound in this writer; but still I did not observe any distinct ideas of devotion or spiritual feeling in what he said, even in the sense of the Roman Catholic writers, though I was really quite delighted with him and my other hosts, and anxious to judge of them in the most favorable way.

The provost afterwards told me that, in the year 1800, Bonaparte passed the Great St. Bernard. He had sent over thirty thousand men from France to Italy, with artillery and cavalry, who were three weeks in crossing. The cannons required sixty or seventy men each to drag them up the ridge. Many horses perished in the precipices. He came himself afterwards on a mule, for which he gave thirty louis at Martigny; it stumbled on the way, and, but for the guide catching him in his arms, he would have fallen down the precipice. He afterwards rewarded the man for his promptness, who was known ever after in the village by the name of Bonaparte. Napoleon staid two hours and a half at the hospice; he was dark and thoughtful; said only a few words; ate of the provisions he had brought with him; accepted a little of their wine; appeared lost in silence; asked if they knew the strength of a neighboring fort; went down to Italy, and fought the battle of Marengo! He treated the convent as well as he could; but the monks lost every thing during the war, even to their linen and furniture.

After supper, Latin grace was again said; the provost beginning, and the other monks making responses. We retired to our rooms directly after supper. I conceive there are few institutions so valuable, in a humane point of view, as this. It is painful to think, that some impostors went about Europe a few years since collecting alms, as they pretended, for the hospice. They came to England and were at Oxford. They were Piedmontese. Efforts were made by many benevolent persons to raise subscriptions for them; but the fraud was at length detected. The provost requested us to state, that the hospice never collects contributions, except in their own country, Switzerland. I just add, that a regular journal of the state of the weather at the hospice, with the principal events that occur, and especially the lives saved, is published once a month in one of the periodical works at Geneva, I think the "Bibliotheque Universelle." It is generally observed, that when the thermometer is 62° at Geneva, it is 32° here. It is impossible to keep oneself warm. My friend even found his breath a good deal affected this evening. You would be amused to see me at this moment sitting trembling with cold in my small Popish chamber, attempting to write at an old wooden desk, affixed to the wall by hinges which have this instant given way and overturned my paper, ink, and whole apparatus. But I must hurry to rest, after such a fatiguing day; it is past eleven, and I was awake between three and four this morning, and have been writing now nearly two hours. I wish my dear Ann and Eliza could have been here. My sweet little girl would have so liked to have seen these fine dogs, which are almost as large as heifers, and live upon a sour sort of soup, made on purpose for them; their fame is spread throughout the world, and pictures of them are multiplied. One of them, who saved twelve or thirteen persons, was stuffed after his death, and is now at Bern. I saw a beautiful engraving at Paris, of the dog in the act of saving the infant before mentioned.

Lyddes, half-past twelve, Tuesday morning.—We had a simple breakfast provided for us this morning by the monks at St. Bernard. We visited the chapel, which is neat and commodious; and my friend and I, between us, dropped, with delight, five louis d'or into the poor's box. The hospice itself was built in 1550, and has been enlarged several times. The walls are enormously thick the ground floor is all arched; and the walls are strengthened by strong buttresses on the side of the lake. In the chapel is a monument erected to the memory of General Dessaix, by Bonaparte. Our chambers were convenient—the furniture old—the beds good—the windows with double glass sashes—crucifixes in the rooms. The provost, or head of the convent, together with the prior, breakfasted with us; the rest of the monks had each a pewter dish of soup, which they ate standing. We again saw our friends the dogs before we went; two are of a brown speckled color, and three white, with fawn ears; their heads are very large; enormous teeth; necks thick, and with flesh hanging down like a bull's; front feet amazingly strong; they stand very high upon their legs; the haunches and hind legs are like those of hounds; they add to all their other qualities, that of being excessively gentle.

Thus have we visited this remarkable establishment, which has afforded us more pleasure, perhaps, than any thing we have seen during our

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whole journey. Two or three hundred years of uniform and laborious beneficence has raised this convent to an unequalled height of celebrity. The monks seldom are able to live many years at St. Bernard. The provost was going down to the lower lands to-day. The hospice is very damp for a considerable part of the year. Some attempts are making to raise a fund for rebuilding it. Winter will set in in ten days. Sometimes all the domestics, all the dogs, and all the monks, are out in the middle of the night for hours, when travellers are in particular danger; and it has happened that an avalanche, as I have said, has carried them all away, without the possibility of their being succored.

One building which the monks showed us was the chapel of the Bone-House—an apartment where the bodies found in the snow are deposited, in order to be owned by their friends. The good monks perform the funeral service, indiscriminately, over all that they find; and the cold is so intense, that it is many years before the bodies are dried up, for decomposition seldom takes place. We looked through the sad grating of the room, and distinctly saw the heaps of bodies, like mummies, covering all the place; it was a melancholy sight. The benevolence and courage of this kind fraternity amount, therefore, to a sort of devotion quite extraordinary. This is the only convent which Bonaparte spared. It is curious, that by this same route, by which Bonaparte invaded Italy, Hannibal is supposed, by some, to have led the Carthaginian forces, for a similar design, two thousand years ago. Such are the vicissitudes of human glory and ambition!

Martigny, six o'clock, Wednesday morning.—We returned here last night at seven, and found one of our carriages sent, as we had requested, to meet us from Lausanne. Thus has our second little tour to Chamouny of eight days terminated. The weather has been most fine the whole time, We have seen some of the greatest curiosities in Switzerland and Savoy: the Valley of the Cluse, Chamouny, Mont Blanc, the Mer de Glace, and, above all, the Great St. Bernard. We might now return to Lausanne in a day; but we are tempted to make a detour into Northern Italy; we are only about three days' journey from Milan; whither our kind fellow-traveller wishes us to accompany him, on his way to Rome. We are going off then, not on mules, but in the carriage with post horses, towards this splendid city. May God be pleased to direct, over-rule, and bless this extension of our journey, to the further instruction of our minds and establishment of our healths!

Sion, Wednesday noon, September 10.—This is the capital of the Valais—two thousand five hundred inhabitants. A most ancient city; the Romans found it already a considerable place, when they first penetrated into Helvetia. We arrived here at half-past ten to dinner. The road has been beautiful, between the rocks which crown each side of the valley. Any one of this range would form an object of extreme interest; but we are here so surrounded with beauty and grandeur, that it is impossible to dwell on the details.

Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon, seventy miles from Martigny, seven o'clock, Wednesday evening.—We have arrived here, after twelve hours' driving. We have come post. By voituriers we should have been two days and a half. At Sion, where we dined, I went to see the cathedral and the church of the Jesuits, (for they have been restored,) who have the direction of the education here; they have built a new church within these three years. I met several of the young Jesuits in the streets. We eyed each other with mutual surprise. They were quite young men, florid, intelligent, firm in their love. They wear the clerical dress. The most striking proof perhaps of their spirit is, that there is not one bookseller in Sion; no, nor is there one in all the canton of the Valais, though containing a hundred thousand souls. The fact seems incredible; but I was solemnly assured of it by the printer at Sion, to whom the guide took me when I inquired for the booksellers. This printer, by the by, is allowed to work only under the direction of the Jesuits, and prints nothing but books of Catholic devotion.

After leaving Sion we passed the Diablerets Mountains, where eboulements are often falling: two in 1714 and 1749, ravaged the neighboring valley. An old man lived three months there in his overwhelmed cottage, before he could effect his escape. The agriculture of this lovely valley is sadly neglected; all is left to wild nature. The Rhone is not banked; the lands are not drained; a large part of the valley is a marsh. The vines are, however, so far attended to, that terraces are formed for their creeping up the mountains to an extreme height. The number of villages and private houses built in the most romantic situations, on the sides of the mountains, is very great, and strikingly beautiful. They seem like nests built by birds. On the utmost heights are often raised small chapels; to which processions are made in crowds, on certain festivals, by the poor superstitious people of this canton.

On the whole, this valley, the largest in Switzerland, reaching from Geneva to the glacier of the Rhone, and bounded by chains of diversified mountains, with snowy Alps perpetually rising above them, fertile beyond conception, and watered by the Rhone, has more than equalled all our expectations, except as the folly and vice of man have impeded the bounties of a kind Providence. The inhabitants are proverbially indolent, negligent, and dirty. No branch of trade flourishes.—Even as to agriculture, they are far behind their neighbors. Their fertile plains are left exposed to the inundations of the Rhone. The canton is exclusively Catholic. The doctrine of the Reformers had gained many adherents in the sixteenth century; but early in the seventeenth they were all banished. Education is neglected.—Every thing seems on the worst footing.

The day has been most fine, and nothing but the dust has annoyed us. The goitres now are quite distressing; we have seen some literally hanging down upon the breasts of the sufferers. The thermometer has been about 80°. We have had to regret the indisposition of our friend, who has been attacked with pain in his face; my dear sons and myself are quite well.

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May God fill our hearts with some sense of his manifold bounties and goodness! The lessons we have the opportunity of learning are most numerous and most important. This deplorable canton speaks for itself to all who are in love with Jesuits and bad government.

I am your affectionate

D. W.

NOTICE OF PRAYERS AT GREAT ST. BERNARD.

A friend has given me a copy of the following beautiful hymn to the Holy Spirit, which he translated from the Latin prayer-book of the Great St. Bernard, probably composed from some of the writings of St. Augustine, the founder of their order:

"Come, Holy Spirit, and send from heaven a ray of thy light! Come, thou father of the poor, thou giver of gifts, thou light of the world, the blessed comforter, the sweet guest of the soul, and its sweet refreshment; thou, our repose in labor, our coolness in heat, our comfort in affliction!—Oh, most blessed Spirit, fulfil the hearts of thy faithful people! Without thy influence there is nothing in man which is not weakness and guilt. Oh, cleanse that which is sordid; bedew that which is dried up; heal that which is wounded; bend that which is stubborn; cherish in thy bosom that which is cold; guide that which is wandering; and grant unto thy servants, putting their trust in thee, the merit of thy righteousness; grant them final salvation, grant them everlasting joy! O Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry come unto thee!"

In this sublime and affecting prayer, there is not an expression in which the devout Protestant would not heartily join, except, perhaps, that which implores of the Holy Spirit "the merit of his righteousness," which savors of the sentiment embraced by St. Augustine, and held till the period of the Reformation, that justification was a habit of grace infused into the soul—an error, however, which, when united with an exclusive trust in the forgiving mercy of God, through the death of Christ, for everlasting salvation, cannot be thought to be fundamental.

I add another prayer from the same offertory, free from any savor of superstition; the expressions concerning our Lord's body being warranted by the terms of Scripture, though they may be open to abuse, and are, in fact, abused, as we know, by the Catholic interpreters:

"O blessed Lord Jesus Christ, I pray that thy most holy name may be the last word that my mouth shall ever utter! O gracious Jesus, I pray that thy most sacred body may be my last refreshment, and the sustenance which I shall enjoy and feed upon for ever! O gracious Lord, I pray that my last sigh may be the last pain I shall endure to all eternity! O gracious Lord, I pray that thy most blessed face may be the first object which my soul shall behold, when it is released from this mortal body! O gracious Lord, I pray that thou thyself wouldest be my guide and my companion from this land of exile, to my eternal home and country! Amen!"

LETTER XIII.

Simplon, Sept. 11.—*Milan, Sept.* 14, 1823.

Brieg—Simplon—Road—Persal—Descent into Italy—Domo d'Osola—Priests—Contrast between Swizerland and Italy—Lago Maggiore—Borromean Isles—Colossal Statue of Borromeo—Milan—Scale of Vegetation on Alps—Marble Cathedral—St. Ambrose—St. Austin.

BRIEG, 296, *miles from Lusanne, Sept.* 11, 1823, *Thursday morning, half-past* 5.

THIS town of Brieg, my dear sister, is of considerable extent; I should think it has three hundred houses; it is about two thousand feet above the sea. It is one of the most beautiful spots in all the Valais. The Jesuits' church is conspicuous, being covered with a brilliant green stone, striped with bright yellow. The houses of the place are tiled with a white slate glittering like silver. When the sun gilds the mica-roofs, the view from the windows of the inn, which is on a hill, is quite novel. It is here that the celebrated road of the Simplon properly begins, though it may be said to commence as far back as Geneva; the road from Geneva to Brieg having been widened and improved, at the same time that it was carried on over the Alps to Italy. Simplon is the name of a village on a mountain of the Haut Valais, in the chain of Alps between Switzerland and Italy. The road was begun by Bonaparte in 1801; he employed thirty thousand men upon it for four or five years. The side next to the Valais was executed by French engineers; that next to Italy, by Italian. These last had the greatest difficulties to surmount, from the hardness of the rocks. It is twenty-five feet wide everywhere—a prodigious work, rivalling the labors of ancient Rome. The highest point is six thousand one hundred and seventy-four feet above the sea, and the ascent is only of about two inches and a half in six feet, a rise so gradual as to be easy to the heaviest wagons.

Persal on the Simplon, half past 10.—We have now come the first stage on this celebrated road, which is gentle in its rise beyond all conception; and as smooth as our Bath road. The plan in forming it was adjusted with such skill and care, by following the sides of mountains, as always to preserve the same gradual ascent. Large portions of the road were made by blowing up rocks, and building terraces from the valleys, with bridges over the ravines. Granite stones are placed at short intervals on each side, with strong railing on the edge of precipices. The prospects, as you ascend, are soft and pleasing. The valleys and the town of Brieg stretching before the view at an immense distance below, varying with the different turns of the scenery, form a new and enchanting picture at every tenth step. The mountains of firs form a sort of back ground. The conception and execution of this road, reflect an honor on the name of Bonaparte, which all his military schemes never deserved. Every traveller of every country, forgetting his ambitious motives, applauds the ingenuity, hardihood, and usefulness of the interprise.

Domo d'Osola, in the Valley of Osola, six o'clock, Thursday evening.—We have now passed the re-

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mainder of the Simplon. It really rises in my estimation. Not only is the road of a convenient width and excellent smoothness, but ten or twelve refuges are built for travellers overtaken by bad weather. In one of these we dined, at half-past ten. We had boiled mutton, roast veal, potatoes, salad, and very good light wine for four of us, for eight francs, about eighteen pence a piece. In continuing our route we had the Alps constantly in view. There are six or eight tunnels, or galleries, cut through sold rocks, to form part of the road; one gallery is six hundred and eighty-there feet long, with enormous windows opened in the rude granite to give light on the path. I observed at another place four beautiful cascades falling down the cliffs, which are carried under the road by aqueducts. Bonaparte began a new hospice: it has fourteen windows in front, and five on each side. The work has stood still since 1814. An immense pillar of granite lies neglected along the road, in another part, designed for his triumphal arch at Milan. It attests, in the most affecting manner, the total change which his fall instantly occasioned. Not a creature has cared to remove it out of the way, or apply it to any other purpose. We were six hours and a half in attaining the highest point of the road. The zig-zags which it takes, to preserve the gentle ascent, are surprising.

After passing the village of Simplon, we began to descend towards Italy through a valley magnificently and sublimely rude. The horrors of the impending rocks—the immense masses broken off by the storms, and lying scattered around—the perpendicular crags of their lofty sides—united with the infinite variety which reigns in every part, really penetrated my mind with astonishment; accustomed as I have lately been to unusual grandeur in the works of nature. Then the descent is so gradual, that we drove a fast trot all the way. In short, it would be worth while taking a journey to see this country, if there were no beautiful road; and it would be almost worth while taking the journey to see the road, if there were no beautiful country: the combination of the two is unequalled, as I suppose, in the world. At four we entered Italy, properly so called, for on the continent, Savoy is commonly considered as part of Italy. The name of the first Italian village is San Marco.

The plain of the Valley of Osola is beautiful. It is the first Italian plain we have seen; it differs from the Swiss, in its greater fertility, softness, and beauty; the meadows are more rich, the trees in finer verdure. The town of Domo d'Osola has about three thousand inhabitants. There is no bookseller in the place—I mark this fact, where it occurs, as implying a thousand consequences—the public mind is bound down in imperturbable ignorance and self-satisfaction. As we passed Isella, the second village in Italy, our baggage was searched; and the officer told us plainly, the objects he looked after were books of religion and politics—morals are left to themselves.

On driving into the town, I was surprised to see priests, in their peculiar dress, but somewhat shabbily attired, standing about idly, or sitting in the market place, at the doors of cabarets, in company with the common people. Their jovial, careless sort of look, struck me as characteristic of the manners of too many of that order of persons in Italy. The chief church here is of modern Greek architecture; there are three altogether, and about fifteen priests. A convent of Capuchins, suppressed by Napoleon, has just been restored. When we asked the innkeeper what curiosities there were in the town, he said there was only a Calvary—a chapel, or temple, on some mountain, with a superstitious representation of our Saviour's passion—a trait perfectly conclusive as to the general state of opinions and information in the place.

We are now in Italy. But, how fallen! How melancholy is it to think of the actual condition of this queen of nations! Ignorance, poverty, indolence, vice, superstition, misery, are but too visible on all sides. Half the time, in fact, which God assigned to man for labor, is consumed in superstitious festivals of saints; whilst the one day of sacred rest is desecrated to folly and sin. All this is the more deplorable, when compared with the beauty of the country itself. The air is delicious—the balmy atmosphere soothes and enchants you. Then the recollections also of past glory rush upon the mind. Italy is associated with all our earliest learning. It is the country of poets, and artists, and orators, and warriors. Scarcely a spot is to be found that has not been the theatre of some celebrated action. The stupendous ruins which adorn it, impress the mind with lofty ideas of the skill and perseverance of man, and at the same time teach us the perishableness and vanity of all his works. The towns are famed for the conspicuous characters to whom they have given birth; whilst Rome—once the mistress of the Pagan world; then the first see of the Christian church: and lastly, the source of the gross western apostacy from the faith—gives a deep interest to the whole country where it is situated. I confess, a mixed feeling possesses my mind, for which I cannot distinctly account. Curiosity, surprise, veneration, sorrow, fear, compassion, all have a part. Though I am not going to Rome, yet I seem to share all the emotions of travelling for the first time in Italy—and the impression is deeper from the country I have just left.

In Switzerland, all was the grandeur and majesty of nature; in Italy, it is the splendor and perfection of architecture. In the one, the towns were of themselves nothing; in the other, they are every thing. In Switzerland, the modern efforts for religion and liberty, and the fine spirit of the inhabitants, attract your chief attention; in Italy, the ancient memorials of past power, and the remains of science and literature. In Switzerland, you connect the works of nature with the men; in Italy, the men with the works, not of nature, but of art. The Swiss have for five centuries been raising their poor and desolate country, by their industry and good government, to be the praise of Europe; the Italians have for twelve centuries been depressing, by their indolence and bad administration, the most fertile and luxuriant, to be its reproach. Switzerland, in short, is the land of freedom and of the purest form of Christianity; Italy, of slavery and of the most corrupt state of the Christian doctrine. But I am indulging in an endless strain of reflection.

To return. The vines are here very different, in point of luxuriance and beauty, from those of

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the Rhine or of Switzerland; they are raised on treillises, often of granite, and always in regular order, high enough to form arbors; so that the grass or corn grows beneath, and the field is one bower. Where this is not the case, you have beech, maple, or peach trees hung with vines, joined from tree to tree by branches, suspended on ropes; at other places, the terraces rise, loaded with vines, all up the mountain-side. The view of the rich black grapes, hanging under the treillis-work, is incomparably beautiful. We were, perhaps, a little partial in our judgment, because the grapes of Switzerland, when we left it, were as hard as stones; whereas here the branches hang in rich, ripe clusters everywhere, so that our postillion, as he walks up a hill, or a boy conducting us to a sight, gathers large bunches unasked, and brings them to us. I conceive, that Italy must be something like to ancient Palestine, though doubtless much inferior to it.

Arona, 41 miles from Domo d'Ossola, 8 o'clock, Friday evening, Sept. 12.—The weather is most propitious. We have had only one wet day (August 31) since the storm on the Righi: to-day there has been a soft delightful temperature, without excessive heat. We set off at seven this morning, and have been travelling a great way by the margin of the lovely Italian lake, called Lago Maggiore; its waters are smooth as a mirror, so as to reflect every thing on its banks; towns on each side, mountains in varied outline, crowning the prospect—the near scenery soft and lovely, the distant bold and magnificent. It is, in some parts, one thousand eight hundred feet deep. Eels abound in it, of the weight of thirty pounds.

From Baveno, we embarked to visit the Borromean Isles, so called from the ancient Italian family which possesses and has adorned them.—They are two, Isola Bella and Isola Madre. The principal one is a mile and a half round; originally a barren rock, but now covered with gardens, grottos, and terraces, raised on arches and arcades. In some parts the arches are ten stories high, one over another, raised from the lower part of the rock to the highest terrace; which is one hundred and twenty feet above the surface of the lake, and forty feet square. A pegasus placed on the summit gives the whole island something of the appearance of a pyramid. The aspect of these arches and terraces from the road was most beautiful—there was something quite novel in the view of the mass of gardens and buildings rising at once out of the water, as by enchantment.

Nor were we disappointed when we came nearer. We saw in the gardens, cedars, myrtle trees, cypresses of enormous girth, aloes, Egyptian grapes, serpentine cucumbers a yard and a half long; a plant from the Canaries, which grew twenty-four feet high in thirty-two days; but the most abundant species of trees were the citrons, which lined the walls of the terraces, and had large cabbages planted at their roots, to protect them from the intense heat of the sun. There were also vines, olives, and orange trees in profusion. More than thirty thousand oranges and citrons are gathered every year. In the time when the gardens are in flower the sweet perfume spreads for a considerable distance over the lake. The fragrance was most gratifying to-day, though it is as late in the year as the middle of September. Fountains and statues refresh and adorn every part of the grounds. In short, these islands are the model of perfection in their way—which way, indeed, has been out of taste for about a century, and is undoubtedly stiff and unnatural; but still, they reward one richly for the trouble of a visit. Some of the prospects from the islands, on the lake and the bordering villages and mountains, are exquisite. The heights of the Simplon and the peaks of Mount Rosa and Saint Gothard may be discerned from them. The Borromean Palace, in each island, is an emblem of Italian finery and negligence. The wings of the principal one are completed: but the body is nothing but bare walls. I understand this is almost general in Italy; the nobles build, or rather begin to build, immense houses—they half finish them—they soon allow them to decay and go to ruin; a complete well-appointed mansion is rare in this country.

In approaching this town of Arona, where I am now writing, we ascended a hill to examine a colossal statue of cardinal Charles Borromeo, an eminent benefactor to Milan, and founder of the Sunday schools still existing there; he died in the year 1584. The statue itself is seventy-two feet high—twelve times the natural size, and five or six times as high, I think, as that of the duke of Bedford in London—the pedestal thirty-six feet. The arm is twenty-eight feet long, the head twenty feet round, the nose two feet seven inches long, the circuit of the cloak fifty-four feet, &c. &c.—The attitude is that of one blessing the people.—The right hand is raised gently, the left clasps the Breviary;* (which is thirteen feet high) the head is bare; the countenance most benignant; the garments those of a cardinal, in easy, flowing drapery. So admirably natural is the whole, that you have no idea of its enormous dimensions on first looking at it. It is curious that we thought we discovered a likeness between the cardinal and the present count Borromeo, whom we happened to meet as we landed on his island: the resemblance in the nose seemed to us to be striking. The head, feet, and hands of this Colossus are made of bronze; the body of copper; the pedestal is of stone. There are no steps within the pedestal, as you might expect; but my sons had to ascend by a ladder from the outside to the part of the statue where the fold of the cloak falls.—Under this bronze fold they entered, and then ascended to the head of the figure, and sat with ease in the nostrils. A stone pillar with iron spikes fixed in it, by way of stairs, runs up the interior of the statue to support it. I really quite trembled as they went up the quivering ladder of forty-eight steps; and when they entered the statue, and afterwards looked out to me from a kind of door which opened in the back of it, a hundred feet above my head, (half as high as the Monument in London) I was really alarmed. Thank God, they came down safe.

The inns in Italy are contrived for delight.—We are now sitting with our windows open;

* So the guide-books call it—for my part, I hope it is the Bible.

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flower-pots are placed in every nook; grapes hang all around in rich clusters; open galleries and platforms conduct from one part of the house to another; the floors are all brick or stone; the rooms are lofty; and if they were but clean, all would be well. We have now the finest fruit at breakfast and dinner, and good light wines at a franc a bottle. The people are of a copper color. The women wear handkerchiefs over their heads like veils. At Domo d'Osola, the streets had two narrow slips of smooth flags in the middle, for the wheels of carriages, the rest being rough pebbles. We are under stricter police laws than ever; our passports are sent for at every town, as soon as we enter; and we have a license for post-horses, which we have to show at each stage. Such is the liberty of the Sardinian and Austrian dominions in Italy.

There are about three thousand people in this town of Arona, six churches and forty priests, with sixty monks; no bookseller—compare this with the state of English towns of the same extent—Banbury for instance; where there is one church and one clergyman, but large schools, numerous benevolent institutions, and perhaps a dozen booksellers. Italy swarms with monks and ignorance.

The Borromean motto is "*Humilitas*;" which is inscribed even on each flower-pot of the superb garden in the islands, and on the picture of the Ascension of St. Borromeo to heaven, in the church of what is called the Sacred Mount, where the stupendous statue is placed; on the ascent to which Mount, by the by, there are six or more chapels dedicated to the same saint. I asked the waiter here, quite accidentally, if they were all Catholics at Arona; he looked at me with astonishment, and said, yes:—perceiving his surprise, I told him I was an Englishman and a Protestant, and that the English believed in Jesus Christ their Saviour, though they did not believe in the Pope; at which the man seemed more astonished still.—Such slight circumstances as these, serve at least to betray the habits of thought in the common people in Italy. All is sealed up in impenetrable ignorance and superstition. I suppose, if I had attempted ever so mildly to convince him of the errors of Popery, I should soon have heard of it from the police.

Milan, Saturday evening, half-past 8, *Sept.* 13, *44 miles from Arona, about* 1950 *miles from London.*—We set off this morning at half-past seven, and came to Sesto Calende, on the Tesin. It was near this town that Hannibal is thought to have conveyed his elephants across the river and defeated the Romans, three hundred years before Christ.

The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom of the Emperor of Austria begins here. Happily our passports were signed by the Austrian ambassador before we left Bern, or we should have had to retrace our steps; several Englishmen, for want of this formality, have actually been compelled to return. We dined at Cascenia at half-past eleven, and entered Milan at half-past three. The country through which we passed is flat, and wretchedly cultivated, but fertile. The pastures are often excellent. The grass is regularly cut four times a year. The tenants pay no rent in money for their farms, but divide the returns with their landlord. Ploughing is performed by oxen. The agricultural instruments are deplorable; and the inhabitants are generally poor. Many of the churches have small square towers, very lofty, with six or seven stories, and windows in each.—The towns are slovenly and dirty beyond all description: one would think there was scarcely a comfortable house in them.

In coming down to Sesto, we had a noble view of mount Rosa, with its perpetual snows, which appeared higher than any Alp we had seen, on account of the low situation of the plain from which we viewed it. It is with regret we took leave, for a time, of these magnificent scenes. I should have told you, that in Savoy, the women were the chief laborers in the fields. I saw, several times, a plough guided by a woman; who with one hand held the plough, and with the other drove a miserable lean cow, which drew it through the dusty land.

I will just say, about the Alps generally (for I expect now to have to quit the subject,) that the line where the SNOW rests on them perpetually is from eight thousand four hundred and fifty, to nine thousand one hundred feet above the level of the sea; the line where FIR-TREES and FLOWERS flourish, six thousand: the lowest line where CORN will grow, three thousand seven hundred and fifty; and where VINES can be cultivated, one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet. Thus the same mountains exhibit every variety of product. Their heads are craggy, inaccessible, without the possibility of vegetation; their bases are covered with rich corn-fields, or luxuriant pastures; the middle consists of pastures less productive, interspersed with a great variety of plants. The summits, in fact, are doomed to all the rigors of an Icelandic winter; whilst at their feet, one enjoys the warmth of an Italian sun.

There is something very instructive in this scale of vegetation—for I must moralize for a moment. The degree of the sun's heat regulates every thing in the natural world. All is sterile as it recedes from it. May we not say, in like manner, as to the moral world, that fruitfulness in holy love and obedience is just in proportion as our principles and habits place us under the vivifying influences of grace? The nearer we approach to the centre of all warmth and life, the more fruitful: as we recede, all withers and dies. My main quarrel with Popery and with merely nominal Protestantism is, that they conceal and exclude the genial light and heat of the "Sun of Righteousness," and substitute a cold, freezing superstition or indifference in its stead. Christ our Lord is to the moral world, what the glorious orb of day is to the natural—the source and fountain of life and growth and joy.

But to return to our route to Milan—We were much surprised to find more than one large church built in the midst of the fields, with not a house near; and, therefore, apparently for the travelling peasants in passing from town to town. This may, perhaps, be an excusable trait of superstition; a trait of another kind we discovered at dinner. The waiter asked us three francs each for some cold meat, wine, and fruits; we hesitated. Upon which an English gentleman told

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us we had only to give him two francs each, and one for himself, and he would be content; the rogue took the money without a word.

Milan, where we now are, is considered, next to Rome and Naples, one of the largest cities of Italy.* It was the ancient Mediolanum; and was founded as early as Tarquinius Priscus, 670 years before Christ. It was the capital of Bonaparte's kingdom of Italy, and is now the joint-capital with Venice† of the Italian dominions of the emperor of Austria. It has nearly one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; the outer wall is ten miles in circuit, and it is one of the very few great cities not built on a river. The Adda and Tesin, however, communicate with it by canals. We are at the Royal Hotel, and are extremely well accommodated. The landlord tells us that his servants have, during the last nine years, perfectly learned the English taste.

Immediately after our arrival, we hastened to see the celebrated cathedral, built of white marble, the grandest and most imposing specimen of Gothic architecture now remaining; and the finest church in Europe, after St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's at London. It is also the largest in Italy, next to St. Peter's. It is four hundred and forty-nine feet long, two hundred and seventy-five wide, and two hundred and thirty-eight high. It was begun in 1386, and is yet unfinished; but, strange to say, Bonaparte did more to complete it in a few years, than had been done in three hundred previous—or than will be done, perhaps, in three hundred to come.

This noble edifice, as you first approach it, bursts upon the eye most majestically. The façade is magnificent, and the three other sides are hardly inferior. The immense mass of perfectly white marble, of which it is built, its amazing size, the labor manifest in its several parts, and the exquisite finish of the ornaments and statues which adorn it, fill the mind of a stranger with admiration. We gained the best idea of the beauties of its alabaster walls by going up on the roof, which is itself covered with slabs of marble. We then saw quite closely the fret-work, the carving, and the sculpture, and marked the grace of the figures, and the symmetry and elegance of each pinnacle. Above the dome there rises an elegant tower, like an obelisk. We walked up stairs of marble, we leaned on balustrades of marble, we passed through galleries of marble; whilst the walls were literally studded with statues, and every niche filled with its archbishop or saint—there are in all more than four thousand figures. The fact is, as marble is obtained with ease and in great abundance in Italy, and admits of nicer workmanship than stone, the full benefit has been taken of these advantages. The interior of the building, however, is obscured with dust and smoke, and incense, and burning lamps; so that it does not look nearly so handsome as the outside. The smallness of the windows, and the paintings on the glass, also tend to increase the general gloomy appearance.

The statue of St. Bartholomew, within the cathedral, is considered as a chef-d'œuvre—but the subject is frightful—the martyr is represented just in the act of being flayed alive—the skin hangs down loose like a garment behind him. Two pulpits in the choir much pleased us. They are of fine bronze, each running round an immense pillar, like a gallery; one is supported with admirable figures of Cyprian, Ambrose, Austin, and Jerome; and the other, by the four mysterious animals of Ezekiel. The tomb of Carlo Borromeo is most splendid. It is a room of silver gilt, and contains a superb altar, and the history, in bas-relief, of the chief events of his life—beyond conception magnificent. The shrine is of rock crystal. The summit of the tower of the cathedral presents a beautiful and extensive view of the city and plain of Milan; with its rivers, gardens, groves, vineyards, and numerous towns; bounded by the neighboring Alps, and more remote Apennines.

Still all is an entire flat; the *plain of fair Italy*. In this respect, Switzerland, dear Switzerland, far surpasses it. As we approached Milan, a small hedge in the road was sufficient to conceal the whole of the place from us. The town has some fine streets, with handsome foot-pavements; but as it is very ancient, most of the streets are narrow, and irregularly built. Its superb private edifices and palaces are but few; in these it yields, not only to Rome and Genoa, but to Florence. I observe all is done to keep out the heat: the shops have no windows; curtains hang on the outside of the doors; the people come out chiefly in the evening; and on great festivals they ascend the roof of their cathedral, and pass their evenings in the coolness which it furnishes. The streets have two single rows of flags, in the middle, for the wheels of the carriages, and sometimes double sets. The windows have three shutters: first, Venetian; then glass; then, on the inside, wood, to exclude the hot air.

Sunday morning, Sept. 14.—This is one of my melancholy Sundays. An immense Catholic town of one hundred and fifty thousand souls—the ecclesiastical apparatus enormous; about two hundred churches, eighty convents,* and one hundred religious houses—compare this with the Protestant establishments of Birmingham or Manchester, which fall as far short of what such a crowded population fairly demands, as the Milan establishment exceeds it. We might surely learn something in England of the duty of greater zeal and attention to our pure form of Christianity, from the excessive diligence of the Catholics in their corrupt superstitions.

I feel a peculiar veneration for Milan on two accounts: St. Ambrose, whom Milner dwells on with such commendations, was the light of this city in the fourth century; Carlo Borromeo, whose benevolence exceeds all description, was archbishop here in the sixteenth. This last I know at present little of; but Ambrose was one of the most humble and spiritual of the fathers of

* Milan is about ten miles in circumference; Naples fifteen, besides seven large suburbs, and contains 450,000 inhabitants; Rome is thirteen miles, within the circuit of its walls.

† Milan and Venice are placed on a par with each other.

* One hundred and fourteen convents are said to have been suppressed by Napoleon.

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the church, two or three centuries before Popery, properly speaking, began. In this city Ambrose preached; it was here Austin heard him, attracted by the fame of his eloquence. It was here also, that Angilbertus, bishop of Milan in the ninth century, refused to own the supremacy of the Pope; indeed, the church of Milan did not submit to the Roman see till two hundred years afterwards. May God raise up another Ambrose to purify and recall the city and churches, which he instructed thirteen or fourteen centuries ago! Nothing is impossible with God; but Popery seems to infatuate this people. On the church of Milan notices are affixed, that whoever causes a mass to be said there, may deliver any one he chooses from purgatory. In the mean time, this debasing superstition goes hand in hand with secret infidelity and unblushing vice.

But once more adieu. May God make me prize more the essence of Christianity, and dwell less on those adventitious circumstances which are so soon carried to excess, or converted to superstition! The Gospel in its simplicity, power, holiness, and love, is all in all. Here we cannot be too earnest, too fervent, too watchful. Other things are valuable as they promote this, and only as they do so. If they obscure or supersede what they ought to aid and adorn, they become pernicious and even destructive.

I am yours,

D. W.

NOTICE OF ST. AMBROSE.

Ambrose was one of the brightest luminaries of the fourth century. He was born in the year 338, and was educated for the law. The emperor Valentinian appointed him judge at Milan, A. D. 374, where he became renowned for prudence and justice, during five years. At the end of that time, a tumult having arisen in the cathedral at the election of a bishop, Ambrose repaired thither in order to quell it. An infant's voice was on a sudden heard in the crowd, "Ambrose is bishop." The whole assembly caught the words; and, forgetting he was a layman, vociferated with one consent, "Ambrose is bishop." The judge was confounded and alarmed, and absolutely refused to accept of the nomination. The emperor, however, whose court was at Milan, at length compelled him to assent.

His first act was to make over all his property to the church. He then commenced a particular and most devout study of the Scriptures. His labors afterwards, as bishop, were incessant. In the instruction of catechumens he employed so much pains, that five bishops could scarcely do what he alone performed. He preached every Lord's day, and frequently in the week. When he was fiercely persecuted by Justina the empress, a patroness of Arianism, and was required to yield up his church, he spent whole days and nights in the sacred place, employing the people in singing divine hymns and psalms; and on this occasion he introduced, for the first time, the responsive singing, after the manner of the east, to preserve them from weariness. Arianism was, by his doctrine and his zeal, at length expelled from Italy. But still many persons of distinction in the city remained Pagans, especially amongst the senators. The tradition, therefore, as to his cathedral, mentioned in my next letter, may be considered authentic.

His conduct towards the emperor Theodosius has deservedly raised his character in all succeeding ages. The emperor professed Christianity, and in the main is thought to have been a decidedly pious prince; but he was of a passionate temper, and the inhabitants of Thessalonica having, in a tumult, put to death one of his officers, he signed a warrant for military execution, though he had previously promised Ambrose to forgive them. In three hours seven thousand persons, without trial and without distinction, were massacred. The Bishop upon this refused to admit Theodosius into the church of Milan for more than eight months, and then only after doing public penance. Mr. Addison, who travelled in Italy in 1699 and 1700, says, he was shown the gate of a church that St. Ambrose shut against the emperor. No such entrance was pointed out to us, probably from the neglect of our guide; for the tradition itself of such pieces of local history is commonly indelible.

But it is as the instructor of his great convert, St. Augustine, or Austin, that I most cherish the memory of Ambrose. Austin was sunk in the depths of Manichæism, when about the year 384, and the 30th of his age, a requisition was made from Milan to the prefect of Rome, where he then resided, to send a professor of rhetoric to that city. Austin obtained this honorable appointment. He sought the acquaintance of Ambrose because he was skilful in rhetoric. Ambrose received him like a father, and Austin conceived an affection for him, not as a teacher of truth, which he had no idea of discovering in the Christian church, but as a man kind to him; and he studiously attended his lectures, only with a curious desire of discovering whether fame had done justice to his eloquence or not. He stood, indifferent and fastidious with respect to this matter, and, at the same time, delighted with the sweetness of his language. But the ideas which he neglected came into his mind, together with the words with which he was pleased; and he gradually was brought to attend to the doctrines of the bishop. Thus imperceptibly did the grace of God work in the mind of this extraordinary man! It was long before he unbosomed himself to his instructor. He tells us it was out of his power to consult him as he could wish, surrounded as he was with crowds of persons whose necessities he relieved. During the little time in which he was from them, (and the time was but little,) he either refreshed his body with food or his mind with reading.

After two or three years of inward conflict, he at length gave in his name for baptism; which Ambrose administered to him, little thinking that he was admitting into the church a convert who, in the gracious purposes of God, was designed to be the bright glory of the western church, and the main restorer of decayed Christianity in the world. There was a little chapel lately rebuilt when Mr. Addison visited Milan, on one of the walls of which an inscription stated, that it was in that place that Austin was baptized, and that on this occasion St. Ambrose first sung his Te Deum, his

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great convert answering him verse by verse. I lost the sight of this curiosity also; whether from the ignorance of my guide or not, I cannot say.

St. Ambrose died in the year 397, in the 57th year of his age, and the 23d of his episcopate. He has been charged with leaning too much towards the incipient superstitions of his day, and thus unconsciously of helping forward the growth of monastic bondage and prelatical pride. Something of this charge may be true; but he lived and died firm and unbending in all the fundamentals of divine truth. He loved the Saviour. He depended on his merits only for justification. He relied on the illumination and grace of the Holy Spirit. He delighted in communion with God. A rich unction of godliness rests on his writings; and he was one of the most fervent, humble, laborious, and charitable of all Christian bishops.

I know not whether I am too ardent in my feelings; but I must confess, that Zurich, Basle, Geneva, Milan, and Lyon, are the spots most dear to my recollection amongst all the places crowded with beauties of another kind, which have attracted my notice during my tour.

I need scarcely add, that in forming my judgment of St. Ambrose, my guide has been Milner, whose incomparable Ecclesiastical History, widely as it is circulated, is not nearly so well known as it deserves. For evangelical purity, accurate discrimination of character, laborious research, sound judgment, decision, fidelity, I know no book like it in the compass of English theology. As an ecclesiastical history it stands not merely unrivalled, but ALONE.

LETTER XIV.

Milan, Sept. 13.—*Chamberry, Sept.* 19, 1823.

Sunday at Milan—Sunday Schools—Punch—Virgin Mary—Noisy Festival—Popery like Paganism—Church of St. Ambrose—Library—Amphitheatre of Bonaparte—Unfinished Triumphal Arch—Remains of Roman Baths—Mint—Po—Tesin—Turin—Churches—Palace—Ambioggio—Lans-le-bourg—Ancient Arch at Susa—Mount Cenis Road—Reflections—St. Michael—Aiguebelle—Chamberry—Life of Borromeo—Extracts from Writings.

MILAN, *Sunday evening, Sept.* 14, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER—I have witnessed to-day, with grief and indignation, all the superstitions of Popery in their full triumph. In other towns, the neighborhood of Protestantism has been some check on the display of idolatry; but here in Italy, where a Protestant is scarcely tolerated, except in the chapels of ambassadors, you see what things tend to; Popery has its unimpeded course; every thing follows the guidance and authority of the prevailing taste in religion.

At half-past ten this morning we went to the cathedral, where seats were obtained for us in the gallery near the altar. We saw the whole of the proceedings at High Mass—priests almost without end—incense—singing—music—processions—perpetual changes of dress—four persons with mitres, whom the people called the little bishops—a crowd of people coming in and going out, and staring around them; but not one prayer, nor one verse of the Holy Scriptures intelligible to the people, not even if they knew Latin; nor one word of a sermon; in short, it was nothing more nor less than a PAGAN SHOW.

We returned to our inn, and, after our English service, we went to see the catechising. This was founded by Borromeo, in the sixteenth century, and is one of the peculiarities of the diocese of Milan. The children meet in classes of ten or twenty, drawn up between the pillars of the vast cathedral, and separated from each other by curtains; the boys on one side, the girls on the other. In all the churches of the city there are classes also. Many grown people were mingled with the children. A priest, and sometimes a layman, sat in the midst of each class, and seemed to be explaining familiarly the Christian religion. The sight was quite interesting. Tables for learning to write were placed in different recesses. The children were exceedingly attentive. At the door of each school, the words, *pax vobis*, peace be unto you, were inscribed on a board; the names of the scholars were also on boards. Each school had a small pulpit, with a green cloth in front, bearing the Borromean motto, *Humilitas*.

Now what can, in itself, be more excellent than all this? But mark the corruption of Popery: these poor children are all made members of a fraternity, and purchase indulgences for their sins by coming to school. A brief of the Pope, dated 1609, affords a perpetual indulgence to the children in a sort of running lease of six thousand years, eight thousand years, &c., and these indulgences are applicable to the recovering of souls out of purgatory; the prayers also before school are full of error and idolatry. All this I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears; for I was curious to understand the bearings of these celebrated schools. Thus is the infant mind fettered and imprisoned.

Still I do not doubt that much good may be done on the whole—the Catholic catechisms contain the foundation of the Christian religion, a general view of Scripture history, explanations of the creation and redemption of mankind, some good instructions on the moral law, sound statements on the divinity of Christ, and the Holy Trinity; some acknowledgments of the fall of man, and the necessity of the grace of God's Holy Spirit; with inculcations of repentance, contrition, humility, self-denial, watchfulness, and preparation for death and judgment. These catechisms are not brief summaries, but rather full explanations of religion; making up small volumes of fifty or more pages. In the frontispiece of the catechism for the diocese of Geneva is the following affecting sentence, under the figure of our Lord, "Son amour et mon crime ont mis Jésus à mort"—a sentiment which cannot but produce good. Still all is wofully mixed up with superstition, and error, and human traditions; and the consequence of this mixture is, that vital truths are so associated in the mind, from early youth, with the follies of Popery, that even the most pious men of that communion do not enough distinguish between them. If you deny transubstantiation, they suppose you disbelieve the divinity of Christ; if you avow that

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you are not a Papist, they suppose that you are a heretic, and have renounced the faith, &c. It was thus that such eminent Christians as Pascal, Nicole, Quesnel, Fénélon, and the great men of the Jansenist school, lived and died in the church of Rome. "A voluntary humility," as well as the "worshipping of angels,"—Coloss. ii. 18—may well be noted by St. Paul as an error, which ought zealously to be excluded from the Christian church.

After dinner, at half-past three, we had our second English service, at our hotel, and then were hurried out to see, what you will think incredible in a Christian country, altars set up in the open air to the Virgin Mary, with hangings, festoons of lamps, priests offering prayers, lamps hung on cords stretched across the streets, the houses and squares gaily adorned with carpets and lights; the churches open and illuminated, and crowds passing in and out; while priests were giving relics to kiss to the devotees who came kneeling at the altar in the most rapid succession; and soldiers were parading about to keep in order the assembled mobs. I never was so astonished in all my life. Religion was, in fact, turned into an OPEN NOISY AMUSEMENT. Before the cathedral itself, there was an amazing crowd to witness *Punch and his wife* —literally, Punch and his wife:* priests were mingled in the crowd; and the thing is so much a matter of course, that nearly every picture of this cathedral, has, I understand, Punch and his auditory in the fore-ground; thus the farce is kept up throughout this sacred day.

And what is all this, but the ceremonies of ancient Roman Heathenism colored over with modern Roman Christianity? The resemblance between Popery and Paganism in Italy strikes every impartial observer. The names of things only are changed. There are the same prostrations—the same incense—the same holy water—the same lamps and candles—the same votive offerings and tablets —the same temples, with the names of the heathen deities slightly altered to suit the names of pretended saints—the same adoration of images—the same worship of the supposed guardians of roads and highways—the same pomps and processions—the same flagellations at certain periods —the same pretended miracles. It is not a little curious, that the very superstitions which the early Christian fathers most vehemently condemned in the Pagan rites, are now celebrated at Rome, in open day, as a part of Christian worship. As to the fact of the similiarity of the heathen and Popish ceremonies, it is admitted on all hands. The Italian antiquaries delight in tracing, in all simplicity, the resemblance; whilst the theologians defend it on the ground of the necessity, in the conversion of the gentiles, of dissembling and winking at many things, and yeilding to the times. And if at last they are pressed with the notorious idolatry and folly of many of these usages, they explain them away, precisely as the heathen did their worship of false deities; and thus establish the connection and identity of the superstitions. Such is Dr. Middleton's testimony, in his most interesting, elegant, learned, and decisive "Letter from Rome," in the year 1729*—a testimony confirmed by all impartial writers since.†

A late traveller, for instance,‡ says, there is the same strange mixture of the ceremonies of Paganism with the rites of the Roman Catholic religion in Sicily. The feast *de la Vara*, at Messina, is obviously founded on that of the Panathenæum celebrated at Athens, in all the abundant details of folly and impiety. The festivals of Saturn and Rhea are also continued there, under names slightly changed; and more than one ancient Pagan deity, is now a Christian saint. The Sicilians show you the mountain of *Saint Venus*, the well of *Saint Juno*, the chapel of *Saint Mercury!*‖

The facility with which the Jesuit Missionaries in Japan and China allowed their converts to retain the rites and usages of Paganism, is well known, and is entirely consistent with the above statements. The Spanish Missionaries in America acted the same part. Popery conceals and corrupts Christianity; and then alloys it further with the peculiar habits and superstitions of each country.¶

But to pass to another subject. What a lamentable reflection is it, that all this is in a Christian country, and under color of Christianity, and even on the Christian Sabbath. The fact is, the Sabbath is almost unknown here as the day of sanctification and holy rest! Doubtless, in so vast a population, there are many secret disciples of the Lord Christ, who "sigh and cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof;" but as to the mass of the people, the Sunday is forgotten, obliterated, lost—nay, it is turned into the very worst day of all the week—no idea enters their minds of the divine purpose and mercy in it, of which the Lord himself speaks by his prophet, "I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that SANCTIFY them." I should conceive there are but very, very few Bibles amongst all this population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls.

What do we owe to Luther, Calvin, Zuingle, Cranmer, Ridley, Knox, &c. who, under God, lived

* Italy is the native country of Punch. A priest at Naples once observing the crowd more attentive to Punch, then exhibiting, than to himself who was preaching, suddenly seized a crucifix, and pointing to the figure of our Lord, exclaimed, "Ecco il vero Puncinello." He turned the admiration of the multitude instantaneously to himself.

* There may possibly be, in Dr. Middleton's Letter, some attacks on the Popish miracles in that general spirit of incredulity and levity which seems to condemn all miracles—and against which a young reader cannot be too much on his guard.

† See Rome in the 19th century, above referred to.

‡ M. Forbin.

‖ See "Extract from *Les Souvenirs de la Sicile*," *ut supra*.

¶ In a report made a year or two back on the state of religion in the south of India, we are informed that the Roman Catholics at Tinnevelly, a large district under the Presidency of Madras, besides the idolatrous ceremonies which the church of Rome openly sanctions, "add such others as their heathenish inclinations and the customs of the country suggest. At all the great festivals of the church they conform to the customs of the Heathens; except that they call their 'Swamies' by names of Apostles and other saints, instead of Rama, Siva, &c. They draw the Rutt and carry their idols in procession, exactly like the Heathen. The distinction of Heathen castes is observed among them."

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and died to rescue us from similar darkness! And what an effusion of grace must have accompanied their labors, to give them the success with which they were crowned throughout the greater part of Europe. And how great must be the guilt of those Protestant countries, who are suffering the light of truth to go out in their churches, and are substituting false schemes of religion, or forms of cold orthodoxy, for the life-giving principles of the Reformation! May we "walk in the light" whilst it remains with us, lest "darkness" should again, in just judgment, be allowed to "come upon us!"

Monday evening, eight o'clock, Sept. 15, 1823. —We hired a voiture this morning, and drove about this great city from eight o'clock till six, except taking an hour for refreshment. We have been richly rewarded. I shall say little of the churches. This place is the toyshop of the Virgin Mary: we observe every where tradesmen for selling wax candles, images, crucifixes, ornaments —this speaks for itself—"Demetrius and his craftsmen." I will only mention, that I observed a direct claim of miraculous powers on the tomb of a Dominican rector (*miraculorum gloriâ clarus.*) Plenary indulgences also were stuck up on almost every church. Two inscriptions, however, under the cross of our Lord, pleased me: "Having made peace by the blood of his cross;" and, "For the joy that was set before him, he despised the shame." If some of these old inscriptions were but acted upon, a mighty change would soon take place.

The church that delighted me most was that of St. Ambrose, anciently the cathedral, and where he ordinarily officiated, founded in the fourth century, on the site of a temple of Bacchus. Some remains of the conquered heathen temple were seen in different stones about the building, especially a bas-relief of Bacchanals, a pillar, with serpents, emblematic of Esculapius; and the chair of St. Ambrose, formerly used in the idol temple. The church is very old, and built of brick, and is almost buried by the elevation of the ground all around it. You descend several steps to the large court, surrounded with galleries in front of it, and then several more steps in entering the church itself. The body of St. Ambrose is supposed to lie under the high altar. I confess I sat with reverence in the chair of this great luminary of the church, and mused on the fatal tendency to corruption in man, which in a few centuries could engraft on St. Ambrose's doctrines, idolatries and superstitions almost as gross as those which he overthrew.

The Ambrosian Library, called after the name of Ambrose, was founded by Fred. Borromeo, cousin to the famous Borromeo; it contains thirty thousand volumes. We were shown fifty-eight leaves of a most curious MS. of the Iliad of the fifth century before Christ, of which Angelo Mai published a fac simile in 1810; a manuscript Virgil, with marginal notes by Petrarch; a Latin translation of Josephus, written on papyrus, of the third century; and a very valuable volume of designs by Leonardi da Vinci.

I know you will ask, what memorials of Bonaparte I visited. In reply I have to say, that we went to see his amphitheatre, with which I was much delighted. It is one thousand feet long, five hundred broad, and capable of holding forty thousand persons; a truly Roman work. It is as spacious, though less elevated than the celebrated amphitheatre of Verona. The seats are made of turf, and rise one above another on the sloping bank. There are ten rows of them. They are of course all open to the heavens. The amusements are foot and horse races, and naval fights; the arena being easily filled with water, by means of sluices. We much admired the chariots made after the ancient Roman models, and used in the games. There is a suitable gallery on one side for distinguished personages; and the whole is surrounded with a wall. We next proceeded to Bonaparte's villa, which is beautiful; and his gate of Marengo also, except that by a great mistake he dedicated it to "Peace the preserver of nations."

But the most splendid and affecting monument of his fame, is the incomplete triumphal arch at the entrance of the Simplon road. The unfinished stones remain where they were at his death. The bas-reliefs, which were to record his triumphs, are covered with dust. The sheds for the workmen are deserted. You walk amidst the half-formed designs. No one cares to finish the plan; and a total obliteration seems to have effaced the gaudy fascination which once attended his name. In the breasts of the people, however, here as elsewhere, he still lives, and comparisons not the most flattering are made between him and the Austrian government.

After this we went to inspect some very curious Roman antiquities; a noble range of sixteen lofty pillars, formerly belonging to the baths of Milan. They are fine Corinthian fluted pillars of white marble of Paros, of admirable proportion, and placed at the most just distances from each other. They are near the church of St. Lorenzo, and are thought to have been erected at a time when the purest architectural taste prevailed. The royal palace, and that of the archbishop, had nothing in them very remarkable. At the mint we saw a balance which turned with the eight hundredth part of a grain. The practice all over Bonaparte's kingdoms of marking the value of each coin on the face of it, seems to be very good. A franc is marked a franc, five francs, five francs, and so on. The hospitals and charitable institutions, amounting to about thirty, we could not visit.

Many of the women here wear at the back of the head a semi-circle of broad cut pieces of tin, something like a fan, with two transverse pieces at the bottom of them towards the neck, like two pewter spoons joined by the handles—a costume purely Roman. The general dress of the women is very becoming, with black or white veils; if they have not veils, they draw the shawl over the head. One of the most peculiar customs at Milan is the hanging of the window-curtains, of all sorts of colors, not within the house, but on the outside. It is singular also, to observe the dirty blacksmith, or awkward shoe-boy, eating immense bunches of ripe black grapes, which would sell in England for three shillings, or three shillings and six-pence a pound, as he goes along the streets. —But I must quit Milan, which though it has distressed, has delighted and instructed us, and has more than amply repaid us the journey.

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Turin, capital of the principality of Piedmont, 98 miles from Milan, 2047 from London by our route, Tuesday evening.—We left Milan this morning at a quarter past five, and in fourteen hours and a half reached this splendid and far-famed city. We left our friend and fellow-traveller, who had accompanied us from England, to go on to Rome for the winter. The two dear boys and I took the carriage which met us at Martigny last Tuesday from Lausanne, and posted hither. We had three horses and no luggage (every thing is at Lausanne;) so that we have made a most excellent day's journey. The plain of Piedmont is of course level; it is also extremely ill cultivated, and so marshy, from the numerous streams falling into the Tesin or the Po, and perpetually overflowing the country, that we hardly saw a vine the whole hundred miles. The villages and towns bear sad marks of that want of energy and spirit connected with the prostrate tendency of despotic governments. Switzerland far, far exceeds what we have yet seen of Piedmont, in all respects, except that indescribable soft balmy air, which soothes the whole frame. The hedges are often of acacia. The grapes and peaches are spread in immense baskets for sale in every little village. We gave three-halfpence for a pound of delicious black grapes, and half a franc, fourpence halfpenny, for a bottle of light wine—for we did not stop to eat. The people here are of a pure olive color. The priests jostle you almost at every corner. The chief corn in this country, and in Lombardy also, is Indian wheat and some rice.

Turin, Wednesday morning, half-past eight.—My boys have taken eleven hours' sleep to balance accounts. This city, of eighty-five thousand souls, is beautifully situated on the northern bank of the Po, which, rising at mount Viso, crosses northern Italy, and after bathing the walls of fifty cities, and receiving thirty rivers, in a course of three hundred miles, empties itself into the Adriatic sea. It is the king of Italian floods. Indeed the Po, and the Tesin, are the only two rivers famed in song, which are on our route. The Tesin or Ticino, we have crossed more than once; it springs from Mount St. Bernard, traverses the Lago Maggiore, runs by Pavia, and then discharges itself into the Po.

Ambioggio, twenty-one miles from Turin, on the road to Lyon, half-past eight, Wednesday evening.—We are now actually on our way to England, and every step will advance us nearer home. Thanks be to God for preservation and every needful mercy hitherto, during a long journey. May we be brought again to my dear Ann; and with her and our little girl arrive safely in London! I must now give you some account of our drive this morning about Turin. We set off at half-past nine in a voiture. In six hours we had visited many of the chief curiosities. What shall I say to you about this famous city, formerly the gayest of Italy? It is a royal residence of the king of Sardinia, the streets of which are built all in straight lines, or *radii*, which meet in a centre. There are one hundred and forty-five. It is about four miles in circuit. The fortifications were demolished after the battle of Marengo. The houses are uniform, and many of the streets have arcades on each side. A rivulet of clear water flows down the middle of each street. The street of the Po is one of the finest in Europe. There is an uniformity in all this; but the arcades are so noble, and the city so well built, that the appearance is imposing. It far surpasses Bern, which, I suppose, must have been built in imitation of it. The character of the inhabitants is like their dialect, Italian with a mixture of French. Their dress is little different from that of the French. Their manners are polished, from the long residence of the court. The English used formerly to remain for some time here, before they prosecuted their Italian tour; in order to perfect themselves in the language and habits of the country. Since the revolution they more commonly rest for this purpose at Geneva. They are thus kept from the snares and seductions of a luxurious court, and the associations, of a dissolute Italian population.

As to churches, there are one hundred and ten, with about five thousand priests, monks, &c. Almost all the churches we visited were filled with people, and two priests officiating at separate altars. At the Jesuits' church, I inquired if there were any of that order now at Turin; the guide replied, yes; that they were beginning again, and were arranging their affairs! Thus the zeal and activity of the Roman Catholic church still remain unabated. In some things it deserves to be imitated by Protestant countries. Its ample provision of churches and ecclesiastical ministers—its watchfulness over the people within its jurisdiction—its care in visiting the sick—its diligence in catechising, &c. are examples to the reformed communities. A pure and spiritual religion ought to be the motive to similar, and even greater exertions; only abating every thing approaching to intolerance and dominion over the conscience. For in the church of Rome, what is good in itself, is so corrupted, as to leave a melancholy impression on the mind. Still, with regard to churches, is it not painful to reflect that in Catholic countries accommodation is provided for the entire population; whilst in many parts of England, one in ten—twelve—fifteen, is all that the churches will contain. Thank God this disproportion is now by degrees lessening!

At the church of St. Mary of the Consolation, we were solemnly assured of the miracles which the Virgin had wrought. The walls indeed were covered with the votive offerings of those who imagined they had received miraculous benefits. But this was not more extraordinary than the chapel of the Holy Napkin, in the cathedral; in which chapel is preserved the very napkin in which our Saviour was enfolded after his crucifixion, with the marks of his sacred blood! The servant who told me this, did it not only with gravity, but with an awe in his voice and manner quite unique. He assured me that the Pope had seen it in passing through the city—this was an irresistible proof!

What would the noble Claudius, bishop of Turin in the ninth century, have said to these superstitions? You remember, perhaps, the name. He may be called, truly, the first Reformer from Popery. From the year 817 to 839 he continued to protest against the errors of the see of Rome,

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and kept them from being introduced into his diocese, in spite of the violent opposition which was raised against him. In the remains of his writings which are extant, he declares Jesus Christ to be the only Head of the Church—he condemns the doctrine of human merits, and the placing traditions on the same level with the Scriptures—he maintains that we are saved by faith only—he holds the fallibility of the church—exposes the futility of praying for the dead, and the sinfulness of the idolatrous practices then supported by the Roman see. The valleys of Piedmont, inhabited now by the Waldenses, or Vaudois, of whom I hope to tell you something more particularly, were in his diocese; and it is probable those churches were much increased and confirmed by his labors.*

But to return to Turin. At the university we saw many undoubted antiquities of Roman fame—busts of Cicero—altars—household gods—tripods, and a head-dress like what I described as now worn at Milan,—all exceedingly curious. The university contains two thousand five hundred students. There are one hundred and twenty thousand volumes in the library. I asked if they had any manuscripts of the Scriptures; the librarian stared, and then showed me a Latin Bible of Thomas Aquinas! But at Vercelli they profess to have the autograph of St. Mark's Gospel—the sacred original of the evangelist—in Latin; mistaking, I suppose, the celebrated Codex Vercellensis of Eusebius for it; or else confounding Vercelli with Venice.†

The royal palace forms one side of an immense square, in the midst of which is a fortified tower, surrounded with a moat, erected by the duke of Savoy. I think it is the very largest square I have seen on the continent. I was pleased to see in the palace a portrait of our Charles I.; and, which is singular, of Calvin. The small library of the private chapel contained a Bible, Austin's Confessions and Letters, and Nicole's Essays; all excellent books. This leads one to hope, that the same judgment and piety which formed such a selection, might possibly govern the habits and conduct of some of the royal personages for whom it was made. It was the first time I had seen a Bible in a private Catholic library.

The arsenal had thirty thousand muskets of English manufacture. We observed in the Museum a stuffed wolf, taken two years ago near Turin, after having killed twelve or thirteen children. From the observatory we had a commanding view of the city and neighborhood. The churches generally are magnificent structures, in marble of every vein and color, with profuse ornaments; indeed, the ornaments are too profusely scattered, and the city hardly contains one chaste model of architecture. Turin is, however, by far more elegant, finished, splendid, attractive, than the enormous mercantile city of Milan. We noticed that the tradesmen at Turin affix their names and trades not above their shop windows, but on pieces of embroidered cloth, extended between the doors of the adjoining houses.

We dined at half-past three, and at five came on two stages to this small town, because the rain had fallen all day, and we were afraid of snow on mount Cenis; indeed, the rain made it impossible to walk about Turin, and therefore we left it with less regret. We crossed, at Turin, the Po, in going to the queen's palace: perhaps no river has been more celebrated by the poets; but where we saw it, it scarcely answered my expectations. The bridge over it is a noble structure.

Thursday, Sept. 18, *Lans-le-bourg, at the foot of Mount Cenis, on the French side, five o'clock.*—We set off this morning from Ambioggio, at a quarter before six, and came in three hours to Susa, on the Italian side of mount Cenis. Here we beheld with admiration the triumphal arch, raised in honor of Augustus, by Cottius, king of the Cottian Alps. After eighteen centuries, it is in excellent preservation; the elegance, simplicity, and majesty of it, surpasses much the intended arch of Bonaparte. The inscription is become faint; but it records the names of the twelve nations who remained faithful to Augustus, when all the rest threw off the Roman yoke. It is curious, that the designs of those who are commemorated by these arches were similar: Augustus to subdue France, Bonaparte to subdue Italy; only in the first instance, Italy was the aggressor, and in the second, France. Bonaparte's plan was, like that of Augustus, to keep in subjection a conquered country, by making a road for his artillery directly across its natural fortifications, the Alps. The characteristics of military ambition are the same in every age.

The road which Bonaparte restored and improved over Mount Cenis was finished in 1811, six years after he had executed the astonishing work of the Simplon: next to that road, I suppose, it is the finest in the world. The day, however, has been so exceedingly rainy, that we could be no judges of the scenery around us. The road is in itself admirably good, and the ascent and descent most gradual. There are twenty-six houses of refuge, and a military hospice for two thousand men. The highest point of the Cenis is about nine thousand feet. We have been extremely cold, but without snow. We are now two thousand feet lower, and still need a fire.

We left Italy, properly so called, about two or three to-day, and came again into Savoy. From Domo d'Osola to Mount Cenis, we have travelled in Italy about two hundred and twenty miles: we have had a specimen of Italian scenery, climate, manners, religion; we have visited the capitals of Lombardy and Piedmont. We have seen Popery in all its deepest traits of dominant superstition, just as we saw it at Bonn, Franckfort, and Bern, in its most restrained and modest form. The rapid visit has been new, instructive, and yet, most alarming. The general impression is me-

* See Milner, Cent. IX.

† Jean Andre Irico published at Milan, in 1743, the book of the Gospels found among the MSS. of the church of Vercelli. It is supposed to be in the very hand-writing of Eusebius, of Vercelli, who lived in the fourth century, and was a friend of Athanasius. The MS. is deposited amongst the relics, which are preserved with superstitious reverence in the author's church at Vercelli. There is a pretended autograph of St. Mark's Gospel at Venice; but it is merely a copy of the Latin version.

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lancholy. The lower orders are sunk into the grossest superstitions; the higher are deeply infected with infidelity. Both are the prey of extreme ignorance, vice, and superstition. Public spirit, morals, industry, commerce, religion, alike languish. The arts have declined. Even the temperature of Italy has become, in some parts, less healthy, from the vast undrained marshes and the indolent agriculture of the farmers. The French domination lessened some of these evils, whilst it healed none, and introduced other mischiefs of its own. A spirit of turbulence and political chicane has begun to agitate the Carbonari; but with no beneficial influence on morals and religion.

The Popish government is so feeble, that hordes of banditti infest the road from Rome to Naples, and venture to negotiate almost openly, for the ransom of their captives. In the meantime the ignorance, profligacy, and secret infidelity of the ecclesiastics increase, and are undermining the few scattered fragments of the Christian temple.

The Bible is almost unknown. A friend, who visited Rome a few years back, told me he met a Roman lady of distinction there who had never heard that there was a book revealed by Almighty God which we call the Bible; and who contended for a long time with him that he must be mistaken in supposing that there was: "For," added she, "I must in that case have heard of it." Another friend, a clergyman, who was in Italy in 1818, was asked by a person of education and respectability, at whose house he lodged, what could be meant by the expression, "God is a Spirit," which she found in a tract which he had given her. Upon his explaining this very first element of Scriptural religion, she expressed the utmost surprise, and asked him whether he was really serious in saying that Almighty God did not resemble the pictures and images of him which the church had taught her to believe all her life. The same friend told me, that in a large company when the subject of Christianity happened to be introduced, the most determined principles of infidelity were avowed by the leading persons assembled. At present, little can be hoped for.—You have not only to convince the infidel of the truth of Christianity, but you have first to free his mind from the intimate association of it with the corruptions of the church of Rome. His arguments against revelation are drawn very much from these corruptions; and he is neither disposed to allow your account of what Christianity is, to be the true one, nor to receive, on your authority, your arguments in its favor. He has no foundation of general knowledge on which you can proceed. Surely all these things concur in exciting the persuasion, that Popery can only be overthrown by the immediate power of that God whose grace it has been so long opposing and resisting. And indeed it is remarkable, that A SUDDEN UNEXPECTED OVERTHROW—at a moment least looked for—is the representation given us of its approaching downfall in the Sacred Writings.—Rev. xviii. 8. 10. 17.

All that I saw of Italy entirely confirms the accounts given me by my friends. Even as to political affairs, discontent seems lurking in the breasts of the people; especially in Lombardy and Piedmont. They regret Bonaparte; and they will scarcely speak to the Austrian soldiers, of whom there are about eight thousand at Milan alone. When I asked the waiter at Milan if there were any Protestants there, he replied, "We are all Protestants (persons who protest) now." But I indulge too much in these remarks.

At Turin, we had eight hundred and sixteen miles to travel to London by the road we propose taking, and we have reduced this to-day by eighty-four miles. The village where we now are, Lanle-bourg, is at the foot of the French side of Mount Cenis, a miserable village of near two thousand souls. We were induced to stop here, because an English woman keeps the inn; she married a Savoyard nine years ago. She was a Protestant, but I observed her faith had been much shaken by the total want of a reformed worship. I said all I could to confirm her mind in the doctrine of Christ our Lord. Beggary and misery still prevail. Crowds of wretched deformed supplicants surround us. We gave a trifle just now to an old woman, aged one hundred and nine years. The people here speak French; so that I hope to be able to communicate a little more with the inhabitants on the subject of religion and morals.

The manner of posting here is, like every thing else, on a wretched footing. All is under the police; not a postillion nor a horse stirs without the police's leave; and when they do stir, such creatures—men and horses too—fit for ploughing, rather than for running in a carriage; and men and masters too often ready to cheat the English. Sometimes the postillion crams his legs, shoes and all, into his boots, which are like churns; sometimes he thrusts them in with neither shoes nor stockings. In Lombardy their livery was a ligh' yellow cloth, with tassels! The tackling of the horses, being chiefly of cord, requires one or two regular stops, each stage, for the purpose of being adjusted.

And now, as I have fallen upon the customs of the people abroad, I may as well speak to you about the washing, or rather beating, of the linen on the continent. At Geneva, the apparatus was most complete. In the river a kind of covered shed was built, with small boards on the sides going down to the water's edge; at each board a woman was kneeling with a broad stick or platter, with which she was beating the clothes as she plunged them into the water—soap is almost unknown. The clothes are thus half-washed and half-torn, and then charged an enormous price. At Milan, and on the road to Turin, the men and women in company wash their own clothes in the small streams or puddles flowing through the towns.

St. Michel, Friday morning, Sept. 19*th*, 10 *o'clock.*—We are still on the Mount Cenis road, though we crossed yesterday the mountain called by that name. We set off this morning just after five, and have come thirty-six miles; the day is extremely cold, but we have no rain, and not much fog; we have been able, therefore, to enjoy the beauties of the country through which we have passed. We have seen nothing as yet which equals the Simplon scenery; but still, many parts of the road have been majestic. The character

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is wild rocky Alps, with the torrent of the Arque flowing or rather rushing down at bottom.

Aigue-belle, 72 miles from Lans-le-bourg, 4 o'clock, afternoon.—The day has turned out most beautiful; we have been passing through the valley of Maurienne all the morning, and have thus made our way through the Alps, the centre chain of which we crossed at Mount Cenis. This Aigue-belle (Aqua bella) is the gate as it were of these vast natural fortresses, which have been surrounding us at the height of eight or nine thousand feet. The villages and people seem to be still wretched, with many, many goîtres. There are one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants in this valley, who live by the produce of cattle; they plant no grain, but a little oats and barley. The torrent spreads desolation, and renders many parts of the valley a mere marsh. The king of Sardinia has just completed a military fortress, on the spot where Savoy is nearest Dauphiny. The road has been capital and on a gentle descent, and many of the points of view have been exquisitely beautiful.

Chamberry, Friday night, Sept. 19th.—We have arrived at this capital of Savoy, after a journey of ninety-nine miles in sixteen hours. The road, after Aigue-belle, became very indifferent, and the night coming on, we were not able to enjoy much of the fine country through which we passed. The proper Mount Cenis road extends from Susa to Aigue-belle, about one hundred and thirty-five miles, and is undoubtedly a stupendous work, though on the whole much inferior to the Simplon. Thus have we again to bless God for all his mercies! The two wet days have given my younger son a little cold, which I trust will soon pass off; in other respects, they have enhanced the value and enjoyment of the fine weather we have been this day witnessing. We hope to be at Lyon to-morrow, at Geneva on Wednesday, and at Lausanne the same evening, to rejoin my dear, dear family, from whom I seem to have been separated for an age.

I am your affectionate D. W.

NOTICE OF CARDINAL BORROMEO.

I was vexed on returning to England, and consulting my books, that I had been so long ignorant of the history and character of Borromeo. He is considered by the Roman Catholic writers as the model of all virtues, and the great restorer of ecclesiastical discipline in the sixteenth century. I have not been able to satisfy myself in what degree he was a true Christian, in the Scriptural sense of the word. That he was devoted to the superstitions of Popery, and was a firm upholder of the Roman see, cannot be doubted; but I have no access to his sermons or letters, so as to judge whether any living embers of the faith and love of Christ were smothered at the bottom of these superstitions. His habits of devotion, his self-denial, his zeal, his fortitude, his humility, and especially his unbounded and almost unparalleled benevolence, which are ascribed to him by universal consent, would lead one to hope that, notwithstanding "the wood, and hay, and stubble," accumulated on it, he was building on the true "foundation, Christ Jesus."—1 Cor. iii. 11, 12.

He was born at Arona in 1538, in a small apartment which I saw behind the church; and was of one of the noblest and most opulent families of Italy. At the age of eleven he had several livings given him by his uncle the Cardinal de Medicis, who was elected Pope in 1549. In his twenty-third year he was created cardinal by the same pontiff, and managed the proceedings of the council of Trent, as well as the chief temporal affairs of the Pope, for some years. This I consider as by far the most unfavorable part of Borromeo's life, as to the cultivation of personal piety. Such employments at Rome must have initiated him into all the system of that artful and secular court—and he who was intrusted to draw up the Trent catechism, must at that time have had little real Christian knowledge or feeling. However, in 1565 he left Rome, and went to reside at Milan, of which he had been made archbishop.

Here begins the bright part of Borromeo's history. He had now to preside over the largest diocese of Italy, consisting of not less than eight hundred and fifty parishes, many of them in the wildest regions of the Alps. He began by resigning all his other preferments, by giving up to his family his chief estates, and by dividing the revenues of his archbishopric into three parts—one for the poor—another for the building and reparation of churches—the third for his domestic expenditure as bishop; all the accounts of which he submitted annually to the examination of his clergy. He next totally renounced the splendor in which he had lived at Rome, reduced the number of his servants, forbade the use of silk garments in his palace, rendered his household a pattern of edification, slept himself on boards, prolonged his watchings and prayers to a late hour of the night, wore an under dress coarse and common, and devoted himself to perpetual fasts and abstinences.

He then entered on the task of restoring decayed discipline and order throughout his vast diocese. To this end he was indefatigable in visiting himself every parish under his care, held frequent ecclesiastical synods, and established a permanent council, which met monthly to inspect and regulate the conduct of the priests. In this manner his contemporaries agree in asserting, that he removed various scandals which prevailed amongst all classes of the faithful, abolished many superstitious usages, and checked the ignorance and abuses of the secular and regular clergy.

His fortitude in carrying through his reforms, notwithstanding the violent opposition which he met with from all quarters, deserves remark. On one occasion an assassin was hired, who shot at him, whilst kneeling in prayer, in the archiepiscopal palace. Borromeo, unmoved, continued his devotions; and, when he rose from his knees, the bullet, which had been aimed at his back, but had been caught in the lawn sleeves of his dress, fell at his feet.

His charities were unbounded. He built ten colleges, five hospitals, and schools and public fountains without number. Besides this, he bestowed annually the sum of thirty thousand crowns on the poor; and in various cases of public distress in the course of his life, as much as two hundred thousand crowns more.

In the meantime, his personal virtues, his low-

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liness, his self-command, his forgiveness of injuries, his temperance, his prudence, his sanctity, the consistency of his whole character, (I speak after his biographers, whose veracity, I believe, is not questioned,) gave him such weight, that he not only rendered his immense diocese a model of good order and discipline, after an anarchy of eighty years, during which its archbishops had not resided, but extended his influence over the neighboring dioceses, and pushed his regulations throughout a great part of France and Germany.

Perhaps his conduct during a pestilence which raged for six months at Milan is amongst the actions of his life which may lead one the most to hope that this benevolent and tender-hearted prelate was indeed animated with the fear and love of his Saviour. Nothing could restrain him from visiting his sick and dying flock, during the raging of this fatal malady: when his clergy entreated him to consult his own safety, he replied, that nothing more became a bishop than to face danger at the call of his duty. He was continually found in the most infected spots, administering consolation both to the bodies and souls of his perishing people; and he sold all the small remains of his ancient splendor, and even his bed, to give the produce to the distressed.

The institution, or rather invention of Sunday schools, is again a further evidence of something more than a superstitious state of heart. Nothing could be so novel as such institutions in the sixteenth century, and nothing so beneficial. When we recollect the public admiration which has rested on such schools in our own Protestant and enlightened country, though planned scarcely fifty years back, we may estimate the piety of mind, the vigor and penetration of judgment, which could lead a Catholic archbishop and cardinal to institute them two hundred years ago, and to place them on a footing which has continued to the present day. May I not add, that possibly some of the superstitious usages now attached to these schools may have grown up since the time of Borromeo. Certainly the indulgences which I saw were of the date of 1609, five-and-twenty years after his death; for the reader must be informed that, in the year 1584, this benevolent bishop fell a victim to fever caught in the mountainous parishes of his diocese, which he was visiting in his usual course.

As a preacher he was most laborious. Though he had an impediment in his speech, and a difficulty in finding words to express readily his meaning, he overcame these hindrances, and preached most assiduously on Sundays and festivals at Milan. His biographers say, that the higher classes in the city were offended with him, and did not frequent his sermons; but that the common people flocked with eagerness to hear him. Perhaps something of what the Apostle calls "the offence of the cross," may be traced in this. It does not at all lessen my hope of Borromeo's piety, that the rich and great did not follow him.

Such is a faint sketch of some of the chief events in the life of Charles Borromeo. My materials are scanty, especially as to the spiritual state of his heart and affections. It is for God only to judge on this subject: but charity rejoices to hope all things in such a case. I acknowledge that his simple and sublime motto, HUMILITAS, is very affecting to my mind. I trust it was the expression of his real character; and that his submission to the usurpations of the Romish church may have arisen from that faulty prostration of the understanding to human authority, which is so apt to engraft itself, under circumstances like those of Borromeo, on scriptural lowliness of spirit. Oh, if he had more fully studied and obeyed his Bible, and had read with honest candor the treatises of his great contemporaries, the reformers of Germany and Switzerland, he might, perhaps, have become the LUTHER or ZUINGLE, instead of, what he actually was, only the FENELON of Italy.

Since the publication of the second edition of these letters, I have had an opportunity of consulting, at the Bodleian library, some of the smaller works of Borromeo; from which I proceed to make some extracts.

I. The following are taken from a collection of his letters, published at Antwerp, in 1623. I give only those parts which may serve to express his sentiments on the weightier matters of religion.

Speaking of the death of Bernardus Vimercatus, of the College of Milan, Borromeo thus expresses himself: "*We all die, and are as water spilled on the ground.* But as this does not depend on us, but arises from the necessity of nature, wise men are distinguished from the foolish by this, that the foolish bestow this most brief life in obtaining eternal death; the wise in securing everlasting life. We all, indeed, die without difference; but to some death is the way to life and glory, never to end; to others, to darkness and eternal death. I trust you will be strongly excited, by the death of your brother, to a contempt of this life and a salutary despising of earthly things. I hope you will each of you argue thus: 'Vimercatus is dead in the flower of his age, in strong health, with the prospect of a longer life than others; I also must die: and in that so unknown and so uncertain hour, what kind of life should I wish I had followed? What should I wish I had done for the glory of God and for the safety of my soul? I am grieved and ashamed of my present sloth, in a matter so infinitely important. *If the master of the house had known at what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not suffered his house to be digged through.* Death impends day and night, and lays wait for my life. Shall I not at length awake? Shall I not take care of my soul, and of my salvation?'

"Whoever of you is excited by these thoughts, (and I hope all of you may be so,) will, I trust, in future, employ the greatest diligence in *walking worthy of God*, and in seeking most eagerly after the perfection necessary to an ecclesiastical person."

To archbishop Valentia, Patriarch of Antioch, he writes, "According to the zeal for the divine glory which God, the Father and Giver of all good, has imparted to me, I love with much affection all his servants, but more especially those who are in the dignity and watch, as it were, of bishops, and who labor that the most precious blood

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of Christ may not seem to have been shed in vain for his sheep; and who, as heavenly orbs, both illuminate the sheep with the light of evangelical doctrine, and excite them to all parts of Christian excellence by the force of good example."

To the doctor Dumius he says, "By doing this, you will please the Lord Jesus, and this is the chief argument of all; to whom I earnestly pray that he will defend you, and fill you with all heavenly treasures."

Of Bishop Alba he expresses a hope, that in dying "he had flown away *from the body of this death*, to enjoy those blessings *which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.*"

He writes to Ernestus, archbishop of Cologne, on his being raised to that see: "And, although I dare not congratulate you on this great dignity, (for some experience hath taught me how much business and care, and how much labor and danger there is in the office of a bishop,) yet I congratulate the inhabitants of Cologne and all Germany, which I hope will be much assisted by your administration of that church and your restoration of ancient discipline, in the love of the Catholic faith, and also *in spirit and in truth*. Every thing depends, believe me, on your showing yourself to be a *bishop who is blameless*, as the apostle Paul teaches. This you will easily accomplish, the grace of God assisting you, if you regard nothing whatever but the glory of God, and make both the Catholics and heretics understand this. And what can be considered of such value, in any view, as the welfare of souls redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ? We ought to contemn every thing, and to give up life itself, for the salvation of one soul; what then is to be done, or rather what is not to be done, where the salvation of almost unnumbered souls is concerned?"

To the cardinal Valdemontanus he speaks thus: "Piety rests not on any slight foundation, which distance of place may weaken, or length of time destroy; but depends on God, whose nature is eternal and whose power is infinite, and is preserved by his favor. I hear that you not only burn with the love of this piety, but also labor to inflame with it all around you. And nothing ought to be more interesting to any of us than this. For this is to be *a sweet savor of Christ;* this is to *give light to all that are in the* evangelical *house*, which all the servants of Christ are bound to do; but those more especially who are illustrious by their dignity, as lamps well filled with oil and burning in splendid candlesticks."

To the bishop of Trent he speaks thus: "In your commendation of my conduct, I see that your design is to excite me to perform hereafter the duties of a pastor with more diligence. For daily, or rather hourly, I more clearly perceive how far I am from that perfection of duty, which both God requires of me, and the dignity in which I am placed demands. Wherefore, I again and again beseech you not to cease supplicating the divine Majesty for me."

The following is his language to Ascanius Columna, abbot of St. Sophia: "The more I see in you the gifts of God, the more ardently do I desire that you would contend with all your powers of body and mind to glorify God's name, and bend all your schemes to this one point, to be *a sweet savor of Christ*. Never imagine that there can be any thing more excellent and more valuable, in every respect, than to diffuse into the minds of those around you the most sweet and delightful *savor of Christ*, by your well-ordered life and exemplary Christian virtues; and to allure them by a heavenly and divine pleasure, and bring them over from the blandishments of this life, and the seductions of earthly things, to the pursuit of eternity, and a supreme love and delight in God.—This ought to be the end proposed in all our studies, and even all our thoughts. If we aim at any thing else, we are vanity itself."

The last extract from these letters is to the cardinal à Joiosa: "I am not ignorant that great difficulties impede and hinder most things; but nothing is difficult, nothing is arduous to love. *Love is strong as death*. And many things are more difficult in the opinion of men, than they are found to be in fact. But what is arduous or difficult to a good pastor, who by his example sets straight what is crooked, softens what is rough, fills up valleys, and levels mountains? The force of example is great; especially in that man who is adorned with family, age, riches, connections, dignity; and who esteems all these things only so far as they serve to set forth the glory of God."

II. After these various citations from his letters, I go on to the following, from the instructions which the archbishop published for the direction of his clergy, in preaching the Gospel.

"'I charge you before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who will judge the quick and the dead, preach the word,' saith the most holy Saint Paul." It is in this solemn manner that Borromeo begins the book.

On the subject of the dignity of the sacred ministry, he exhorts the preacher to consider, "1st. That it entirely regards the glory of Almighty God, and the salvation of souls. 2d. That by it the word of God is conveyed from the very fountain of the divine Spirit, to the souls of the faithful; in order to water them with heavenly blessings. 3d. That it treats of subjects the most sacred and awful in themselves. 4th. That it was exercised, not only by the most holy men, not only by apostles, but by the Son of God himself."

He afterwards urges him to meditate on "the difficulty of speaking suitably and with judgment on such subjects, that he may fly with more ardent desires to God, who can supply him with all needful help by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit."

He then teaches him that "a preacher should especially pray to God, that by his divine help he may not be lifted up with the pursuit of his own praise and glory; not even with the thought of it; but may take no account of it whatever."

He then says, "Let the preacher fly as a pest all ambition and all suspicion of it. Let him not aim at, or desire, a more distinguished place for preaching in; but remember that Jesus Christ the Lord, who was sent down from heaven to teach mankind, preached in villages, and houses, and fields."

He next gives directions for his conduct: "The preacher should do every thing constantly and boldly for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. He should be inflamed with the love of

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God; and not only patiently bear reproaches, threats, and contumely; but endure, if need be, death itself. He should offer and commend himself, as it were, to the divine illumination; and, shutting up his senses, acquiesce and be content with the infinite love and immense charity of the light of God."*

As to the preparation of his sermons, "the preacher will understand that his office doth not rest on human learning or eloquence, but on a divine power and the grace of the Holy Ghost; and he will take most diligent care that he does not grieve the Holy Spirit by touching the work of apostles and of the Lord Jesus himself, when infected with any mortal sin. But he will purify his conscience from all sin by the sacrament of penitence, before he begins to read the word of God. And he will consider, that he has much to fear that most solemn threat of the prophet, *But unto the wicked, saith God, what hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth, seeing thou hatest instruction and castest my words behind thee?*

"Before he begins to study his discourse, he will make a solemn prayer to God. He will then first understand the subject on which he is about to preach; and then meditate upon it, and strive so to affect himself with it, that he may excite the minds of his hearers to the same pious affections.

"Before he ascends the pulpit, let him suppose that he has before him a company of hungry men waiting for food from his preaching; or a company of lame, paralytic, dropsical, dumb, and blind persons, seeking for cure from him. Considering this, let him so manage every part of his discourse as to suit their cases, and advance their welfare and cure, by advice, counsel, and all sorts of remedies.

"Or let him consider himself as a fisher of men, and remember that he ought to strain every nerve so to fish that he may fill the evangelical net, as it were, with perishing souls, and gain them to Christ the Lord.

"After preaching, he should spend some time in prayer, before he takes any refreshment.

"As to the times and places of preaching, he should preach every where, and at all times; but especially every Sunday and holy-day; and daily during advent and lent."

III. I might finish by giving some extracts from the "constitutions and decrees made by the provincial synod of Milan under the authority of Borromeo," and published at Venice in 1566; but I abstain; I will only notice that it orders every bishop to preach continually, unless hindered by illness; and to make himself acquainted with the state of each parish in his diocese; it directs that schools for educating the clergy should be formed, and a tenth part of all benefices be devoted for that purpose; and that those destined for the church, should read the Bible diligently.

These extracts from the various writings of Borromeo are, to my mind, I confess, charming. They place him in a new light. Instead of the dazzling glare of panegyric as to his outward history, they exhibit him in the soft lustre of the Christian, the pastor, the bishop, as to the interior of his heart. They open to us the fountain of grace and piety, from which his extraordinary benevolence, diligence, and humility flowed. They form another proof, if any were wanting, that the peculiar motives of the Gospel of Christ are alone capable of producing uniform, active, self-denying obedience.

What compassion for the souls and bodies of men, what tender affection, what love to Christ, what solemnity of mind as to death, what conscientiousness, what deep impressions of the responsibility of the sacred ministry, what fear of pride and ambition, what fervor of prayer, what knowledge of the Scriptures, what dependance on the grace of the Holy Spirit—in a word, what attainments in the divine life do these extracts betoken!

If only a few words were altered, and the great doctrine of Protestantism, justification before God in the merits of our Lord and Saviour, were explicitly stated, they would be in the most complete sense evangelical. Still, as they are, they clearly prove that Borromeo was not only the most laborious and beneficent, but the most enlightened and spiritual prelate of his age in the church of Rome.

I do not apologize for the length into which I have been drawn in communicating to the Protestant reader the pleasure which I derived myself from the discovery of such a character as Borromeo. To trace the identity of true religion under the most unfavorable, and almost contradictory appearances, is an office of charity so delightful, as well as profitable, that nothing during my whole tour has disclosed to me a more fruitful source of instruction and joy.

* The allusion perhaps is to 1 John, i. 5. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all;" or, Psalm xxxvi. 9. "With Thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light shall we see light."

LETTER XV.

Pont-beau-voisin, Sept. 20.—Lyon, Sept. 28, 1823.

Chamberry — A Bookseller — Pont-beau-voisin — Roads—Bishop Berkeley—Sunday at Lyon—Catholic Sermon — Gibbon — Rivers Saone and Rhone—Fourviere—Hotel de Ville—Revolutionary Horrors at Lyon—Speech of Emperor Claudius—Roman Amphitheatre—Martyrs of Lyon—Cimetiere—Arsenal—Death of Rev. S. Arnott—Chamberry Peasant—Notice of Martyrs in Second Century.

LYON, *capital of the department of the Rhone, Saturday night, Sept. 20th*, 1823, *about 789 miles out from Lausanne, and about 2302 from London, by our route.*

MY DEAREST SISTER—Chamberry, which we left this morning, contains nearly twelve thousand souls. It is the capital of the duchy of Savoy, situated in a fruitful valley on the borders of Dauphiny, at the conflux of the rivers L'Aisse and D'Albans. It has a cathedral and three other churches, two convents, and about one hundred priests. I went this morning into the cathedral; it is dirty and mean, both within and without. I observed in it three boxes for charity: one of these

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for souls in purgatory (I give it word for word;) the second for repairing the church: the third for offerings, without specifying the object—no box for the poor. I asked a person who called himself a bookseller (who, by the bye, was the only one in the town, and actually had only one book to sell, a Code of French laws) about the different institutions for religion. The man's wife, who was standing by, replied, they had an archbishop, who had been simply bishop in Bonaparte's time, but who was now archbishop of Chamberry, and *prince bishop of Geneva!* I stared. She said he was bishop of the Christians at Geneva. I asked her what she called the twenty-five thousand Protestants who inhabited that town? She answered, they were not Christians. I told her, then I was not one myself; she begged pardon, and said she meant apostolical Roman Christians. I told her I believed in the Holy Scriptures, and in Jesus Christ our Lord, and in the doctrine of the apostles, and therefore I was a good apostolical Christian, though not a Papist.

I give this as a trait of character in a bettermost sort of person. It is the natural effect of the doctrine which excludes from everlasting salvation all who belong not to the church of Rome. Bigotry and persecution follow as matters of course. I must say, however, that I have met with many Roman Catholics during my tour, who expressly assured me that they disbelieved this uncharitable tenet. One lady told me she had informed her priest in confession, that she never could receive it. Let only the holy doctrines and holy lives of Protestants be more and more known by the Catholics, and charity must and will overthrow so fatal a dogma. Indeed, if the Holy Scriptures are once generally read, this and other doctrines of Popery must by degrees fall, in spite of Popes and councils. We left Chamberry a quarter before eight.

We have now come seventy-two miles, to this ancient and noble city of Lyon.* We entered France at twelve, at Pont-beau-voisin. We had amazing difficulty in getting through the custom-house. I had left some necessary papers at Lausanne. The officers were however civil, and after hearing my story, at length allowed us to proceed. I believe we were detained four hours. Travellers cannot be too particular in carrying their papers with them wherever they go. The road was, in two parts of it, perhaps as fine as any thing we have seen. The passages of les Echelles and of la Chaille are most terrific, from the immense rocks through which they have been made, and the fine scenery which surrounds them. These roads were begun by a former duke of Savoy in 1670, and at three different times resumed by Bonaparte without being completed. The present king of Sardinia has this last year or two just accomplished the whole; in fact, this Mount Cenis road, in general, seems to have been a work gradually carried on from the days of Augustus, that is, during eighteen centuries—a space of time sufficiently long. It is but a few years ago, that three or four oxen were regularly yoked to every carriage to aid the horses in the ascent of les Echelles.

* I observe it is generally spelt Lyons: but in the town itself they carefully omit the final *s*.

I remember bishop Berkeley gives a frightful account of his passage on new-year's day, 1714. He says he was carried in an open chair by men used to scale these craggy and dangerous rocks, and that his life often depended on a single step. Bonaparte put an end to this by making a tunnel, nine hundred and fifty feet, directly through the opposing rock. At another part of the route, the travellers were let down in a kind of sledge, at a most fearful rate. Much even now remains to be done between Lyon and Turin; as the road for many stages is exceedingly bad. The towns and villages in Dauphiny are very miserable. The priests have mocked, as it were, this misery, by building, in one or two of the market-places, splendid gilt crucifixes, which are in deep contrast with the poverty and wretchedness of every house within view.

Sunday, one o'clock at noon.—I have had to-day the singular pleasure of attending a Protestant French church. It was really quite delightful to hear the reader begin the worship of God by reading distinctly two chapters of the New Testament in French, so as to be understood by all the people. The singing; the Ten Commandments, word for word as they are in the Bible; the summary of the Law, exactly as it is in Matt. xxii. 37—39; a public Baptism; the confession of sins; the prayer; the sermon, all charmed me as the spiritual, reasonable, and instructive worship of God. Especially the reading of the Scriptures was so simple, so authoritative, so majestic, so edifying; I do not wonder the Reformers laid so much stress on it. Indeed, I cannot express the striking difference between this simple Protestant worship and the farce, show, and mummery of Popery at Martigny and Milan. All minor differences between Protestant churches, agreeing in the faith and love our Lord Jesus Christ, sink into nothing before the frightful idolatry and superstition of Popery. Disputes about circumstantials are impertinent—divisions odious—love should unite every heart, where main and necessary Scripture truth is felt and acknowledged. Indeed, one great reason of my hurrying on to Lyon against to-day, was to enjoy once more the unspeakable blessing of the pure public worship of Almighty God.

The sermon was, so far as I could hear (for I sat at a distance, and the church was crowded,) pretty good, on an important topic, death; with many striking parts. I regret extremely to add, that there is but one service here on the Sunday, instead of three, or at the least, two, which there surely ought to be, in an immense city like this. In walking to church also, we were distressed to see the shops all half or a third part open, and customers going in and out, with crowds of persons at the coffee-houses. At Milan, the shops were universally shut.

But allow me, my dear sister, to turn to another, and, to me, more solemn topic; this day twenty-two years, I was admitted into the sacred ministry of Christ's church. What reflections crowd upon my mind! May I have grace to remember more and more the vows I then made; the duties to my Saviour and to his flock, which I then undertook; the unnumbered errors and defects of which, alas! I am too conscious, (especially, as archbishop

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Usher said on his dying bed, my sins of omission;) the ceaseless mercies which I have received, and the short time which remains for me to labor for my own salvation, and the salvation of others! Here I am, travelling for my health, in a foreign land; thanks be to God, that health is wonderfully restored; so wonderfully, that I am not like the same person. But then I have been silent now fourteen Sundays, and the future is all uncertain. May God enable me, if I am permitted to return home, to feel more lively compassion for my fellow-creatures, to be more dead to worldly things, and to labor more abundantly in the sacred vineyard; and may he pour out his Holy Spirit upon my kind friends who are supplying my lack of service; yea, upon the universal church! Time carries us away as a flood. Souls are passing into eternity. Judgment is near. All is mere trifling compared with eternal salvation.

Ten o'clock, Sunday night.—My younger son has been suffering all day with cold in his teeth. There is no fever, no head-ache, nothing but a rheumatic affection of the front teeth; still this is very painful to him, and very embarrassing to me, being without my dearest wife; and thus, it comes to me as a chastisement and admonition from my Heavenly Father. How many, many mercies have we received during our long journey, and how little grateful have we been for them! May this indisposition work in him and in me the "peaceable fruits of righteousness." And on every occasion of suffering, slight, as well as severe, may I ever be disposed to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

At four this afternoon, I left my elder son to nurse his brother; and went to a Catholic church to hear a celebrated preacher of this town. I placed myself close under the pulpit, so that I understood almost the whole of the sermon; it was an able, energetic, striking discourse; not one word of Popery, properly speaking, (which was the case also, as I have said, at Martigny,) but defective, general, unevangelical, and therefore unscriptural and dangerous. His subject was the happiness of heaven; he drew a striking picture of the glory, power, happiness, honor, &c., of the heavenly state. His immediate point was to prove, from Scripture and experience, how much glory, power, happiness, &c., God bestows on his servants, and even enemies, here on earth; and then to infer the infinitely superior glory of heaven. He cited admirably the cases of Moses, Abraham, Joshua, David, Peter, &c. What then, you say, were the defects? The heaven he described was with the Saviour, without pardon, without holiness; his heaven was an intellectual, poetical, sublime sort of paradise; he took for granted, too, that all were in the right way to it. Thus, almost all the great ends of preaching were lost, and worse than lost.

Still the sermon did me good, because much of it was true, as far as it went; and I was glad to hear a priest stand on Protestant ground, and appeal to the Bible, and the Bible only. Besides, my long absence from home has disposed me to receive with candor and delight any thing that approaches the truth of the Gospel in any part of a discourse. What the apostle calls "itching ears," are soon cured, when a man for three or four months has scarcely met with a single edifying, solid, scriptural sermon. England, alas! too often undervalues and abuses her abundant privileges. The immense church was crowded to excess, and hung on the lips of the preacher. He preached from memory. His manner was serious, vehement, impassioned. He so affected the people that, at the pauses, positively nearly the whole congregation were in tears. I really think we have much to learn at home as to our manner of preaching; the two Catholic sermons I have heard, were incomparably superior to most of our English ones, in careful preparation, intelligible arrangement, forcible application to the conscience, fervent and earnest delivery; in short, in the whole MANNER of the address.

Lyon, Tuesday, September 23.—We are still here; my dear son, though much better, cannot travel. I have called in the first physician in the town; for there are no apothecaries here as in England. The ordinary fee is three francs a visit; but five or six are expected, my banker tells me, of an Englishman. The physician writes prescriptions, which are made up at the druggist's or pastry-cook's—for half his medicines are syrups and sweetmeats. I have sent his brother by the Diligence to Geneva, that he may go on to Lausanne and fetch the rest of the family to me. By returning this way home, they will go very little out of their route, and they will also see Lyon, the second city of France. I am obliged, however, by this plan, to break my engagements with my kind friends at Geneva, which I had fixed for Thursday, the 25th; and I much regret that I shall not revisit Lausanne.

I omitted to see several things there; especially the house and library of Gibbon. My friends told me that the library was locked up—no bad thing for the world; and that the terrace and summer-house, where he completed his history in 1787, were falling into decay.* He left, like all other

* The manner in which he records the termination of his work would be more interesting, if the associations raised in the Christian's mind could be separated from the recollection of it.

"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame."

This last point was, in his view, the great object of life. Hope, beyond death, he had none. He reluctantly confesses in another place, that "the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, tinged with a browner shade the evening of life." "The present," he elsewhere acknowledges, "is a fleeting moment, the past is no more; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful." His attempts to persuade himself that death was distant, are apparent from the following passage:—"This day may possibly be my last; but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years."

He wrote this sentence some time in the year 1788;

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daring infidels, a refutation of his principles behind him in the pride, impurity, vanity, and extreme selfishness of his moral character. As to fidelity and trust-worthiness in his history, it has been demonstrated that his statements of facts cannot at all be relied on, where Christianity is concerned. After these fatal deductions, to admit that he had great talents and powers, is only to augment the melancholy impression with which a Christian adverts to the name of a man who has contributed so largely to corrupt the first sources of historical truth.

Wednesday.—My eldest son set off in the mail yesterday, at a quarter before three, for Geneva and Lausanne. I sit with my remaining sick boy, read to him, talk with him, amuse him, give him his medicines, and yet contrive to take one or two walks about the town and neighborhood in the course of the day. I can, however, at present give you only a very inadequate account of Lyon. It contains one hundred and seventy-five thousand souls. This is immense for a city not the capital of the country. It was founded by the Romans about forty-two years before the Christian æra, and was called Lugdunum. It is finely situated at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, which flow nearly parallel for some time before their junction, and afford room for this noble city to rise on the tongue of land enclosed between the two rivers as they approach. Their channels are nearly equal in breadth, but the Rhone contains the greater volume of water, and rolls on to the Mediterranean. It is just as if London had two rivers like the Thames, between which its chief buildings and streets were raised.

Over these rivers the Lyonese have erected nine bridges, from which there are fine views of the interior of the town. On the banks they have formed delightful quays and walks. This is an advantage peculiar to Lyon. You never saw such beautiful promenades for a mile or two together, on the sides both of the Saone and the Rhone, as there are here. Some of them are bordered with rows of trees, and are little inferior to those of Paris. The spot is pointed out by the guides where Hannibal is supposed to have crossed the Rhone in his celebrated invasion of Italy. The body of the old town is dirty, narrow, dark, miserable; but the new parts are open, spacious, elegant. We are at the Hotel du Providence in the Rue de la Charité. On our right hand, we can see the Rhone; on our left, there is the noble square, or place of Belle Cour, which is amongst the finest in Europe; it has walks of Linden trees on one side, and the range of hills called La Fourvière, rising beyond.

This hill of Fourvière was the object of my walk yesterday. Its proper name is Fort Viel, Forum Vetus, on which the ancient city of Lyon, or Lugdunum, in the time of the Romans, was founded about the time of the death of Cæsar. The view which I there obtained of the whole neighborhood was superb; absolutely it was enchanting. The vast expanse of unimpeded prospect, the noble rivers, the bridges, the buildings, the quays, the churches, the hills surrounding the town on one side, and clothed with country-houses and vineyards, were all sketched in the magnificent landscape; whilst the distant Alps, including, when the weather is clear, the vast Alp of Mont Blanc, (which may at times be discerned from Dijon, and even Langres, above one hundred and eighty miles distant from it in a direct line,) in the farther ground, formed, as it were, the frame of the picture. Indeed the neighborhood of Lyon is considered as more beautiful, as well as more rich and populous, than the vicinity of Paris.

How painful to turn from all these beauties to the chapel of Notre Dâme, on this eminence, which was re-opened by Pope Pius VII., at his last journey through Lyon. The Virgin here has wrought wonderful miracles, and people come on pilgrimage to it! Half the chapel was covered with votive tablets. I think I speak within compass, when I say there were thousands of them. Is this the way to cure the infidelity of the French? When will a little common sense enter the heads of the priests? But I check myself—I must remember that Popery is "a strong delusion;" or, as the Apostle's expression may perhaps be more literally rendered, "the energy of error!"

I was much pleased with three soldiers whom I met at Fourvière, and who, seeing I was a stranger, really loaded me with civilities, with a gaiety of manner quite surprising—and then positively refused to take any recompense.

The revolutionists in 1793 did infinite mischief at Lyon. The Jacobins hated it for its loyalty, its virtues, its commerce; but the Royalists had the ascendancy in the town, till the convention at Paris ordered it to be besieged. The place was taken by storm, and unknown murders were committed. The statues of Louis the XIV., two fountains, and all the public buildings in Belle Cour, were levelled to the earth. The machinery of the chief manufacturers was broken to pieces, their houses razed to the ground, and themselves led to execution. The guillotine being too tardy an instrument of death, whole parties were crowded into boats and sunk. The convention even decreed the demolition of the entire city, and the extinction of its name. A monument is raised to two hundred and ten Lyonese who were coolly shot after the siege. Such is liberty pushed to licentiousness and outrage, and casting off the government of law.

Thursday morning, September 25.—Lyon quite charms me. It is increasing daily. Buildings are rising on every side. Commerce has been regularly improving since the peace of 1815. During the revolution all was decaying. The looms for velvet, silk, and gauze, were diminished from

but instead of fifteen years of life, he expired almost suddenly on the 16th of January, 1794, after scarcely a third part of the expected time had elapsed—and this of a disease which he had studiously concealed from others, and, as far as he could, from himself, for thirty-three years. So little was he aware of his danger, that he jested with Lord Sheffield on the subject almost to the last; and even when life was expiring, he told a friend that he considered himself to be a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years—this was said just twenty hours before his death.

Such is infidelity—so cold, so dark, so hopeless, so vain, so self-deceiving—I was going to say, so childish and absurd.

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10,000 to 1,600; and the hands employed in the hat manufactories from 8,000 to about the same number. The silk manufacture, which came originally from Italy, is now transferred to England. Still trade here generally is reviving. The printing and bookselling of this place are next to Paris in importance. There is a large military, as well as civil power, in the town. The streets are always crowded with people.

Friday morning, September 26th, nine o'clock.—My dear son, thank God, is amending. Yesterday I went to see the Hotel de Ville, and the Palais des Arts. The Hotel de Ville is one of the finest in Europe. It is an immense pile in the form of a quadrangle, with a noble court in the midst. The mayor resides there, and has state apartments, as in our Mansion House. The great staircase is adorned with a painting of the burning of the city, in the first century, as described by Seneca. The large hall was occupied with a balloon and parachute, in which Mselle. Garnerin is about to ascend *next Sunday*, and which is now exhibiting gratis. The Palais des Arts was, before the revolution, an abbey of Benedictine nuns, (the Garde des Corps and Gens-d'armes have here occupied another convent.) It contains a curious collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities. A model of a temple found at Pompeii pleased me extremely.

But the most interesting thing is part of the speech of the emperor Claudius, when censor of Rome, on the question of first admitting into the Roman senate the great personages of the neighborhood of Lyon. It is engraven on bronze, and is now fixed in the wall of the museum, so as to be easily legible. It was found in 1528, in digging a canal through a hill near Lyon. It consists of two columns, and every word is perfectly legible. It is the more valuable because Tacitus, in the eleventh book of his annals, gives this selfsame speech, but so altered and embellished as scarcely to retain a trace of the original—the line of argument is quite different. It thus may serve, perhaps, as some test of the fidelity of the other speeches of Tacitus and Livy.

It is a triumphant reflection, that the evidences of the truth of Christianity have been uniformly, and without a single exception, confirmed by all the discoveries of historical monuments during eighteen centuries. I alluded to this source of proof when I was giving you an account of Avenches in Switzerland. Medals, speeches, altars, pillars, chronicles, arches, found in all countries, and of all ages, have united to confirm the facts on which Christianity rests. May this Christianity be purified from superstition and idolatry, and be displayed more and more in its native efficacy on the hearts and lives of mankind! It is not so much evidence that we want, as grace, repentance, faith, charity, holiness, the influences of the blessed Spirit, primitive Christianity embodied in the lives and tempers of Christians.

Saturday, Sept. 27.—My dearest John is now nearly well. I expect my dear family from Lausanne to-night, and then our domestic circle will again be complete. I had no spirits yesterday, to go and see any thing; but this morning I have visited St. Irenée, the site of the ancient city, though now only a suburb. I here visited the Roman baths at the Ursuline Monastery (formerly so, for all the monasteries and convents were abolished at the Revolution.) These baths consist of a series of numerous dark vaults, communicating with each other, about twenty feet under ground; but no longer interesting, except from their antiquity. I then went to what was the garden of the Minimes, and saw the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre, where the early Christians were exposed to the wild beasts. This scene affected me extremely. The form of the Amphitheatre remains, after a lapse of sixteen or seventeen centuries. Some traces may be discovered of the rising seats of turf, and several dilapidated brick vaults seem to indicate the places where the wild beasts, and perhaps the holy martyrs, were guarded. It is capable of holding an immense assemblage—perhaps 30 or 40,000 persons. A still more elevated range of seats, to which you ascend by decayed stone steps, seem to have been the place allotted for the magistrates and regulators of the barbarous shows. A peaceful vineyard now flourishes where these scenes of horror once reigned. The tender garden shrub springs in the seats and vaults. The undisturbed wild flowers perfume the air. A stranger now and then visits the spot, and calmly inquires if that was the Amphitheatre which once filled all Christendom with lamentation. What a monster is persecution, whether Pagan, Popish, or Protestant! And yet, till the beginning of the last century, it was hardly banished from the general habits of Europe.—Would to God that even now it could be said to be utterly rooted out!

I visited, after this, the church of St. Irenée, built in the time of the Romans, when the liberty of public worship was refused the Christians. It is subterraneous, and contains the bones of the many thousand Christians who were martyred in the year 202, under the emperor Severus. It is of this noble army of martyrs that Milner gives such an effecting account. An inscription on the church states, that St. Pothinus was sent by Polycarp, and founded it; and was martyred under the emperor Antoninus; that St. Irenæus succeeded him, and converted an infinite multitude of Pagans, and suffered martyrdom, together with nineteen thousand Christians, besides women and children, in the year 202; and that in the year 470, the church was beautified. I have not an exact recollection of what Milner says, and therefore may be wrong in giving credit to some of these particulars; but I have a strong impression that the main facts agree with the tradition on the spot; and I confess, I beheld the scene with veneration. I could almost forgive the processions which are twice in the year made to this sacred place, if it were not for the excessive ignorance and superstition attending them.

Near to this church are some fine remains of a Roman aqueduct, for conveying water to the city, built at the time of Julius Cæsar. A convent of three hundred nuns has arisen since the peace, in the same place, of the order of St. Michel, where many younger daughters are sent from the best families, to be got out of the way, just the same as under the ancient regime. In saying this, I

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do not forget that the education in many of the convents is, in some respects, excellent, and that the larger number of young persons are placed there merely for a few years for that purpose. Still the whole system is decidedly bad, and unfriendly to the highest purposes of a generous education.

The cimetière, or public burial ground, is a fine spacious plot of five hundred feet by eight hundred, planted with trees, and guarded from all outrage. It affords many an affecting, solemn, instructive lesson. One walks amongst the monuments of those who were once gay, and learned, and skilful, and eager, and successful as ourselves; and who thought as little of death as most of those do who stop to number their graves. A brief space of thirty years sweeps off an entire generation, and levels all the momentary distinctions of life. Happy they who so number their days, as to apply their hearts unto wisdom! As I returned to our hotel, I visited the remains of the arsenal, which was burnt down in the siege of 1793. Our physician tells me, the scenes of that period were terrific; he really trembled when he began to talk of it. No wonder Bonaparte was hailed as the deliverer from its horrors. I am struck in passing through the streets near the churches, to see women with stalls selling pictures as offerings to the Virgin; this marks the popular taste for superstition, which is reviving; and is a most unfavorable symptom.

Saturday evening, 10 *o'clock*.—My dearest wife, with my son and daughter, arrived at eight o'clock this evening; all in perfect health, through God's great goodness: I never saw them look so well. Daniel reached Geneva at three o'clock on Wednesday; went the next day to Lausanne, settled every thing there, set off in our other voiture with post-horses on Friday (yesterday) morning, and arrived here safely this evening, after a journey of one hundred and thirty miles. It is quite delightful to me to see them all again in such health and comfort. Ann has brought me three letters from you; one dated July 9th, from Cologne; the second, August 21st; and the third, Sept. 8th: this makes the series complete. The varied information they contain interests me beyond expression.

The death of my dearest brother and friend Arnott* wounds me to the heart. What a loss to his family and his parishes! But what a happy Christian death! I am bereaved of a friend not to be replaced; a friend, whose advice, piety, and judgment, were only equalled by his sincerity and tenderness. His sudden departure overwhelms me. He was ten years younger than myself, and died, it seems, after an illness of only a few days. He had been, from his earliest childhood, remarkable for piety. His studies at the University were diligent and successful, and directed to the highest ends. During the time that he was curate at St. John's, his conscientious activity in every branch of his duties was most exemplary. He left me about ten years back, on obtaining a small living in Sussex. Here his wisdom, spirituality of mind, compassion to the poor, friendliness and devoted zeal, connected with the faithful preaching of the holy truths of the Gospel, gave him such an influence, that he was beloved and honored by all his parishioners. It had been his practice from his youth to read the entire Bible through every year—an admirable trait, and quite characteristic of the man. The clergyman who attended his dying bed, has sent me a most interesting account of the last scenes. Undisturbed, calm, resigned, with a meek reliance on the merits of his Saviour, and anticipating with sacred pleasure the joy and holiness of heaven, he fell asleep in Christ.

Sunday morning, Sept. 28th.—Thank God, we have all had a peaceful night. This is my fifteenth Sunday of entire silence and rest from the composition and delivery of sermons. I attribute my present change of health, under God, to this cessation from labor. But it is painful to me. My Sundays are my grief and burden. The sudden call of my dear Arnott fills me with solemn anticipations of my own account, so soon to be rendered at the bar of Christ my Saviour. I beg the earnest prayers of all my friends, that I may be enabled to "walk humbly with my God;" and at length "finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." My gratitude in having all my dear family well and comfortable around me, is great.

Yours,

D. W.

* The Rev. Samuel Arnott, perpetual curate of Eastbourne, near Midhurst.

NOTICE OF A CHAMBERRY PEASANT.

As the impression I received of the religious state of Chamberry was unfavorable, I feel a peculiar pleasure in relating the following anecdote. Two English ladies were passing through a valley in the neighborhood of Chamberry a year or two back. They met a female peasant of an interesting appearance, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age. They engaged in conversation with her, and found she was in service, and had by her industry saved money enough to buy a cow, which she had presented to her parents. Upon turning the conversation towards religion, she took out a book in which was the following paper sealed in it, which her priest had given her. I add, though it is scarcely worth while, a translation, as the lines happen to be short.

Chrètien souviens tu que tu as aujourd'hui	Christian, remember that thou hast to-day
Un Dieu à glorifier,	A God to glorify,
Un Christ à imiter,	A Christ to imitate,
Tous les anges á honorer,	All the angels to honor,
Une ame à sauver,	A soul to save,
Un corps à mortifier,	A body to mortify,
Des vertus à demander,	Virtues to implore,
Des péchés à pleurer,	Sins to weep over,
Un paradis à gagner,	A paradise to gain,
Un enfer à éviter,	A hell to avoid,
Une eternité à méditer,	An eternity to meditate on,
Un temps á ménager,	Time to husband,
Un prochain à édifier,	A neighbor to edify,

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Un monde à apprehénder,	A world to fear,
Des demons à combattre	Devils to combat,
Des passions à abattre,	Passions to subdue,
Et, peut-être, la mort á souffrir,	And, perhaps, death to suffer,
Et le judgement à subir.	And judgment to undergo.

Upon further talking with her, she seemed really impressed with the importance of the truths contained in the paper, and to be endeavoring to practice them daily. I cannot describe the pleasure which such individual facts afford me. The load which weighs upon my mind when I reflect on the system of Popery, is sensibly lightened when I find that by a happy inconsistency (which is not confined to the Roman Catholic communion) the hearts and lives of many are so much better than their creed would lead one to expect. May God increase tne number!

NOTICE OF MARTYRS OF LYON.

Upon looking carefully into Milner's Ecclesiastical History, since I came home, I find there were two early persecutions of the Christians at Vienne and Lyon (neighboring French towns,) one about the year of our Lord 169, under the emperor Marcus Antoninus; the second under Septimus Severus, about the year 202. The first of these is best known, and the accounts in Milner refer to it. The scene of its cruel executions was the amphitheatre which I visited as I have above mentioned. The second is not so credibly attested, but at the same time may on the whole be believed to have taken place. The church of St. Irenée relates exclusively to it. Pothinus was bishop of Lyon during the first cruelties; he had been a disciple of the blessed Polycarp, the contemporary of the apostle John. He perished about the year 169, being upwards of ninety years of age; he had been sent, in all probability, by Polycarp from Smyrna to found these French churches; for the merchants of Smyrna and Lyon were the chief navigators of the Mediterranean sea. This could not be very long before the persecution burst out. He was accompanied in his apostolical labors by Irenæus, an Asiatic Greek also, who wrote the interesting and authentic account of the first acts of the martyrs, preserved by Eusebius, and given so well by Milner. Irenæus succeeded Pothinus as bishop, and suffered martyrdom in the persecution of 202.

In the first persecution of 169, the power of divine grace appeared little less than apostolical in the church of Lyon. The Christians were exposed not once only, but several times to the wild beasts in the very amphitheatre over which I walked—one day extraordinary of these brutal shows was given to the people, for the sake of exposing a great number of Christians. Some were previously led round the amphitheatre, a tablet being carried before them, simply with the words, "These are Christians;" for the term Christian was then used instead of arguments, just as the words Lollard, Puritan, Pietist, Methodist, Calvinist, Evangelical, Saint, &c. have since supplied its place. The Christians, if the beasts failed to destroy them, were placed in hot iron chairs. A most eminent female martyr, Blandina, was four several times tormented in the most savage manner. Once she was suspended from a stake in the form of a cross, and exposed as food to the wild beasts, none of whom however at that time touched her; on another day she was first scourged, then torn by the beasts in the amphitheatre, then placed in the scorching iron chair, and lastly, enclosed in a net and thrown to a bull, which having tossed her for some time, she breathed her last in the firm faith of Christ. Under all these sufferings the martyrs remained unmoved, yea, rejoiced in the name of the Lord Jesus, and were filled with the comforts of the Holy Ghost, and the hopes of a blessed resurrection. I really cannot divest my mind of the associations awakened by these affecting circumstances, connected with my visit to the very spot where they occurred.

The second persecution took place when Irenæus was bishop, in the year 202, about thirty or forty years after the first, and under the emperor Severus, who is generally thought to have been governor of Lyon during the preceding one. Our accounts of it are slender. Gregory of Tours and the ancient martyrologists inform us, "that after several torments Irenæus was put to death, and together with him almost all the Christians of that populous city, whose numbers could not be reckoned, so that the streets of Lyon flowed with the blood of Christians." Mr. Milner thinks this statement may be somewhat exaggerated: but he considers that there is no circumstance of improbability in the fact itself, and that the known cruelty of Severus, and his former connection with Lyon, gives to the persecution a strong degree of credibility. It is to this second persecution that the subterraneous church of St. Irenée, and the inscription concerning the nineteen thousand Christians, refers. Milner says nothing of the vestiges and records of these two fiery trials, still subsisting at Lyon. But I cannot help thinking they add some weight to facts already attested by the evidence which I have detailed. At least to my mind the connection is most instructive and affecting.

We find that about the year 250, the Gospel which had so gloriously begun in Lyon, was flourishing and diffusing itself in France. A bishop named Saturninus was then at Thoulouse. Several other churches had been founded, as at Tours, Arles, Narbonne, and Paris. The bishops of Thoulouse and Paris afterwards suffered for the faith of Christ; but they left churches, in all probability, very flourishing in piety. And France in general was blessed with the light of salvation.

I say nothing here of Peter Waldo, the celebrated Reformer, of Lyon, because he did not flourish till the twelfth century. But I cannot altogether omit the name of Agobard, archbishop of Lyon, in the ninth century, who wrote against the abuse of pictures and images, and boldly maintained that we ought not to worship any image of God, except that which is God himself, his eternal Son; and, that there is no other mediator between God and man, except Jesus Christ, both God and man—an early and clear testimony against Popish corruptions.

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LETTER XVI.

Lyon, September 28.—Geneva, October 6th, 1823.

Second Sunday at Lyon—Library—Hotel Dieu—Hotel de la Charite—Sick Family—Journey to Geneva—Professor of Lausanne—Perte du Rhone L'Ecluse—Ferney—Voltaire—Catholics at Geneva—Fine Walks—Translation of Scott—Satigny—Rejected Regent—Religious Doctrine—Plan of Central Switzerland—Cathedral—Library—English Clergy—Sunday at Geneva—Minister from Les Cevennes—Reglement—M. Simond's defence answered.

LYON, *Sept.* 28, 1823, *Sunday evening.*

MY DEAREST SISTER—Our sermon this morning, at the Protestant church was good; but not so simple and awakening as the vast concerns of eternity demand at the hand of the minister of the Gospel. I spoke, after service, to a respectable gentleman near me, who turned out to be a minister, the former pastor of a French Protestant church; for it is a curious thing, that after a certain age the Protestant clergy, though in the possession of all their powers, and in tolerably good health, retire, as no longer capable of exciting that effect which depends on powerful and energetic voice and action. This is quite shocking. It makes preaching a sort of rhetorical declamation, instead of the simple and authoritative manifestation of the truth of the Gospel. It commends itself to the taste, rather than the consciences of men. It relies on "the enticing words of man's wisdom," rather than the grace and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. In short, it "makes the Cross of Christ of none effect." This minister informed me there were five or six thousand Protestants in and about Lyon; and yet only one church, and one service in that church. There is a Bible Society which he tells me is not very flourishing. The government now is not favorable to the Protestants.

In the Catholic churches I could find out no sermon. I sent out a servant to inquire with much care; I also searched myself; but in vain. The interesting discourse of last Sunday, made me quite eager to hear a second. Thus, one hundred and seventy-five thousand souls were, I fear, without any public instruction to-day on the doctrine of salvation, except the few hundreds at the Protestant church. In fact, the Sabbath, which should be "our delight, holy of the Lord and honorable," is lost on the continent. When it is spoken of, it is called a fête or holy-day, indiscriminately with the nativity or assumption of the Virgin Mary; and these fêtes are the regular seasons of public processions, and celebrations. Nay, the newspapers, the theatres, &c., are actually suspended on St. Francis' day or the feast of the Virgin; but on the Sunday are regularly carried on, and more eagerly followed than ever. The Sunday is, in short, the day for shows, amusements, dissipation, vicious pleasures of every kind.

There are, of course, thousands in the Protestant churches who keep sacred this holy day, and rejoice in its blessed services as much as the most devout Englishman can do. In the Catholic church also there are doubtless many, many real servants of Christ who do the same. But speaking generally, the Sabbath is utterly lost on the continent—it is no longer the LORD'S DAY, but the day of the GOD OF THIS WORLD. A new reformation is wanted. The spirit of the martyrs of Lyon is extinct. May the same grace which formed that noble army in the early ages of Christianity, descend again on Lyon in these latter times! And may England avoid, as the most fatal of downfalls, the desecration of the holy Sabbath! Our Sunday travelling, Sunday visits, and above all, Sunday newspapers, terrify my mind. I cannot conceive how it is that the mere mask of loyalty and church principles, assumed by some of these demoralizing journals, should blind the judgment of any sincere Christian to their most pernicious tendency.—We have had our two private services. My heart is at St. John's.

Monday, September 29th.—I have but little to say to-day; indeed, my letters must, of necessity, become dull and uninteresting now we are all stationary in a town. My eldest son and I have visited this morning the public library, which contains one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, the largest provincial collection in France. It occupies a fine building on the right bank of the Rhone. We saw a part of a bomb which, in 1793, had been thrown by the mad revolutionists into the library. It penetrated a large globe; the part of the bomb, as well as the hole it made, remain unaltered.

We went next to L'Hôtel Dieu, an immense hospital, one of the honors and ornaments of France. It was first founded in the sixth century; the chief rooms are divided into four compartments, with an altar in the middle, from which the prayers may be heard by all the patients. There are eleven hundred beds, one hundred and fifty nurses, eight physicians, and a laboratory for medicines. The nurses are called "Les Sœurs de la Charité." They form a religious order, and entirely devote themselves to attendance on the sick in the hospital. They wear a dress of brown stuff—their crucifix hangs low from the neck—their whole appearance is clean and respectable. This is a religious body, like that at Great St. Bernard, really useful to the community; and it gives me sincere pleasure to recognize the fact. Would to God there were more such institutions as "the salt of the earth," amidst the corrupt mass of Popish errors! The front of the hospital facing the Rhone is magnificent, and is now nearly completed. The bedsteads of the patients are of iron, and every thing had the appearance of cleanliness and comfort.

The hospice de la Charité next attracted our curiosity; it is quite a separate thing from the former. It is a religious establishment, consisting of fifty sisters, and twenty brethren, de la Charité; these superintend the house, which receives three or four hundred old persons above the age of seventy, who are entirely supported, clothed, and fed in the hospice. It maintains also seven or eight thousand foundlings or orphan children, chiefly at nurseries in the country. It admits also *des filles enceintes*, for their lying-in. This part of the plan fills me with great apprehension as to its moral tendency. It seems to me to be a

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premium upon vice. The fearful numbers of exposed or foundling children is a mournful proof of degenerated morals; one thousand three hundred and eighty have been here received this year, that is in nine months; a large proportion, I should think, of all the births at Lyon.*

I am quite sure that the licensing and raising taxes from gambling houses, and other places of a profligate character, must directly tend to countenance and increase fatal immoralities. How infinitely preferable is the honest integrity of our English laws, which connive at no species of vice, much less attempt to raise taxes from the commission of gross crimes against society. The whole system must be rotten to the core to admit of this recognition and encouragement of the very worst evils. It is a still viler practice to suffer wretches stationed within houses of the most abandoned description, to be inviting passengers to enter, with a loud voice, and in the middle of the day. What a falling off, since the noble spirit of piety in this very town could induce so many thousands to die as martyrs for the name of the Lord Jesus! What a difference between the second and the nineteenth century! Then men were ready to suffer death rather than sin against God: now they tolerate the most open seductions to vice and iniquity.

Tuesday, one o'clock, noon.—A respectable Protestant minister residing at Lyon, called on me yesterday. I had a long conversation with him, in which he endeavored to excuse, though he could not defend, the règlement at Geneva. This morning I went and breakfasted with him and his wife and family; all amiable, obliging; but I should have rejoiced to have seen something more of the spirit of real Christianity. He had the finest collection of engravings of Swiss scenery that I have yet seen; and no wonder. When a youth, he ascended Mont Blanc with his father and M. De Saussure, in 1786. In the course of conversation he expressed great surprise at the state of Ireland—at our refusing the Catholics civil privileges—at our want of church room—at our neglect of the education of our poor—at the disturbances and riots in England. I made such answers as I could on these points. He informed me also of his intention of visiting London at the time of our great religious meetings. This is not the first occasion I have had to observe the many incidental but important benefits of our public anniversaries. They attract the regard of foreigners; and are the means of encouraging or kindling a spirit of piety in those who attend them at first chiefly from curiosity!

Before I left him, he requested me to visit an English family in his neighborhood which had just lost its father. I went. I found a widow and four grown-up daughters. What was my astonishment to discover, after a while, that it was a family who had lived in the very house in which I was born, in London! They have been three years at Lyon. They are extremely well spoken of. The father died yesterday afternoon. The visit, though short, seemed much to relieve them. Thus, in a foreign land, some little duties of charity present themselves to those who are willing to perform them. If God had pleased, the affliction and death might have been in my own house! My son Daniel is to attend the funeral for me to-morrow; for I am obliged to go off, for a few days, to Geneva, about Scott's Bible. I should have gone last week, if my son's illness had not prevented me. My friends are waiting to hold the promised meeting. I intend rejoining my family on Tuesday at Dijon, on the way to Paris.

Geneva, 116 miles from Lyon, Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock, Oct. 1, 1823.—I set off in the mail from Lyon at three yesterday afternoon, and arrived here at half past three this afternoon. This said mail coach is a heavy, lumbering carriage, with an infinity of luggage, travelling four miles and three quarters in the hour. I was in the cabriolet, a sort of outside seat, in front of the carriage, with the prolonged roof of the coach to cover me, and a good leather to draw up in front; so that I paid the same as for an inside place, (twenty-two francs, about seventeen shillings for 116 miles.) The evening and night were warm and fine, and the morning was charming. The country which we passed before night-fall was beautiful, on the banks of the Rhone, which you remember flows from Geneva to Lyon. We had supper at ten o'clock, at Pont d'Ain, and I actually dozed and slept all the night afterwards, and a good part of to-day.

We breakfasted at Bellegarde at eight, and walked to see what is called La Perte du Rhone —the Loss of the Rhone; a most curious phenomenon. The Rhone flows majestically from Geneva, in a bed of two or three hundred feet, till it reaches a defile between the mountains Jura and Vouache, where it has only from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet width. The rocks then become narrower and narrower, till such huge and insuperable masses present themselves, that the river, unable to break through them, has made itself a passage underneath. The Rhone disappears for sixty feet. Its breadth at this point is about fifteen feet. It then rises again, and soon resumes its noble tide. I never saw any thing at all resembling it: you stand upon the bridge, and view on one side of it the fine river flowing along; and on the other side, where you expect it to continue its course, there is nothing to be seen but a bed of rocks perfectly dry. The fact is, the river engulphs itself under the ruins of the masses fallen from the neighboring mountains; so that you may go down by a ladder and examine the vast defile, the walls of which are 150 feet deep. At the point where the rocks first narrow themselves a strong fort is built, L'Ecluse, between the mountains Jura and Vouache, which Julius Cæsar described one thousand eight hundred years ago.*

* The moral state of the population of Paris is not better. I observe in the statistical tables of that city, that out of 27,070 births in the year 1823, 9,806 were of natural children, being rather more than a THIRD part of the total number. The union of misery with vice may be inferred from the fact, that as nearly as possible, the same proportion of persons died in the public hospitals of that city; i. e. 8,227 out of a total of 24,500.

* Iter angustum et difficile inter Montem Jura et flumen Rhodanum, vix qua singulares curri ducerentur. De Bell. Gall. l. i. c. 6.

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It is the only entrance into France from the French part of Switzerland.

As we drew near Geneva we passed Ferney, and I ran up to see the château where Voltaire lived, and the church which, in hypocrisy the most detestable, he built near it. The church is low and mean, the shelving roof reaching almost to the ground. It is inscribed to Almighty God. The usual sort of crucifix is within. Still it was something for Christianity to have forced such a man to acknowledge in any way her importance and truth.

One of the first effects of the revival of true religion, or even of sound learning, in France, I should think, would be to lower the credit of this profligate, crafty, superficial, ignorant, incorrect writer. What plea can the poignancy of wit, or the force of satire, or the talent of ridicule, or the possession of a fascinating style, or the power of brilliant description, or an extensive superficial knowledge of sciences, or an affected humanity on a few popular occasions, form, in a Christian country, for a man who employed them all, with a bitterness and ferocity of mind amounting almost to madness, against the Christian religion and the person of the Saviour? It is an unhappy circumstance that the present French government has mingled party politics with his name, and thus attached a new popularity to his impious works. Twenty years ago he was comparatively forgotten. No new edition of his writings was thought of. At the restoration, in 1814, his tomb was disturbed, and indignities offered to his remains. The consequence of this ill-judged and petty revenge has been, that ten or more large editions of his works have been sold since; some of them in the form of small pamphlets, by a weekly publication, for the cottages of the poor.*

* When I arrived at Paris, one of the first things I heard was, that a Bible Society had been formed at Ferney, chiefly by the aid of the baron de Stael. What a noble triumph for Christianity over the most daring infidelity!

It is delightful for me to be able to add, that a Protestant church is about to be built at Ferney; and that so little have the principles of Voltaire succeeded in permanently effacing the memory of Christianity from the minds of men, even in his own village, that a contest is likely to arise amongst the two great bodies of Christians in France, as to which shall have the honor of raising a second edifice there for the purposes of public worship in the name of Jesus Christ the Lord. I give the following extract with peculiar feelings of joy. The patronage of the French government is a most gratifying circumstance indeed.

"It is intended to erect a Protestant church at Ferney, which will be at the same time a monument of the triumph of Christian principles, and of the progress of religious liberty. The French government has granted one hundred Napoleons for that purpose. The king of the Netherlands has given a donation of fifty Napoleons, to promote the object.

"Since it has been announced that a Protestant church is in progress, the Roman Catholics have determined to erect a splendid structure there; and it is greatly to be feared that the completion of the Catholic church will reproach the tardiness and indifference of Protestants in affording the means of completing the yet unfinished erection designed for the Protestant worship."

I am now at Geneva, for the purpose of inquiring after the translation of Scott. It is quite painful to me to be thus separated so often from my dear family; but circumstances of duty render it indispensable. Before I finish to-night, tired as I am, I must tell you what peculiarly agreeable companions I had on the road; a professor of divinity at Lausanne, a great friend of the Bible Society, and his family. We soon became acquainted, and had a great deal of interesting conversation. I tried to do some good to a pious, but apparently timid man. It was an occasion, which I endeavored to use to the very best of my judgment, especially in the way of removing prejudice and stimulating to zeal. I could not but observe the marked respect which he paid to our English episcopal church. Indeed I have often noticed that the most enlightened and best informed ministers of the foreign reformed churches, have no dislike to the episcopal model; but, on the contrary, prefer it to their own, as more scriptural in itself, and as clearly supported by antiquity from the very age of the apostles. One most pious minister told me, that he believed if Calvin and Beza had adopted the wise and moderate course of our English Reformers, on these points, the whole of France would have been Protestant. In fact, I think it is now admitted generally by the most competent judges, that the violent rejection of the ancient ecclesiastical government by bishops, and an eager interference in secular disputes and affairs appertaining to the state, were amongst the chief external hindrances to the progress of the Reformation. But I must really wish you good night.

Geneva, Thursday, October 2, three o'clock.—Thank God I slept twelve hours last night.—This morning I have been walking about the town, partly on the affair of the translation, and partly to obtain further information as to the moral and religious habits of the town. In passing along the streets, I observed a procession of Catholic priests, and followed them into the Catholic church. They were celebrating mass for the repose of the soul of the late Pope. An immense kind of tomb was erected in the middle of the church, with inscriptions on each side, and bougies lighted all around. Printed papers were given about in the church, with a copy of the inscriptions, and an extract from an artful seductive letter, of the late Pope, relative to the Genevese.

One of the inscriptions was the famous text, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;"—quite forgetting, or perverting, the whole scope of the passage;—for every candid reader sees that our Lord spoke of Peter, not personally, but instrumentally, as confessing the deity and mediation of Christ, and about to preach this for the conversion of mankind; and that those can claim the promise, and those only, in each succeeding age, who answer to the character to which it was made. But any thing serves for a pretext where the holy Scriptures are unknown. What most struck me was, to see this in the heart and centre of a Protestant city. It was, however, the French who first compelled the Genevese to admit the Catholics.

In coming from Lyon to Geneva, I noticed that the postillions and common people rather ri-

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diculed the priests than otherwise. At dinner today, at the table-d'hôte, I met three French gentlemen, pretty well informed; Bonaparte was the topic of their admiration; they also much praised England for the unity which animated it the moment any common danger threatened; this formed, in their view, the greatness of our nation.—The environs of Geneva are very fine. I walked today, on the bastion, or promenade of the Rhone, at the end of which there is a charming view of the lake and adjoining country. La Treille is another beautiful promenade of a similar kind. But the town itself is crowded and mean, except the upper streets and buildings on the summit of the hill, which are noble and handsome. The weather is cold—a good deal of snow fell last night on the Jura, over which I passed on Tuesday; and on Mount St. Bernard, I understand, it lies four feet deep, with so strong a wind as almost to carry away the traveller.

Eight o'clock.—I have had a meeting with the translators of Scott, and have been delighted. All is going on well. The chief translator has a secretary to copy the manuscript—every thing promises that St. Matthew will be ready for the press in a few months. I was introduced to a French minister of Hamburgh, of rare talents, and as rare piety, who will, I trust, help me. I shall, however, have enough to do, both here and at Paris, to arrange details. As I went to the meeting, I called on a gentleman to whom I had an introduction. I was grieved at the spirit of prejudice and bigotry which he showed against all sorts of evangelical truth—a harsh, violent, unpracticable man—confessedly a Socinian in principle. He really frightened me by his fierce attack on spiritual religion. What a blessing to have been educated in sounder views of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and to have some hope that we know and love that Saviour in sincerity of heart! If any thing can be wrong, it must be that unrelenting proud spirit which aims at dishonoring the Lord Jesus—to exalt whom, in his deity and atonement, was the great scope of the apostolic writers.

I forgot to say, that my friend, the professor of Lausanne, told me that he had distributed near eight thousand Bibles in his canton, and finds that six thousand more will be wanted, in order to supply the whole deficiency; he has also nearly raised a fund, the interest of which will supply the poor of the canton de Vaud with Bibles in perpetuity. How much solid good may one man do, and a man who, in some respects, may be deemed too fearful; and what a public benefit is the Bible Society, to present a suitable object to such a man; and what a seed of future blessings does the permanent circulation of Bibles in a whole canton, cast in the earth, as it were, and leave there to vegetate, and to produce, by the grace of God, in after years, an abundant harvest!

Friday evening, half-past nine, October 3.—This morning, at nine, I accompanied some pious friends to Satigny, about six miles from Geneva. The morning was wet; but the ride was through a fine country. Satigny contains about one thousand two hundred souls; towards whom the minister I went to visit is a true shepherd. We had a little committee for four hours on the affair of Scott's Bible. My friend from Hamburgh has agreed to undertake the translation of Milner's Church History, and thus relieve my chief translator of a work for which he was engaged, and leave him at liberty to devote himself to Scott.

We returned from Satigny about four, and as soon as I had dined, I went to hear an excellent minister, who was some time since removed from his office in the college at Geneva on account of his evangelical sentiments. I was pleased. His manner was so pathetic, so calm, so persuasive, and his matter, upon the whole, so edifying, that I have scarcely heard any thing like it since I left London. He is a valuable man, a deeply pious, spiritually-minded Christian, and a preacher of first-rate powers: there is an inexpressible unction in all he delivers. Still his doctrine is a little too high, in my opinion, to be quite scriptural or safe in the long run; he does not sufficiently unite the perceptive and cautionary parts of Holy Writ with the consolatory and elevating—a fault not important in a single discourse, but momentous as extending over the whole system of a minister's instructions; and more especially if he stand almost alone, or be watched and suspected by his superiors in the church, or attract particular observation on account of the difficulties of his situation.

It is one thing to preach the fall of man, his impotency and ruin, justification by faith only adoption, salvation by grace, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, the joy and comfort of communion with our heavenly Father, the merciful will of God in our election and in the power and grace which preserves to everlasting life—in connection with the warnings, alarms, cautions, threatenings, precepts, and general commands of God, as they lie in Holy Scripture: and to preach these doctrines without such authoritative and indispensable accompaniments. The two things are quite distinct. The one produces the real fruits of holy consistent love and obedience; the other is most defective in this important respect, as well as in many others. In short, the one is scriptural, unerring truth; the other a human, fallible system. I am sure the Reformers well understood this distinction. It is quite surprising to observe the wisdom and moderation of their writings. It was not their manner to push any one particular doctrine to excess, much less to exclude the practical parts of Christianity. Let any one read the publications of Luther or Melancthon, Calvin, or Beza, Zuingle or Bullinger, Cranmer or Jewel—especially let him peruse the Book of Homilies of the church of England, and he will be convinced of what I say. In fact, one of the sorest causes of grief to these holy men was the appearance, from time to time, of indiscreet and unscriptural teachers in the Protestant bodies, who "drew away disciples after them."

Still the sermon, which has drawn forth all these remarks, did me good. I passed over what I thought less scriptural; and was edified, animated, cheered by the general tenor of the address. Whilst I was with my friend and translator, I looked for a minute into Milner's History, and found, to my delight, that the martyrs at Lyon were amongst the most holy of the primitive Christians. I now look back on Lyon, its amphi-

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theatre, its subterraneous church, &c. with double interest.

I forgot to say that the king of the Netherlands has begun to appoint the ministers to the Protestant churches, when they are vacant; because the dissensions and animosities occasioned by the elections threw the towns into confusion. This right the king has just claimed, as I am informed, without asking any one's leave. Our king's prerogative of nominating bishops and deans was derived from a different source. The Reformation placed it in his hands when the supremacy of Rome was disavowed. But the chapters of cathedrals, I suppose, originally lost the choice from similar mischiefs. Popular elections in the church are the worst of all evils. In England all these appointments pass through the hands of the known and responsible ministers of the crown, which secures many of the ends of a free election without its attendant inconveniences. May the grace of God descend on our happy country, and sway public opinion more and more on matters of religion; and our sees will be proportionally adorned with primitive and appostolical pastors.

I observe everywhere a certain jealousy of England in the breasts of the people abroad, and even of some good people. This feeling probably would not exist to the degree it does, if English travellers conducted themselves with sound judgment, discretion, and Christian affection. Even now there are many thousand continental Christians who feel and express the sincerest love and the strongest attachment to their British brethren. Still I shall need much prudence in managing the translation of Scott, and obtaining an entrance for it amongst the great body of Protestants all over the continent who speak or read French—for my object is nothing less. The English and French languages divide the civilized world. I see clearly that the project could only be safely trusted to private hands; a public society would not only spoil the work as a literary performance, but excite additional distrust and suspicion under the present circumstances of the continent.

Saturday evening, nine o'clock, October 4.—I have had a very long, interesting, and instructive day. I have been out ten hours visiting the town. The views from Geneva—for here I must begin my story—are most beautiful. From the fortifications, you behold on all sides a fruitful and variegated country; with the Alps and nearer forcground of mountains covered with snow. I sat for a minute on a bench, about three o'clock, just out of the town, and I could not help quite breaking out into exclamations of surprise at the enchanting prospect around me. I took a boat afterwards, and rowed (for the last time) on this lovely lake. I was more delighted, if possible, than ever. But I must really cease to talk of my impressions of Swiss scenery. I am, perhaps, more enthusiastic on this subject just now, because I have seen to-day an admirable model of the greater part of my Swiss tour. It was twenty-six feet long by eighteen. The scale was small, Mont Blanc being only eleven inches high, instead of fifteen thousand five hundred and thirty feet; but it was quite sufficient to recal all my feelings of pleasure. It included Geneva on one side, and the Grimsel, Furca, Lucern, &c. on the others. I believe I told you that I saw a similar model of the centre of Switzerland, at Lucern, by general Pfyffer.

The next object I must mention is the Cathedral, a fine, spacious, unadorned building, with benches only (like all the Reformed churches,) and the names of each proprietor pasted on the back of his seat. It contains the tomb of Henry Duc de Rohan the chief of the Protestant party in France, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the time of the Romans, a temple of the sun stood on the spot. The noble reformers and divines of Geneva who had preached there two or three centuries back, came forcibly to my recollection, as I walked through the solemn aisles—Farell—Viret—Calvin—Beza—Turretin, &c. For after all, it is not the buildings but the men who filled them, and preached the Gospel of Christ to a lost world, which gives the real interest, and excites the warmest and most grateful associations of thought in such visits.

I visited after this the public library of fifty thousand volumes, which is open to all the city. It is curious to learn that haberdashers, tailors, watchmakers, pastry-cooks, carpenters, porters, journeymen, citizens of every class flock every Tuesday to receive or change their books—four hundred persons of the common people on an average; and that they take out, not merely books of amusement, but of history, philosophy, theology. Accordingly most persons here are *savans*. Indeed, ever since the period of the Reformation, the sciences, the arts, and industry have flourished here exceedingly. There is no city in Europe which has produced so great a number of illustrious writers, in proportion to its population; there is none where ease and independence have so much reigned; and where knowledge has been so generally diffused. Even now extraodinary care is paid to education; and though its incorporation with France for sixteen years must, in various ways, have been injurious to it, yet it retains still the habits of a small and free town. The effect of all this on real religion and on the moral habits of the people; especially since the infection of infidel principles has tainted it; cannot be doubted—the pride of half-learning is a most dangerous thing in every view, and most of all as it respects a real submission of the understanding and heart to the doctrines and grace of the Gospel.—I speak of course generally.

Amongst the curiosities of the library, I give the first place to Calvin's sermons and letters, which I venerated, though I could not decipher his hand-writing—it is the most perplexed of any I have seen; that of Farell and Viret, his fellow-reformers, is much more intelligible. I forgot to say that I saw the spot where these reformers first preached at Geneva. A letter of our Sir Isaac Newton pleased me in another view. There were collections also of the letters of Beza and Bullinger. A volume of St. Austin's homilies, on papyrus, of the sixth century, was curious. A copy of Cicero de Officiis, printed at Mentz, in 1465, just after the invention of printing, had a notice at the end, boasting that the work had not been done with the pen, nor with ink, but accomplished by a certain *magnificent art newly discovered*. What

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immense progress has that art since made—what an engine of good and of evil is the press become in every free state! A noble copy of the vulgate of the eighth century contained the disputed passage, 1 John v. 8, 9. A book of Philip le Bel, of the year 1314, was on boards of wood, covered with black wax, and written with a stylus or iron pen.

Let me now mention some of the persons whom I have seen to-day. I have been introduced to several of the professors and pastors. One allowed me to talk with him freely. He was complaining of the new dissidents from the national Genevese church. I told him, the only way to keep a church united was to preach plainly and simply the Gospel of Christ; that if this was not done at Geneva, the dissensions would increase more and more. He replied, that during the last century, Voltaire was read by every shop-boy; and that the clergy, to keep the people Christians, confined themselves to moral topics merely; now, however, the clergy were beginning to preach the Gospel, because the times required it. I observed upon this, that the Gospel was the same in every age, and that truth and duty, not fashion, were the rule of a minister's conduct. I added, that though I did not myself, in every particular, agree with Calvin, yet on the points of the proper and supreme deity of Christ, the propitiation of his death, the fall of man, justification by faith, the influences of the Holy Spirit, and good works as the fruit of faith, I fully accorded with him; and that the first men in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and all the English clergy (twelve thousand or more in number,) agreed with me in the main as to these doctrines, though many would, undoubtedly, differ from me as to the particular manner of preaching and applying them. He received all I said with perfect good temper.

I have not time to-night (for it is half-past ten) to tell you of several other interviews; I will only say, I sat an hour in the evening with my friend from Hamburgh, who delighted me with an account of the revival of religion at that place—an impression made in the town—numbers coverted —several young ministers raised up. My heart was rejoiced. The Gospel, wherever it is truly preached, is still "the power of God to salvation." Let us pray more fervently for the attendant grace of the Holy Spirit, and ministers will not be wanting to preach, nor congregations to hear and receive this blessed revelation of mercy.

Sunday afternoon, three o'clock, Oct. 5.—I went this morning at ten, to hear a celebrated preacher of this town. I was grieved. Talent mis-employed, zeal wasted, arguments false or insufficient—all fundamentally wrong. A sermon on affliction, leaving out almost all the main topics, and grossly mistaking others. The church was full—congregation attentive—delivery good—matter ably arranged—all right, except the entire doctrine of the discourse. This was far more deficiently and erroneously treated than in the Catholic sermons at Martigny and Lyon. A Socinian might have preached it. After the sermon, I had a conference with a pious, amiable, aged minister, who mourns over the state of religion here, and prays and hopes for a gradual improvement in the body of pastors. He tells me, that subscription to the Helvetic confession, which resembles our thirty-nine articles, was abolished about a hundred years since, by the council of state, in consequence of the vehement disputes of the pastors amongst themselves; that the catechism was set aside in 1788; and that the Règlement followed in 1817.

At twelve o'clock I went to the hospital, and heard an excellent sermon from an English clergyman. It did me good. The matter of it was as much superior to that which I had heard earlier in the morning, as the manner, composition, and delivery, were inferior. The contrast was striking; the French sermon, able, well-arranged, forcible—delivered with the whole soul of the preacher; the English, feeble, unimpressive—delivered with the indifference of a school-boy. I am far from supposing my fellow-countryman was aware of this; indeed I am persuaded he was not; but I state the impression as it was made on my mind at the time. The minister of the Gospel has not only to deliver certain truths, but to deliver them with solemnity, the earnestness, the affection, the force necessary to arrest the consciences and touch the hearts of men. Sermons carelessly or tamely delivered will never arouse a sleeping world.

At two o'clock, I attended another of the pastors—a pleasing sermon, on the omniscience and omnipresence of God; nothing contrary to sound doctrine—rather agreeable to it. Thus far, then, have I gone in my sixteenth silent Sunday. My dear family arrived, as I hope, at Dijon from Lyon, last night; there I shall rejoice to meet them on Tuesday, that we may proceed on to Paris together, and return to dear, dear England.

Sunday evening, 10 *o'clock.*—I have spent a most delightful evening at one of the professors' of the University. We had family devotion.—During the course of it arrived a French Protestant minister, from the Cevennes Mountains, in the department of the Garde, remarkable as the retreat of the Protestants in the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the persecution of Louis XIV. Our host, when he had ended his own prayer, asked his new guest to pray, and then me; so that a minister of the Swiss, French, and English churches, prayed in succession. I trust it was truly in the spirit of what our creed calls, "The communion of saints." We had then an hour and a half of most edifying conversation—quite delightful. The French minister complained loudly of the indiscretion of friends in England, in addressing, a few years ago, circular letters to the Protestant ministers of La Garde, to inquire whether they were persecuted, &c. The Préfet of his department was extremely angry, and asked, what the English would have said if French priests had sent circular letters to the Catholics of Ireland, with similar inquiries?

He told me a circumstance that is very interesting: at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, when Louis XIV persecuted the Protestants of the Cevennes with his Dragonnades, he pulled down their churches to build forts: and now within a few years, (since Bonaparte gave liberty to the Protestants) some of these forts have been destroyed, in return, to build churches. Surely a retributive Providence rules the world

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and is at times visibly apparent; persecution, especially, seems to be visited and avenged by the righteous dispensations of the Most High. This French minister from the sequestered mountains of Cevennes charmed me—such piety, talent, vivacity, simplicity, joined with an original creative genius, that he quite arrested me. He has left that same sort of powerful impression on my mind, which my dear friends, the French minister at Franckfort, and M. Wyttenbach at Bern, in different ways, did. But I must absolutely close—the coach starts at half-past four in the morning. Adieu.

Monday morning, half-past four.—At Geneva still, just going off for Dijon. Farewell Switzerland! Morning cold, dark, and miserable.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

NOTICE ON THE REGLEMENT OF GENEVA.

This Règlement of the church of Geneva, which was issued in may 1817, and which prohibits the clergy from inculcating fully and explicitly the divinity of Christ, original sin, grace, and predestination, is one of the most afflictive circumstances which has occurred in any Protestant church since the reformation. The open persecution at Lausanne I have already ventured to notice with the indignation which I conceive it merits. There, however, the great articles of Christian truth are not directly attacked. The doctrine of the church remains untouched—the confession, the liturgy, the other formularies of the Reformation survive. The sword of intolerance is, indeed, absurdly and wickedly drawn against those who infringe on the ecclesiastical discipline of the canton. But the true faith may be preached without interruption within the pale of that establishment. No doctrines are there proscribed. But at Geneva, persecution is united with an open departure in the church itself, from the first principles of the Gospel; the very foundations of Christianity are dug up—the wells of salvation corrupted and poisoned.

A labored apology for the Règlement has been attempted by M. Simond, in his late acute and able work on Switzerland. He does not, indeed, scruple to regret that it was issued; but the main purport of his remarks is to show, that it was necessary to preserve the peace of the church, and that the ministers of Geneva have done right in not prolonging fruitless debates after fourteen centuries of contention.

This apology is exactly agreeable to the indifference as to religious opinions, which is so fashionable in the present day. But the real question is, whether any body of ministers have a right to alter, conceal, or check the full and fair development of the great truths of revelation, on the plea of preserving peace. Are not the doctrines of the deity and propitiation of the Son of God, of the lost and fallen condition of man, of the necessity of efficacious grace to the conversion of the heart from sin to holiness, and of the ascription of all we receive and hope for to the mercy of God, the very sum and substance of the Christian religion? And though the doctrine of the divine will in predestination be not a tenet equally fundamental, yet it is confessedly found in the Holy Scriptures, and is avowed and expounded in most of the Protestant confessions. The Seventeenth Article of the English church is expressly on this topic. As to the other three prohibited doctrines, I would ask, What is the great mystery of godliness, but "God manifest in the flesh?" What the great proclamation of the Gospel itself, but that "God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself?" What the great charge brought against the human race, but that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," that "by one man sin entered into the world," that we "are all by nature children of wrath," and that it is "God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure?" What is the main summary of the whole scheme of revelation, but that "by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast; for ye are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that ye should walk in them?" And what was the chief glory of the Reformation, but to have brought again these truths to light, and made them the subjects of public instruction?

It is true, disputes and controversies have, through the infirmity of man, arisen in various ages, on questions connected with these sublime mysteries. But are there not abundant remedies for such evils provided in the precepts and narratives of the New Testament, and especially in the Epistles of St. Paul? Was it ever imagined, that the remedy of such debates was the annihilation of the whole Gospel itself? Did St. Paul, on account of the dissentions at Corinth, cease to preach "Jesus Christ, and him crucified?" When the Galatians disputed so as even to "devour one another," did he not the more solemnly inculcate the Gospel which he had first delivered? And with regard to peace in the particular church of Geneva, did not the Règlement of June 1, 1725, as M. Simond acknowledges, require the moderator to charge those who are admitted into the sacred ministry "not to treat in the pulpit of any curious and useless topics, which might disturb the peace of the church;" whilst he nevertheless engaged them to "maintain the doctrine of the holy apostles and prophets, as it is contained in the books of the Old and New Testament, of which doctrine they had a summary in their Catechism?" Why was this formula, which was stripped of its last clause in 1788, not restored, as the most natural and authoritative expedient for preserving peace?

M. Simond says, with a sort of triumph, that the ministers are only forbidden to preach on these four proscribed topics controversially. But were the excellent discourses of the Regent, in 1818, on the fall of the faithful, and on the faith which saves, controversial? Can any discourses be more simple, more practical, more solid, more affecting? Why then were the pulpits of Geneva closed against him? Or were the private instructions he gave the children of his class polemical, or contrary to the peace of the church? Why then was he dismissed arbitrarily from his office, and cast with his wife and children upon the wide world?

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M. Simond draws an extravagant portrait of the sentiments which he is pleased to denominate methodistical, as maintained at Geneva. It is not my province to defend every particular sentiment or proceeding into which pious persons, under an unjust and intolerant inquisition, may have fallen. Nothing can be more unfair than to lay hold on the mistakes or infirmities of those who are the objects of persecution, as a palliation of such persecution itself. Supposing these errors to be tenfold greater than they have been alleged to be by their bitterest enemies, no reasonable man can doubt that the pious Regent above referred to, and the other students at Geneva, were silenced and deprived of their rights, not on account of those indiscretions, but because they held the doctrines of Farell, and Viret, and Calvin, and Beza, and all the Reformers on the fundamental tenets of the glorious Gospel; because they believed and professed the mystery of the eternal Trinity, the divinity and atonement of the Son of God, the fall and corruption of man, and his incapacity for any thing spiritually good without the operation of divine grace; and the ascription of salvation from first to last to the undeserved mercy of God in Christ Jesus—those mysteries within which all the truth, and holiness, and consolation of genuine Christianity lie, and which, when they are excluded, no single instance can be produced of any real progress made in Christian piety and virtue.

But M. Simond enumerates, with much complacency, the doctrines which the ministers of Geneva are still allowed to preach—the providence of God, the resurrection of the dead, the last judgment, the necessity of a divine revelation, &c. &c.; and concludes by assuring us, that it is the chef-d'œuvre of theology to make revealed agree with natural religion—the very Deism this, colored over with Christianity, which marks the fatal fall which I am deploring in the church of Geneva. For what are these doctrines, if separated from the great sacrifice of an Incarnate Saviour, and the efficacious operations of the Eternal Spirit, but a mockery of man's misery? Where is pardon, where adoption, where peace of conscience, where regeneration and conversion, where holy love to a dying and glorified Saviour, where the influences of grace, where the springs of obedience and mortification of sin, which are all necessary in order to meet with comfort this awful resurrection and the judgment of the last day? Better, far better that the delusive peace of the Genevese church should be troubled, than that all the souls committed to its care should perish in ignorance of the life-giving truths of salvation. Indeed real peace in a church can be obtained by no such methods. The way to that great blessing is, by the humble, faithful preaching of the Gospel in all its fulness, as it was delivered to us by the apostles and evangelists, and re-asserted by the Reformers and Martyrs—then would a meek and docile temper be framed, and all the holy fruits of obedience cultivated, in those who received the grace of the Saviour; and thus peace would flourish and abound.

I speak the more warmly on this subject, because Geneva furnishes many of the Protestant churches in every part of Europe with young pastors. The doctrines of her once celebrated university are preached at Paris and Lyon, at Brussels and Hamburgh, at London and St. Petersburgh. Let us pray, then, that divine truth may again revive amongst her ministers, pastors, and professors. Voltaire and Rousseau have passed away. The mischievous and poisonous influence of their writings is rapidly diminishing. They live no longer to feed a prurient curiosity with a succession of impious and licentious productions. Let us hope, then, that sound learning and sound theology may gradually revive. Surely the pastors of Geneva must hear sometimes of the grief and consternation which fill Protestant Europe at their fall. Surely they must feel the cutting reproaches of Roman Catholics, and even of infidels, on their inconsistent and unmanly conduct as professors of the religion of Christ.* Surely they must observe in the incipient dissenting bodies springing up in the bosom of their republic, and will probably increase till the true doctrine is again preached in the churches, that neither peace nor unity can be attained on their present plan. Surely that part at least of the ministers and students whose prejudices are less fixed, must see, in the daily accounts of the progress of religion in every part of the world by the name of the Lord Jesus, that there is a reality in the Gospel, a power, an efficacy from on high, which attends the humble preaching of the doctrines of grace, to which no other scheme of religion can pretend.

May the time be hastened, when Geneva, having "repented and done her first works," shall again resume her rank amongst the Reformed churches, and become once more the favorite university of continental Europe! The small number of her pastors (about thirty or forty) may make a return comparatively easy. Already some favorable appearances present themselves. I had the pleasure of seeing myself several pastors who were imbued with the genuine love of a crucified Saviour, and I heard of others who still "hold the HEAD." In the meantime, let it be the care of those who are "suffering for righteousness' sake" to walk circumspectly, to study the meek and passive character of the primitive Christians when under persecution, to imbibe the eminent spirit of wisdom and humility which adorned the Reformers of the Swiss churches, and which was more remarkable than even their fortitude or zeal; and, above all, to "take heed to THE DOCTRINE" which they preach, that it be "sound speech that cannot be condemned"—that they dwell chiefly on great and necessary truths—that they avoid matters of

* M. Simond quotes Rousseau as saying, with much truth, "People ask the ministers of the church of Geneva, if Jesus Christ is God. They dare not reply. A philosopher casts a rapid look on them. He penetrates them, he sees them to be Arians, Socinians, Deists; he says this, with the idea of doing them honor. Immediately they assemble in alarm and terror, they discuss, they are agitated, they know not on what saint to call, and after a variety of consultations, deliberations, conferences, all ends in an equivoque in which they neither say yes nor no. O Genevese, your ministers are truly singular persons; people know not what they believe, nor what they do not believe! One knows not even what they pretend to believe; their only manner of establishing their faith is by attacking that of others."

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confessed difficulty or inferior moment, however scriptural, in their view, they may be—or that, at all events, they treat such points with the reserve which the Apostles constantly exhibit—and that thus they "show themselves to be workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."*

LETTER XVII.

Poligny, Oct. 7, 1823.—*Paris, Oct.* 11, 1823.

Nyon—Calvin and Fletcher—Catholic Lady—Conversation on Popery—Geneva—Prohibited Books—Auxonne—Irish Catholics—Dijon—Miraculous Image of Virgin—Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy—Bossuet—Wagons—Auxerre—Joigny—Cardinal de Retz—Fontainebleau—Apartments of the Pope—Bonaparte's Abdication—Place of Madrid—Character of Bonaparte—Sens—St. Bernard—Manners of people—Catholics receiving Tracts—Arrival at Paris.

DÔLE, *Department of the Jura*, 110 *miles from Geneva, about* 2,522 *miles from London by my route, Tuesday morning, October* 7, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER—So far have I come in this tiresome diligence. We left Geneva at half-past four yesterday. The day soon broke out beautifully. We drove along the lake to Nyon, which I just named to you as I was first passing to Geneva six weeks back. It is an agreeable town, of eighteen hundred souls, supposed to be the Roman Novodunum, about eleven miles from Geneva. Marble urns, inscriptions, and other antiquities are still found in its neighborhood. It is endeared to Englishmen as having given birth to Fletcher of Madeley—a name connected with all that is pure and exalted in piety, and amiable and disinterested in benevolence; nothing, I think, in modern times has equalled the habitual spirituality of mind, the holy and ardent love, the utter abstraction from worldly things, the unaffected humility, the self-denying and tender compassion for souls, that distinguished this eminent minister. Had the great reformer of Geneva, two centuries previous, united the lovely and seraphic qualities of Fletcher, with his own prodigious grasp of intellect, the Reformation would have gained incalculably. The sweetness and devotion of the one, joined to the penetrating judgment and vast intellect of the other, would have formed a character of surpassing excellence.† But I have no time to enlarge.

After passing Nyon, we ascended the Dôle mountain, the highest of the chain of the Jura; five thousand eight hundred and fifty feet—insufferably cold. We supped at St. Laurent; and, at half-past four this morning, we arrived at Poligny, having performed eighty-three miles in twenty-four hours, i. e. not quite three miles and a half in the hour. The road across the Jura was surrounded with rude, magnificent scenery, and in some places was sublime and beautiful. Snow lay scattered here and there, and on the summit pretty thickly. Posts are erected at short intervals, to mark its depth in the winter. One set of miserable horses drew us forty-four miles, three stages. The drivers managed this, by making them rest while we supped, and whilst our luggage was searched, which was only three times in nine hours! Dôle, where we are about to breakfast, is a town of eight thousand five hundred souls, on the river Doube, the Dubis of Cæsar, and formerly the capital of Franche-compté; in a tract which, from its fertility and beauty, has received the name of the *Val d'Amour*. It contains some ruins of a Roman amphitheatre and of two aqueducts.

I have two English gentlemen as my companions, who are very agreeable; and one Italian lady, who speaks good French. She talks fast on all sorts of subjects, and amongst other questions, asked me this morning, if I was a Catholic. This led to a long conversation. The point I insisted upon was, that the church of Rome had gradually lost the simple and scriptural meaning of each separate part of the Christian religion, and had substituted for it a gross external sense, just suited to the ignorance and corruption of the human heart. Thus, for the spiritual invisible church, it had substituted the outward church of Rome, and for Christ its head, the Pope; for feeding by faith on the body and blood of Christ, transubstantiation; for repentance, penance; for contrition and lowliness of heart, lacerations and pilgrimages; for confession of sins before God, auricular confession to a priest; for prayer to God from the heart, endless repetitions of paternosters; for reverence and honor to the Virgin Mary and the saints, religious and, in fact, idolatrous worship; for secret holy love to the Saviour, images and crucifixes; for reliance on the satisfaction and atonement of Christ only, the sacrifice of the mass, prostrations, scourgings, lacerations, merits of saints, indulgences, purgatory, &c.; for the influence of the Holy Spirit, merit of congruity, a mere external and formal routine of ceremonies, man's unassisted efforts, incense, lights ever burning, &c.; and so of all the rest!

She confessed that in her heart she preferred the Protestant religion, as the most pure and unadorned; but that having been brought up a Catholic, she did not feel at liberty to change. I could make no impression on her. She said she had been once present at the Protestant service at Paris, and was charmed with the simplicity of

* I am happy, truly happy, to be able to say, from my last accounts from Switzerland, March, 1825, that the spirit of persecution appears to be much declining at Geneva—that the pious regent above referred to is allowed to preach and exercise his ministry in a separate meeting-house without molestation; and that some hope may be entertained of a gradual approximation once more to the truth of the Gospel, on the part of the ministers and inhabitants of the city and canton.

† Mr. Fletcher's name was properly Jean Guillaume de la Flechere. He was born at Nyon, September 12th, 1729; and died August 14th, 1785.—Calvin, whose name originally was Jean Chauvin, or Cauvin, was a native of Picardy, but spent the greater part of his life at the celebrated city of Geneva. He was born July 10. 1509, and died May 27, 1564.

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the prayers; and, above all, with the clear and manly exposition of the Gospel given by the minister in his sermon. I found I could not supply what was wanting in her state of mind—a deep conviction of the value of her soul—a right sense of sin as committed against God—a holy dread of giving that honor to creatures, which the Almighty Jehovah claims for himself—and, above all, a living faith in the all-sufficient atonement of that divine Saviour, whose sacrifice is in effect made void by the superstitions and human merits of Popery. I thought it at last most advisable to urge her to read the New Testament, and to attend earnestly to the main essentials of religion, as she found them there enforced; repentance for sin, faith in the merits of our Saviour Christ, love to God and man, and obedience to the divine law, as flowing from these principles. This advice did not irritate her. She admitted the propriety of complying with it; and we continued excellent friends during the remainder of our journey.

The country, since we have descended the Jura, is tolerably pleasant, but not fine. The villages are rather miserable. The women wear wooden shoes without stockings. The lands are not well cultivated: there are vineyards occasionally.

As the breakfast is not ready, I may as well inform you that the ministers of Geneva (for I tell you things as they come to my recollection) have the unfavorable habit of perpetually changing duties with each other; a printed paper being published in the town every Saturday, with a list of the preachers for the week. Besides this, they have months of repose, alternately with months of preaching; the consequence, I conceive, must be, that the pastoral feelings must be weakened, as well as the habits of painful diligence which become the minister of Christ. But it is all of a piece. The religion of too many of the Genevese, and indeed of the Swiss generally, seems at present to have wofully degenerated from the dedication of the heart to God, and the pervading influence of Christian principles through the whole life, to a formal preparation for the first communion and attendance on the three or four annual festivals. Surely this is greatly to mistake the nature of true religion, and must bring down on them the marked displeasure of the Divine Head of the church, who "holds the stars in his right hand, and walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks." —Rev. ii. 1.

There is, however, much sincere and simple devotion amongst many individuals at Geneva, notwithstanding the general state of the church. One lady, the mother of a large family, charmed me with her humble and yet ardent spirit of piety. It is said that her deeds of charity may be counted not merely by the days, but by the hours of her life. She maintains in the most admirable order two orphan schools almost at her own charge. Her love to her Saviour, her delight in prayer, her meekness, her humility and teachableness, her zeal in every good work, delighted me, even on the short acquaintance I had the opportunity of forming. I trust there are many, many such in every class of society, and that the number will increase; for I hope my remarks, though apparently severe, are consistent with the most genuine charity; I wish them to be so; sometimes I half retract what I am writing, lest I should overstep the limits of that tenderness and love, which Christ our Lord enjoins, and which his Gospel breathes throughout. I can sincerely declare that the unfavorable reports I send you, are most reluctantly made.

Prohibited books are introduced into the continental states in a curious way: the title-page and contents of Blair's Sermons, for example, are printed and inserted for those of O'Meara's Bonaparte, and thus the fraud is concealed. A patriotic spirit is a good deal cherished amongst the youth; the students of all the different colleges and academies meet once a year, at a central spot in Switzerland, to encourage a love to their country; about six hundred are meeting this week at Zofingen.

Dijon, capital of ancient Burgundy, eight o'clock, Tuesday night.—Thank God, I am safely arrived, after a journey of one hundred and eighty-two miles from Geneva, performed in thirty-eight weary hours. I left Dôle at twelve, in another coach which met us from Besançon, and which consisted of three parts, a front chariot and two bodies of coaches, most awkwardly united and placed on the same wheels, (something like our double coaches in England,) and holding fifteen persons inside altogether. I was seated in the chariot, which they call Le coupé. We had five horses, and our pace improved so astonishingly, that we went five miles and a half the hour! We passed through a fortified town, named Auxonne, where Bonaparte is said to have studied in the school of artillery. I had a companion in the coupé, who was descended of Irish parents. He was a sensible, well-informed, communicative man, a Catholic. You may judge what was the subject of our discourse—the conduct of our government to the Irish Catholics. In fact, during the whole course of our tour, nothing has been so frequently objected to me as this topic. Whatever observations an Englishman makes on the laws or usages of the continental nations, the constant answer is, Look to your own treatment of the Catholics of Ireland. I replied to my companion as mildly as I could, vindicating our government very much on the ground of the violent prejudices and party-spirit which have prevented any fair judgment from being formed, and any impartial public measures being carried, on such an irritated question; at the same time observing to him that foreigners often had a very incorrect and inadequate notion of the real situation of the Irish Roman Catholics; and that in a free country like England, the government could adopt no general arrangements with respect to them, without the concurrence of parliament, and the support of public opinion. I told him I was myself far from joining in the indiscriminate hostility against all further change in the restrictive laws, which animated too many of my countrymen; but was, on the contrary, rather inclined to the opinion that additional civil privileges might be gradually granted the Catholics, in proportion as their loyalty and general good conduct should seem to entitle them to them. I added, that as a zealous Protestant, I conceived the more we could mix the Irish with the rest of the subjects of the British crown, and fairly increase their stake in the blessings of the British

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constitution, the more we should loosen the bands of priestcraft, and separate them from their present guides. In reply, he assured me that it was his firm opinion that a conscientious Catholic might be a most loyal and faithful subject of a Protestant prince—the power of the Pope had for a long time been so purely spiritual, or rather ecclesiastical and formal—nothing, he thought, but a violent party-spirit could in any way make it dangerous. I give you the conversation exactly as it occurred. I am far from dogmatizing, as you know, on so complicated and difficult a point.—Popery I hate from the bottom of my heart. But the obvious ill effects of the system now acted upon in Ireland, and the anomalous, inconsistent state of the laws affecting the Catholics, together with the uniform practice of the continental governments, seem to advise the trial of new and more lenient proceedings.

I found my dearest Mrs. W. and my daughter here, pretty well. They arrived from Lyon on Saturday, at noon. The dear boys set off in one of the carriages, for Paris, on Monday morning, because the eldest is called to Oxford, by the commencement of the University term. Thus has it pleased God to preserve and bless us. We follow my sons to-morrow to Paris. Adieu.

Maison Neuve, department of Cote d' Or, 43 miles from Dijon, on the Auxerre and Fontainebleau road to Paris, Wednesday evening, 7 *o'clock, Oct.* 8.—Such is the place from which I date my letter to-night. We all retired to rest last evening, at Dijon, between eight and nine. I slept quite well till six, and then rose to visit the town of Dijon—the birth-place of Bossuet—before we set off. I first went to the church of St. Benigne, the spire of which has an elevation of three hundred and seventy feet. It is one of the most elegant I have ever seen; the spires of Coventry and Worcester are the only ones to which I can compare it. As I walked along, I happened to observe on all the churches an immense placard. I stopped from mere curiosity to see what it was. It was an advertisement of a new edition of the history of the miraculous image of Nôtre Dame at Dijon. I thought this quite piquant; I hurried to the church, and looked all around: a gaudy, embellished building, filled with altars, and pictures, and statues; but no image, that I could discover. I was determined not to be disappointed; and going out I met an elderly lady apparently approaching the church door, and inquired of her if that was the church of the miraculous image. She replied with a manifest feeling of pleasure, that it was; and immediately took me up to an altar in the church, on which was the statue of the Virgin, resembling that of a blackamoor, and decked out with tawdry ornaments.

I afterwards bought the book: positively it asserts the various miracles performed by this wretched figure. Nay, more, indulgences are granted to all who worship this image, and a society is formed to celebrate feasts to her honor. As the image is black, the author attempts to prove, very gravely, that the Virgin Mary was of a swarthy complexion, and applies to her the mystical words of the Canticles, "I am black, but comely." He supposes the image to be of the eleventh century. He affirms that it is not only "*the object of the confidence of the inhabitants of Dijon, but that all the province invokes it.*" This is the language he uses. The alleged miracles are, like all the Popish ones, more than dubious. For instance, the Swiss besieged Dijon in 1513—they were about to storm the city—the whole town betook itself to pray to the image of the Virgin—the enemies relented, and the siege was raised. In such an event, supposing it to be true, every one sees there is not even a pretence to that broad, direct, and palpable suspension of the powers of nature, open to the view of mankind, which distinguishes the miracles of the Gospel. I have brought the book with me to England.—What can one hope for, when such mummeries are obtruded upon France, in the nineteenth century, and after the attacks made by infidelity on our common Christianity?

Two-thirds of the churches of Dijon are shut up and used as storehouses and granaries. The place royale is in the form of a horse-shoe and contains the provincial palace and the ancient house of assembly of the parliament of Burgundy. The palace of the governor general of Burgundy is now occupied by a police office, museum, and library. One of the magnificent staircases is used as a bookseller's shop; the arcades are built up, and used as shops likewise. Such are the transformations which a few years make in the mansions of the great. Dijon was the seat of one of the ancient parliaments, and contains now twenty-two thousand souls. The Protestants are considered by some of the common people to be Jews, or rather, as I hope, confounded with them, just as they were at Dunkirk; for I cannot imagine any persons actually to believe the Protestants to be Jews.

But you will be anxious for me to come to the great Bossuet—I inquired of several persons where he lived; but was surprised to find no one knew any thing about him. At Lichfield every child would have pointed out to me the house where our great English moralist (Dr. Samuel Johnson) was born. At last I discovered the street which bears his name, Rue de Bossuet. It still took me some time to ascertain the spot of his birth. I went from house to house; not a creature could give me any information: with great difficulty I at length found the place, a bookseller's shop. The bookseller himself was hardly aware of the distinguished person who had formerly inhabited his dwelling. Two hundred years had, in fact, effaced almost all traces of this prodigious genius, except his small chapel. I entered it, and examined every part, not without veneration. The house itself has undergone so many alterations, as to contain only a few rooms of the original building. Bossuet is undoubtedly the first writer whom the French possess; but he is not one of my greatest favorites. I cannot divest my mind of his harsh treatment of the amiable Fénélon. His haughty domineering spirit, also, as he acquired weight in the councils of France, and the share which I cannot but think he took, notwithstanding the apologies of his biographer, Bausset, in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have left an unfavorable impression on my mind as to his whole character.

But his sermons, which were not prepared for publication, and are the first effusions of his heart

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in his early life, when his piety seems to have been really fervent and sincere, are admirable. They were published after his death. I prefer them to those of Massillon and Bourdaloue. There is quite as much of religious truth in them, with more of nature, force, energy, surprising thoughts, and an overpowering eloquence, negligent of exact form, and quite bearing away the mind of the reader. The finest trait in his conduct at court was his writing to his royal master when at the camp in Flanders, to remonstrate with him, in the most respectful but firm manner, on the scandal of his connexion with Madame de Montespan—and then his going out to meet the king when he was returning from the campaign, and alighting from his carriage, and placing himself in the midst of the road, by which his majesty was about to pass, in order to entreat and urge him to a change of conduct, and a conversion to God. This was noble, and as became a Christian bishop especially towards an imperious tyrant like Louis XIV.

But I must not enlarge. The city of Dijon is one of the finest in France: the streets are wide and open, and the buildings handsome. It stands on the river Ouche. I met a young Catholic student at a bookseller's. He seemed tolerably well informed. The university here is amongst the most celebrated in France. We left Dijon at half-past nine, and came to this village (Maison Neuve,) where, finding no horses, we have taken up our abode for the night. We have had beautiful weather, and good roads; but the horses and postillions are so indifferent, that we have been eight hours going forty-three miles.

We have met a great many wagons to-day of rather a curious construction. They are small carriages, on four wheels, without bodies; the merchandize being packed with straw, on two trunks of trees, which form the bottom of the wagon. The whole is covered with a wrapper of white clean cloth, and kept close with cords. One horse draws the carriage. A train of ten or twenty of them follow each other, and there is one man to about five. Goods are transported in this way all across France. The horse has an enormous collar, and a cloth over the harness. We met numbers of these wagons in many parts of Switzerland. Sometimes the pole of them rises many feet above the horse's head, in the most awkward way imaginable, and then it has two chains joining it to the harness of the animal. In fact, so far as I can judge, France is, in most respects, much behind our happy country. You see scarcely any fields, barns, and farm-houses, in this part of the Côte d'Or—all is one common. The country through which we have passed to day has been far from fine—but I must prepare for retiring to rest; it is past eight o'clock. The dear boys, I hope, arrived a Paris this afternoon; we are about one hundred and seventy-five miles off. We hope to sleep to-morrow night at Joigny, Friday at Fontainebleau, and Saturday at Paris.

Joigny, Thursday evening, half-past six.—Through God's goodness we have arrived safely in this town, after a journey of seventy-seven English miles. The chief things which have pleased us to-day are Avallon and Auxerre. Avallon is a romantic town on the river Cousin; the celebrated Theodore Beza is said to have been born in the neighborhood. We stopped to take some refreshment, and in the salle-à-manger found a priest who was eating a solitary meal. He seemed depressed and abject, his attire was mean, and his whole appearance opposite to the general air of the priests whom we saw at Domo D'Osola and Milan. France and Italy are clearly two different places as it respects ecclesiastical domination.

Auxerre is one of the most beautifully situated cities which I have seen since I left England. It is the chief town of the department of the Yonne, and stands on the river of that name; it has twelve thousand souls. A gentle hill gives the place a lovely appearance from a distance. As you approach, the view is remarkably fine. The foreground is covered with vineyards; then the river presents itself; above is the town, on the rising ground, crowned with fertile hills and meadows. The sides are bounded by trees and pastures on the one hand, and the fine bridge leading to the town on the other. Whilst we were changing horses, I ran up with my little Eliza to see the cathedral, which is a noble, lofty structure. We have been passing to-day through some of the finest vineyards of this part of France. The vintage is not yet begun. The vin ordinaire, included in the dinners, is now excellent.

Friday evening, October 10, *half-past six, Fontainebleau, department of Seine and Marne, forty miles from Paris.*—Again a day of goodness and mercy from our Heavenly Father. My dear Ann and Eliza are now sitting by me happy and comfortable, after the hasty dinner of which we have just partaken. They are not over-fatigued. I seem now to be at home; we are so near to Paris. We have come sixty-one miles to-day from Joigny; and our road and horses have been so good, that we were somewhat less than nine hours upon the route.

This morning I rose soon after five, and was out by six visiting the town of Joigny. I was not aware of it; but really we have advanced so far into the autumn, that I could hardly see my way about. The evenings seem yet more drawn in. At half-past six yesterday, when we arrived at Joigny, it was rather later and darker than we could have wished. Joigny is a small town, in Champagne, of five thousand souls, beautifully situated on the Yonne. It has a long handsome quay along the river. The culture of the vine is the principal object of trade. The chief part of the town is, like Auxerre, on the ascent of a steep hill; on the summit of which stands a ruined château, built by Père de Gondi, father of the too celebrated Cardinal de Rentz. I walked through the dilapidated rooms, half-enlightened by the obscure dawn, with a feeling of melancholy on considering the vanity of human grandeur. How many instances have we seen of the monuments of proud ambition and magnificent vice all laid in ruin! Moral triumphs and the praises of real and exalted virtue are, after all, the only ones that are enduring, even in this world. The ambitious conqueror, the demagogue, the leader of factions, the heresiarch, sink into neglect with the glare of prosperity—their palaces fade with their fame. The flower of the field drops not so quickly. But

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the true benefactors of mankind live in the memories of men; their praise takes root, and spreads around and flourishes in perpetual bloom; and if truly Christian principles have guided their conduct, the love of their fellow-creatures is crowned by the favor and approbation of God.

But the most striking lesson I have received on this subject is in the superb château of Fontainebleau, where we now are. As soon as we arrived here (at four this afternoon,) I went to visit this celebrated palace. All Europe is familiar with it by name; it is an immense mass of buildings, containing five squares or courts; almost like a town. It is mentioned in history as a royal palace ever since the thirteenth century; but it is indebted for its chief extension and improvement to Francis I. It was a favorite residence of Francis I. Henry IV. Louis XIV. and Bonaparte, just the four persons most celebrated in French history. There is a spot where Henry IV. is said to have held his secret councils. The Pope, who is just dead, was imprisoned here by Bonaparte for a year and a half. The conscientious resistance which he made to the demands of the usurper, cast a splendor around his character. We walked through the suite of apartments, and saw his library, chapel, saloon, &c. The altar of the room which he used as his chapel is now set aside and marked by an inscription. The count d'Artois (now king) makes use of the same rooms, and had left them only the day before yesterday: he comes to hunt in the forest, of thirty-four thousand acres (twelve leagues,) surrounding the château.

But I hasten to mention, what was the most affecting circumstance, that I saw the very table on which Bonaparte signed his abdication, April, 1814, in the very room where he sat, and adjoining the very bed-room in which he slept. Fontainebleau was his favorite palace. Now all his pictures are removed, and every trace of him effaced—what a lesson! I was struck with a large model of the city of Madrid placed in the ball-room, which Bonaparte ordered to be begun in 1802, and which took the architect six years to finish. The very source of his overthrow seems to have been a darling object, years before his first invasion of Spain in 1808!

History will soon sit in judgment on this extraordinary man. His skepticism as to all religious truth, his unbounded ambition, the fury of his passions, his waste of human life and happiness in the prosecution of his projects, the injustice and treachery of his invasions, the iron yoke which he imposed on the subject nations, his unmitigated hatred of England, his many individual acts of cruelty and blood, are points now generally admitted. But it is impossible to travel on the continent without being compelled to witness the proofs of his admirable policy, and of his zeal to promote, in many respects, the welfare and intellectual advancement of the people over whom he reigned. Not to dwell on the liberty of public worship which he nobly granted, from whatever motive, to the Protestants of every confession: there is something so splendid in his national works, there are so many monuments of his legislative wisdom, so many traits of grandeur in his projects, and such a hardihood and perseverance manifest in all his great enterprises, that you do not wonder that his name is still everywhere revered. Then the diversity and extent of his knowledge, and the unbounded range of the objects of his attention, increase one's surprise. War, commerce, the arts, science, literature, the adorning of cities and towns, the education of youth, religion itself as an instrument of government, every thing seemed to be within his grasp, or to subserve his ruling purposes. He brought, in fact, royalty and talent into such close contact, that there was some danger of men beginning to estimate the value of a sceptre by the mere ability of the hand that wielded it.

The unfavorable tendency of this seductive union of splendid vice and successful ambition, on the public morals and the religious habits of Europe, is obvious—it debases the best principles of the heart. Of Bonaparte, as an unconscious instrument of Divine Providence for scourging guilty nations, for shaking the papacy to its base, and arousing those dormant energies in the mass of the population of Europe, which may probably issue in the general diffusion of a reasonable liberty, and of all the blessings of the glorious Gospel of Christ, I will not trust myself to speak. This view, though correct perhaps, has been too exclusively taken already by religious persons. They have allowed their horror of individual crime, and even their sense of personal responsibility to be lessened, by mingling this question with the supposed purposes of the divine Providence—a mistake infinitely pernicious. A humble reference, indeed, of every event after it has occurred and the issue is known, to the sovereign and mysterious government of God, is a clearly Scriptural duty; but to applaud or extenuate the guilt of man, and help on a course of criminal ambition, on the ground of its conceived agreement with the order of prophecy and the secret will of God, is a presumptuous and fatal error. But I check myself.

The country through which we have passed to-day has been tolerably fine; but as we are now travelling north, just at the turn of the year, we feel excessively cold. As we passed through Sens, we looked up with interest to the cathedral where the pious and devotional Bernard, the last of the fathers of the church, refuted, in 1140, the doctrines of Abelard. This celebrated heretic, you may remember, had challenged St. Bernard to the conference. The saint went to it in Christian meekness and fear. As soon as the extracts from Abelard's writings had been read before the audience (where the king of France, Louis VII. was present, with his nobles, and the prelates and clergy of the diocese,) Abelard was overwhelmed with confusion, at being thus confronted with his own writings, and suddenly left the assembly. His errors were then unanimously condemned. There is something gratifying in visiting the spot where seven centuries before, the name and grace of our Lord Jesus were thus triumphant. Many similar cases are recorded of the daring leaders of heresies being confused and struck dumb, as it were, at the simple exposition of their own tenets, in the presence of the holy and humble disciples of Christ, armed with the sacred Scriptures only.

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We have now passed through about sixty miles of vineyards. The vines are short, planted in rows, and supported by sticks; not by treillises and arbors as in Italy. As the vintage is approaching, persons are set to guard the grapes. They are chiefly red in this part of the country. The costume of the women is not remarkable: no bonnets are worn on any part of the continent, except by the higher classes. The female peasants here wear a colored handkerchief wrapped round the head in the form of a turban, often of a red or scarlet color. The men affect a dirty, shabby, finery; a beggar comes up to you with a military cocked hat; a stable-boy has a pigtail, and perhaps powdered hair, ear-rings, and generally a dirty night-cap; the boots of the postillions are of enormous and lumbering size; some today were ribbed with iron, and actually made the feet of the poor rider swing about, instead of his being able to guide them; then an undressed sheep's-skin with all its wool, enveloping the knees, is a further addition to his burden.

The agricultare still appears wretched. Almost all one common land. A horse, a mule, an ass, draw the same plough, which a woman drives, whilst a man guides the ploughshare. On the roads, too, you meet a wagon heavily laden, with four large fine horses like ours in England, and then an ass in front, leader of the train; and this ass, a mean, half-starved creature. The fact is, the proprietors bring out every animal they possess of every species, when they have goods to transport from place to place. The number of beggars is shocking; their diseased, distorted appearance is often such, that I am obliged to give them something before we can get out of the carriage. The dirt, untidiness, misery, in the private habits of the innkeepers and ordinary inhabitants of the continent, German, Swiss, Italian, French, are not to be described on paper: one cannot account for it: if you go into their rooms, their kitchens, their pantries, you are quite disgusted with the ill savor. The interior of the abodes of the nobility and gentry is often neat and elegant, and I have been in private houses quite as comfortable as any in England; and generally, perhaps, things are gradually more and more arranged on the plan of English cleanliness and simplicity. But I speak of the inns and houses we meet with in travelling.

To many of these inconveniences, however, one soon becomes accustomed; others are avoided in the better lodgings and inns; the rest you submit to from dire necessity. The freedom of the manners of the people, and their notions of equality with you, at first seem repulsive, but afterwards appear so clearly to spring from mere simplicity, that you forgive it. I am happy to say, that I have found the Catholic peasants willing enough to receive our religious tracts; and that when I talk with them, they admit what I say on the foundations of Christianity.* You may judge from this interminable letter at so late an hour, that I am not over-fatigued with my journey. Adieu.

*Paris, Hotel de Bristol, Place Vendome, half-past two, Saturday, Oct. 11, about 2772 miles from London by our route.**—Through God's goodness we are safe at Paris. We arrived here at half-past one o'clock. We left Fontainebleau a little before eight, and performed the journey of forty miles in less than six hours. The day has been rather wet; but as we approached Paris it cleared up, and we had a fine view of that noble city as we drove through it. We are at the Place Vendôme, a charming situation, close to the gardens of the Thuilleries. We found our dear boys, and my brother who is here, quite well. My son will bring this letter with him, which will most probably close this series of journal-like epistles, which I had no idea would ever have extended to such a length. If they have gratified my dear and excellent aged mother and yourself, in any degree proportioned to the interest I have gradually felt in writing them, I shall most truly rejoice. Whatever can lessen the pain of separation to a parent so dear to me, affords me a double pleasure. May it please God, to permit me to rejoin you in England in peace, and to retain the recollection of the many important lessons I have learned during my tour, together with that sense of gratitude which the uninterrupted blessings I have received during the course of it, should so deeply impress upon my heart.

I am your affectionate

D. W.

LETTER XVIII.

Brighton, April 14, 1824.

Paris Bible Society—Deaf and Dumb Institution—French Preachers—King's Almoner—Nobleman—Translation of Scott—Friends to whom Author was introduced—Baron de Sacy—Count D'Hauterive—Marquis de Jaucourt—Reflections on the whole Tour: 1st, Supreme Providence of God—2d, Opposite Evils of Superstition and Infidelity—3d, Scenes of Reformers' laborers—Luther—Beza—Bucer—Ecolampadius—Bullinger—Authenticity of 1 John v. 7, 8.—4th, Duty of advancing the Age of Charity—5th, Importance of every traveller being active—Advice to Invalids—Anecdotes—6th, Gratitude to God—Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—Origin of Vaudois—Expulsion from Valleys—Return—Need of Aid—7th, Prayer for Grace of Holy Spirit.

Brighton, *Sussex, April* 14, 1824.

My dearest sister—I at length begin the letter which you were so anxious I should have

* As we were changing horses at a village on our way to Boulogne, Oct. 29, the carriage was, in three minutes, literally surrounded with villagers, who had heard we had tracts. At least thirty or forty of the separate homilies in French, of the Prayer-Book and Homily Society, are now diligently read, as I trust, by these poor people. Some of them asked Mrs. W. if the tracts were good for Catholics: she replied, they were particularly suited for them. The scene was really quite affecting. I forget the name of the village. It was not far from Paris. The swiftness with which the news of our having tracts spread from the persons to whom we first gave them, was surprising.

* The direct route from London to Paris is about 300 miles.

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written to you from Paris. I was so hurried during my stay in that city, that it was impossible for me to do it; and, indeed, I may perhaps attempt it with greater advantage now, because the interval of a few months will enable me to add some general reflections upon my tour on the continent, and to supply an incident or two of which I omitted to inform you at the proper moment.

Of Paris itself I need not say much; every one knows something of the splendor of its public buildings, and of its various attractions, in point of art and taste, to travellers of every description. I was naturally most interested by its moral and religious state. But I have no intention of entering at large even on this topic. A stranger has but slight opportunities of forming a correct judgment; and Paris is too important a place, and too near England, for me to venture a hasty opinion.

I know, however, that you will expect me to notice a few particulars. In the first place, then, I was gratified, and even affected, at attending the committees of the Paris Protestant Bible Society. I could not but reflect on the efforts made in the very same spot by the enemies, or rather conspirators against Christianity, under Voltaire and D'Alembert, during the preceding century. These, aided by the extraordinary profusion and folly of the French court, by the derangement of the national finances, and the corruption of general morals, paved the way for the horrors of the revolution and the military sway of Bonaparte. The zeal and superstition of the degenerate ecclesiastics, so far from preventing, joined in hastening the overthrow. Surely, then, the peaceful and holy distribution of THE BOOK, in the city where it had been so long despised, is a real triumph of Christianity, and the best omen of future blessings. About 50,000 copies of the Scriptures have been issued by means of the Paris Bible Society in the last four years—about two or three hundred auxiliary institutions and associations have been established in different parts of France—and a general revival of religion seems to be beginning. The vivacity of the French character, if once directed and sanctified by a principle of pure religion, is capable of the greatest and most beneficial efforts. It is lamentable to think that the Catholics frown on this society, and that the government is contracting its privileges, and even refusing it the liberty of holding its annual assemblies, wherever it dares. The present French ministry seem to desire nothing more than to be able to suppress this and all similar undertakings. Such, however, is the spirit of Popery almost everywhere.

I must next give you some account of the celebrated institution for the relief and instruction of the deaf and dumb, which is really one of the most interesting things in Paris. I took all the pains I was able, to be present at a lesson at the late Abbé Sicard's schools: but I was unsuccessful. I can, however, fully make up to you for this disappointment, by the kind communication of an excellent friend who visited it only the year before, and from whose notes, taken at the time, I select the following. There are about eighty children. They are taught gradually to associate with the objects of sight, certain signs by drawing and writing. The quickness and acuteness of the children are so surprising, that their ideas on most subjects soon become accurate and clear. The following is the prayer used before lesson:

"O come, most Holy Spirit, and cause a ray of thy light to shine upon us! Come, Father of the poor! Come, source of grace! Come, light of the soul! O God, who has taught the hearts of thy faithful people by thelight of thy Holy Spirit, grant us that Holy Spirit, which may dispose us to choose and love what is right, and may shed abroad in us its consolation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The prayer after lesson is equally beautiful. "O Lord, we entreat Thee to inspire all our actions by thy Holy Spirit, and to conduct them by the continual assistance of thy grace: so that all our prayers and all our works may proceed from Thee as their author, and refer to Thee as their only end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Surely such prayers are the genuine dictates of pure Christianity, and testify the deep piety of many of our Catholic brethren. My heart rejoices to recognize such sentiments, and honors those who entertain them.

The children rise slowly and gradually from the simplest to the most abstract and complex ideas, as their age and abilities permit; and are divided into several classes accordingly. At the lesson at which my friend was present, a gentleman wished to ask one of the upper classes, What love was? The master told him first to make the sign for interrogation, by holding up the fore-finger, and then to press his hand strongly upon his heart. This was understood, and several boys wrote the word love. On being told to define it, one wrote, (for they neither speak nor hear, as you will take care to bear in mind,) "Love is a sentiment of the mind, by which we incline to what appears to us good, useful, beautiful; it is the approbation of some object that pleases us." Another wrote, "There are many sorts of love; first, the love of God, which is the highest of all; then the love of men, the love of friends."

They next were asked, What was the difference between expectation, hope, desire, and enjoyment? A lad about fifteen wrote, "Expectation is like the branches of the apple-tree; desire is like the leaves; hope is like the blossom; and enjoyment is like the fruit."

After this they were asked, What is time? One replied, "A succession of moments, a point of eternity, a measure of eternity." What is eternity? "A day without morning or evening, a mysterious duration which finite beings can neither define nor comprehend."

The following question was then proposed, Is speech the gift of God or the invention of men? "Speech that is the language of men, is the gift of God; but that of the deaf and dumb is only a human invention."

On the direct subject of religion, they were asked, Whose existence comprehends all time? Massieu, an elderly man, who has been twenty years in the institution, and is lately gone to conduct a school at Bordeaux,* wrote in answer,

* This extraordinary man, when he was asked at another lesson, Whether God reasons? wrote in reply, "Reasoning is a process in order to find out

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"God; God is the creator of the earth and of heaven, and of all that they contain. He is the Lord of all things, the Author of nature, the Governor of the universe." Who is Christ? "It is He who is the new Adam; He was made man by a miracle, for our salvation; He is the bruiser of the serpent's head, the repairer of the human race, and He knows even our most secret thoughts." What is faith? "Faith is a supernatural light, leading the soul to believe what it may not fully comprehend." What is conscience? "It is the voice of truth." Have all men power to do their duty? "Yes, with grace and good habits." Is man more inclined to good than evil?" "Man needs the grace of God to keep him from evil; by evil passions men deprive themselves of the grace of God; passions are above human power." From whence comes grace? "In my opinion, it flows from the infinite and unmeasurable goodness of a merciful God." May all men have grace? "Yes, by means of frequent prayer." Was the revelation necessary to man? "Yes, I believe it was, and it contains all that is necessary to salvation."

There is to me something inexpressibly delightful in these scriptural, enlightened, and judicious replies, made not only by Catholics, but by Catholic children who are deaf and dumb.

The present master is M. Paulmier, who takes a parental interest in the children. He had been chief assistant to the Abbé Sicard for nineteen years. The boys are taught some art, trade, or learned profession, as their genios or choice seem to direct. There is a class who copy busts, draw heads, &c.; and another where boxes and measuring-rules, &c. are made. They all appeared as happy as they were intelligent. Really humanity and religion triumph at such a benevolent institution. One may exclaim, in a qualified sense, considering God as the first author of every such blessing, "He hath done all things well; he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." And this pleasure is heightened by the pure principles of morals and religion which seem to form the basis of their education. No Protestant could have given much more simple elementary instruction in the Christian faith, than these children have received. It is most painful to add, that the bishop of Hermopolis, since he has been placed at the head of education in France, is said to discourage even this incomparable school, and that M. Paulmier is removed, or about to be removed, from his situation. Thus the best institutions connected with the Roman Catholic church, are not fostered and encouraged by the leading authorities, as the seeds of future improvement, but opposed and rejected, as disturbing the repose, and contrary to the interests and tendencies of the dominant religion.

You will, perhaps, next wish me to say something about the French preachers. I was grieved to find, that there were only three public services* on the Sunday at Paris, for a population of nearly 30,000 Protestants of the two confessions; and these services so arranged as not to allow the same persons to attend conveniently at more than one. But this is not all: in the sermons which I heard, I wanted more of the sound, orthodox, Scriptural divinity of the old French Protestant school, who reared its early churches, and nourished the first Hugonots in the faith of the Gospel, and became an example and guide to reformed Europe. I wanted more of the close reasoning and manly appeals of CLAUDE, the author, as you may know, of the Treatise on the Composition of a Sermon, and of the Defence of the Reformation, and the worthy antagonist of Bossuet at the celebrated conference in 1682. I wanted more of the force and vigorous address of DUBOSC, in his able and most evangelical work on the epistle to the Ephesians—of whom Louis XIV. said, that he was the first speaker in France. I wanted more of the piety and unction of DELINCOURT, whose book against the fear of death is current in England, and is indeed in almost every one's hands.

I was moreover much distressed to observe, that in the use of the liturgical prayers (which are at best, as I have already told you, extremely brief) the most evangelical parts were actually left out by some of the ministers. For instance, in the confession of sin, which at Bern and Lausanne was read entire, the deeper expressions of original corruption and guilt were several times omitted at Paris. So also in the longer prayer after sermon, the best parts were not read.—Thank God for the FIXED Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies of the church of England. The Lutheran church at Paris I was not able to attend; my observations regard the Reformed only.

I must say, however, in fairness, that the discourses at the Protestant churches were incomparably superior to a most florid and unsatisfactory charity sermon which I heard on a week-day from the king's almoner, at the chapel of a benevolent asylum for aged and destitute persons of family. I never shall forget the scene that day: nearly all the French court was present. The Duchesses of Angoulême and Berry, the Pope's Legate, the Archbishop of Paris, the public ministers of state, among whom I noticed M. Chateaubriand; ladies of quality without end; two of whom, splendidly attired, received the collection, as we went out, in velvet bags. I was most courteously received at the chapel by a French nobleman, who entered into a pretty long conversation with me on the state of England and France. I was of course very inadequate to give him a just account of many things which he inquired about, in a political point of view. He seemed to have a high admiration of the sentiments and conduct of our beloved monarch since his accession to the throne. He classed together the French Liberaux and the English Radicals. But to come to

truth; but God knows all truth; therefore, I should think, God does not reason." The same person defined gratitude to be the memory of the heart; hope, the fire of love; and difficulty, possibility with obstacle.

* May I not add, that, considering the numerous English who are resident in Paris, it would be becoming the wealth and piety of our nation to build an English church there? There are several French churches in London.

Since the above note was written, I am informed that an English service has been instituted in the *Salon* of a clergyman resident at Paris, the Rev. Lewis Way, with a liberality and dignity which mark all the proceedings of that excellent person.

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the sermon—such a vain tirade of compliment and extravagant attempt at eloquence, I never heard —without one genuine emotion, one affecting sentiment, one address to the heart—a fine voice and pure enunciation were every thing—the only idea I will quote from the discourse is, "Charity makes those who exercise it *as gods!*" O, where are the Bossuets, the Bourdaloues, the Massillons, or even the De la Rues, and Terrassons of the French church? I understand that M. Frayssinous, the present Bishop of Hermopolis, gave, some years back, most interesting lectures to the young on the Evidences of Christianity. Now even this kind of instruction is wanting. I could hear of no one energetic and able Catholic preacher, who took the ground of our common Christianity, and commended the Gospel to the conscience and good sense of mankind. Infidelity or superstition reign supreme. True religion is met with indifference or ridicule.

But I turn to another topic. I must not omit to tell you, that I spent a large part of my time at Paris in arranging the translation of Scott's Comment on the Scriptures. I found a competent and pious minister, to whom I promised aid for preparing an accurate text of the Gospel itself, verifying the references, revising the translation for the last time, correcting the proofs, and carrying St. Matthew through the press. I formed also a committee for settling terms with the printer, drawing up a prospectus, and inspecting the due circulation of the work. I found that I should be obliged to advance all the expenses for printing St. Matthew; and it was agreed upon, to send round this Gospel pretty freely to the chief Protestant ministers of the continent, gratis, with the terms of subscription for the continuance of the work; and to be guided by the success of such subscriptions, as to the further translation of the Comment or not. Since my return home, the revision and preparation for the press have been unremittingly carried on, and the conditions with the printer and paper-maker nearly settled. Some months must, however, elapse before the Gospel can be published. A literary undertaking of such importance is continually impeded by unexpected difficulties. It is not like the translation of a temporary pamphlet—every thing demands the utmost care—not only is a thorough knowledge required of the language *from* which, and of that *into* which, the translation is to be made: but an acquaintance with theology in all its branches, an aptitude at discovering suitable idioms, a faculty of expressing new and foreign ideas, a readiness to imitate the style and manner of the original writer, and the talent of giving an interest and life to the whole style of the translation.* The translation of Milner's History is, I hope, going on at Brussels.—I forwarded a copy of the original work immediately upon my return home. I consider this undertaking only second in importance to that of Scott.

I cannot quit the subject of Paris without mentioning the pleasure which I derived from becoming acquainted, however slightly, with some persons who are its distinguished ornaments. I place first amongst these the Baron de Sacy, almost the last of the distinguished Jansenist body, and perhaps the most accomplished oriental scholar in Europe; and the Count de Hauterive of the Foreign Department, whose knowledge of political economy is so highly, and I believe justly esteemed; he was an élève of the Duc de Choiseul, and knew, as he easily might, the history of our own country better than myself; for the minute particulars of history soon fade from the memory—He, as well as M. de Sacy, are warm friends of the Bible Society. M. de Hauterive conversed with me much on subjects connected with religion. I was struck with the warmth with which he conndemned our conduct towards the Irish Catholics, and at the admiration he expressed of the religious spirit of the English nation. He professed a high respect for our National Protestant church, on account of our tolerant principles and our regard to ecclesiastical order. Amongst a variety of other questions, he asked me why so eager a dispute should have arisen between the Catholics and Protestants about the Eucharist: for, added he, do you not believe that our Saviour is really, though invisibly, present in it? I replied, Yes. And do you not hold, he continued, that it is by faith this is discerned, and the benefits of it received? Certainly, was my answer. And we believe, he rejoined quickly, nothing more than this. Upon this I told him, that if the Catholic Doctors had been half as moderate upon this subject, and had only abstained from the adoration of the host, and other usages which Protestants deem superstitious and idolatrous, the separation on this topic would not have been so wide between the two churches as it is.*

I may mention, also, that I made the acquaintance of the amiable Catholic Bishop Grégoire, a truly liberal and respectable prelate, both as it regards his sentiments and conduct. He seems to spend his life in attempting to lessen the differences and heal the dissensions between Catholics and Protestants, and in promoting the interests of religion and humanity. He is a warm advocate

* It is now nearly three years since the above was written, and the gospel of St. Matthew is not yet published. The fact is, that after the first imperfect sketch of a translation had been revised and completed, M. F. Monod fils, who had undertaken to superintend the work at Paris, was seized with illness, and a twelvemonth elapsed before he was able to resume his exertions. In May 1826 however the first sheet was printed off, and the Gospel has been regularly proceeding ever since. The work however is still slow in its progress, because the correction of the translation is found to be extremely laborious—each sheet costing twelve or sometimes eighteen hours of close application. Half the Gospel, or about fifteen sheets (120 pages) are now finished.

* I just insert here the article of the Creed of Pope Pius IV. on this point, to show the actual errors of the Roman Catholic church, so different from the charitable construction of individual laymen, however distinguished or well-informed. "I profess, that in the most holy sacrifice of the Eucharist, there is really and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood; which conversion the Catholic church calls transubstantiation."

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for the abolition of the slave-trade. I cannot omit the name also of the Marquis de Jaucourt, a Protestant nobleman, and a direct descendant from the celebrated Philip de Mornay, the great Protestant friend and counsellor of Henry the Fourth, and the man who openly protested against that monarch's abjuration of the Reformed religion, and who during a long life invariably maintained and defended the evangelical doctrine, in the faith of which he died with holy triumph. He ranks, perhaps, next to Coligny and Sully. The Marquis de Jaucourt, with a peculiar propriety, is president of the Paris Bible Society. The Baron de Staël I was so unfortunate as not to find in Paris. I had the pleasure however of meeting him in London upon my return home. I do not enumerate other distinguished persons—my old friends Kieffer, Stapffer, &c. Nor should I have mentioned so many as I have, except with the design of recording my affectionate gratitude to some of the many leading personages who honored me with their esteem. The names I have given you include some of the best men in France, and those on whom the hope of great future good rests.

I have found far more to say concerning Paris than I expected; but I must quit the subject, that I may proceed to supply a few incidents, and make some general reflections as it respects the whole of my long journey.

1. Perhaps the strongest impression which has been left upon my mind, is of THE UNFATHOMABLE WISDOM OF GOD IN HIS PROVIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT OF THE AFFAIRS OF MEN. I could not but observe continually his exuberant goodness, on the one hand, in the frame and order of the creation; and his inscrutable judgments, on the other, in the infliction of great and overwhelming calamities. These truths strike one less forcibly at home; but they revive in their full energy in foreign lands, where all is new, and curiosity never slumbers. In passing through different regions, and observing their widely, varying habits, usages, laws, constitutions, governments, and religious advantages—in retracing the chief changes and revolutions which in different ages have marked the history of each country—in contemplating the consequences of remote and, at first, trifling causes—in calling to mind the wonderful deliverances afforded in times of danger, and the present political, moral, and religious state, in which so many events have ended—the mind is led to adore that mysterious PROVIDENCE, which, unseen, guides and directs all the events of this lower world, and overrules even the passions of men to accomplish its own purposes. As we travel from place to place, history is localized, as it were, to the mind. Our contracted views become insensibly enlarged, and we acquire a firmer faith in the unfailing goodness of God towards those who fear him.

And surely, these feelings are aided by the contemplation of the sublime and grand features of the Divine MAJESTY which we trace in His works of creation—the profuse bounty scattered at every footstep—the loveliness, the variety, the simplicity, and the magnificence, which continually burst upon us. I can truly say, the chief natural wonders in our tour along the Rhine and through Switzerland have scarcely ever been absent from my mind since I first witnessed them.

Nor are the traces of God's wrath less awakening. I think I never was more affected than in hearing the tragic story of Goldau and the Dranse—in riding over the remains of whole villages, and reflecting that under the very feet of my mule lay the bodies of my fellow-creatures, brushed by an instantaneous ruin.

And here I am reminded of a still more awful destruction which occurred near the Grisons about two centuries ago, and which I ought to have mentioned in a former letter. The town of Piuri or Pleurs, two or three miles from Chavennes, was totally overwhelmed in 1618. On the 4th September of that year an inhabitant came in haste and urged the people to escape without delay, for he had seen the adjoining Alp actually cleaving asunder. His warning, for some reason which does not appear, was neglected. The same evening, an immense fragment of the mountain fell in a moment, and buried the whole town, so that not a soul escaped except three persons who were absent, and the individual who had given the alarm; even the daughter of this last person, returning for an instant to lock up the door of a cabinet, was buried with the rest. Two thousand four hundred and thirty persons perished, and the channel of the river was so filled, that the first tidings which the inhabitants of Chavennes received of the calamity, was by the falling of their river. I mention this case the rather, because the town was given up to voluptuousness and vice—filled with mansions and palaces,—the favorite summer resort of the most wealthy persons in Italy. The Protestant minister there had often warned the people of the terrible consequences of their sins, and of the judgment of God, which he believed would suddenly break out upon them.

Similar, though less extensive, calamities are perpetually occurring in Switzerland, and add exceedingly to the impression which a stranger receives from a journey through that wonderful country. He will be cautious indeed of presuming to interpret the Divine judgments in particular instances: but he will not fail to derive from them the solemn and general instruction inculcated by our Saviour; "Think ye that those eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, were sinners above all men that dwelt at Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—Luke xiii. 4, 5.

2. I pass on to make a second reflection on THE LAMENTABLE, THOUGH OPPOSITE, EVILS OF SUPERSTITION AND INDIFFERENCE, which met us every where on our tour. It quite astonished me, in passing through the Netherlands, to witness, for the first time, the multiplied and unscriptural pomp and idolatry of the church of Rome. The surprise was lessened, but not the grief and shame, as I prosecuted my tour. One would think it incredible, that men professing to believe in the New Testament should venture to impose such burdens, or that the people should submit to them. The various and open invasions which Popery has made in all ages on the liberties and peace of mankind, are recorded in every history.

One of its most fearful attempts for instance, to stop all reformation, and bind people in the galling chains of superstition, occurred in Switzerland at the time when Zuingle and the other Reformers were

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awakening and persuading the minds of the free and generous inhabitants of the different cantons. Those which remained Popish, passed laws that it should be capital to any to change their religion; and that, on a set day in every year, they should all go to mass, and the masters of families swear to continue true to the state, and firm in their religion to their lives' end. Afterwards they punished those who fell into what they called heresy, with death and confiscation of goods, on the pretence of its being a violation of the faith thus solemnly sworn to their country.

It is very observable, that where Popery is now reviving in its influence, after the French revolutionary struggles or the iron laws of Bonaparte, it returns with all its folly about it. It is not learning a lesson of wisdom, and silently following its Borromeos, and Pascals, and Fénélons, and dropping some of its grosser corruptions; but it re-assumes all its arts, its impositions, its ceremonies, its incense, its processions, its pilgrimages, its image worship, its exclusive claims, its domination over the conscience, its traditions, its opposition to the Bible, its hatred of scriptural education, its resistance to all the first principles and blessings of genuine liberty—in short, its united tyranny, superstition, and idolatry—and this in the full face of day and in the nineteenth century and with infidelity watching for objections to Christianity generally.*

And what is the general moral effect of this system? It neither sanctifies nor saves. The poison of vice, glossed over with outward forms of decency, eats as doth a canker. The whole attention of man is directed to superstitious ceremonies as a substitute for spiritual obedience. Morality is compromised and exchanged for an adherence to ecclesiastical rites. Voluptuousness, impurity, dishonesty, cunning, hypocrisy, every vice, prevails and is connived at, just as Popery has the more complete sway. The dreadful profanation of the Sabbath by prescription becomes fixed. All the holy ends of it are forgotten, unknown, obliterated. It is the habitual season of unrestrained pleasure. I speak of effects generally; for there are multitudes of individual Catholics, who serve God in sincerity and truth; and who, disregarding the accumulations heaped on the foundation of the faith, build on Jesus Christ and him crucified.

There is, indeed, one class of persons in Catholic countries, which I compassionate from my heart. They are not sunk in superstition, and yet they have not imbibed the piety of true disciples of Christ; but having been educated during the revolution, have acquired a general boldness and liberality of sentiment; see through much of the mummery of Popery; detect the spirit and aims of a worldly-minded priesthood; are disgusted at the revival of the Jesuits, the opposition to the Bible Society, the resistance to education, the disturbance and removal of the most pious and worthy masters and professors, and the persecution of the Protestants. And yet they are not in earnest enough about religion to take a decided part; the objections of infidels dwell upon their minds—they shrink from ridicule—the fear of reproach prevents their quitting the Roman communion—there is nothing in the Protestantism they are acquainted with, to show them a "more excellent way." The value of the soul and the paramount duty of seeking their own salvation, are considerations which do not enough rouse their minds. Thus they glide down the fatal stream with others, dissatisfied and yet unconverted. These are persons to be won by the friendly conversation of true Christians, to be invited to read suitable books on the evidences and nature of true Christianity, and to be encouraged to seek, and to follow and obey the truth.

But I turn to the Protestantism which we have met with in our tour; and alas, I see deism, infidelity, indifference, a secret contempt of religion, too widely diffused in many quarters. I observe a cold celebration of a few great festivals: but the Sabbath desecrated—holiness of life too little exemplified—the principles of grace, from which only it can spring, forgotten—the Reformation, with its glorious truths, corrupted and obscured. I see a vain human philosophy—skepticism—political views—the interests of a corrupt literature—levity and inconstancy as to the faith of the Gospel, too prevalent. I see persecution itself, the most odious part of Popery, transplanted to some Protestant bodies, and an open defection from the Gospel avowed in the city which was once the praise of the churches.*

Still, after all, we must thank God that things are in many places greatly improving both among Catholics and Protestants—that the opened Bible, the spirit of free inquiry after truth, the power of

* The Pope has lately issued two Bulls, one to denounce and proscribe the BIBLE—the other to appoint the present year to be observed as a JUBILEE, and promising remission of sins to such as should, in the course of it, make a pilgrimage to Rome!

"These two documents should be circulated throughout the whole Christian world. From beginning to end, they demonstrate that Popery is, at this moment, as utterly opposed as it ever was to all freedom of conscience and intelligent use of the Scriptures; and that all hope of its having been, as a system, improved or meliorated, by the course of events and the advancement of knowledge, is at an end. It is fit that scriptural Christians all over the world should settle it in their minds, that Popery, as a system, never has departed, and seems never likely to depart, from that which is its predicted characteristic —BLASPHEMOUS USURPATION OF THE PLACE OF GOD!" *Miss. Reg. Jan.* 1825.

* The tendency of dominant churches to impose on the consciences of others has appeared even amongst the most pious and orthodox. About 150 years since, this very church of Geneva united with those of Bern and Zurich, in condemning all persons who held the universal extent of our Lord's death; with whom they strangely joined those who impugned the power and authority of the Hebrew vowel points! I need not say, that the paramount authority of these vowel points has long been given up by every scholar; and that the doctrine of Christ having given "himself a ransom for all," is now generally admitted as an undoubted verity of the New Testament. Such is the folly of excess in religious legislation, to say nothing of the danger of revulsion—of opening the door to such règlemens as that of 1817. It was observed by a member of the House of Commons last session, from Lord Clarendon, that "he had observed in his progress through life, that of all classes of men, the clergy took the worst measure of human affairs." An acute and poignant remark.

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conscience, the intercourse of different Protestant states, the operations of various religious societies, the judgments of God which have been abroad in the earth, and, above all, the divine mercy visiting and subduing the hearts of men, are producing a wonderful change. In some quarters the purity of the Gospel has flourished without interruption or decay. But taking a view of the present state of the continent generally, in its two great families of Catholics and Protestants, the Christian traveller cannot but be affected, even to depression, with the prevailing degeneracy.

3. But let me turn to a more pleasing topic, and one that may cheer us with THE PROSPECT OF THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION. For who raised up the Reformers in the sixteenth century! Were they not men of "like passions with ourselves!" Cannot a similar race of men be again formed by the mercy of God now! Nay, are there not reasonable hopes that such will be the case! For a visit to the continent leads the traveller over those scenes where the Reformers began their blessed labors. And this is the third observation which I wish to offer. Nothing afforded me, I think, such unmixed pleasure, as entering the very towns, visiting the houses, and reading the letters of those great and able men. I did not penetrate far enough into Germany to see Eisenach, Wittemberg, or Worms, where the magnanimous Luther met his papal antagonists; but I was at Geneva, where Beza, after the death of Luther and Calvin, so admirably led the Reformation.

It was Beza who conducted the discussions of Poissy in 1561, where in the presence of the king of France, (Charles IX.) the king of Navarre, (Henry IV.) the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the French court, he almost affected the reception of the reformed doctrines in that vast kingdom.—The Reformed church in France had then reached its widest limits. The Protestants had two thousand one hundred and fifty churches, some of which contained ten thousand members. In fact, nearly half of France was Protestant in the 16th century; whilst in the present, the 19th, not more than a thirtieth part follows the reformed doctrines. The valuable MS. of the Gospel which bears the name of Beza, (Codex Bezæ) was his gift to the University of Cambridge. He died in 1605, aged 86.

I was also at Strasburg, where Martin Bucer, for twenty-six years, was a model of evangelical holiness. Our great Cranmer brought him over with Fagius in 1549, and fixed him in the University of Cambridge, where he read lectures with infinite applause, on St. John's Gospel. He died in 1551, and was buried with the utmost respect, in the University church, the Vice Chancellor and the members of all the colleges attending.

I saw at Basle, the cathedral, and school, and library, where Ecolampadius, from 1515 to his death in 1531, labored in establishing, with equal acuteness and moderation, the reformed doctrines. He was joined with Erasmus in composing the annotations on the New Testament, which so much aided the infant cause of truth. His name was indicative of his character; he was indeed Ecolampadius, "the lamp of the house," a burning and a shining light in the Temple of the Lord.

I visited likewise the abode of Bullinger, who, after the death of Zuingle, was for above forty years at the head of the churches at Zurich.* I walked in the streets, I saw the churches, I entered the college, I was in the very house, I saw the hand-writing of this blessed man, who, in 1538, received with affectionate hospitality some noble Englishmen, and wrote, at their request, to our Henry VIII., in support of the perfection and authority of the Scriptures; and in 1554, in the reign of the atrocious queen Mary, welcomed Jewel, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, Sandys, afterwards archbishop of York, and others; gave them lodgings in the Cathedral-Close; and when Elizabeth ascended the throne, continued a constant correspondence with them till his death, in 1575. Few measures in our English Reformation were taken without his advice.

All this I should have mentioned to you before. I have, indeed, alluded frequently to the names of some of these Reformers. But I ought to have dwelt more on their piety and talents, their wisdom and courage, their zeal and disinterestedness. For my mind is deeply penetrated with the conviction that the best hope of a GENERAL REVIVAL of religion now, is by studying and imitating such bright examples. Men like these, wise, holy, ardent, devoted to God, raised above a spirit of party in religion, purified from petty passions, separated from the politics of this world, thoroughly grounded in the doctrine of holy Scripture, and working by genuine humility and lowliness, rather than by heat and obstinacy—men, animated above all with the ardent love of "Christ and him crucified"—such persons would soon be the means of restoring decayed religion in the Popish and Protestant churches. To produce such men, the silent circulation of the Bible seems the first step. Of all inventions the noble idea of giving throughout the world the inspired volume of revelation appears to me the most happy, the most pure, and the most important. It is like the works of nature, as simple as it is majestic and efficacious. It has the impress of God. I do not wonder at the open and violent opposition which the Bible Society has provoked. This might be expected, if I am right in the immense importance which I attach to it. The Pope and the church of Rome know that the Bible is against them. They act

* Bishop Burnet mentions that he saw at Zurich a Latin MS. of the New Testament of the ninth century, in which a preface of St. Jerome prefixed to the Catholic epistles, stated that "he had been more exact in that translation, that he might discover the fraud of the Arians, who had struck out that passage (viz. 1 John v. 7, 8.) concerning the Trinity." If this be correct, it seems to confirm the arguments in favor of the authenticity of the passage. Surely Jerome, who was born in A. D. 331, and lived for nearly a century, must be a competent witness to such a FACT. The present bishop of Salisbury's tracts on the authenticity of this text, are entitled on all accounts to the attention of the Biblical student. He informs us that Walafrid Strabo, Erasmus, Socinus, Le Clerc, Sir Isaac Newton, Mill, and Dorhout, consider that the prologue above referred to was Jerome's; and that it proves the existence, in his time, of the Greek text of the seventh verse.—See Bishop Burgess's Vindication, 1823, p. 46, &c.

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in character in the Bulls issued against it. The opposition of some Protestants would be much more painful and mysterious, if we did not remember the effects of misrepresentation and controversy, in perverting the judgment of men in spite of their better principles. Let only the friends of the Bible institutions persevere in that meek and peaceable temper which has hitherto so much distinguished them. They are invulnerable so long as the spirit of love goes on to preside over their proceedings and conduct. There is nothing which I do not expect ultimately by their means. Wherever the Bible meets with characters like Leander Van Ess or the pastor Henhöfer, it works its way with irresistible might; or wherever the grace of God makes it the means of first training such characters, it soon leads to like results. Truth, in the very words dictated by the Holy Ghost, enters the mind, and sheds its own glory there. And it is impossible to say in how many hearts that process is actually going on—how many latent Luthers, Melancthons, Calvins, Zuingles, Bucers, Ecolampadiuses, and Bullingers, are now preparing, by a painful study of the Bible, for future usefulness.

4. The example of those Protestant churches which have the widest influence, may also have a great effect, under the blessing of God, to produce and help forward such a revival. Let us aid the inquiring. Let us embody and exhibit the Christianity of which they read in their Bibles. LET US ENDEAVOR TO ADVANCE THE AGE OF TRUE CHRISTIAN CHARITY, founded on the doctrines of the grace of Christ. This is my fourth remark. I entreat my countrymen, and especially the ministers of religion, to cultivate both at home and in their visits to the continent, the spirit of forbearance, wisdom, moderation, and love, which marked the Reformers. Our books are read abroad, our sentiments have a considerable influence. England is the hope of the world. Let then the law of Christian kindness be apparent in all we write and teach. We have had in the church the age of SUPERSTITION—thirteen centuries have witnessed the fatal effects of this on true religion. We have seen, since the revival of letters, our ages of DARING INQUIRY, human reasoning, controversy; and we have tasted the bitter fruits which they have produced. Surely at length it is time for THE AGE OF CHARITY, of the love of God and man, to begin—love which receives and uses to their proper end, all the great mysteries of redemption; which dwell on every doctrine and duty in a holy, practical manner; which assimilates every thing to its own pure and heavenly temper; which conforms us to the divine image, and unites us to God himself. The scheme of reducing all men to one confession is vain and hopeless. On minor questions, the best course is to hold with moderation and firmness our own sentiments, whilst we respect those of others. To meet men in anger, and attempt to subdue them by controversy, is the way to augment, instead of lessening, existing evils. LOVE, then, is the truest wisdom. The few commanding doctrines and duties of Christianity may be best recommended in this spirit. Where these are received and practised, remaining disagreements will lose half their mischief, by being deprived of all their asperity. Differences of judgment are the infirmity of the MILITANT church. If all men could be brought to one mind, the world would be in a state not to need the new law of charity which our Saviour left us, as the badge of his followers, and the healing medicine of their feverish heats and irritations. I can truly say that if I have erred against the law of peace in any thing I have said in my series of letters I heartily retract it. My intention and my prayer is to unite TRUTH with CHARITY.

5. But I must not dwell on these topics. I just mention a further thought in connexion with them, which frequently occurred to me on my journey—THE IMPORTANCE OF EVERY CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER, WHETHER MINISTER OR NOT, CORDIALLY CO-OPERATING, IN SOME WAY OR OTHER, IN THIS GREAT WORK. Let not the beauties of nature withdraw his mind from the duties, unostentatious but important, which he may connect so easily, so agreeably with them. Let not the hurry of his movements, the novelty of his circumstances, the imperfection of his knowledge of the continental tongues, the infirmity of his health,* deter him from attempting a little. Such labor for the good of souls elevates and sanctifies a tour undertaken for health or instruction. A conversation with a peasant on the road, a visit to a poor or sick family, the gift of a suitable tract or a New Testament, a word dropped at a table-d'hôte, the encouraging of the more candid and pious clergy, the assisting of Bible and Missionary Societies, the consecration of the Sabbath, the daily devotions of the family, are duties neither difficult nor rare. Examples continually occur of the good thus produced.

A gentleman of Scotland, who had a good deal forgotten his French, came to Geneva, about seven years since, and in a few months, by simply dwelling on the authority and manifest truths of the New Testament, was the means of attracting the attention and regard of a whole circle of

* I would here offer a remark or two to invalids. I found in my own instance, that whilst I was moving gently from place to place, my health, which had been undermined by a long series of over-exertion, was sensibly improved. The fine air, the changes of scene, the freedom from ordinary cares and duties, the conversation of my family, the curiosity awakened at every turn, my inquiries, wherever I came, into the moral and religious state of the different towns and countries, my interviews with pious ministers and professors, and especially the mountain tours, all contributed, under God's blessing, to my recovery. When I arrived at Lyon in September, after a journey of three months and about two thousand five hundred miles, I was not like the same person as when I quitted England. The over-hurry of the few last weeks of my tour was the first thing that injured me, so far as I can judge. I travelled, in consequence of my son's illness, too rapidly to Geneva the last time. Again, when I arrived at Paris, I was not enough on my guard. I saw too many friends, and attended too many societies. The hours also were late, compared with what I had been accustomed to. The consequence was, that when I arrived in England, and returned to my usual clerical duties, I soon found myself indisposed. The extremely wet weather on my first arrival added to my complaints; and in

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young students, and imbuing their minds with its evangelical doctrine.

An American merchant, settled some time since at Paris, became the centre of really most extensive good, by kindness, piety, liberality, fearlessness, simplicity of heart; though he knew French very imperfectly. The multitude of tracts he gave away was incredible.

Again, an English lady at Lausanne was the means of inconceivable benefit, by occupying every moment of a pretty long residence, in aiding the cause of her God and Saviour, though in no way at all inconsistent with the modesty and humility of her sex.

Another lady was at Montanvert, on the way to the Mer de Glace, a few years since. She wrote in her guide's book the usual attestation to his attention and skill; and then added, "You have often said to me, Lean upon me, follow my steps, and fear nothing. This is what I say to you as to our true Guide and Saviour Jesus Christ. Lean upon Him, follow his steps, and fear nothing. He will conduct you safely in the road, yet more difficult, of eternal life." This advice gratified the man beyond conception; and several years after it was written, he showed it with undiminished pleasure to a visitor, who copied it out, and furnished me with a transcript.

Once more, one of my friends at Rome showed a passage in the New Testament to an Italian gentleman—it was a consolatory chapter under afflictions—he was struck even to admiration, and entreated the loan of the sacred book; adding, that his own Bible was in thirty or more volumes, so that he could scarcely find the text amidst the overwhelming notes.

I only add, that an Englishman of high family opened his hotel, during a tour on the continent, for the celebration of divine service on Sundays. He engaged, from time to time, some clergyman to preach, and sent cards of invitation to all the persons to whom he had access at the towns where he rested. The curiosity excited was prodigious. In many of the chief places in Italy, his salon was crowded. The Catholics were astonished at an English nobleman appearing to be really in earnest about religion.

But in all these attempts to do good, the charity which I have just been recommending, must reign. Benevolence is an universal language. Those who may not at first understand your sentiments, can feel and appreciate your kindness. All airs of superiority must be avoided, all boasting of England's liberty, riches, power; all intermeddling in politics, all controversy about different churches—I had almost said about different doctrines. Love must be the key to open the heart—Christian love, which delights in truths common to all churches, and interesting to every soul of man, and which knows how to make large allowances for dulness, prejudices of education, early habits, and slow obedience to truth.

If any should doubt the obligation of our thus carrying our religion wherever we travel, let him learn it from the word of God, which demands the dedication of all we have, and under all circumstances, to his service. I need only quote one or two declarations from the New Testament to recall this point to the mind of the pious reader. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, and especially to them that are of the household of faith." "For ye are not your own, but ye are bought with a price; wherefore glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are God's."*

These, and similar passages, are quite decisive. I know the objections which are raised by timid and worldly-minded persons against this introduction of religion into the ordinary concerns of life. I know the charges of enthusiasm which they advance. I know that ridicule—irresistible ridicule—is the weapon they constantly employ—and that they do all this on the plea of not degrading religion and exposing it to contempt—but I also know that these same kinds of objections have been made in all ages against every holy effort of truly sincere Christians in benefitting their fellow-creatures. Such objections commonly amount to nothing. Similar ones might be raised against any grave and zealous undertaking in the usual pursuits of mankind. Errors against taste should be avoided indeed, where they can; but such errors furnish no argument against the commanding duties of "loving our neighbor as ourselves," and of "going about" like our Saviour, "doing good." The immensely important concerns of eternity are not to be governed by such trifling considerations. It only requires a ray of holy illumination from above, to discern and feel something of the claim which our divine Lord has upon all our love, all our efforts, all our time, all our influence. Nothing is so truly rational and dignified—nothing so elevated, and in the highest degree philanthropic and philosophical, as the benevolent endeavor to raise and purify the minds and habits of our fellow-men. In doing this we claim no miraculous powers, we insert no infallibility of judgment, we presume on no immediate or peculiar care of the

three weeks I was totally laid by, with all the indisposition, in an aggravated form, from which I had suffered before I entered upon my tour. I mention my own case thus at length as a caution to others. I would especially recommend them to avoid hurry towards the close of their journey, to return at a season when the weather is likely to be fine, to watch over the first effects of the change of climate and food, and to resume laborious and anxious duties slowly and gradually. This subject leads me to suggest to pious travellers to take with them some tracts suitable to the sick and dying. So many English become ill abroad, that many a tour begun in vanity, may end, under God's blessing, in seriousness and piety, by the aid of a striking tract, or a copy of the New Testament. It is possible even that the last solemn scenes of life may be cheered by the doctrine of repentance and remission of sins in the name of Christ, thus conveyed. I should perhaps add, that we found great difficulty in having our English prescriptions made up abroad. I explained to a druggist at Spa a very simple one, which he assured me he understood, adding that he had continually made up similar ones. The medicine, however, was so different from what we had been used to, that I could not venture to let Mrs. W. take it.

* Col. iii. 17. 1 Cor. x. 31. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

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Divine Providence, we supersede no just use of prudence and foresight, we advance no pretences to an interpretation of the mysterious scheme of the government of God, we lessen no motive to activity in ordinary duties—but we plainly maintain that the Bible reveals a religion founded on the sacrifice of Christ and the operations of the Holy Spirit—that this religion is to change the whole moral bias of the affections; and that when the heart is thus renewed, man feels the imperious obligation of laboring to glorify God in every project and every action of his life. The honor of God and the good of men are his object, his passion, his joy. He takes a far warmer interest in this high pursuit, than the scholar, the artist, the warrior, the statesman do in theirs—is more sure of the value of the good he communicates, and more persuaded of the ultimate success which will crown his labors—for he reposes on the ever-present providence of that God who "clothes the grass of the field;" without whom "not a sparrow falls to the ground;" and who has condescended to say, that the "very hairs of our head are all numbered."

6. But GRATITUDE TO GOD FOR THE BLESSINGS WHICH WE ENJOY IN ENGLAND, is a further general sentiment powerfully awakened by a foreign tour. Never was I so impressed with thankfulness to God for the moral, religious, free, prosperous, happy state of my own country, as when I had the opportunity of comparing it with that of the nations of the continent. At home murmers, objections, difficulties, are sometimes heard and propagated. Men are restless and discontented. But let any one travel abroad, and he must be ungrateful indeed if his complaints are not changed into admiration. I am far from denying the errors of our rulers, or the imperfections still adhering to our legislation and system of laws—this is human. I am still further from denying, that in our public religious conduct, as a nation, there is, abstractedly speaking, very much evil to deplore. I would be the last to dissemble the many sins amongst us which provoke the anger of God, and which are the more criminal in proportion to our knowledge and ample means of instruction—the luxury, the pride, the sad mixture of infidelity and contempt of the Gospel; the departure of too many of our clergy from the reformed doctrines; the low standard of moral and religious feeling in our senate; our divisions and party-spirit on every question; our neglect of adequate means of education for our poor, and of accommodation for the public worship of God; our encouragement of the sale of pernicious liquors; our licentious and blasphemous press; the scandalous disorder of our public places of amusement; our Sunday newspapers, Sunday dissipation, and Sunday travelling; our apathy at the oppression of the innocent African in our West India Islands; these and other public evils no one is more sensible of than myself. No doubt we have causes to look at home. Still, thank God, England is, on the whole, as superior to other lands in the practice of morals, as in the extent and success of her commerce and her arms. Her faults are not of the peculiar malignity which mark Popish countries—we do not shut up the Bible—we do not corrupt religion with open idolatry and superstition—we do not oppose the traditions of men to the inspired word of God—we do not tyrannize over the conscience—we do not crush the civil and religious liberty of mankind. There never was a time when England stood more free from these darker shades of guilt. As a country, notwithstanding all I have just been saying, every thing moral and religious is advancing. The abolition of the trade in slaves—the renunciation of Sunday drilling—the mitigation of our criminal code—the relinquishment of lotteries—the improvement of prison discipline—the establishments for national education—the grants for missions abroad and for erecting new churches at home—the parliamentary committees for investigating various abuses—the honorable discharge of our pledges and engagements to other states, are all so many proofs of the high religious feeling of England, compared with the continental nations.

Especially the religious freedom of our beloved country ought to excite our warmest gratitude to the Giver of all good. We are too apt to forget our actual blessings, in this respect. But if we recal the past circumstances of Protestant Europe, or even reflect on her present situation, we shall receive a deeper impression of our own advantages. Consider, for example, the sufferings of the Protestants of France the century before last, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes—tens, yea hundreds of thousands of fugitives escaping, with the loss of every thing, to England, Holland, and Switzerland—so that in the small town of Lausanne only, in the year 1685, there were 2,000 of the laity and more than 200 ministers, whom some even of the Catholic cantons joined the Protestant in succoring. But these exiles were happy compared with their brethren who were detained in their own country. The cruelties of the dragonnades of Louis XIV. were so much beyond all the common measures of persecution, that bishop Burnet, who witnessed them in his travels, declares that there never was such a violation of all that is sacred, either with relation to God or man.

But why should I speak of times that are past, in order to awaken our thankfulness to God for the actual state of things in England? Consider the present situation of the churches in the valleys of Piedmont—18 or 19,000 of the most humble, industrious, hospitable, kind-hearted, simple, obedient, and pious persons of Christendom under the iron yoke of oppression. Every one knows the history of these churches of the Waldenses or Vaudois, possibly founded by the apostle Paul; and, in all probability, the primitive Christians of the west, as the Syrian Christians are of the past. Who has not read, almost with tears, the heart-rending story of the cruelties they endured from the Papal see during the dark ages!* I just mentioned the names of these sufferers to you when writing from Turin. But I dwell a moment on their history to awaken us to gratitude. The truth is, that when Christianity was almost lost

* In the fourteenth century 80,000 were martyred in Bohemia only. I add here a single trait of their deep piety, as an example not unsuitable to ourselves. It is recorded by an enemy. Before they go to meat, the elder amongst the company says, "God, who blessed the five barley loaves and two fishes before

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under the Roman Catholic corruptions, it remained in much purity amongst these beloved people, who had spread themselves before the sixteenth century, from the borders of Spain, throughout the south of France, amongst and below the Alps, along the Rhine on both sides of its course, even to Bohemia. They reached also to Bulgaria, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Hungary; communicated their doctrine as far as England; and in Italy stretched down to Calabria. They numbered, about the year 1530, above 800,000 souls.

It was at the accursed revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, that Louis XIV. engaged the the court of Turin to attempt their utter extermination from the valleys of Piedmont. The Vaudois fled their country in bodies of five or six hundred, some to the Palatinate, others to Brandenburg, others to different parts of Switzerland, desiring only a little bread at different towns to carry them on their way. A few years afterwards, a band of 900, under one of their ministers, reconquered their native valleys; and from this handful of Christian heroes, the present Vaudois sprung. From the year of their return, in 1689, till they became the subjects of France, in 1800, they endured with all long-suffering, the cruel oppressions of the Sardinian government. Bonaparte first granted them religious liberty—this was his policy everywhere; he placed all his subjects on the same footing; at Paris he granted the Protestants the use of four of the Catholic churches; three of which they occupy still—those of Sainte Marie, L'Oratoire, and Les Billettes—so in the other cities of France, Rouen, &c.

Will it be believed, that when the late Victor Emmanuel reascended the throne of Sardinia in 1814, his first measure was to re-enact all the persecuting edicts against this unoffending people. They are now again compelled to desist from work on Catholic festivals, forbidden to exercise the profession of physician or surgeon, prohibited from purchasing land, required to take off their hats when the host is carried about, denied a printing-press, and were refused for several years even the liberty of building a hospital for their sick; whilst their public schools, in which the Bible was taught, were put down, and their children often stolen from them in order to be educated in Popery. In the meantime, the support of their ministers, which was chiefly derived from England, has of late very much failed; and the royal bounty, begun by queen Mary, has been withheld since the year 1797.

But I am drawn on too far. I dwell on the circumstances of these churches, not only to excite our thankfulness to God, who has made us in England so much to differ, but also to take occasion to point out the obligation which we are under, to give a proof of that gratitude, by our aid to our suffering brethren. I found as I passed through Brussels, an excellent Christian friend, who spent five months amongst them a year or two since, and who revisited them last summer in company with a pious and amiable clergyman, who had been there about ten years before. The inquiries of these friends will probably soon be laid before the British public, and their benevolent assistance solicited—an appeal, which, I am sure, cannot be made in vain.*

It seems to me, that the returns which the continental sovereigns have in too many instances made to Almighty Goodness for the restoration of peace, by persecution, cruelty, injustice, tyranny, and opposition to Scriptural light and knowledge, must assuredly incur the wrath of the Most High. May England be ever preserved from copying the tyranny and spirit of persecution which in all ages have marked the church of Rome! May she keep as far as possible from relapsing into that bitter, merciless temper, which the glorious Reformation tended to extinguish, but which is ever apt to revive under some disguise or another, unless jealously watched and repressed.—The danger of all dominant churches, though ever so pure in their principles, is formality and pride—a secular spirit—false dignity—decay as to spiritual religion—eagerness in pressing matters of external discipline—the loss of the true spirit of the Gospel, and a haughty oppressive intolerance substituted in its place.†

I will only add, that I was exceedingly grieved to be unable to visit myself these devoted and persecuted Vaudois. At one point of our excursion to Turin, we were within twenty-four miles of their valleys, and this has led me to speak of them; but other indispensable duties made it impracticable for me to devote the time which such a visit would have demanded.

7. I mention as my seventh and last general reflection upon my journey, the duty of exciting ourselves and others, at home and abroad, to FERVENT AND PERSEVERING PRAYER FOR THE

his disciples in the wilderness, bless this table and that which is set upon it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." And after meat, he says, "The God which has given us bodily food, grant us his spiritual life; and may God be with us, and we always with him!"—See *Milner* in loc.

* Already has 120*l* been collected for their relief amongst the English at Rome, after a sermon by the Rev. Lewis Way. Something has also been begun by friends in England.

Since the appearance of the second edition of this work, the Rev. W. S. Gilly has published a most interesting narrative of his visit to the Vaudois.—He has given a very lively description of the manners and present circumstances of that extraordinary people. Some parts of his narrative are really most affecting. I trust the benevolent designs of the able writer will be seconded by the liberality of the English government and people. A handsome private subscription has been begun, at the head of which are the names of His Majesty the king, and of the Bishops of London and Durham. The banking houses of Messrs. Glyn, Messrs. Bosanquet, and Messrs. Masterman, are appointed for receiving donations.

† I add a thrilling caution from the pen of our great practical commentator.

"It may also be very well worth inquiring whether there be not some remains of Papal superstition and corruption even in Protestant churches: and how far they whose grand object it seems to be to contend *most*, and most *vehemently*, not to say *virulently*, for that which admits of the *least* Scriptural proof, or no Scriptural proof, keep at a distance from this tremendous wo." *Scott's Commentary.*—Rev. xiv. 9—11.

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EFFUSION OF THE GRACE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT ON THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH. The experience of every thoughtful tourist confirms that of the servants of God in all ages, that man can do nothing of himself; the torrent of human corruption rolls too wide and too strong for his puny arm to stop its course. After all the means we can use, superstition and infidelity—or, in the words of Scripture, "the minding of the flesh"—will carry away the various petty boundaries which can be reared against them. God alone has the key of the human heart—Our Lord Christ was "manifested to destroy the works of the devil"—The Divine Spirit is "the Lord and Giver of Life."

What we want is a LARGER GIFT OF THE INFLUENCES OF GRACE. I speak not of the miraculous powers of the Spirit of God; these ceased by the close of the third century. We renounce all pretensions to them. I speak not of dreams or visions, or sensible influxes, or direct inspirations, or new and extraordinary revelations. All these we utterly disclaim. I speak of the ordinary, secret, sanctifying work of God the Spirit, in illuminating, converting, and consoling fallen man; that work which unlocks the understanding, which liberates the will, which purifies the affections, which unites the whole soul to Christ in faith, love, and obedience. The gifts of this blessed agent have been bestowed from time to time in a peculiar manner on the church.

Such a period was that of St. Augustine in the fifth century, to whose conversion I have already referred. Again, under Claudius of Turin, in the ninth century, and Peter Waldo, of Lyon, in the twelfth, a considerable light burst forth, and the followers of Christ, under the name of the Waldenses, were planted throughout Europe. The era of grace and truth returned at the glorious Reformation. Gradually weakened and obscured by human darkness since, it is again needed as much as ever in the present day. Nay, may I not say it has commenced?

Are there not blessed indications that the grace of the Spirit is revisiting the churches? Does not the revival of the doctrines of St. Austin and of the Reformation, or rather of the BIBLE, mark this? Does not the present general acknowledgment of the doctrine of the HOLY GHOST, and the wide circulation of THAT BOOK which He inspired and never fails to bless, indicate it? Do not the increasing number of awakened and converted clergymen in every communion, the diffusion of religious feeling and interest in the higher ranks of society in our own country, the rise and astonishing progress of our religious institutions, mark this? Especially, does not the blessed temper of LOVE AND CHARITY which is so much prevailing, denote it? Do not the favor and aid afforded to pious efforts by our own and other governments, the eagerness of mankind to welcome the benefits we offer them, the men raised up suited for various difficult duties, the translation of the Scriptures into all the languages of the earth, the dispersion of missionaries amongst the heathen and Mahommedan nations, betoken this? Does not the surprising success of the Bible Society in the world generally, and of the various missionary bodies in their particular labors in Western Africa, in the South Seas, in the East and West Indies, and in Caffraria, lead to the same conclusion?

Is is true, there is much remaining to be done—we overrate, perhaps, the comparative amount of what is performed. Deduct as much as you please on this account; I take the remainder, and then ask, whether there is not still enough confessedly accomplished, to assure us that a new era of grace has begun, and to encourage us to fervent prayer for that LARGER EFFUSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT which can effect every thing we yet desire? Already has the attention of the Protestant churches been called to this momentous subject. In many parts of England, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, America, treatises have been widely circulated, courses of sermons preached, and meetings for prayer instituted, to excite attention to the importance of this great blessing. Were it once granted, it would include every other. And surely the position of the spiritual church, especially in England, in parts of Germany, and in America; the feverish state of many of the nations of the continent; the open and surprising successes in Greece and the Southern Americas; the commotions and discontent throughout Spain and Italy; the rapid diffusion of literature and of religious knowledge over the world; the general strain of divine prophecy; the spirit of inquiry excited among the Jews; and the impenetrable obstinacy and corruption of the eastern and western apostacies, as connected with the near flowing out of the three prophetic synchronical periods of 1260 years—surely all this may lead us to "lift up our heads because our redemption draweth nigh." For the three great events of the fall of Papal Antichrist, the overthrow of the Mahommedan imposture, and the conversion and return of the houses of Israel and Judah, are considered by most Protestant expositors—Joseph Mede, Sir Isaac Newton, Bishop Newton, Hurd and Horsley; Mr. Scott, Mr. Faber, &c.—as approaching, yea, AS AT THE DOORS.

But to leave this general view of the subject, I observe that prayer for the Holy Ghost would, at all events, tend to sanctify and bless our own hearts, our families, our houses, our children, our projects, our labors amongst others. It would thus make us a blessing wherever we travelled. I knew not that any reflection was more frequently excited in my mind during my tour than this, of the necessity of prayer for DIVINE GRACE. What I could myself actually do, was little; but where I could not help by my efforts, I could pray.—Many painful scenes of superstition or infidelity, I could only lament over—but God I knew could bring the remedy for them. The divine doctrines which I wished to hear from Christian pulpits, I could not supply—but the Holy Spirit, I believed, could implant them in the heart, and pour them from the tongue of every individual minister.—The moral chains of thousands and tens of thousands I could not break—but I was assured the blessed Spirit could dissolve them gradually, or even at once, by his secret power. The miseries, and sufferings, and persecutions, which I saw around me, I could not alleviate—but the Holy Ghost, I doubted not, could effectually arrest and heal them.

Prayer, therefore, for God's Spirit, is the duty,

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the interest, the happiness of every Christian, both at home and abroad. If Englishmen travel in this temper, the more intercourse they have with the continent the better; they will benefit all whom they visit—a fragrance, so to speak, yea, "the savor of the knowledge of Christ" will be diffused around them, and incalculable good be communicated and received. In any other temper than that of prayer, let no one venture on a ground which must be to him sown with dangers and temptations. He will injure, instead of assisting, both himself and others. The prejudices against the Protestant doctrine and evangelical truth, which the ill conduct of Englishmen abroad has implanted or confirmed, are deplorable: whilst the mischiefs which many young Protestants have brought home with them, as to moral and religious habits, are perhaps still more to be lamented. I cannot, therefore, conclude this series of Letters more suitably, than by saying that, if the Christian needs the support of prayer and the grace of the Blessed Spirit at home, where he is surrounded with pious friends, aided by habit, and stimulated to his duty by abundant means of grace; much more will he require this assistance abroad, where, many of his usual safe-guards being removed, and numberless distractions and snares presenting themselves, he will often find that his only effectual means of safety are the solitude of his closet, meditation of Holy Scripture, and prayer for the sacred Spirit of God.

I am, yours affectionately,

D. W.

POSTSCRIPT.

The delay in the publication of the French Translation of Mr. Scott's Comment on St. Matthew has not only arisen from the causes stated in the note, (p. 111): but from the necessity of each sheet being sent to London, and the impracticability of finding type sufficient to allow of this journey, without intervals in the progress of the work. Four sheets are set up together (the type required for which is immense) and the proofs are worked of on their return to Paris as quickly as possible, and the type released for the subsequent parts of the copy. But still about six weeks elapse between the printing of a first proof and the final working of it off. A portion of the delay arises from the numerous corrections in each sheet, demanding twenty or thirty hours of intense application. In the meantime, what is done, is, I have every reason to believe, WELL DONE; and in a work of so much importance, I have preferred the inconvenience of delay to the ruin of the whole enterprise by an inaccurate translation. Half the Gospel, or nearly so, is now printed off, and the subscribers may rely on no exertion being spared on my part to see this first division of the work—the Gospel of St. Matthew, actually published this summer.

I have thought it right, in the meantime, to place this undertaking under the care of a public society with a responsible committee. The SPANISH AND FRENCH TRANSLATION SOCIETY, (instituted in 1825, and of which the monthly meetings are held for the present at No. 13, Guildford street,) has the disposal of the funds in hand and conducts the design.

Whether the Gospel when published will excite public attention and be attended with any considerable benefit, must depend on the Divine Mercy which alone can produce such an effect. But I have a confidence that great good may be expected ultimately to follow from it. The inconsiderate objections raised on the ground of the levity of the French character, and the solid, ponderous qualities of Mr. Scott's writings, have little weight. It is not for the nation of France or its general readers that any comment would be designed; but for the ministers and Pastors of churches, for the serious and inquiring scholars and students, for the sedate and pious heads of families. And does any one who is at all acquainted with the writings of Mestrezat, Faucheur, Dobose, Drelincourt, and others of the French Protestant school, doubt whether long and grave discourses on religion can fix the attention of French Protestants and engage their esteem? Or can any one, who looks into the mass of comment in De Sacy or Calmet—the one in 32 thick 8vo. volumes, of 8 or 900 pages each, the other in 9 folios, and both of them unwieldly compilations of mystical and feeble and inapplicable religious glosses, without any approach to an evangelical, manly, sensible, clear exposition of the mind of the Spirit throughout the Holy Scriptures,—doubt of the success of a work not by any means so heavy in its form, and in its matter so incomparably superior? A revival of religion is a revival of seriousness, of solidity of character, of readiness to study, and solemnity of mind to examine, the Holy Word. The frivolity of Voltaire is the frivolity of irreligion. But I need not enlarge—the deliberate opinion of all the leading scholars and ministers whom I have met with in France and Switzerland, and the 500 subscribers already obtained to this first publication, are at the least a sufficient authority for the essay, the trial, the experiment of circulating throughout every part of the world where the French language is spoken, the best practical comment which has appeared in these later ages of the Christian church.

The proposed Translation of Milner's Church History into French, has, I am sorry to say, been suspended by the continued inroads of illness and pressure of engagements on the friend who had undertaken the work at Brussels. But into the Spanish language the first volume is already translated by the society which I have mentioned, for the benefit of the Spanish American; and the French Translation will be prosecuted as the funds may allow, and suitable translators present themselves.

As I am giving these explanations, I will just add that the state of the German Protestant churches to which I have alluded in my account of Franckfort (p. 20) has been fully developed, since the publication of the third edition of this tour, by a masterly work from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Rose of Horsham. I had no conception, from the brief remarks which my valuable Franckfort friend made to me, of the extent and inveteracy of the evil. What a portentous defection from the faith! What a feeple, corrupt, wayward thing is the human

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mind, when it once leaves the plain rule of the divine word! I rejoice to hear that things are on the whole again improving. In the meantime, let no young Christian be moved in his faith by these pretended discoveries of a spurious philosophy in THE INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE, any more than the reformers were three centuries back, by the pretended discoveries of a spurious religion AS TO THE RULE OF FAITH AND THE AUTHORITY OF TRADITION. Skepticism and superstition are but two diseases of the same fallen heart. To explain away by sophistry the obvious meaning of the Scriptures—and to forbid the reading of them by a claim of authority over the conscience, are evils of a kindred nature. Satan our great enemy works by the folly of human learning now, as he did by the folly of human ignorance three or four centuries back. The PRIMARY TEACHER will guide sincere and humble souls through the mazes of each kind of error, to the truth and blessedness of redemption in the divine person and sufferings of the Son of God, and the mighty transforming operations of his grace.

I may as well add, on the subject of the Waldenses before mentioned, that a valuable work * just published by the Rev. T. Sims will give the reader the latest accounts of these important churches. The renewal of the royal grant, the endowment of an hospital, the establishment of schools, and the supply of books, are all benefits of the very last moment, obtained for them by the exertions of the committe to which I have referred—the amount of subscription is between £4000 and £5000. The excellent volume of the Rev. J. Scott in continuation of Milner's Church History, gives a most interesting summary of the History of the Vaudois at the time of the Reformation.

If I were to say any thing further before I conclude this postscript, it would be to express my regret if any expressions in the course of the work have unnecessarily wounded the feelings of individuals. I have endeavored to guard against any reproach on this score by omitting such circumstances as would lead to the fixing of any of my remarks on particular persons. But it is possible that some reflections when read in the circles where they are supposed to be most applicable, may still be regarded as personal and severe. I can only therefore thus in general testify my sorrow if I have unintentionally laid myself open to such misinterpretations. My desire has been to speak, frankly indeed, and honestly, without disguise or concealment, but still with the consideration due to the just feelings of every individual with whom I had the pleasure of any intercourse when abroad. Perhaps the language which I have occasionally used on the subject of the Roman Catholic superstitions may, after all, be thought the most liable to objection—as being both too general and too strong. After an interval of nearly four years, I will confess that I think such an objection is not without its force. At the same time, truth is truth; and the warmth of a description flowing from the heart, at the first witnessing of the corruptions of the great apostate church, is perhaps excusable, so far as the motive is concerned. And possibly the very strong language used in the Divine Revelations of St. John, as to this portentous defection from the faith, may warrant much of that language of adhorrence which might otherwise be excessive, or harsh and unkind. But in this, as well as in every thing else, the candid reader will judge.

Islington March, 1827.

* "An historical defence of the Waldeness or Vaudois, inhabitants of the Valley of Piedmont, by Jean Rodolphe Peyran, late pastor of Pomaret and Moderator of Waldenesian church, with an introduction and appendixes by the Rev. Thomas Sims, M. A. Rivingtons. 1826."

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NARRATIVE

OF

A JOURNEY TO

THE ZOOLU COUNTRY,

IN

SOUTH AFRICA.

BY

CAPTAIN ALLEN F. GARDINER, R.N.

UNDERTAKEN IN 1835.

NEW-YORK:
THOMAS GEORGE, JR. SPRUCE STREET.
1836.

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JOURNEY TO THE ZOOLU COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

It is not with a view to recount my personal adventures that the following narrative is now offered to the public, nor was it for the mere novelty of travelling that I determined on a visit to South Africa; far otherwise was the object of my journey—an endeavor, under the blessing of God, to open a way whereby the ministers of the Gospel might find access to the Zoolu nation, and be the means of introducing true religion, civilization, and industry, into those benighted regions.

That many who may take the trouble to pass through these pages will be disappointed I have no doubt; they will look in vain for that description of information so interesting to the student of natural history, and so eminently adapted to raise the mind with adoring gratitude to the all-wise and bounteous God of the universe, but for the development of which the author is aware that he is not competent. His single aim, he trusts, has been the glory of God, and if, after the indulgent perusal of the facts he shall narrate, a more ardent zeal for the instruction of our fellow-creatures in the truths of Christianity, and a more sincere personal devotion of time and energy to the cause of Christian Missions, especially in Southern Africa, shall be induced, he shall deem that he has not written in vain, but thank God, and take courage.

It was my intention to have confined myself strictly to the words of my travelling journal, but this, in part, has now become impossible, as a considerable portion, including the whole period from my landing at Cape Town to my return to Port Natal, after my first visit to the Zoolu country has been lost. Without this, there would be evidently a want of connexion, and this deficiency I shall endeavor to supply to the best of my ability; but, as much that it contained has now entirely escaped my memory, I trust, under the peculiar disadvantages with which I commence my task, great allowance will be made. With this explanation, I now proceed to give a brief outline of the occurrences during the period alluded to.

On the 25th of August, 1834, I left Spithead, on board the Wellington, Captain Liddle, bound for the Cape and Madras, and eventually sailed from Falmouth on the 6th of September. From the evening of the 20th to the afternoon of the 23d, we were at anchor in Funchal Roads, Madeira, and reached Table Bay on the 13th of November. During the passage, I made a most agreeable acquaintance in Mr. Berken, a Polish gentleman of high family and character, and who, from the political circumstances of his country, had been deprived of a great part of his property. On reaching the Cape, he waived his original intention of proceeding as an emigrant to New South Wales, and agreed to accompany me to Graham's Town partly with the desire to ascertain how far it would be advisable to make that neighborhood the scene of the agricultural pursuits which he had ultimately in view.

Determined to travel as lightly and expeditiously as possible, we distributed our baggage upon three horses, on which we and our guide were also mounted, and in this Don Quixote manner we left Cape Town on the evening of Thursday the 20th, sleeping the first night at Stellenbosch. Saturday and Sunday we remained at Genadenthal; and I have never been more gratified than in witnessing the industry, the order, and, above all, the genuine piety which seems to pervade this favored institution. It was Sacrament Sunday; all, both missionaries and people, appeared in white dresses; and many of the latter seated in groups in front of the church, or under the shade of the luxuriant oak trees, where from considerable distances they had assembled, were observed at a very early hour, awaiting the opening of the doors.

From Mr. Halbec, the superintendent, we received the greatest kindness, and early on the 24th resumed our journey. The following Sunday was passed at Uitenhage, said to be the most healthy, and, certainly, one of the prettiest towns in this country. It is supplied with abundance of water—every house stands in a garden, while a range of neighboring mountains not only interests the eye, but creates a cooling breeze, without being near enough to reflect their heat. The next day, December 2d, we rode to Bethelsdorp, with which I must own I was much disappointed—perhaps the recent visit to Genadenthal might have contributed to this feeling; but in so old a missionary establishment I had anticipated greater progress. On the 4th, we reached Graham's Town, and I immediately commenced making arrangements for the journey beyond the frontier by purchasing wagons, oxen, &c., some horses having already been procured on the road.

Every thing was completed by the 12th; and on the afternoon of that day I left Graham's Town, still accompanied by my friend, who, anxious to see something of the interior, proposed continuing with me until we reached some of the nearest missionary stations in Kafirland. With two new wagons properly appointed, thirty oxen, and seven horses, accompanied by a young man named George Cyrus, as an interpreter, we commenced this long journey; and, as it soon afterwards appeared, it was a happy circumstance that such despatch in the equipment had been made, for,

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had we been delayed but two days longer, the Kafir war, then on the eve of breaking out, would have entirely precluded the possibility of crossing the frontier. While at the missionary station on the Buffalo river, (now King William's Town,) an unpleasant circumstance took place. One of my people, a Bechuana, who was in charge of the oxen, reported that the whole of the cattle had been driven off by the natives, and that it was with the greatest difficulty he had escaped without the loss of all his clothes, which they had endeavored to purloin. On this intelligence, I went immediately, with my interpreter, to Tchatchou, the chief, acquainted him with what had occurred, and informed him that, as a stranger, quietly passing through his territory, I should look to him to investigate the case, and recover the cattle. The old man soon gave directions to one of his principal warriors to accompany me for this purpose, and furnishing him with a horse, on which he vaulted, without either saddle or bridle, guiding him only by the halter, off we both set at full speed, followed by my interpreter on another horse; and, although it was raining during the whole time, we scoured the country for two hours, before my warlike companion thought it desirable to visit the spot where this untoward circumstance had taken place. This was a secluded dell, in which were two huts, almost concealed by rocks and bushes, and near which a small brook was flowing. The military talent of our hero was here displayed. While we had been in chase of every horned animal that appeared on the surrounding hills, he had ordered a well armed party to proceed directly to the spot we had now reached, and on our approach the hamlet was formally invested. We drew up in front, the chief holding a single assegai in his hand, while his people, who had come on foot, each with an ample bundle of these destructive missiles, stood near, in an attitude of preparation. The men were then ordered to leave the huts, on which they advanced to a small ridge of rocks facing us, the women standing in groups about the houses, while a catechetical inquiry was made respecting the loss of the oxen. Although the accuser was present for the purpose of indentification, and he actually pointed out the individuals who had driven off the cattle, still so adroitly was the blame shifted from one to another, that, tired with the length of the parley, and annoyed at the utter hopelessness of eliciting truth, I resolved to refer the final decision to Tchatchou himself; and we accordingly returned to the missionary station.

Although I had apparently effected nothing, the promptitude of the appeal to the chief had so alarmed the thieves, that, during my absence, the whole of the oxen had been driven back, and on my arrival were found snugly deposited in the cattle fold. Anxious to avoid unnecessary delay, I requested Tchatchou would assemble his Amapakati (council) betimes; but although all were duly seated in a circle in the open air by eight o'clock, and the business at once commenced upon, at least two hours were consumed in putting and answering the most roundabout questions, till at last they so puzzled and frightened my unfortunate Bechuana, (Solomon,) that he was obliged to submit to a fine in clothes and tobacco, for having, as they termed it, "smeared them," viz: defamed their character by representing them as theives. Tchatchou is a most arrant beggar—having expended all his eloquence in persuading Mr. Berkin to present him with a pair of shoes, he finished by observing, that he wore two, Why then could he not spare him one? His idea of an umbrella was somewhat curious; my friend having inadvertantly left his own, a messenger was despatched from the chief to inquire if he intended to leave his house behind.

Not far from this station is a stream called the Yellow-wood river, near which we had spanned out for our mid-day's halt, but it was soon apparent from the threatening attitude of the natives, who were collecting in great numbers, and by no means civil, that an attack was meditated. At this time I was seated under a tree on the opposite side of the river to the wagons, occupied with writing some memoranda, but my fancied retirement was soon broken in upon by a crowd collecting round me. Anticipating their intention, I immediently sent off directions to collect the oxen and span in as soon as possible, but to be careful not to show the least symptom of alarm or hurry. Something however was absolutely necessary to divert their intention in the mean time, and happily my pen-knife, which for peace sake I had consigned to the hand of one of the natives, who had made frequent signs for it to disencumber his chin, had, to his great disappointment, proved ineffectual. The idea immediately occurred, that, could I succeed in thoroughly shaving this man, the whole current of feeling might be changed in our favor. With this expectation I placed him on the trunk of the tree on which I had been sitting, and, in spite of the red ochre with which he was liberally smeared, applied the soap suds and the razor to such good effect that in a very short time his barbe of many years' growth was entirely removed. To follow up the interest and excitement which this unusual operation had occasioned, a glass was exhibited, that the patient himself might have ocular demonstration of the effect, but to my great dismay, he pointed to his upper lip, and seemed sadly disappointed that any portion of mustachio had survived the operation. All that remained in this dilemma was to assure him that such was the usual costume of many of our English warriors: happily for me this explanation sufficed, for in the state to which my razor had now been reduced, had anything further been required it would have been an utter impossibility to have complied with his wishes. In perfect good humor the whole party then accompanied me to the wagons, but here the tempest was still on the ascendant, and, to my no small disappointment, the necessary preparations for moving off were not yet completed. Many of the expressions which were uttered were sufficiently ominious, and here for the first time we were informed by them of the awkward posture of affairs on the frontier. "One of our chiefs," they exclaimed, "Tchali's brother, has been killed by the white men, and we are resolved that no more white men shall enter our country; those who are now here shall remain, but not one more shall come in"—intimating that they would murder all now within their territory. One angry word at this moment would have been fatal to us all. As a dernier resort, and to eke out

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the time till the wagons were ready, I proposed that they should treat us with a war-song, with the promise of some tobacco at the conclusion. This happily had the desired effect, while it embodied the current of their feelings, it acted at the same time like a safety-valve; they stormed and raved, and, to the extent of their lungs, declared that

"No white man shall drink our milk,
No white man shall eat the bread of our children,
Ho-how—Ho-how—Ho-how."

This complimentary couplet was so often and so vehemently repeated, that ample time was afforded for inspanning the oxen of both wagons, and on the first glimpse of the tobacco their ire was so much subdued that they sullenly said that we might pass, but we were the last that should.—During all this time the crowd had been increasing, and when we crossed the river there could not have been less than two or three hundred men, besides women; it was one of those merciful escapes in which the hand of a gracious God is so eminently conspicuous, and for which we have great and lasting cause to be thankful.

During our progress through the Amakosa tribes we occasionally stopped at the traders' stations, wretched mud-built hovels, and in so filthy a state, that my surprise is that any of the inmates ever escaped the most malignant fevers. Contented with two rooms, they inhabited one while the other (the partition of which as though purposely constructed to admit the effluvia, did not reach within several feet of the roof,) was piled nearly to the rafters with a collection of hides and horns, the former in all the intermediate stages from the green to the pickled. Such an odoriferous *mélange* of garbage, fat, and filth was perhaps never before compacted into so small a compass, yet were these people seemingly happy, and sipped their tea and their coffee, and offered the same to every stranger that passed, with as much frankness and disregard to their olfactory nerves as though the walls were of cedar and their floors carpeted with lavender and roses. Nothing so soon dissipates a romantic dream as one of these charnel-houses, and never shall I forget the sudden check which was given to the current of my thoughts induced by the beauty of the scenery, through which I was riding one lovely evening, by the shout of a wild looking Kafir woman emerging from the bushes with a pair of bullock's horns extended in each hand, eagerly offering them for sale. On learning that I was not a trader, she reluctantly returned to her hut disappointed, and doubtless despising me in her heart.

Both at Butterworth and Morley, two of the Wesleyan missionary stations through which we passed, we were received with great kindness by the missionaries, Messrs. Ayliffe and Palmer, and their respective families. Education was evidently progressing, and Scriptural knowledge gradually but steadily imparting that light and life which is the attribute of Him alone who hath said, "My word which goeth forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." Their buildings were rude but sufficient; generally wattled and plastered with mud, and neatly white-washed, and, surrounded by a collection of bee-hive huts, like an oasis in the desert, stood up the salutary mementos of civilization in a barbarous land. May their hands be strengthened, and many more laborers enter the field! Finding that we were but a day's ride from the next missionary establishment "Bunting," the wagons were sent round as usual, while we crossed the Umtata by a shorter route, and, entering the Amaponda country, reached the station on that evening, and were kindly welcomed by Mr. Satchell, Wesleyan missionary. During our progress through the Amakosa tribes the greatest vigilance was necessary to prevent the loose articles about the wagons from being stolen, and so quiet and unexpected were their approaches on these occasions, that on awaking at day-light I have frequently espied a Kafir leaving his lurking place beside the wagon, and that in a spot purposely selected as the furthest from all habitations.—Happily these precautions were now needless; no nightly watch is required among the Amapondas, and had all our valuables been showed on the ground, not one of them would probably have changed its owner. Although we had already met with what, in Europe, would not improperly be termed difficulties, still, until entering this mountainous district, we were comparatively uninitiated into the toils and troubles of African wagon travelling, no less than three days having been occupied in towing our heavy "omniums" to the heights of the Umzimvoobo, a distance, which, by a shorter route, I was enabled to ride in a few hours. Here another more formidable difficulty presented itself; the river, about the size of the Thames at Kew, was full, and for some days had been impassable, and as this was the rainy season, we were given to understand that we were likely to be impeded for some time on the banks of two other large rivers on the way to Port Natal. Already tired of the slow progress we were making, and anxious to obviate, if possible, these protracted delays, I resolved to pack a sufficient number of oxen, and proceed with them on horseback, leaving the wagons to follow as they could. For this purpose I returned to Bunting, but although hide sacks were prepared, noses bored, and oxen practised, all was unavailing, for on setting out from the bivouac still upon the Umzimvoobo heights, and certainly overlooking one of the most enchanting views I have ever beheld, many of the burdens were ejected within a few hundred yards of the spot, and, for want of proper pack-saddles, it became evident that nothing but damage could be effected by this means. As the river was still high horses were substituted for oxen, and in a couple of days more every preparation was completed. In one of these rides backwards and forwards to the Umzimvoobo I met with a curious rencontre. It had been reported in the morning that Faku, the ruling chief of the Amapondas, was going out to war, and when on the heights about two miles from his residence, a large body of armed people appeared to occupy the very ridge over which I had to pass. The sun had set, and it was too dark to ascertain their actual numbers or movements, but from the

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hurried manner in which they were at this moment joined by another party rapidly descending a neighboring hill, there was every reason to suppose that they were either on the eve of a battle, or in actual conflict.

Being only attended by a native servant, I thought it would be but prudent to edge off a little from the path before we came upon them, in order to avoid passing too near; but, unable to explain my wishes in time, I rode on, well knowing the ill effects of even the appearance of hesitation in a time of danger. It was an animating sight; we passed within a few paces of the principal warriors, who stood out before the main body, leaning upon their shields, decorated with their plumes and war dresses. Many were seated round fires kindled in the centre, near which a herd of cattle were collected, evidently a recent capture. Not a word was uttered as we passed, but many women on the outskirts of the party were observed in groups seated among the thorn bushes, whispering to each other, as though anxiously awaiting the result.

On my return, the following day, I found Faku sitting in great state under the shade of shields held up to protect his head from the sun. An immense concourse was assembled, all seated on the ground while an interesting trial was going on; the accused, a tall and athletic man, with a dignified appearance, whom I afterwards understood was a "rain maker," standing before them on his personal defence. I reined in my horse, and for a few minutes stopped to observe this truly characteristic scene, being much struck with the coolness and manly bearing of the defendant, who still proceeded in his harangue. On this Faku rose from the assembly, and coming up, I dismounted to receive his usual congratulation, a shake of the hand, with which he now always obliges his white friends. He was attired in a handsome leopard skin mantle, in this country the insignia of rank, which so remarkably became his tall and commanding person, that when he turned from me to resume his seat among the councillors, he looked the very beau ideal of an African chief.

It appeared that the "rain maker" in question had been sadly rebellious; and in consequence of his customary presents in cattle having for some time been withheld, had plainly declared his intention of restraining the clouds, and therely preventing the rain from falling. For this high misdemeanor the armed party which I fell in with yesterday had been ordered to secure his person, and sieze upon his cattle; and he was now permitted to plead his own cause—the issue of which would be either life or death. I have since understood that he was acquitted. It is a singular coincidence, that this affair took place but a few days subsequent to a conversation which I had with Faku on that very subject, which was elicited by his asking me to procure rain. On that occasion he also gave me what no doubt he deemed very wholesome advice, informing me that the Zoolus were "an angry people—that they would kill me—and that I had better not enter their country." Mr. Berken having finally determened to extend his journey to Port Natal, now kindly proposed taking charge of the wagons, and bringing them on as fast as the rivers, &c., would admit. On the 14th of January he accompanied me to the opposite bank of the Umzimvoobo, now fordable, where for the present we parted, much to my regret; and with five horses, three packed, the other two for myself and my interpreter, and two natives, I set forward to traverse a country uninhabited for nearly one hundred and eighty miles. Although our progress was more rapid than by the former mode, it soon became evident that the small quantity of provisions which could be carried upon the pack-horses, one of which was laden with a bell-tent, would not suffice even for our reduced party. I therefore determined to push forward with my interpreter to a small village, described to be but a short distance on the other side of the Umzimcoolu, and within a day's journey on horsback from the spot where we then were. The wagon track, they said, would direct; and as it generally followed the line of coast, occasionally descending to the beach, there could be little danger of losing the way. All this seemed so far feasible; and as the account of Calichana, one of my servants, was corroborated by two natives, whom we met about this time on their way from Port Natal to the Amaponda country, I set out as light as possible on Monday the 20th, but a more disagreeable journey I never had. The first difficulty was to find the continuation of the road, (if such a few wagon tracks might be termed) after descending to the beach, where all traces of wheels were of course entirely obliterated, and which was no easy matter, where hippopotami paths worn through the sand-hills, and tangled vegetation, were not only numerous, but frequently more inviting than the overgreen avenues we should have threaded. On one of these occasions, as it might be expected, we did not discover the error until, guided by the huge tenants of these jungles, we found ourselves in the very heart of a morass, and, strange to say, at the same instant, although widely apart, both horses sunk to their haunches. In both instances it was a work of labor to set them again upon their feet; but my poor mare was so completely embedded, that it was only by the process of mining, and that with our hands, and eventually applying leather thongs to each fetlock, and heaving each limb separately out by main force, that she was at length extricated from a spot where she had left a perfect cast of her own dimensions. But still we were off the road—the night was approaching, and by wandering further we might only increase the difficulty; as soon, therefore, as we had reached a situation which might safely be called *terra firma*, I selected the most eligible bush, and knee-haltering the horses, prepared for our nightly bivouac, when just at this time, to my great relief, the road was discovered at no great distance.—The night proved rainy, and I rose completely drenched. We had already passed several rivers, and on the following day reached the banks of one, which, from its size and rapidity, there could be no doubt was the Umzimcoolu. Finding it impassable at the mouth, I rode round, guided by a footpath, to an upper ford, about three miles distant, but even then, appeared no possibility of getting across. Returning to the former station we both endeavored, by wading among the rocks and sand banks, to discover a passage, but without

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success. A very reduced allowance of biscuit and cheese, with a little brandy, had been my only fare since leaving the baggage, and even this was now entirely expended; however we slept well under the shade of some strelitza trees (very similar to wild banana) having shared the last morsel of cheese to the very rind, which constituted our frugal supper.

Scarcely had daylight appeared the next morning, than every expedient was resorted to for the supply of our wants. The hook of my horse's curb chain was bent and sharpened; strands of rope were unlaid for a fishing line, the ground was ransacked for worms and the rocks for muscles to be employed as bait—but one of the latter only was found, and either scared by or despising our novel fishing tackle, not one of the finny tribe could be induced to bite. Equally unhappy were all our endeavors to waylay the hippopotami, whose provoking traces were so fresh when we awoke, that, from the marks they had left in the sand, they could not have passed many yards from our retreat. Even the birds deserted us, and all that my interpreter could procure with his gun was three sand larks, which I did not taste. The next morning, the 22nd, it occurred to me that it would be advisable to ascertain once more the state of the river at the upper ford; and with this intention, I mounted my horse, but, on approaching the spot, I can hardly express my joy and surprise at perceiving Solomon, the Bechuana lad, perched like a monkey upon the back of one of the baggage horses, and midway in the stream urging the animal to the opposite bank. On perceiving that the river was fordable, I merely directed them to await my return, and rode back with all speed to communicate the joyful news, and offer a prayer of thanks to the Author of all our mercies. It was long before we were all across—my poor mare sank in a quicksand when about half way, and, being too weak to extricate herself, was obliged to be shot to avoid the inevitable fate of drowning, on the rise of the tide which flows above this point; and before we could proceed beyond the thick belt of high reeds which margins the stream on both sides, so heavy a shower descended; that in a few minutes we were thoroughly wet.

Nothing could have been more providential than my visiting the upper ford at the time I did; had it been but a quarter of an hour earlier they would not have arrived—had it been as much later, both would have passed, and they would have proceeded, as they said, straight for Port Natal, concluding that we were still in advance. That we also might have found our way to Port Natal is not improbable, had we not been famished by the way. My mare I had always regarded as a *dernier resort*, but we could have carried little of the meat, and even under the most favorable circumstances, our sufferings might have been extreme before we had gained an inhabited spot. It has been a lesson to me ever since never to take the advice of a native—their descriptions of localities are always vague—they cannot calculate distances, and they are so little acquainted with the average speed of horses, which they invariably exaggerate, that nine times out of ten they will most innocently and undesignedly mislead the traveller who reposes the least confidence in their information. So far from reaching the wished for village at the distance of an hour or two from the Umzimcoolu, as represented, it took us nearly a day and a half hard travelling, but the wind was so high, and the rain so constant, that our progress was greatly impeded. In order to save time, both the tent and the fagged horse which carried it, were left on the road; indeed, the rain had beat in through the canvas so unsparingly the preceding night, that we felt the less reluctant to part with so uncertain a shelter. During the whole of this night, (the 23rd,) the rain never once intermitted, and even the trees, under which we were bivouaced, only added to our discomfort. No fire could possibly be kindled—a little brown sugar, the only supply that remained, was all that we had tasted for two days,—wet and hungry, and without a dry thread to change, I was apprehensive of the consequences of sleeping in such a condition, and although obliged often to beat my body to prevent being overcome by sleep, I succeeded in my endeavor to keep erect upon my feet until the morning, and, although still raining, I must own I never hailed the first streaks of early day with a greater feeling of delight. In crossing a small rocky stream the next morning, one of the horses was swept down into a deep place, and nearly drowned before the pack could be removed; we soon after reached the village, and our wants were readily supplied with Indian corn, and native bread made from the same grain. The next large river, the Uncamas, being reported at this time as high and rapid, I purchased two head of cattle, and, with the skins sewn together with sinew and extended over a light wooden frame composed of rough poles, constructed a very respectable looking canoe, with which we started on the 28th, the frame borne on the heads of four men hired for the purpose, and the covering placed upon the back of one of the horses; two men had been previously despatched for the horse and tent, but had not returned at the time of our departure, and I was unwilling to delay another day on that account. It was about sunset when we reached the river, the canoe, however, was soon equipped and launched, the hide having been first well soaked in order to fill up the seams. As none of the party were in the slightest degree acquainted with the management of a boat, and the whole thing even to me was an experiment, I merely took a few necessary articles, and shoved off alone, unwilling to risk any thing until the merits of my new vessel had been properly tried. Although the paddles were of the roughest description, I gained the landing place on the opposite side without difficulty, and, depositing my cargo, started again in the hope of conveying the remainder across, but here it became necessary to ascend the stream, which all my labor could not effect, and after toiling for a considerable time, I was at last obliged to give it up, and make again for the opening in the reeds which I had just left, and which I gained partly by the assistance of a native who accompanied us from the village, for the purpose of conveying the baggage across upon reeds, should every other method fail. The fact was, the current had swept me past the landing-place, and although I had

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gained the reeds near the bank, still the water was deep, and it was necessary to tow up the canoe, partly by their stems and partly by wading, before I could effect a landing. Had there been people sufficient for the operation, the communication might even now have been kept up by carrying the canoe round to a spot higher up the stream, and thence crossing diagonally to the station where the party still remained. But as I had the only good swimmer of the party with me, and all the rest were alarmed by the numbers of alligators which infest this river, nothing more could be done than to haul her up to the top of the bank. Having no provisions with me, excepting a little damaged sugar, urged by the qualms of hunger I at length persuaded my companion to entrust himself again to the watery element in quest of a loaf of bread. It was now quite dark, and he had been so long absent, that I feared some accident had happened to him, or that, tired of these aquatic excursions at so unseasonable an hour, he had very quietly left me to make the best of my advanced position. In truth it was no enviable one. I was standing in a gap among reeds considerably above my head, among which on both sides of me, and certainly from the loudness of their snorting and hard breathing, not many yards distant, the hippopotami were so thick that I stood with my paddle uplifted, every instant expecting a rush to be made. Willing to ascertain my probable fate, I called out to the people on the opposite bank, to inform me whether or not I was to expect an attack from these unwelcome visiters, but to this anxious inquiry no reply reached my ears.* At length my swimming friend appeared, but without the expected loaf; all had been disposed of before his arrival. My canister of sugar was again resorted to, and with the zest of a schoolboy; I first rewarded the native for his trouble with a little of the saccharine paste, for such was its present consistency, and then scooped out a portion for my supper. Although no longer annoyed by hippopotami, I soon felt far more sensibly disturbed by an insignificant animal which here abounds in millions. For some time I attempted to sleep in the canoe, but the mosquitos were too active to render that possible; a grove of trees higher up was then tried, but even there no respite was to be found—at last, driven from place to place, I sank down exhausted upon the wet grass at a distance from the bushes, and there without a covering contrived to sleep until the morning. Our river guide was now in active operation, and with much ingenuity he soon constructed a sort of reed pontoon on which the baggage was placed, and swimming with one hand, and urging forward his bundle of reeds with the other, he conveyed in this manner the whole of the articles across, of course the greater part of them dripping wet. The form is not unlike that of a boat, the two short sticks are for the purpose of attaching the articles to be conveyed, and to enable the person swimming at the side to prevent it from rolling over.

As soon as my horse had been conveyed across, and one of the canoe-bearers as a guide, I proceeded without delay to Port Natal, in the hope of procuring another horse, and sending back supplies for the party. On that evening, the 29th, about sunset, I reached Port Natal, and was kindly received by Mr. Collis, the principal trader, and on the following afternoon my interpreter joined me, but with no very agreeable news. Either the men had been alarmed, or the horses became unmanageable in the water—probably from both causes, two pack horses had broken loose, and were represented as having been carried rapidly down by the current, where, from the peculiar nature of the banks, there can be little hope of their extricating themselves until swept into the sea. I felt thankful that no human life had been lost, which, from the gravity of the announcement, I had reason to apprehend. Without waiting for the men who were left to search for the horses, I procured a wagon, and, with a sufficient supply of provisions, continued my journey on the 31st. But we had not proceeded more than ten miles, before we were again stopped by the Umgani, a river of some size, but inferior to the two last, which had impeded our progress, each of which are equal in width to the Umzimvoobo. The water was not then rising, and as the following day was Sunday, there was every expectation that it would abate sufficiently to admit of the wagon's crossing; in this, however, we were mistaken. On Sunday afternoon it was again on the ascendant; and as but a few inches more would render it impassable even for horses, I felt the necessity of either immediately effecting the passage, or waiting an indefinite time until it became practicable. Although reluctant to infringe upon the sacred hours of this day, it appeared to be one of those urgent cases in which the duty was obvious; by the assistance, therefore, of Mr. Stubbs (a hunter,) who knew the river, and the natives of a neighboring village, who conveyed the baggage across on their heads, I quitted the wagon, and slept in one of the huts, about three quarters of a mile distant. The next morning, February 2nd, I set out, accompanied by my interpreter, and three natives carrying the baggage, to traverse an uninhabited district of about seventy miles to the Tugala, which we reached on the following evening, having slept in the open air about mid-way on the preceding night. Long before we reached the river, the hills in the Zoolu country were visible, and I never shall forget the interest with which I perceived the first curl of smoke rising from a distant village in that direction. Many were the reflections which at that moment passed my mind, and the nearer we approached the more anxious I became to cross the narrow boundary, and feel that I was standing upon Zoolu ground, and in the midst of a people I had been so desirous to visit.

On this side of the river, now considered the southern limit of that country, there are, indeed, a few scattered villages of a Zoolu tribe, called, in derision by their late sovereign (Charka,) Amanpaci, (literally wolf people,) on account of their alleged ill conduct in one of his campaigns; but the entire population does not exceed three or four hundred, residing near the banks and in the neighborhood of the ford.

* I have since understood that they will attack even on shore, but that very rarely, and generally in self-defence.

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The chief of this small clan, Mambayendi, made his appearance the next morning, but not even his authority, nor the more direct assistance of some European hunters, who, with their wagons, were stationed here at the time, could avail in conveying the two horses across the swollen stream, now at its height, and which had already been unfordable for a considerable time. Happily for me, two of the hunting party were still on the opposite side, where a rudely constructed skin canoe was hauled up for their convenience, among the reeds. This, after a certain expenditure of breath and trial of lungs, was at last forthcoming, and sculled across; by this means, in two trips, myself, my interpreter, and a native named Umpondombeeni ordered by Mambayendi to accompany me, one saddle and bridle, and a certain proportion of baggage, were conveyed across. After performing thus much, the exertion was found too great to bring over a party of baggage-bearers who were to have accompanied me: and as for the horses, the very attempt would in all probability have cost the lives of the boatmen, so that this was at once abandoned. Indeed, when I consider the rapidity of the stream—the number of alligators—and the construction of the canoe, in shape like a reversed tortoise-shell, and scarcely two inches from the water at the gunwale, with the extraordinary revolutions which we made during the *traget*, that we ourselves were landed in safety was a providential circumstance, and which at one time I scarcely thought possible. But I forgot all, in finding myself on Zoolu ground, and thanked my God for having thus far prospered my way. On reaching a village about one mile and a half distant, where we slept, I made every endeavor through the numzana (head man) to procure baggage-bearers for the journey; but although I had been informed on the other side that here they could more readily be hired, there seemed little prospect of success. The views from this side are beautiful—both are hilly; but on that we had just left the mimosas and other trees are very luxuriant, while this is comparatively bare, and when seen in connexion with the river, which winds among rocky banks, the prospect is very striking. It was late the next morning (the 5th) before we could move forward, and then only with temporary bearers, to a neighboring village, and one horse, which happening to be on this side, I hired for the remainder of the journey. When we reached the next village, the same difficulty respecting the transport of the baggage again occurred, and finding the matter hopeless among these petty numzanas, I sent, as recommended by the headman here, for the necessary permission to the Indoona of a large military town not far distant, without whose sanction, it appeared, these inferior chiefs were reluctant to take the responsibility of assisting me with men. The sun had nearly set, when the messenger returned to inform me that a sufficient number of men would be appointed, but that the Indoona had expressed his surprise that I had not first applied to him.

Circumstanced as I now was, a perfect stranger in a strange country, with only two attendants, my interpreter, and a Zoolu, of whom as yet I knew nothing, I considered it would be the height of imprudence to allow even the appearance of a misunderstanding to exist; accordingly, much against the inclination of my party as also of the villagers, who, by exaggerating the distance and the difficulties of walking in the dark, dissuaded me from proceeding until the morning, I immediately set out, and reached the town (Clomanthleen Inthlopi) before the Indoona (Nongalaza) had retired. He was seated on the ground, in front of his hut, and in the middle of a half circle of the principal people, all decorated with thick brass rings round their throats, and a few also on the right arm. He received me with great civility, appeared surprised at my travelling so late, and ordered a bundle or two of imphi (a spurious sugar cane, much cultivated throughout the country,) to be placed before us for present consumption. My want of proper attendants seemed to excite their curiosity, which the state of the rivers sufficiently explained, and, after a long conversation in the open air, in which it was recommended that I should remain until their sovereign Dingarn had been apprised of my arrival, we were shown to our huts, which were larger and neater that any I had yet seen. During my stay here, the whole regiment, for this is one of the eskands or barrack towns, were often assembled without the fence, to practise their songs and dances preparatory to exhibiting in their turn before Dingarn, at his residence, Unkunginglove. As these, with the various evolutions, were exactly similar to those which I afterwards witnessed on an larger scale, although there could not have been less than eight or nine hundred men present, I shall postpone the description, as also of the intermediate country to the capital, which will be more circumstantially described hereafter in the journal. When about half way, a petty chief arrived with orders to conduct me to the capital, and to kill a beast for us at the first place where he should meet us. Dingarn had expressed his desire that I should proceed, saying, that "I was his white man, and must make haste." I shall now proceed at once to my first view of Unkunginglove on the afternoon of the 10th. This was obtained from a rocky hill, covered with aloes and mimosas, intermixed with several large cauliflower-shaped euphorbia trees, growing to the height of sixty or seventy feet. Having descended to a beautiful spot, a continuation of the same ridge to which I had pushed forward, for the sake of quietly enjoying a scene, to me so fraught with interest, I dismounted under a wooded knoll, whence the circular fence of the town appeared like a distant race-course on the left, while a range of rugged mountains, one remarkably table-topped, rising towards the north, hemmed in the prospect on the opposite side. Near this point the road branched off, one path leading to the principal gate of the town, and the other to the Issicordlo, or king's quarter, but which I had not perceived among the trees. As no voices were heard, and after waiting an ample time no traces of the party could be seen, I concluded that they must have passed unperceived, and accordingly made the best of my way by the only well-worn path that I could discern, and which I could distinctly trace to the very fence of the town. On reaching a shallow stream, which I forded, I suddenly found myself surrounded by thirty or forty women, who, laughting and shouting as they went, accompanied me as I proceeded

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towards a gate in the outer fence of the town, still under the idea that the party were in advance, and fearing that I should be deprived of the advantages of an interpreter at the very time when his services would be the most needed. At this moment, a person suddenly came up, and seizing the bridle of my horse, without further ceremony, turned him short round. The effect was so immediate and unexpected, that I did not at first recognise the individual, and struck at his hand with a stick; but in a moment I found that it was my servant, Umpondombeeni, and from the hurry of his demeanor, and the extense anxiety he portrayed by his countenance, felt at once convinced that all was not right. Submitting therefore to his guidance, he soon conducted me to the party, anxiously awaiting my return upon the road which I should have taken, and where I found many of the baggage-bearers actually in tears, and all under the highest state of agitation and alarm.

No causeless fears were theirs, for had I proceeded and entered by the gate I was approaching, they would all, it appears, by the custom of the country have atoned for my mistake by their lives, and, as it was, there was still an apprehension that some at least would be capitally punished. We soon after entered the town, and on application to the principal Indoona (Umthlella) two huts not far from his own dwelling were appointed, into one of which I was not sorry to creep after the fatigues of the journey, having walked and ridden alternately since leaving the Tugala.

A bundle of imphi and a large bowl of outchualla (native beer) was sent to my hut by order of Dingarn, and a messenger soon after signified his wish to see me. Crossing the area of the circular town, accompanied by the chief who had been despatched by Dingarn to conduct me to the capital, we were desired to sit at a short distance from the fence which surrounds the Issigördlo (or palace). After a little pause the bust only of a very stout personage appeared above the fence, which I was soon informed was the despot himself; he eyed me for a considerable time with the utmost gravity without uttering a word; at last pointing to an ox that had been driven near, he said, "There is the beast I give you to slaughter," and on this important announcement he disappeared. The carcasses of several oxen, recently killed, were at this time lying in separate heaps not far from the gate of his fence, the quarters divided and piled one upon another, and in order, no doubt, to exhibit at once his wealth and his munificence; he again appeared slowly emerging from the arched gateway, and advancing with a measured step to the nearest animal mound. Instantly he was surrounded by fourteen or fifteen men who ran from a distance and crouched before him; a word and a nod were then given, and as quickly they arose and carried off the meat at full speed, holding it up the whole way with extended arms, and singing as they went. Another heap was then approached, and as systematically distributed, and so on until the whole had been conveyed away in a similar pantomimic manner. Dingarn was habited in a blue dungaree cloak relieved by a white border and devices at the back; the train swept the ground, and, although tarnished and worn, well became his height and portly figure. The soldiers' meat having now been duly apportioned, he slowly approached the place where we were seated, and in solemn silence stood motionless like a statue before me until a chair was brought from within, when he at last sat down and commenced a long conversation. His first inquiries were respecting the conduct of the guides, who were also present, seated in a group, but who were readily pardoned on the assurance which I gave that if blame were attached it must entirely rest with me, as I had mistaken the road while in advance of the party. He then requested to know the object of my visit, which I found great difficulty in explaining.

That my views were not in any degree connected with trade he could understand, but what was God, and God's word, and the nature of the instruction I proposed, were subjects which he could not at all comprehend. In order to give him some illustration, I related a few of the leading circumstances which in other heathen countries had led to the worship of God, and contrasted their superior character, and the many advantages which they possessed since their reception of Christianity, with their former condition. He asked if his people could learn also, and seemed to regard the whole as an impossibility. The subject of the presents was then adverted to; but on this unfortunately I had little to say, but that they were on their way, and I hoped would arrive safely; still he was not satisfied until I had not only enumerated every article, but entered into a minute description of each. The mention of a red cloak quite filled his mind, and seemed likely to suit his fancy more than all the rest. He then asked if my king's name was George, and, on the mention of our gracious sovereign, inquired how he governed his people. With so many decided proofs of despotism around, I considered this as rather a delicate question, and therefore avoided the circumstance of parliamentary interference altogether, by informing him that king William governed his people by means of his great men. He smiled and seemed evidently to regard even this as an inconvenient approximation to popular institutions. Finding that he had now sufficiently relaxed in state reserve, I thought it a favorable opportunity again to revert to the subject of teaching, and requested permission to build a house for that purpose; but this was a knotty point, the objections to which I had yet to learn; no denial however was given, and I took my leave with a full understanding that a person should accompany me on the following day to direct me in the selection of the spot. Dingarn had already expressed a desire to see "the Book," of which I had spoken so much, and now reminded me to bring it with me on my next visit.

For three days subsequently he was unwell, and on the second sent to apologize for not seeing me. My next interview was in the Issigördlo, where I found the king reclining on a head-stool at the door of his house before which I was desired to seat myself on a mat. His first question was whether I had brought "the Book," on which my pocket testament was produced, and at his desire delivered into his hand; but after turning over the leaves with much curiosity for a few minutes, returned to me again. On requesting that I would

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then read the words of the Book, I read in order a number of passages previously selected, as exhibiting the nature and penalty of sin, the power and omniscience of God, and the awful day of account when he will judge the world in righteousness. At the conclusion he asked several very pertinent questions, such as,—"Where is God? How did he give his Word? Who will be judged at the last day? What nations will appear? Will mine be there? Shall I live for ever if I learn his Word?" Two women only were in his house, and but one chief attended me, so that it might be considered a confidential meeting, and to me was particularly interesting. Before I left I reminded him of his promise respecting the house, on which he inquired if the open court in which I was then standing would do, and from the friendly manner in which it was expressed, I almost thought it possible that he might take my hint, and roof it in for the purpose, but now for the first time he mentioned a reference to the Indoonas as requisite before this matter could be finally decided. Hitherto I had been treated with great civilty by all, but an unaccountable change was now but too apparent. Although the government is absolute, a considerable share of power is vested in the hands of the two principal Indoonas of the nation, who are always consulted and generally supposed to sanction every important measure of their sovereign, and in this manner it becomes a convenient triumvirate, contracting or expanding its powers within itself according to the humor of the ruling despot. These two important personages, Umthlella and Tambooza, I must now introduce—the one a chief of hereditary rank, of a slight person, and a mild and intelligent countenance; the other sufficiently indicating, without the science of Lavater, a character for tyranny and insolence but too exactly corresponding with his scowling profile. From some cause or other of which I was perfectly unconscious, unless it was my determination not to make confidants of either, but to treat only with the king on the object of my visit, they not only treated me about this time with every indignity, but by their rude example induced the people to accost us with insolence, and often to salute us with opprobrious epithets as we passed. Even my walks were distributed, and often, while seated under my favorite tree,* about three quarters of a mile from the town, a message would be sent in the king's name to desire that I would immediately return. On one of these occasions my interpreter happened to be near Umthlella's house when the order was issued, and heard Tambooza's further instructions that in case I should not willingly come they were to drag me along. Doubtful how far they had the power, or to what extent they might be acting under the king's directions—as I had not been able to approach him for some days, and they assured me that without their sanction I should not have another interview—I thought it prudent to bear all without reproaching them, with a full intention of stating the whole circumstances to Dingarn on the very first opportunity that should occur. Nothing seemed to gratify them more than to find that I returned to the town when thus summarily ordered, or to announce on my application to Umthlella for the cause of this intrusion that they had directed it, palliating the affront by merely saying that they wished me to sit down and talk with them. So systematic was this species of persecution, that on one occasion, as I was leaving the town, one of the inferior Indoonas, a very powerful man, more than six feet high, took me by the shoulder and attempted to obstruct my passage in the gate. I immediately walked up to Umthlella and Tambooza, seated with a group of people round them, not far distant, and inquired if it was by their sanction that strangers were thus ill treated. The only reply was that they had sent him to call me, as they wished me to join them, and converse.

Supposing that the non-appearance of the presents might have greatly contributed to place me in my present dilemma, I waived the opportunity which soon after occurred, of making a direct complaint to Dingarn, and contented myself with hinting the advantage of sending a messenger to Port Natal, to ascertain whether the wagon had yet arrived; adding that, should that be the case, the presents might be forwarded without delay. This arrangement was no sooner proposed, than messengers were appointed; and by this means I also succeeded in sending a letter to England, which, under my present circumstances, was a great relief. Had this letter reached its destination, it would have been a singular production. It was written upon the only half sheet of paper that I possessed, by the light of a lamp made by placing native butter in a small calabash, and inserting a rag wick. Some essidoodo (my usual meal) supplied the paste for a wafer. The shed hoof of a calf is not a bad substitute for a lamp when a calabash cannot be procured. On this occasion I fully thought some treachery was meditated. Umthella had again taken upon himself to send for me, and on reaching his hut, I hesitated, when required to enter, begging that he would himself come out. The messenger who had called me, and whom I knew to be a principal person, assured me that Umthella was alone in the hut, but, to my surprise, on crawling in, the sides were lined with men. Umthella commenced a long preamble, by informing me, as he had often done before, that Tambooza and himself were the King's eyes and ears, and that all matters of importance must be first notified to them before they could be expressed to him. He then pointed to the messengers about to proceed to Port Natal, and who were then present, saying, that whatever message I wished them to take must be delivered to them now. There appeared to be no alternative, and, surrounded as I was by so unexpected a party, I delivered a short message, reserving the remainder for a note, which was given to them on their departure. From this time, matters gradually assumed a more pacific character: they had in vain attempted to wear out my patience; and, probably, finding that they could not irritate me into any overt act of retaliation, the system of annoyance was dropped, and the change in their manner so apparent, that I cannot but think they had received some positive rebuke from the Dingarn on the subject. My in-

* This extraordinary tree, of which I have only met with a few, has no leaves, but the branches protrude numbers of green pipes containing a milky liquid.

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terviews with the King were now more frequent; but although I made it a point never to leave him without giving him a hint respecting my desire to commence teaching his people, and constructing a house for the purpose, no decisive answer could ever be extracted—that he would take an opportunity of consulting with the Indoonas, was the invariable reply. Since my return to Port Natal, the following story has been related to me, which, I doubt not, has operated much to my disadvantage, and will in a great measure account for the recent strange conduct of the two Indoonas.—Jacob, the native interpreter of the late Lieutenant Farewell, who was the first settler at Port Natal, from some cause became greatly incensed against the settlers, and took every opportunity to prejudice them in the eyes of Charka, at that time the sovereign of this country. He assured him that a white man, assuming the character of a teacher or missionary, would arrive among them, and obtain permission to build a house; that, shortly after, he would be joined by one or two more white men; and in the course of time, an army would enter his country, which would subvert his government, and, eventually, the white people would rule in his stead.

One afternoon, while occupied in what may be esteemed a very puerile amusement, planning out the rooms of a house, with stones laid together on the ground on the spot, which (if permission could be obtained) I had selected for the mission buildings, a messenger, running and breathless, came to inform me that Dingarn was waiting to see me. I found the King seated near the fence of some detached houses at the back of the Issigördlo, where I was joined by my interpreter, who informed me that several messengers had already been despatched for me in different directions. Dingarn appeared in high good-humor, but with a degree of mystery which rather prepared me for some strange antic. He began some trifling conversation to eke out the time, when suddenly the head of a column of the most grotesque looking figures debouched from their ambush on the right, and marched past four deep, raising and lowering their bent arms, as though in the act of tugging at steeple bell-ropes, and repeating two lines of a song as they passed, which may be thus translated:—

"Arise, vulture!
Thou art the bird that eateth other birds."

When they had passed and repassed in this order, they appeared again, broken into irregular companies, according to the color of their dresses,—and seeing that I admired the arrangement of the beads, with which they were literally covered, they were ordered to advance in files, and approach nearer, that their dresses might be inspected. They proved to be no other than the King's women, about ninety in number, decorated as they usually are previous to the army taking the field. Their faces were veiled with pendants of beads, with which also the petticoat was covered, forming an elegant checkered pattern, while their throats and arms were adorned with large brass rings. Some wore short cloaks also covered with different-colored beads, and all two strange head feathers, which gave them a very uncouth appearance. For women, they seemed to be in a high state of discipline, and rather enjoyed the display than otherwise; and Dingarn seemed highly gratified at the well-merited encomiums which I paid to his taste, every one of these devices having originated in his fertile imagination. It was nearly dark before this extraordinary exhibition was ended, Dingarn, during the latter part, frequently turning round, and addressing me thus:—"Are we not a merry people? What black nations can vie with us! Who among them can dress as we do?" It was some of these ladies whom I met on my first approach to the town, after missing my party—they had then been bathing; but I have frequently met large parties of them carrying burdens for the use of the Issigördlo, and more than once seen them march out, with Dingarn at their head, and employ themselves in weeding his corn and imphi grounds, while he inspected the crop.

CHAPTER II.

My mind was much relieved by the return of the messengers, who not only brought the welcome intelligence of Mr. Berken's safe arrival with the wagons at Port Natal, but some substantial proofs of my integrity to Dingarn in the long-promised presents, some of which, indeed, had so deteriorated in their various submersions by the way, that they were scarcely produceable, while, to my great satisfaction, that which was most prized, the red cloak, was in the best preservation. For the selection of this article, which was composed of red baize, with a long silky nap, such as is often used in lining the collars of boat cloaks, I am indebted to Mr. Fynn, who kindly recommended it to me, in Graham's Town, as a description of cloth in color and texture more likely to please his Zoolu majesty than any other that could be procured; and, certainly, no advice could have been more correctly given. No sooner was it opened, than it was displayed in every possible manner; first, on the king's shoulders, then on one of his servants, who was ordered to turn and twist about in all directions, that its every bearing and fold might be shown off to the best advantage; it was then stretched to its widest extent, and two men, holding it up at arm's length, were directed to run at full speed backwards and forwards, that he might witness its appearance while flowing in the air; at length, for some minutes it was hung upon the fence opposite his own house, that the curiosity of the people who were viewing it from a distance might be satisfied. Strange to say, after all this display, he never even wore it, but has had it carefully preserved ever since for the grand national assembly at the feast of the first fruits, which takes place annually about the first week in January. In the evening I received the important information, by special messenger, that it was neither too long nor too short, but exactly suited.

Dingarn, with all his barbarity, is dearly fond of a joke, and one morning sent for me and my interpreter, for the sole purpose of affording some amusement. The open court which surrounds

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his house, into which we were admitted, was lined with seventy or eighty women, seated on mats, while he himself was standing on an earth mound, about the size of an ant-hill, from which he is enabled not only to overlook the fence, but to take a general view of the whole town; and it is from this rude pedestal that his orders are frequently given to the people without.

"There has been a contest," was his first observation. "My women will not believe that you can do the things that are written down, unless you were present when the directions were noted —but I tell them you can."

In order to place this knotty question beyond all further dispute, I was requested to remain at a sufficient distance outside the fence, while my interpreter, at their dictation, wrote in pencil the names of twelve or fourteen of the women, describing their relative situations, when I was again admitted. The accuracy with which I was enabled at once to point to each individual named on the paper was a source of great merriment and surprise, but still they were not satisfied, and devised another plan, which they thought would certainly puzzle. On my return, after a considerable interval, it appeared that several articles had been hid, and for which I was required to search, according to the direction given. My first essay was to produce a broom, which had been rolled up in the end of a mat; then a bead. in the closed hand of one of the ladies; afterwards, an ear ornament, concealed in the skirt of Dingarn's cloak, but here I was at default—pointing to the cloak, he shook it loose, to show that nothing was there; still I pointed at the same spot near his feet; at last, with a laugh of triumph, he lifted up one of his feet, which had been purposely placed upon the article in question. This, of course, all acknowledged was an unfair advantage; and I then proceeded to pronounce the name of his favorite dog, Marquillana, and to watch the first lizard which happened to run over the thatch of the king's house; on noticing which, my task was ended, and I doubt not my reputation for literary acquirements wonderfully enhanced. Dingarn, it appears, had on some former occasion, proved the skill of a white man in deciphering his own language.

But a more tragical scene was about to be exhibited. Early one morning, my servant came to inform me that they were killing a man; and on leaving my hut to ascertain the truth of the report, I found that Goujuana, one of the king's brothers, had already been hurried through the gate to the place of execution, and was at that time followed by his two servants in charge of a party of executioners, armed with knobbed sticks. Partly dragged and partly goaded on, they were distinctly traced across the stream, and ascending the opposite hill. Here, however, they stopped, and a horrid scene took place. The two servants naturally enough had endeavored to effect their escape; but instead of binding them, they determined, as they called it, to take away their strength by throwing them down, and striking them violently on all parts of the body with sticks —their blows I could distinctly hear. Again they were placed upon their feet, and urged on less rapidly to the fatal spot, near a large euphorbia tree on the brow of the hill, where the horrid purpose was completed by additional blows on the head. Goujuana, I understand, made no resistance, and only requested, as he was led along, that in consideration of his being a king's son, he might be strangled, in lieu of being struck with the knobbed sticks, which was granted.

Much affected by what I had witnessed, I could scarcely take my eyes from the spot, and was still standing in the same place, when the principal executioner entered the town on his return, holding in his hand the brass ornaments which had been taken from the necks of the deceased. He advanced directly towards me, and for a second or two, as he was approaching, the thought crossed my mind that I was to be the next victim; but it appeared he was only actuated by curiosity, and after displaying the brass rings, passed on. The following afternoon I took an opportunity of visiting the spot, but so effectually had the hyenas and the vultures performed their office, that the skeletons only remained to add to the number of skulls and bones with which the whole slope of the hill was strewed. Goujuana was one of the most intelligent looking men I have ever seen, of an open and engaging countenance, and, although the next in succession to Dingarn, was so unassuming in his manners, that I have often had great pleasure in his conversation, and had indeed indulged in the hope that it might please God to make him the first convert to Christianity. A mystery hangs over his death; but whether true or false, the alleged offence is an intrigue against the king, in which two other of his brothers were also said to have been implicated, and about a year ago suffered the same fate. Dingarn, according to report, had hitherto spared his life, contrary to the wishes of the two Indoonas, but so determined was Umthlella to effect his death, that, because his recommendations in this particular were not attended to, he had for some time refrained from visiting the king, excepting on matters of business; and the other day plainly told him that it was impossible that they could ever go out to war while the prisoner (as he termed Goujuana,) lived.

But even here the matter was not allowed to rest. When a chief falls by the hand of the executioner, all his property is confiscated, and every individual, of whatever age, who is in the remotest degree connected with him by family or dependence, is summarily put to death. An Indoona, who lived in an adjoining hut to mine, was ordered upon this revolting duty, and from his lips, on his return, the following account is given. The principal property belonging to Goujuana was in the neighborhood of the Tugala, and thither he was sent with a party of men, not exceeding thirty, to destroy the entire population of ten villages. On reaching the first of these devoted places, he entered with one man only, to avoid suspicion; in the course of the evening one or two more dropped in, and so on, until the whole had arrived. He then informed the principal men that he had a message to deliver from the king, and as it was addressed to all, it would be better for the men to assemble in a place together, where all could hear. This arrangement being made, he so contrived it that his men, with whom

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a previous signal had been concerted, should intermingle with the party, and endeavor to divert their attention by offering them snuff. While thus apparently on the most friendly terms, the fatal blow was given, each of the Indoona's party, on noticing the signal, rising and stabbing his fellow with an assagai. The houses were instantly fired, and the women and children indiscriminately butchered. The same horrors were perpetrated at each of the remaining villages, and it is said that but a very few escaped by flight out of the whole number!

It is truly lamentable to reflect on the numbers of cold-blooded murders which are thus systematically occurring, and that under the highest sanction, in these habitations of cruelty, going far to depopulate many flourishing districts; and surely it should be the earnest and the constant prayer of Christians, that the glorious light of the Gospel may illumine their dark mountains, producing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

A few days after this painful occurrence, a chief named Georgo, at the head of a large detachment from his regiment, came from a distant part of the country, for the purpose of begging shields. As all the cattle folded in the military towns belong to the king, and but few are killed there in proportion to the numbers which are daily slaughtered at the capital, this is, in consequence, the great deposit of shields, the manufacture of which is constant and almost the only occupation of the men; two being formed from each hide. The reception of this party, which was somewhat curious, I shall now describe. Their arrival at the principal gate of the town having been notified to the king, an order was soon after sent for their admission, when they all rushed up with a shout, brandishing their sticks in a most violent manner, until within a respectable distance of the Issigördlo, when they halted. Dingarn soon mounted his pedestal and showed himself over the fence, on which a simultaneous greeting of Byäte ran through the line into which they were now formed. He soon disappeared, and the whole party then seated themselves on the ground they occupied. Dingarn shortly after came out, the two Indoonas and a number of his great men having already arrived, and seated themselves in semicircular order on each side of his chair, from whom he was, however, removed to a dignified distance. Tambooza, who is the great speaker on all these occasions, and the professed scolder whenever necessity requires, was now on his legs; to speak publicly in any other posture would, I am convinced, be painful to a Zoolu; nor is he content with mere jesticulation—actual space is necessary—I had almost said sufficient for a cricket-ball to bound in, but this would be hyperbole; a run however he must have, and I nave been surprised at the grace and effect which this novel accompaniment to the art of elocution has often given to the point and matter of the discourse. In this character Tambooza is inimitable, and shone especially on the present occasion, having doubtless been instructed by the king, in whose name he addressed Georgo and his party, to interlard his oration with as many pungent reproofs and cutting invectives as his fertile imagination could invent, or his natural disposition suggest. On a late expedition it appears, that the troops now harangued had not performed the service expected—they had entered the territory of Umselekäz, and, instead of surrounding and capturing the herds within their reach, had attended to some pretended instructions to halt and return; some palliating circumstances had no doubt screened them from the customary rigor on such occasions, and this untoward occurrence was now turned to the best advantage. After a long tirade, in which Tambooza ironically described their feeble onset and fruitless effort, advancing like a Mercury to fix his dart, and gracefully retiring as though to point a fresh barb for the attack; now slacking his wrath by a journey to the right, and then as abruptly recoiling to the left—by each detour increasing in vehemence—the storm was at length at its height, and in the midst of the tempest he had stirred, he retired to the feet of his sovereign, who I remarked could scarcely refrain from smiling at many of the taunting expressions that were used. Georgo's countenance can better be imagined than described at this moment. Impatient to reply, he now rose from the centre of the line, his person decorated with strings of pink beads worn over his shoulders like a cross-belt, and large brass rings on his arms and throat. "Amänka," (it is false,) was the first word he uttered. The various chivalrous deeds of himself and his men were then set forth in the most glowing colors, and a scene ensued which I scarcely know how to describe. Independent of his own energetic gesticulations, his violent leaping and sententious running, on the first announcement of any exculpatory fact indicating their prowess in arms, one or more of the principal warriors would rush from the ranks to corroborate the statement by a display of muscular power in leaping, charging, and pantomimic conflict, which quite made the ground to resound under his feet; alternately leaping and galloping, (for it is not running,) until frenzied by the tortuous motion, their nerves were sufficiently strong for the acme posture—vaulting several feet in the air, drawing the knees towards the chin, and at the same time passing the hands between the ankles. In this singular manner were the charges advanced and rebutted for a considerable time; Dingarn acting behind the scene as a moderator, and occasionally calling off Tambooza as an unruly bulldog from the bait. At length, as though imperceptibly drawn into the argument, he concluded the business in these words, "When have we ever heard anything good of Georgo? What has Georgo done? It is a name that is unknown to us. I shall give you no shields until you have proved yourself worthy of them; go and bring me some cattle from Umselekäz, and then shields shall be given you." A burst of applause rang from all sides on this unexpected announcement; under which, in good taste, the despot made his exit, retiring into the Issigördlo, while bowls of beer were served out to the soldiers, who with their Indoona were soon after observed marching over the hills, on their way to collect the remainder of their regiment, for the promised expedition. I am inclined to think that there was much of state policy in the whole of these proceedings, particularly as the order for the attack on Zmselekäz was shortly after countermanded,

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and not more than ten or twelve days elapsed before the same party returned and received their shields.

At this time I was quietly writing in my hut; one of the shield houses adjoined; and I shall never forget the unceremonious rush they made. Not contented with turning them all out, and each selecting one, but in order to prove them, and shake off the dust, they commenced beating them on the spot with sticks, which, in connexion with this sudden incursion, occasioned such an unusual tumult, that I almost thought a civil war had commenced. The chieftain above alluded to (Umselekăz) is of Zoolu origin, born not far from this very town; his people are the same; but during the reign of Charka, the predecessor to the present king, a separation was made, and, as is usually the case, the greatest jealousy and antipathy exist between these two independent and powerful states.

The morning being generally the time for transacting business, as well as for slaughtering cattle, which is always an important operation, I used sometimes to join the select party assembled around the king, who, seated on a chair near his fence, was almost daily visible at that hour. The deaths and casualties which have occurred during the night among his cattle are now formally reported, and with such precision that even the color and twist of the horns are described. A herd is then driven near and paraded before him for inspection; from these he selects the number required for the day's consumption—six, eight, and sometimes ten or twelve, which are no sooner chosen than a person appointed thrusts a long spear into their sides. But one puncture is made about the region of the heart; still it is seldom that the animal drops immediately; many walk and stagger for a minute or two, and even, when fallen, seem to die in great agony from the whole of the blood escaping through the mouth, and producing a degree of suffocation. It was this cruel accompaniment which often deterred me from these morning visits. The fingering my watch was always a favorite amusement with Dingarn. Irrespective of consequences, I quite inadvertently drew it out on one of these occasions; when a narrower inspection was immediately requested, and, as there was no alternative, it was consigned to a hand which had little regard for its delicate construction. How to recover it again I scarcely knew. Dingarn was already aware that there was still one intended for him among the presents that had not yet arrived, and pleaded hard for an exchange. "Why may not this be mine? Does the other make the same noise? Is it as large?" Although satisfied on all these points, and even assured that the other was larger, he still seemed to regard present possession as vastly superior to the most costly promises. Hints were unavailing. At last I appealed to his feelings, by informing him that it was the gift of a very dear friend, on which, much to his credit, and greatly to my relief, he readily restored it uninjured to my hand. A singular phrase was used by the group assembled near, at one of these morning audiences. Dingarn had sneezed once or twice, when they immediately exchaimed, "May he grow greater."

A ludicrous proof was about this time given of the promptitude with which the most unusual and despotic order is obeyed, when issued by the king. Several men from a distant part of the country, and who had never seen a horse, were standing near, when Dingarn, in one of his frolicsome moods, suddenly turned round, and, pointing to my horse quietly grazing at a distance, cried out, "There's a lion!—go and bring it alive." Instantly the whole party were in pursuit. I did not witness the circumstance, but my interpreter informed me, that as they approached they extended themselves to surround him, one standing out in advance as though to tempt the attack, while those behind were prepaired to seize and master the animal after he had, as they expected, sprung upon his victim. But they soon discovered the mistake, and on their return were ironically rebuked by their sovereign for not bringing the lion. Had it been a lion, as Dingarn himself asserted, it would have been brought, and from this specimen I have little doubt of the fact, notwithstanding the great loss of life that must have attended so unusual an enterprise.

One of his most cruel acts was unfortunately induced by the sight of an eye-glass which I occasionally wore. He had requested to look through it, and was amusing the people near by describing the effect. Now, he would remark, you are all run over the river, meaning that he could distinguish people on the opposite side; now you are all come back, directing the glass to nearer objects; at length he asked whether it would burn, and on being told that it was only intended to assist the eye, he sent to the Issigŏrdlo for a large burning-glass which he had formerly received as a present. His first essay was to ignite the dry grass on each side of his chair; but this was too tame an occupation, and beckoning one of his servants near, he desired him to extend his arm, when he firmly seized his hand, and deliberately held it until a hole has actually burnt in the skin a few inches above the wrist. Crouched before him in the humblest posture, the unfortunate man seemed writhing with pain, but dared not utter even a groan, and, as soon as this wanton infliction was over, was directed to go round to the company and display the effect. Had my glass been restored, I should long before have taken my departure, unwilling to countenance such barbarous proceedings; but it was still retained, and I was necessitated to witness a repetition of the same torture on another servant, whom he held in the same manner, and who appeared to suffer more intensely, yet without any further indications of his feelings than a nervous writhing of the whole body. No sooner was he liberated, than he confessed that the pain extended through every part from his head to his feet, and that he was convinced he must have fallen had it been prolonged. He too was ordered to exhibit his arm to all present, and really, from the expression of many of the countenances as he went round, a stranger might have imagined that some honorary badge had been conferred.

In these military towns the whole food of the soldiers, consisting of ŏŏtchualla in the morning, and beef in the evening, is provided at the King's cost, and partaken of in public. It is no unfrequent thing to see a string of thirty or forty wo-

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men proceeding to the Issigördlo, with bowls of ootchualla on their heads, singing as they go; these are delivered to servants appointed, and soon after set before the assembled crowd, who, passing them from one to the other, empty them on the spot. But the evening meal is the most characteristic, and which, from the situation of my hut near one of their *feeding places*, I had the most frequent opportunities of witnessing. Every regiment is divided into sections, and over each of them is an officer appointed, whose particular charge are the shields and the distribution of meat, of which he is the carver. The beer is always drunk in the area included within the inner fence, and often in the presence of the king; but, for the supper, every section is separately collected in some convenient spot in that quarter, within the fences. The meat is generally stewed in a large black earthern bowl, with a smaller one inverted, and cemented round the top to prevent the steam from escaping; but with all this, and notwithstanding it may have been cooking during the greater part of the day, it is generally so tough, that my teeth could make but little impression upon the pieces which I now and then attempted by way of experiment. It is usually dark before their repasts are ready, when the meat is brought upon a mat about two feet square, and placed upon the ground, round which the whole party thickly crowd in a dense circle, often two or three deep. The carver then, with an assegai head upon a short stick, which constitutes his knife, apportions rations to every second or third man, who, in his turn, divides it with his collateral neighbors, by the joint effort of their teeth; the recipient being always privileged to the first bite. So positive is the labor which is necessary before they can venture to swallow these tough morsels, that the operation is distinctly audible at a considerable distance; and when the whole is devoured (for the word "eat" is too mild an expression for the operation, which is over in a few minutes,) the whole body becomes a convenient napkin, and is plentifully besmeared with the fat and grease which adhere to their hands and lips, while the most thrifty take this opportunity of reburnishing the brass which encircles their throat and arms.

But it is now time to speak of the graces. The new moon had already appeared, and preparation was made for a grand dance, a continuation of those which had commenced at the in-gathering, early in the preceeding month. For two or three days previously, a number of boys had been assembled, to collect very small pebbles, which were afterwards placed within the vacant cocoon of a winged insect of the beetle kind, striped yellow and black, frequently adhering to the mimosa trees; several of these strung together were worn at the ankles by the dancers, and made a jingling noise, which was not unpleasant. Some preliminary exercise having been gone through, by way of practice, the whole of the male population, now swelled to about 1000, arranged themselves in a ring three deep; the women, in ranks of about twenty, forming a close phalanx in the centre, on a spot at a little distance without the town. The king, in his dancing attire, soon after made his appearance; his women, dressed out in their best, having preceded him, and fallen into their proper places in the centre of the ring. I waited near the gate, for the purpose of accompanying him and witnessing his reception, which was enthusiastic, all voices being raised at his approach, to utter the mystical "Byäte," with other appropriate epithets. Having but once before seen Dingarn without his cloak, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could refrain from laughing outright. Of all the grotesque figures, either in print or *in propriâ personâ*, his equal I never saw, though he bore the nearest resemblance to Falstaff of any I could recollect. Tall, corpulent, and fleshy, with a short neck, and a heavy foot, he was decked out as a harlequin, and, carried away by the excitement of the moment, seemed almost prepared to become one. He has a good ear and a correct taste, at least in these matters, and had his figure but accorded with his equipment, he would have carried the palm in the dance, which he entered into with some zest, and certainly sustained his part with much natural grace, and, for so heavy a man, with no ordinary ease and agility. The songs which are sung on these occasions are chiefly of his own composition, and are varied every year; in fact, the dancing is but the accompaniment of the song, and stands in the place of music, of which they have none that deserves the name. Each man is provided with a short stick, knobbed at the end, and it is by the direction he gives to this, the motion of his other hand, and the turns of his body, that the action and pathos of the song is indicated; the correspondence is often very beautiful, while the feet regulate the time, and impart that locomotive effect in which they so much delight; sometimes the feet are merely lifted, to descend with a stamp; sometimes, a leaping stride is taken on either side; at others, a combination of both; but they have yet a more violent gesture: forming four deep, in open order, they make short runs to and fro, leaping, prancing, and crossing each other's paths, brandishing their sticks, and raising such a cloud of dust by the vehemence and rapidity of the exercise, that to a bystander it has all the effect of the wildest battle scene of savage life, and which it is doubtless intended to imitate. While all this is going on in the ring, the women in the centre are not idle spectators; they do not indeed move from their position, but, bending their bodies forwards to the clap of their hands, stamping with both feet together, and raising their voices to the highest pitch, they fill in their parts, and follow out the chorus with such a degree of continued exertion, as would cause an European female to go upon crutches for the remainder of her life.—When the king mingles in these festivities, he takes his place in the inner circle, exactly opposite the centre woman of the sable phalanx; and should he set the time, which he usually does when present, a shrill whistle from a number of men, (the king's herdsmen) stationed in the opposite part of the ring, announces the condescending act; and, at the conclusion of every song, whether he is present or not, two heralds swiftly cross each other, emerging at the same moment from opposite ends of the circle, and, running furiously along the line which faces the women, shouting the whole time at the top of their lungs, O, O, O, O, O, O! to indicate its conclusion. These

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heralds are always disguised by some grotesque attire; on this occasion, one of them was so completely enveloped in the entire skin of a panther, his own eyes piercing through the very holes in the skull, and his neck and shoulders streaming with long lappets of the same fur, that he bore no resemblance to a human being; the other was less hideous, being covered with streamers of ox tails and hair, a large fillet of which encircled his forehead, and hung wildly over his eyes. Every song, many of which were sung on these occasions, has a different air, and the corresponding attitudes vary also; some are humorous and colloquial, in which a conversation is kept up with the women, who ask questions, and are in return answered by the men; but the generality relate either to hunting or war. On one occasion, the boys were employed to water the ground, and in an instant every calabash, large and small, was in requisition; even bundles of wet grass were brought and switched about, to assist in laying the dust, but in a quarter of an hour it was again raised by the continued stamping of so many feet.—The black feathers of the long-tailed finch form the usual head plume of the men; the forehead is bound round with a fillet of white beads, having a square of red in the centre; white beads usually decorate the ankles, and a band of this, or some other color, as pink or blue, the leg below the knee; while heavy brass rings on the throat and arms, are the established uniform during the dancing season, and to the eye have a rich and dressy appearance. In this climate, however, they are a positive torture, and many are the complaints which I have heard among the wearers, of the blisters which they not unfrequently raise, after a long exposure to the direct rays of the sun; the marvel is, that the whole nation are not afflicted with sore throats, as the pressure and heat are endured throughout the hottest months of the year, while they are suddenly left off on the approach of winter.

But I must now revert to the more immediate subject of my visit. Nearly a month had elapsed since my arrival, and not the slightest progress appeared to have been made in what I had the most at heart—the religious instruction of this people—although no opportunity had been lost in urging the point with Dingarn. The horse which I had borrowed at the Tugăla was still with me, retained day after day in the full expectation that a final reply to my often-repeated applications would be given, and that its services might be required either for the purposes of the station here, or for my return to Port Natal. In order, therefore, to bring the matter at once to an issue, I requested an audience, and informed the king that I could no longer retain the horse—that it was my intention to send him back on the following day, but that it would be very inconvenient for me to do this, without having been previously made acquainted with his decision respecting my remaining to teach his people. His reply was, "You must go and speak to the Indoonas about it, and to-morrow morning bring them up with you, and I will give you an answer."

Delighted with this apparent opening, and anticipating a speedy result, I proceeded in quest of Umthella and Tambooza; but at that moment these two important personages were actively engaged dancing in the ring, and as my intrusions at such a time would only have retarded my views, and the sun went down before they returned, I was obliged to content myself with a promise that they would attend to the business the first thing in the morning.

Soon after day-light, I sent to inquire if Umthella was disposed to receive me in his hut, or whether he and Tambooza would call on me; but though diligent search was made, neither could be found, and at length it was ascertained that both were with the king. For a long time I waited their return, my interpreter and myself taking different stations for this purpose; and although at last I succeeded in waylaying them, it was again but too evident that nothing could be expected from either. Orders, it appears, had been suddenly given, and arrangements were now making, for the removal not only of the court, but of the whole male population, to Imbelli-belli, a military town about ten miles distant, where a series of dances on a more extended scale was to finish the festivities of the season. The urgency of the occasion, and the press of business which devolved upon them, was the plea they advanced for not at once attending to my wishes; and perceiving that all prospect of success, amidst the hurry and bustle of the moment, was utterly hopeless, I fell in with Umthella's suggestion to accompany them, a promise at the same time being held out of a decided answer on reaching Imbelli-belli. My expectations of such a result, I must own, were by no means sanguine; the dancing was expected to continue for twenty-one days, and I had little hope that, in the midst of all the excitement and bustle of such a scene, my business was likely to be better attended to than here. Still there was a glimmering of hope—both the king and the Indoonas were now pledged to express their opinion, and I thought it very probable that something might arise during the march that might induce the Indoonas to espouse my cause.

The Unkŭnginglove regiment about nine hundred strong, marched out in single file about ten o'clock; a number of camp followers, bearing a few articles rolled up in mats upon their heads, had preceded, and several kept company at a respectable distance, on either flank; among whom were the king's servants, bearing his cloak in a basket, his gilt stick, a chair, and various other articles. Dingarn, followed by the two Indoonas, passed through the gate at the head of his people, but, on reaching the heights, ordered them to proceed, while he rested in his chair, and reviewed them as they filed past, those nearest to his person bending almost double as they approached, and continuing the obsequient posture until they advanced several paces forward. The line occupied a considerable space, and, as they wound up the irregular slopes of the hills, the effect produced by their glistening armlets and collars and waving plumes, was certainly fine; and Dingarn, who is a most notorious boaster, took advantage of the circumstance to expatiate to me on the numbers and efficiency of his troops. For some time he continued in the rear, and then ordering a general halt, passed along the line, and resumed his station at their head.

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men proceeding to the Issigōrdlo, with bowls of ōūtchualla on their heads, singing as they go; these are delivered to servants appointed, and soon after set before the assembled crowd, who, passing them from one to the other, empty them on the spot. But the evening meal is the most characteristic, and which, from the situation of my hut near one of their *feeding places*, I had the most frequent opportunities of witnessing. Every regiment is divided into sections, and over each of them is an officer appointed, whose particular charge are the shields and the distribution of meat, of which he is the carver. The beef is always drunk in the area included within the fence, and often in the presence of the [illegible] for the supper, every section is seperated in some convenient spot in the [illegible] the fences. The meat is generally [illegible] large black earthern bowl, which [illegible] verted, and cemented round [illegible] steam from escaping; [illegible] withstanding it may be [illegible] greater part of the [illegible] that my teeth [illegible] upon the piece [illegible] by way of [illegible] their repast [illegible] upon a [illegible] upon the [illegible] thick' [illegible] deer [illegible] up [illegible] p [illegible] y [illegible] places in the centre of [illegible] in a similar manner. I the gate, for the purpose of my hat in the air, and gave and witnessing his [illegible], on being explained, greatly siastic, all voices. During the whole of this journey utter the most [illegible] accompanied by the two Imbōngas, or priate epithets of praisers of the king, bearing shields, Dingarn [illegible] always within audible distance on one est [illegible] other of the path; these are the same out [illegible] who perform the part of heralds in the dances, [illegible] and who now, at every convenient opportunity, [illegible] recounted the various acts and deeds of their august monarch in a string of unbroken sentences; the climax of this species of impromptu composition being the volubility of the speaker, and his total disregard to every rule of punctuation.

The entrance into Imbelli-belli was in the same style as the approach to Issiclebăni; the people of the town came out to receive the king, and then all moved forward together; the main body, as soon as they had passed the inner fence, opening to admit the king, who was in the rear, and then immediately closing and forming a circle around him, who, after witnessing a further repetition of warlike antics, retired to the Issigōrdlo, at the upper part of the town. Not so fortunate was I, although nearly the whole population of the place had been forced to turn out for the accommodation of the people from Unkūnginglove, who may be considered as the body-guard, and were seen lighting their fires as we approached, and preparing to bivouac among the neighboring bushes. Not a hut could be obtained; and had it not been for the influence of the two Indoonas, who, at the express order of the king, accompanied us in the search, we should not have succeeded. Not expecting to remain beyond a night, the sum-total of my baggage was a pocket-testament and a spoon, naturally calculating on procuring a mat; but even this luxury could not be obtained; and I was obliged to content myself with the solid floor for my bed, and a more solid stone by way of pillow, and that in a hut already occupied by two natives, independent of my interpreter. Having been promised an early interview with the two Indoonas in the morning (March 7th), and the actual height of the sun described at the time the intended conference should take place, I was at Umthella's hut rather before the hour appointed; but neither himself nor his colleague, who, in the crowded state of the town, were housed together, could be found. His servants informed me that they had been seen passing through the gate, intending to bathe in the river, which I believe was correct. However, in due time they were reminded of the appointment, and the long-promised meeting took place. Both Umthella and Tambooza, who were the only individuals present excepting ourselves, expressed themselves in the kindest manner, and evinced so much cordiality and willingness to forward my views, that the object appeared almost gained before the final reference had been made to the king. Apparently animated with the subject, which was discussed at full length, they themselves proposed an immediate adjournment to the presence of the king; but this, even to them, was not so readily gained; and to my astonishment, notwithstanding all their previous boasting, we were all kept a full half-hour waiting attendance, happily under the shade of

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old trees in the centre of the area, until his at the time occupied, not like the *nursery* counting out his money," but in inspect- rds of cattle, had finished his princely t. His chair was then set beside the ther tree, to which we soon after re- was called up by Dingarn to state f what had just been advanced in

nents will appear in the sequel, ary to say more than that I en- ain to him, as I had frequently that my only motive in visiting his was the spiritual instruction of his people; arging on the blessings attendant upon Chris- tianity, both individually and nationally; and as- suring him that any intention to interfere with either their laws or their customs was the farthest removed from my thoughts, as, next to the fear of God, honor and respect to kings, and all in autho- rity, was a prominent feature in the religion which was taught in "the book," and which I was so anxious to make known to them. To this point I met with no interruption; but here Tambooza observed that they did not wish for teaching; that they could never learn; that such words as these they were sure they could not understand. If I would instruct them in the use of the issibum (musket) I could stay, but these were things they did not care about. As neither Umthlella nor the king had as yet expressed any opinion, I strove hard to combat these objections, hoping still to neutralise this unexpected rebuff, but to no pur- pose: Umthlella, though he said little, supported his colleague; and both soon cut the matter short by an appeal to the king for his final decision. His reply, a masterpice of "*juste milieu*" policy, and I am willing to hope at varience with his bet- ter judgment, was thus expressed:—"I will not over-rule the decision of my Indoonas." As though thunder-struck, and scarcely believing my own ears, I still ventured to prolong the discussion, until reminded by the Indoonas, who, having now gained their point, were more authoritative in their manner, that the business was ended.

Some messengers just at this moment arrived from the Tugăla with a package from Port Natal, containing a letter from Mr. Berkin and some Graham's Town Journals. The letter I eagerly opened; but, notwithstanding all my anxiety to learn the progress of the Kafir war, I was obliged to reserve the perusal of the papers for a less pub- lic occasion, as it would otherwise have been dif- ficult to have concealed some of the prominent facts from the cross-questioning curiosity of Din- garn; and as yet we were in total ignorance of the circumstances which had occurred since the first breaking out of hostilities. From the tenor of the letter, some parts of which it was necessary to communicate, I was enabled to assure him that wanton aggression upon British territory would never be tolerated, and that all who aided in such fruitless expeditions would be severely chastised: a result which he seemed fully prepared to regard as by no means improbable. As the object of my visit had now, at least for the present, entirely failed, I signified my intention to return forthwith to Port Natal, going back immediately for my baggage to Unkŭngŭnglove. as the following day was Sunday, and setting out on my journey on Monday morning. Dingarn, who throughout had always treated me kindly, said, that I must not leave him yet; that he wished me to see the danc- ing which would be going on for the next twenty days, and that after that period I could return. My mind was now too much grieved to take any pleasure in these wild pastimes. I told him that it was necessary, on many accounts, that I should return, and particularly as I had the keys of the boxes which contained the remainder of the pre- sents, which, unless opened, might spoil, and, at all events, could not be forwarded across the Tugăla until unpacked. The high road to his heart having been thus gained, no further objec- tion was made, and having promised to postpone my walk until the evening, in order to witness a grand dance which was shortly to take place, I took my leave for the present.

There were some novelties in this dance. "We must open a new path," said the inventive Din- garn, and shortly after he was escorted to the dancing-ground, without the town, by his Unkŭng- inglove men, each bearing a large bunch of green bows* in his right hand, exalted above his head, who, in conjunction with the people of another town, formed an exterior circle, while the Issicle- băni regiment occupied the ring, and danced with- in. The moving grove, intermingled with the bald heads, had a cheerful effect. Dingarn, al- though in his dancing costume, did not join the lists, but contented himself with witnessing the feats performed by the three regiments assembled, the Undŭnginglove, Imbelli-belli, and the Issicle- băni, who each took their turns in the ring. It was altogether a most animating sight; crowds of spectators were collected, and groups of wo- men, with children on their backs, were seen tak- ing advantage of every rock and rising ground, to peep over the heads of the bystanders; even the trees were garnished with boys, who were more than once disturbed on their roost by an order from some of the Indoonas. There could not have been less than 4000 or 5000 people on the ground. A variety was also observed in the dress of the Imbelli-belli men; if a collection of skin streamers, like the tails of a lady's "boa" attatched to a thin waist-cord, deserves the name, but which, in fact, is the nearest approach to a habiliment which a Zoolu ever deigns to wear. In this instance, and expressly for the occasion, the short cottony fibre of a root was substituted, at least behind, and twisted into thick ropy pendants, with the ends hanging loose like a tassel below, which had a good effect, eight or nine of these tails forming a dress. But before the whole was ended, a thun- der storm, attended with heavy rain, cut short the amusements, and all were obliged to leave the ground, and return for shelter to the town. As soon as it cleared up a little, I took a formal leave of Dingarn, who called his people around to show me how they could eat tough beef, asking, If that was the manner in which English soldiers received their meat? He then said, that I must come and see him again; that I could build at Port Natal, and teach the people there. Still, re- luctant to leave him without some distant prospect

* These bows had never been carried before.

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of success, I told him that I hoped he would soon alter the word he had spoken, and that whenever he wished a teacher for his people, he must send me a message to Port Natal. It was late before we reached Unkŭnginglove that evening, and early on Monday, the 9th, the bearers appointed by Dingarn to convey my baggage were in advance, and I found myself reluctantly leaving the town, now almost deserted of its inhabitants, and where I had fondly hoped that some progress in Christian instruction would ere this have been effected. But well it is for us, that God's ways are not our ways; by such disappointments he not only proves and prepares the instruments by whom he often deigns to work, but shows us that his purposes will ripen and unfold without their aid. I felt much comfort in repeating those beautiful lines of Cowper—

> 'Wait for His seasonable aid,
> And if it tarry—wait;
> The promise may be long delayed,
> But cannot come too late."

So satisfied did I feel of a favorable result to my request, that the horse had actually been sent off; a long walk of three days was therefore before me, in which, exclusive of fording the rivers, we averaged about thirty miles in each. The following, which is the only scrap remaining of my lost Journal, I should perhaps apologise for inserting, but, as it will give some idea of my spacious apartment in the Zoolu capital, may not be here altogether out of place.

MY ZOOLU HUT.

Dear is that spot, however mean,
Which once we've called our own,
And if 'twas snug, and neat, and clean,
Our thoughts oft thither roam.

I see them now—those four* low props,
That held the hay-stack o'er my head;
The dusky frame-work from their tops,
Like a large mouse-trap, round me spread.

Once entered, I forgot the pain
My broken back sustained;
But when obliged to crawl again,
From tears I scarce refrained.

To stand erect I never tried,
For reasons you may guess;
Full fourteen feet my hut was wide
Its height was nine feet less.

My furniture, a scanty store,
Some saddle-bags beside me laid;
A hurdle used to close the door,
Raised upon stones, my table made.

And when, my visiters arrived,
To sit, and prate, and stare;
Of light and air at once deprived,
The heat I scarce could bear.

The solid ground my softest bed,
A mat my mattress made;
The friendly saddle raised my head,
As in my cloak I laid.

The homely lizard harmless crept
Unnoticed through the door;
And rats their gambols round me kept,
While sleeping on the floor.

Such was my humble Zoolu home,
And memory paints thee yet;
While life shall last, where'er I roam,
That hut I'll ne'er forget.

In the course of the first day's journey we met some messengers hastening towards Unkŭnginglove with intelligence of the sickness of an influential Indoona residing at some distance. They informed me that they were proceeding directly to the king, who, on being made accquainted with the nature of his disorder, would send down such medicine as he thought proper. This I am told is the usual practice. Dingarn expects to be made acquainted with the ailments of all his principal people; when any danger is apprehended, the case is then referred to the doctors residing in the capital, and, according to their advice, medicine is forwarded to the patient, who, whether it agree or not, is obliged to take it.

The state of my wardrobe at this time but too well corresponded with my lodging, and it was only by tying the remains of my shoes to my feet that I was enabled to retain the advantage of a sole, until we reached the Tugăla, when, to my no small gratification and surprise, our reiterated shouts for the boat were at length answered by my friend Mr. Berkin, whom I soon perceived anxiously waiting on the rocks for my arrival on the opposite bank. Our meeting here was not, indeed, altogether unexpected, as in the note received at Imbelli-belli he had signified his intention of paying me a visit at Unkŭnginglove, in company with Mr. Collis, who was at that time about to take his annual journey, to purhase the ivory which had been collected by Dingarn, who keeps this description of trade entirely in his own hands. So anxious was my friend to render his advice and assistance in my present circumstances, that he at once gave up the prosecution of a trip which had previously excited much of his curiosity and interest, and insisted on accompanying me back to Port Natal, where we arrived on Saturday, the 14th, with one of the wagons he had so kindly conducted from the Umzimvoobo.

"There hath not failed one word of all His good promise, which he promised."—1 Kings viii. 56.

Firm is the Rock in Zion laid,
A refuge that has never failed;
Sure is the feeblest hope that's stayed
On Him who over death prevailed.

No word He 's uttered shall be void,
No promise He has spoken, fail;
Though long delayed, 'tis not destroyed,
But surely shall at last prevail.

* Many of the huts have but one support in the centre.

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What though the raven cease to feed,
Though Cherith's brook at length be dry,
Sufficient for a prophet's need,
The cruse and barrel shall supply.

What worldlings now so fondly boast,
The treasures that their hearts divide,
Whate'er we seem to need the most,
In mercy—all may be denied.

And yet a richer boon be ours,
"As poor and yet possessing all;"
And those may be our happiest hours,
When nothing we our own can call.

And then how sweet to trace the Hand
That gave—and has withheld in love,
To feel 'twas all in mercy planned,
And know our treasure is above!

Ask now the Christian—Is it well?
In Joshua's words he will reply,
And praise his grateful heart will swell—
No one good thing does he deny.

But if so sure the promise here
But foretastes of the bliss declared,
How should the thought our bosoms cheer,
Of those bright mansions He 's prepared.

A little—and we soon shall be
Where pain and sorrow are unknown,
And Jesus our Redeemer see,
And all his loving kindness own.

Oh! then, my soul! in Christ confide;
Thy every care in Him repose;
He lives who once for sinners died,
And all our griefs and trials knows;
And nothing we can ever need,
If Jesus we have found indeed.

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CHAPTER III.

SCARCELY had we arrived at Port Natal, when the following letter, bearing the signatures of all the Europeans then in the settlement, was put into my hand.

PORT NATAL, *March 14th*, 1835.

SIR,—We, the undersigned residents of Port Natal, learn with regret your unfavorable reception with Dingarn; and, to enable you to form a just estimate of our own feelings, declare that the presence of a missionary establishment at Natal, whose object would be to inculcate industry and religion, would and shall meet with all the support in our power.

(Signed) JOHN CANE,
C. PLANKENBERG,
RICHARD WOOD,
CHARLES ADAMS,
J. FRANCIS,
C. J. PICKMAN,
P. H. AGLE,
JAMES COLLIS.

To Capt. Gardiner, R. N.

Although from its position and maritime intercourse with the Cape Colony, this port must ever be regarded as the key, not only to the Zoolu country, but likewise to a very considerable portion of the interior districts on this side of the continent; there were many objections to its being selected at this time, as the seat of a missionary establishment, which it will not now be necessary to state; but at the same time I feel it not less a duty than a pleasing gratification to attribute the removal, and softening down of many of these difficulties, to the kind and unsolicited interference of my valued friend Mr. Berkin, who, during the few days which he remained here, prior to his recent journey to the Tugăla, lost no opportunity of ascertaining the general feeling on this subject, in the event of my failure with Dingarn, and strongly recommended me to accede to the apparent wishes of the community.

Having given the matter full consideration, a reply was forwarded in the following terms,—

PORT NATAL, *March, 16th*, 1835.

GENTLEMEN,—The kind manner in which you have expressed your desire for a Missionary to be established at Natal, and the readiness with which you have pledged yourselves to support him in his endeavors to inculcate true religion, throw open so wide a door for usefulness, that, independent of my own inclination, I feel it would not be consistent with my duty to decline your invitation to remain among you.

If you will, therefore, accept my personal services, they are most cheerfully offered until the necessary buildings are completed, and arrangements can be made for a clergyman of the church of England to occupy this important station.

That these mutual endeavors for the temporal and spiritual welfare of immortal souls may be blessed with abundant success from the God of all grace is my ardent prayer; and I trust that the character and conduct of all those who may be engaged in this work will always bear the strictest scrutiny, and uphold an example which may correspond with the divine truths they posfess to teach.

I am, gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
"ALLEN F. GARDINER."

To the English Residents at Port Natal.

A few notices from a brief missionary journal, kept about this time, will be sufficient in this place to continue the thread of the narrative.

Sunday, March 15th, forenoon.—English service under the trees, at Mr. Berkin's.—Thirteen Europeans present.

Afternoon,—Kafir service.—One hundred and fifty natives.

Thursday 19th.—Selected a site for the missionary premises, with a tract of land surrounding it on the north-east side of the bay, upon a hill commanding an extensive prospect.

Friday 20th.—Took formal possession of the land which was secured to me by an agreement signed by all the white inhabitants; decided on naming the missionary establishment "Berea,"

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since, notwithstanding my ill success with Dingarn, the word has here been gladly received.

Sunday 22d.—The principal settlers had intended to have sent all their people to the afternoon service, in order that I might form an estimate of the black population and address them; but they were prevented from assembling by the heavy rain.

Morning.—English service in my hut.

Afternoon.—Kafirs in front of the tent.—Sixty natives attended notwithstanding the rain.

Tuesday 24th.—Great meeting—the people assemble at Mr. Berkin's—stood under the shade of a high tree, and addressed them, as they sat round, on the object of forming a mission among them—the nature of true religion—what it was proposed to do for them, and what would be expected from them—such as attendance on public worship—sending their children to the school—setting a good example in their families—not to be hasty in judging of what they do not understand, but to hear often, and to ask for explanations, which would at all times be readily given. Many women brought their infants—there were at at least six hundred adults, and a great many children. The attention they gave was very encouraging, and their whole conduct exceedingly orderly. They arrived in distinct companies, the people of each white chief coming up, and continuing together; and in the same order they moved off with the greatest regularity, the men preceding the women, as is always customary in this country.

Wednesday 25th.—Commenced the school in the tent, with two girls and four boys. Gave each a piece of printed calico, that they might appear decently dressed. More children would have been sent, but the parents, I understand, have an idea that it is my intention to take them away with me.

Such was the feeble commencement of this infant mission—a day, indeed, of small things; but, blessed be God, we are but His instruments, and though without him we can do nothing, when He vouchsafes to bless His own work it will prosper. To delve and to plough, and to cast in the seed, is ours; but, though Paul may preach and Apollos may water, to God alone must we look for the increase, and in his own good time, if we faint not, it will doubtless appear.

With these occupations my time was now fully employed. The prejudice respecting the schools soon passed over; but still I did not more than double the number, having at that time but little accommodation; and considering that it would be far better to train a few in the first instance, to act as monitors in a larger school, than to commence on a more extended plan.

Although I had already entered into a contract for the necessary buildings at Berea, (a schoolhouse, to be used also as a church, and two dwelling-houses,) and some huts, on the native plan, were also constructing for my accommodation, I was (until the completion of the latter) still living in a hut, which Mr. Berkin had kindly offered me, at a spot nearer the bay, which he had selected for his own residence, and where he was engaged in clearing the ground, and erecting some temporary buildings.

About this time there was a prevailing rumor that the Zoolus were meditating an attack upon the settlement; and so much credit was given to the report, that we recommended a general meeting of the white inhabitants, to consult upon some plan for mutual assistance in the event of their approach; but so little had any to lose, and so accustomed were they to similar intelligence, that they affected to regard the matter as a casualty to which they had often been exposed, and coolly signified their intention to take the "bush," should the necessity arise.

Our present necessity of tenanting *bee-hive* houses, of sitting upon our boxes, and enduring either the bites of musquitoes, or inhaling the smoke, which alone would exclude them, was certainly not from any decided predilection to such a mode of life, but still infinitely superior to the *bush* system proposed—(a sudden nomadic retreat to the woods to escape the Zoolu spear!)—we therefore turned our thoughts to some other method of protection. But two plans remained—either to abandon, or to defend the place; and, circumstanced as we now were, we had no hesitation in adopting the latter. The ground was immediately marked out; a party of natives engaged; and in a very short time a sufficient stockade was erected round a wattled house (which Mr. Berkin was then building,) for the protection of the whole settlement, should they prefer this alternative to their favorite one of "bushing it."

In this position matters stood on the arrival of the Circe trading sloop from Algoa Bay, and by which Mr. Berkin decided on returning to the colony, for the purpose of purchasing stock and supplies for the farming establishment which he had already commenced, with the intention of returning and making this his future residence. By this time the huts at Berea were completed; and as they were more commodious than those he had hitherto inhabited, my friend spent the last day with me there previous to his embarkation, and attended the first services which were held at the mission station, on Sunday, March 19th. I took leave of him before day-light the following morning. By eight o'clock the sloop was under weigh, and with no ordinary feelings did I watch her progress, until concealed by the intervening land; little supposing at the time that I had taken my last farewell of my kind and valued friend! As a precaution in the event of an attack from the Zoolus, my journals had been forwarded by this opportunity to my agents in Cape Town; but as no account has been since heard of the sloop, there can be but one opinion respecting her fate.

Description of Port Natal.—The entrance to the port is narrow, but it immediately expands into a beautiful sheet of water, of nearly an oval shape, having a low island near the upper end, and exhibiting from the neighboring heights all the peculiar characteristics of lake scenery. Both the island and the banks of the bay are covered with mangrove-trees, the wood of which has been

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found to be very durable in buildings; and so low is the general level of the land to the foot of the surrounding hills, that during the spring-tides a great part on the north side is overflowed. Near the sea coast, and upon the slopes of all the hills which face the bay, the woods are comparatively thick and tangled; but on gaining the first or second ridge, they only occur in ornamental clumps, large tracts of open ground intervening, and affording every facility for immediate tillage. By a little attention to draining, the whole of the flats which margin the bay may be available for agricultural purposes; and so rich is the alluvium in some of these places, that a very productive garden has lately been laid out by Mr. Collis, in a spot still surrounded by reeds, and formerly entirely occupied by them. With the exception of Mr. Collis's house, constructed of reeds and mud, there was not a single dwelling of the European fashion in the whole settlement on my first arrival; and to a stranger, unacquainted with the localities, the whole had a most wild and deserted appearance. On account of the frequent threats of Dingarn to send down and reclaim his runaways, the open country was considered as unsafe, and every village and hut carefully concealed among the woods with so much ingenuity and labor, that in threading the narrow and winding avenues leading to some of these jungle fastnesses, I have often fancied I was approaching the dismal abode of some desperate buccanier. Although widely scattered, the native population in the immediate vicinity may be estimated at 2500, among whom about thirty Europeans and a few Hottentots are residing. In this heterogeneous community, a singular transposition to the general order has taken place; the natives, although but barely raised above the lowest scale of civilization, subsist by agriculture, while the Europeans, with but few exceptions, live entirely by hunting. But, in drawing this contrast, which is merely curious and incidental, I must not be understood to infer, that it is for the daily supply of food that the hunter is thus actively employed: far otherwise is the fact; his usual game is the elephant and the buffalo; and, by disposing of the tooth of the one, and the hide of the other, he obtains a sufficient fund for his present exigences; and, were but an equitable scale of prices established for the colonial goods he may require, it would, with common prudence and industry, very soon place him in comparatively comfortable circumstances. Hippopotami are still numerous, and the hides, until lately, were an article of export; but, from some cause, they have lost their value, and the huge animal is now only shot for the sake of the meat, which is often eaten, both fresh and salted, as well as for the fat, which makes an excellent substitute for oil, and burns well and without smell, in open lamps, but it is of too solid a nature to run in the ordinary way.

A good supply of fish may be obtained from the bay, but both boats and nets are wanting to render this more than precarious at present, although the natives, with a little encouragement, might be induced to catch them very regularly; I have sometimes been supplied in this way. The soil, in general, is a light sandy loam, not favorable for large timber, but yielding excellent crops of Kafir and Indian corn,* ground beans, and sweet potatoes; and so abundant are the corn crops, that, although it is only cultivated in patches, and that by the natives alone turning up the surface with their hoes, a great quantity has been purchased during the present year, for exportation to the Mauritius. It is now generally allowed, that the herbage in the immediate vicinity of the coast is not so favorable to cattle as that which grows at a short distance inland; still they fatten, but greatly improve by a removal to a distance of even three or four miles.

A fair trial has not been given to sheep; they have only been flocked near the coast, an experiment which has in consequence failed. The grasses are there far too rank, and the soil too humid, for rearing them to advantage; but there can be little doubt of a vary different result, should the dry, elevated, and sufficiently watered downs, which commence about fifteen or twenty miles from the coast, and occupy a considerable tract of the interior, be selected for the purpose. The grass in all these districts is shorter and richer than that on the lower grounds near the sea, and in every respect they appear to be well adapted for grazing purposes; especially the rearing of sheep, a description of farming which in all probability will eventually succeed far better than in any part of the Cape Colony, where the cold winter-rains are so often fatal, while the converse obtains here, the rainy season commencing in October, and ending about February or March, which are the warmest months.

Of the natural productions, there are doubtless many which might be turned to good account.—From the bark of the mimosa, a good tanning liquid may be produced; its gum, when properly cleansed, is esteemed as an article of commerce. Some of the woods, particularly the umtabōta, which has the color and fragrance of cedar, would bear a beautiful polish. The castor-oil tree, and the indigo plant, are indigenous, and, by proper cultivation and care, it is probable that the latter may be brought to the perfection which is necessary for producing the dye. Almost all the shrubs bear a flower at some season of the year; the creepers are particularly beautiful, and I know no part of the world where the *parterre* may be embellished with a greater profusion of beautiful indigenous, but generally scentless, flowers, than in this favored spot. Small single pinks and tulips are very common, as also geraniums, and many very beautiful lilies; but the small white bell-shaped flowers which grow upon a shrub, from five to eight feet high, not unlike a myrtle, are by far the most fragrant, and would be an acquisition to any green-house or garden. Although so much farther north, the climate is not hotter than at Cape Town, which can only be accounted for by the absence of sands, and the thick mantle of grass which covers every part which is not occupied by timber. Having unfortunately lost the use of my thermometer, I am unable to speak from observation, but I have no hesitation in saying, both from

* The ear is beat out with sticks, upon a smooth thrashing-floor of earth, smeared over with manure; one of them is generally seen near every town or village.

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personal experience and the opinion of those who have lived long in the country, that it is equally as cool, and certainly as salubrious, as the finest parts of the Cape Colony.

It is remarkable, that the same disease, called the horse sickness, so prevalent at Albany, and in other parts of the colony, is equally destructive to horses here. It is said to be an affection of the lungs, and attacks them only during the hottest season; in March and April this year, it was unusually fatal, carrying off nearly all the horses within a few weeks. With the exception of one bit by a snake in Kafirland, two swept away in the Umcămas, and one shot in crossing another river, but one horse remains to me; the rest having died of this disorder, for which no remedies have as yet been applied with success.

That the rank pasturage in the neighborhood of the bay, and the fogs which occasionally rest upon the flats in that vicinity, may be regarded as secondary causes in producing these diseases in horses, I have little doubt; and there is much to favor the opinion, which is now becoming more general, that if these spots were avoided, and the higher table-lands selected for their grazing ground during the period of attack—which, though varying in degree, is said to be annual—they would not suffer to the extent they now do, and probably might escape altogether. The introduction of mules, and a good breed of Spanish asses, would be very desirable, as they would not only be better adapted for carrying burdens, and the general purposes of travelling, in this country, than horses, but, in all probability, from their hardy nature, would escape the sickness which has been alluded to. In closing these few remarks, I should not omit the opinion of a party of Dutch farmers, who were on their return to the colony about the time I was travelling towards this settlement. They had heard much of the soil and capabilities of Port Natal for agricultural purposes, and, resolving to decide for themselves on the accuracy of these reports, they formed a large party, and, with ten or twelve wagons, proceeded at once to this place. After advancing towards the Tugăla, and thoroughly examining the whole district, they not only acknowledged that the accounts they had heard had not been exaggerated, but set out on their return for their several families, with a full determination to locate them in this neighborhood—a resolution which the sudden breaking out of the Kafir war has alone prevented them from executing.

The remainder of this chapter I shall now devote to such memoranda relating to the history, military organization, and customs, &c. of the Zoolus, as I have been enabled to collect, but on which, from the loss of my previous journal, I am prevented from enlarging; being unwilling to write from memory more than is absolutely necessary.

History.—The immediate ancestors of Dingarn in the supreme authority are Jăma, Senzanakona, Charka. The latter was brought up with Tingăswāo, king of the Umtetwa, who is reported to have been a man of great sagacity, and to have originated some parts of the military system, which Charka subsequently brought to such perfection. The Umtetwa at that period were a people far more powerful than the Zoolus. Charka usually headed his army, but at the period of his death they were engaged on a distant expedition against a powerful chief named Sotchangăn, ruling a country to the north-west of DelaGoa Bay, which proved unsuccessful. At this time, 1829, two of his own brothers, Dingarn and Umthlangăn, conspired against his life, assisted by Satăi, a principal domestic of great influence. Diverting his attention by driving from his presence some men who had been exhibiting some feathers for sale, he received an assegai wound in the back from one of this treacherous party, who were anxiously watching the favorable opportunity. He immediately rose and attempted to throw off his ingoobo (skin mantle,) but fell in the act. His last words were, "What have I done to you?—children of my father!" Although Dingarn was present and consenting, it is not believed that he took an active part in the murderous deed. Charka is generally allowed to have been illegitimate, and prior to his death had nominated Dingarn as his successor; but it appears that it was the object of Satăi to set this aside in favor of Umthlangăn, the younger brother. The plot was soon discovered, and Umthlangăn murdered, it is said, by the hand of his brother, who, notwithstanding, permitted Satăi to escape with impunity. Until very lately he was residing at his own village, on the Umthlatūsi; but has recently been killed by order of Dingarn. These two unnatural brothers are said to have drunk, on the spot, the gall of the chief they had conspired to assassinate! The sovereignty is hereditary in the nearest male relative: a brother of Dingarn, still living, is the presumptive heir.

Titles of the King.—Byăte. (No signification yet ascertained.)

Baba—(Father) used in reply, as "Yeărbo Baba," "Yes, Father." The same term is also used by inferiors of all ranks to them above them.

The noble elephant;
Thou who art for ever;
Thou who art as high as the heavens;
Thou who begettest the men;
The black one;
Thou who art the bird who eats other birds;
Thou who art as high as the mountains;
Thou who art the peace maker, &c.

Military organization.—The whole kingdom may be considered as a camp, and every male belongs to one or other of the following orders:—

Umpagati	Veterans.
Isimporthlo & Izinseezwa	Younger soldiers.
Amabootu	Lads who have not served in war.

The two former are distinguished by rings on their heads, the others do not shave the hair.

Throughout the country there are ekanda, or barrack towns, in which a certain number of each class are formed into a regiment, from six hundred to about one thousand strong, and where they are obliged to assemble during half the year, principally for the practice of dancing, which is considered as a military exercise. In the whole country there are said to be from fourteen to sixteen large ekandas, and several of a smaller size; and it is

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supposed, but I cannot speak from personal observation, that they can bring fifty thousand men into the field. Each regiment is commanded by from two to ten principal officers, that are called Indoonas, of which one is considered as the commandant; and these are assisted by an inferior class who have charge of the different sections, and attend principally to the distribution of provisions, and the shields, &c.

During the reign of Charka, no soldier was permitted to marry until he had distinguished himself in war. At present this regulation has undergone a considerable modification; but still in all cases the king's consent must be obtained, and this is seldom given but to the Umpágate. It is no unusual thing on any great occasion for the king to issue an order for a whole regiment to marry; and, strange as such a degree would sound to European ears, it would be a happy circumstance if such sweeping orders were more frequent, as, unfortunately, there is no limit to those who are excluded from this indulgence in the number of the concubines they may choose to take. This is done upon principle; and I have heard it gravely asserted as one of the wisest enactments for rendering a soldier efficient, by keeping them thus aloof from family attachments, and unshackled by domestic attractions! I naturally refrain from entering further into detail, having only glanced at the surface of this painful subject, which is so interwoven with their habits and character, that it is likely to present a formidable obstacle to religious improvement. The example of both Charka and Dingarn has tended greatly to uphold this baneful system, neither of whom was ever legally married according to the customs of the country.

Unkúnginglove, which is the present seat of government, and by far the largest town in the kingdom, is strictly an ekanda, officered by about twenty Indoonas, including Umthella and Tambooza, who, being the two national councillors and head Indoonas, are superior to all others. By far the greater portion of the soldiers composing this regiment (about nine hundred strong) are chiefs of smaller towns, bearing the appellation of Indoona or Umnumzana (head of a village); and it is evidently with a political view of state surveillance, that the most influential of these are formed into this description of body-guard, and that all in rotation are obliged to appear and reside for some time in the capital, where they become not only hostages for the good conduct of those dependent upon them, but are thereby prevented from plotting any scheme for the subversion of the existing government. It may be unnecessary to add, that the king has spies in all directions—an office which is here held in no ill repute; and, consequently, it is difficult to obtain information on many subjects, as the most trival conversation is often reported to him. Considerable authority is delegated to the principal Indoona of each ekanda, as well to inflict punishment as to reward; and he is always entrusted with a supply of brass armlets and collars for the decoration of those whom he considers deserving of such distinctions.

Laws.—During the reign of Charka every principal Indoona had the power of life and death; but this has since been greatly curtailed, Dingarn, on his accession, restricting it to three individuals only—Umthella, Tambooza, and Eoto (the Indoona of Congella).

In a country where there is no written language, a stranger during a short residence, can obtain but a very cursory acquaintance with laws and sanctioned only by custom and traditionary record; I shall therefore prefer offering a blank upon this subject to advancing what may hereafter prove to be erroneous information, and content myself with merely stating what crimes are capitally punished—

Adultery.
Witchcraft.
Speaking evil of the King.

The houses of malefactors are always taking down; and the sticks by which they are beaten to death, and the dress they wore, are thrown away, and never allowed to be used afterwards.

Customs apparently of Jewish Origin.—1. Circumcision.—This rite, which is now obsolete, obtained until Charka's reign. He allowed it to go into desuetude in his own person, and his example has been followed by the whole nation.

2. It is the usual custom, though not absolutely obligatory, for the younger brother to marry the widow of his deceased brother.

3. On any apprehension of infection, one of the egeerkha (or doctors) passes through the town, bearing a bunch of small boughs or herbs, followed by a person bearing a large bowl of water, into which the boughs are frequently dipped as he goes along, and the door and entrance of every house sprinkled. This took place during my first stay at Uukúnginglove, in consequence of several of the people who had assembled at the dances having, on their return home, been attacked with sickness. Both the hut which I inhabited, and that of my interpreter, were included, and even the ground about the gateway of the town was subject to this mysterious cleansing.

4. The Festival of the First Fruits.—This custom is not peculiar to the Zoolus, but obtains among all the neighboring nations, and appears now to be perpetuated for a double purpose—to prevent improvidence in commencing upon the first corn crops too early, and to afford an opportunity for assembling and reviewing the nation preparatory to war. The first ripe corn is partaken of by the king, before one of his subjects dares, under heavy penalties, to taste it. Much ceremony is observed, and the annual dances are then commenced, during the continuance of which the greater part of the nation assemble at the capital.

5. A propitiatory Offering to the Spirit of the King's immediate Ancestor.—No altar, prayer, or ceremony of any kind, is observed; the bullock is killed within the cattlefold, contrary to the ordinary practice, and the flesh is cooked and partaken of in that very spot—an observance peculiar to such occasions.

Connected with this subject, I would merely remark, as a singular coincidence, that the proper name of Ham is not uncommon among the Zoolus. On hearing it called once or twice, I made some inquiry, and was told that it was generally given to those who had a fierce countenance and a voracious appetite; or in other words, who were "hyena-men," as they were not inaptly designated.

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Marriage.—A remarkable distinction is made by these classifying people in the designation even of their women.

An unmarried woman is called an Intŏmebi.
A married woman, but without children, Umfăz.
A married woman, with children, Eneena.

It is not regarded as a matter either of etiquette or of delicacy from which side the first proposal of marriage may proceed—the overture is as often made by the women as the men. In the former case, the pseudo bride, accompanied by another unmarried woman, proceeds to the residence of her elect, some married women following them at a distance. Should the proposal be accepted, the matrons come up and commence singing: there are no words to the song, but it is merely a melody of sounds. On the next day a beast is slaughtered, and the bride and bridegroom, with their friends, partake of the feast. It is strictly required that every part of the flesh should be eaten; after which, the ceremony called Ingăăziso, or washing with beads, takes place. The newly-married couple, with their friends, being assembled, a calabash of water and a basket of beads are brought. The beads are first put into the calabash, and it is then presented to the bride, who pours a little of the water first upon the hands of her husband, and then upon those of her friends, who extend them for the purpose. She then consigns the calabash to her partner, who, in his turns, pours some of the water first upon her hands, and then upon those of his friends, until it is exhausted, when he returns it to her. The bride then throws the beads at his feet, which any of the party but himself are at liberty to pick up and possess—in fact, it becomes a sort of scramble. This, as I am informed by a native, (for I have never witnessed it,) finishes the ceremonies on such occasions—subordinate, however, to the all-important consideration of cattle; for until that is duly arranged, the consent of all parties is held in abeyance.

The usual sum demanded is from four to six cows, according to the circumstances of the parties, though, in the case of chiefs' daughters, from twenty to fifty, or one hundred head, are not unfrequent; not, indeed, by way of dower, but as a present to the father or nearest relative of the lady, and partaking too much of the character of a commercial barter. For the acquisition of this species of property Dingarn has a great propensity, often discarding a concubine, and obliging some wealthy subject to marry her for the sake of the herd of cattle which he must receive on the occasion.

Among the Kafir tribes, the marriage ceremonies are much more significant. When all are assembled, a broom, a bowl, and a grinding-stone are presented to the bride, and some assegais and an axe to the bridegroom, as indicatory of their different occupations, while both are exhorted by the elders of the place to industry and good conduct.

Both Jama and Senzănakona were married, but Charka, in order to support his military system, broke through this rule, partly, it is supposed, by way of example to his subjects, and partly under an idea, that, as long as he continued unmarried, he would not be regarded as a veteran, and, consequently, his life would be less liable to be cut short by the ambition of his successor, or the intrigues of his subjects. The latter object, connected with an evident desire to imitate his talented but inhuman brother, seems to be the sole inducement with Dingarn to perpetuate this departure from the better practice of his forefathers. His frequent boast, "I am but a boy—I am too young to marry," although at this present moment about forty years of age, when taken in connexion with the example of his predecessors, can have no other rational meaning.

In connexion with this subject, there is a tragedy too dark to be probed. Neither Charka nor Dingarn ever allowed that they had any children, and it would be instant death to any subject who should make such an assertion! My inquiries on this particular were always met with evasion or constrained silence—a kind of inquisitorial blight at once palsied the tongue, which until that instant had been communicative and loquacious. What could this mean? Two facts, painfully notorious, will sufficiently explain. On one occasion, perhaps from some faint expectation of its being spared, an infant was presented to Charka—the "*hyena-man*" instantly seized his own child by the heels, and, with one blow, deprived it of that life, which with such a father it could have been no privilege to enjoy. This horrid deed was only surpassed by the immediate murder of the agonised mother, whose eyes closed with the vivid impressions of the scene she had beheld.

Dress and personal Appearance. Little can be said on the first particular, with respect to the men, whose undress, with the exception of a few dangling strips of fur suspended from the waist, is but too notorious. Many of the younger women wear merely a fringe belt, made of the fibres of a root; but a short skin petticoat, reaching nearly to the bend of the knee, is the usual costume. Both men and women shave their heads close, the former leaving only sufficient to attach the issigŏko, or ring, and the latter, a small tuft, called embeeti, on the crown, which is carefully colored with red ochre; but neither are worn untill the individual has arrived at the age of maturity, prior to which the head of the young men are not shaved. Strange to say, the will of the king is as necessary for the adoption of either of these badges as in any other of his despotic acts, a whole regiment being sometimes ordered at once to adopt the ring.

That there is some tradition associated with this peculiar costume, I have little doubt, but could never obtain a further reply to my frequent inquiries on the subject, than that it was an ancient custom, which, I believe, originated with this nation, though it has been adopted by many others. The method of putting it on is thus described:—A piece of rush cut, and smoothed to the proper size and length, is closely twisted round with sinew, and formed into a circle by uniting the ends; with sinew it is then sewn to the roots of the hair, which in every other part, even within the circle, is entirely removed, and the ring thus closely fitted on the scalp, and blackened over with the black wax of a honeycomb, is completed.

Being composed of several tribes and conquered nations, a great difference of complexion is perceptible among the Zoolus; some few are nearly

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as light a copper color as the bushmen on the borders of the colony, but a dark chocolate is the prevaling shade, though others, especially from the neighborhood of De la Goa Bay are jet black. Dingarn himself is nearly so. The generality of the men are of the middle size, light, active, and well-proportioned, they are excellent walkers, and will almost compete with the Syces of India in running. Although far from cleanly, crawling into their houses upon their bare knees, and accustomed to tread about with unconcern in all the filth of the cattle-fold, both men and women are fond of bathing, for which purpose they generally repair to the nearest stream once a day, and after first smearing themselves over with blue clay, if it can be procured, by way of soap, return greatly embellished by the operation.

The war dress consists of a thick, full kilt, composed of cats' tails, descending nearly to the knee, the shoulders and upper part of the body are decorated with the long hair of ox tails, and the head is protected by an otter skin cap; the whole has a very martial appearance. The common tails worn at other times, a few in front, and some longer and more widely apart behind, are strips of wild cat and monkey skins, and worn with the fur outside.

Language.—Although the Kafir and the Zoolu languages are very similar, there are not only many words in the latter which are not found in the former, but the signification of the same word frequently differs in both. In the Zoolu, the clicks are far less frequent, and from this, and other peculiarities, it is considered by those competent to judge, as at least a purer language than the Kafir, if not that from which it was originally derived.

There can be no doubt that it is spoken over a considerable tract of the interior country, not only by the tribes acknowledging Umselekăz to the north-west, but by a people under a chief named Sopŭza, nearly due north of Unkŭginglove, inhabiting a country about the parallel of De la Goa Bay, and also throughout the territory of another powerful chief further north, called Sotchangăn, so that it may be considered as universal between the 31st and 36th degrees of south latitude, and, with the exception of a small territory bordering De la Goa Bay, from the sea coast to the 29th degree of longitude.

While on this subject, it may be as well to remark, that notwithstanding it has been hitherto the habit of all writers on this part of Africa to employ the following terms, caross, kraal, and assegai, as respectively indicating a skin cloak, a native village, as also a cattle fold, and a dart or spear, not one of them have any signification in any of the native languages now spoken, and are generally believed to have been a corruption of Dutch and Hottentot, but it will only be necessary to give the Zoolu terms which exactly correspond with the Kafir, in order to show the absurdity of perpetuating such an innovation.

Ingoobo	any garment, either cloak or petticoat.
Umzi	a village.
Issibaia	a cattle fold.
Umkŏnto	a dart or spear.

Had not the term assegai already become so familiar even to an English ear, it would not have appeared in this journal; to have substitued the native word, might have appeared like affectation; with respect to the other two, they were easily dispensed with altogether.

As there is a peculiarity in the expressions employed by way of salutation among almost every nation differing in language, it may not be out of place to give here the precise terms used by the Zoolus, with a literal translation.

Salutation,	Dakubona,	I have seen you.
Reply,	Yearbo,	yes.
or	Debona wăna,	I see you.
sometimes	Deă-fooma,	I agree.

Description of various implements and other articles used by the Zoolus.

The shield is made of ox hide, with a stick secured down the middle, and ornamented at one end with leopards' fur, it reaches from the ground to about the mouth of a moderate sized person; in windy and in wet weather they are almost useless, and, in the latter case, are frequently rolled up when on a march. The Zoolus prefer attacking in open ground, contrary to the practice of the Kafirs, and seldom throw, but stab with their short spears, of which a bundle of five or six are usually taken when going to war; but arms are seldom borne in their own country, excepting when on a hunting expedition, or making a journey, and then a single umkonto, with one or two straight sticks, is all they require. The shields of every regiment are as nearly as possible of the same color, and by this they are often distinguished: thus the white and the black Clomanthleen; white is the favorite color, and has a good effect, contrasted with the black skin of the bearers; such are the shields of the Unkŭnginglove men.

Musical Instruments.

The calabash attached to the bow, increases and softens the sound produced by striking the string with a short stick.

A common reed pipe perforated by keys, and blown like a child's penny trumpet, though at a distance the sound is not unpleasant; the same simple instrument I have also seen used for a similar purpose by the natives of Tahiti and other islands in the south seas.

A goat or sheep's leg bone, from which a sound is produced by blowing across the smaller end, as children do into the pipe of a key. The shrill notes of some of the wind instruments employed in the band of the late Dey of Algiers, have often grated my ears, but the sudden jar produced by this far surpassed any thing of the kind I ever endured. So much has already been effected by the surprise of a galvanic shock, that it may be a question how far a beneficial result may not, in some extreme cases, be produced through a different organ, by means of this instrument of oral torture. In every great dance it was always introduced, and as invariably sent me to the opposite side of the ring. My memoranda of the names of these instruments have been lost, but I doubt not, from the above description, which I believe contains nearly all that can be said upon this head, the profession will sustain it without much regret.

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Method of Smelting Brass.

The bellows is worked by directing the cow's horn, which forms the nozzle of two leathern bags, into the larger end of an eland's horn, and alternately raising and depressing them; by which means the opening at the top is closed or shut with the hand. The crucible is sunk its whole depth into a bed of ignited charcoal, to the lower part of which the extremity of the eland's horn is directed, and in this manner the metal is molten, and either run into bars for forming throat rings and armlets, or into smaller clay moulds for the knobs and studs with which the women frequently ornament their girdles and ingoobos (petticoats.) The crucible is composed of a coarse sand stone, procured in many parts of the country, and capable of sustaining any degree of heat without splitting. The greater proportion of this metal is procured from the Portuguese settlement at De la Goa, an intermediate tribe of Zoolus near the Bay conveying it for them to Unkŭnginglove or Congella, and receiving in return ivory and cattle.—There is no doubt that the whole of this trade might be transferred to Port Natal; indeed Dingarn has expressed as much, provided he is as well supplied with brass, which is generally sent out in bars about a foot long and an inch in thickness. Iron is abundant in many parts of the country, but it is only worked in the mountains, about the head of the Amatikoola, whence sufficient is procured for the heading of all their assegais, axes, and hoes.

Egoodu, or Smoking Horn.—The tobacco is placed at the end of a reed introduced into the side of an ox's horn, which is filled with water, and the mouth applied to the upper part of the horn. The quantity of smoke which is inhaled through so large an opening, unconfined by a mouth-piece, often affects the breath, and produces much coughing; notwithstanding which, the natives are particularly fond of it. Tobacco composed of the dried leaf of the wild hemp, here called Dăcca, is in general use, and has a very stupifying effect, frequently intoxicating; on which occasions they invariably commence, long and loudly, to praise the king—a soliloquy which has often disturbed me, though at some distance from the hut whence it proceeded. Dăcca is indigenous throughout the country, and tobacco is frequently seen growing wild near deserted villages, but it has, I understand, been imported. Though smoking is comparatively confined to few, all, without exception, are passionately fond of snuff, and no greater compliment can be offered than to share the contents of a snuff-calabash with your neighbor. For this purpose the hand is extended, and a certain quantity shovelled in my means of a small ivory spoon, the whole of which is then sniffed off from the palm of the hand; and worse than a Goth would that barbarian be, in their estimation, who would wantonly interrupt a social party so employed. Often have I been obliged, patiently, to await the disappearance of the last grain, rather than too harshly urge them on, even when on a journey requiring speed.

Etoonga, or wooden milk pail, used only by the king's herdsmen.—While collecting the cattle together, and during the whole operation of milking, they utter a shrill whistling noise, which, from habit, the cows attend to and become more quiet.

Issigoongu, or bowl for containing outchualla (native beer.)—It is composed of black earthenware made by hand without the aid of a wheel.

Wooden spoons—The smaller one, merely the longitudinal section of a calabash, is the most frequently used, though both are often dispensed with.

Snuff calabash, and spoon.—The snuff is composed of dried dăcca ground with burnt aloes; the spoon is of ivory.

Issitŭgo-tŭgo or scraping-knife.—Made of ivory, and used in hot weather to scrape the moisture from the forehead and face.

Having now embodied the few memoranda to which I have alluded, I will pass at once to the Journal, which commences about this time.

JOURNAL.

Saturday, April 25th.—In consequence of the number of Zoolus who at different times have taken refuge here, and the frequent threats of reprisal from Dingarn, which have recently become more alarming, a meeting of the Europeans was held this afternoon, at Mr. Cane's, to devise some plan for our mutual security. After some little discussion, on which many plans were advanced, it was unanimously resolved, that, as this appeared to be a favorable opportunity, a treaty, based on the following terms, should, if possible, be entered into with Dingarn, viz. Provided he will guarantee the lives and property of every individual, white and black, now residing at Port Natal; we, on our part, engage to repel with all our power, and never more to receive any deserter from his dominions; and immediately to acquaint him of the circumstance, should any of his people elude our vigilance. It was at the same time agreed that no deserters should be given up until some arrangement of this nature had met with his sanction. Having been requested by the meeting to undertake the negociation, I made arrangements for commencing the journey as early as possible.

Sunday 26th.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Corinth. vi. 19, 20.)

Servants of a God of love!
What a privilege is ours;
Let our hearts be fixed above,
Let us yield Him all our powers.

Think, oh! think the price He paid,
Free and costly—'twas His blood!
What a debt on us is laid,
Washed and ransomed in that flood.

Freed from sin's debasing chain,
"Whose we are—Him let us serve;"
Love should all our thoughts constrain,
For nothing we can e'er deserve.

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Tis for this on earth we're sent,
Health and strength are not our own;
Life itself is only lent,
On the altar to be thrown.

Living sacrifices here,
Let us consecrate each day,
Let the love of Christ endear
Every trial by the way.

He who bought us still is nigh,
Though we are helpless, He has power,
Grace and fulness to supply,
And shield us in the trying hour.

Joyful then our course we'll run,
Till the promised prize we gain;
Sh re the glory Christ has won,
Behold Him who for us was slain.

Tuesday 28th.—Yesterday afternoon, at about four o'clock, I set out on my second visit to Dingarn, accompanied by a hired wagon, my interpreter, and two native servants, Umpondombeeni and Dingĕzwā. We passed the night on a hill three miles beyond the Umgăni, but were unable to proceed before half-past eight this morning; my horse, although knee-tied, having strayed back to the river. At half-passed twelve crossed the Umslutie, and stopped to breakfast, proceeding again at twenty minutes past three. Throughout this country there is a high grass frequently met with, which is very fragrant, at this season it was particularly grateful. The blade is broad and long, and the reedy stem, at the top of which are the seeds which emit the scent, often rising to the head of a person on horseback. The stem when dry is in general use among the natives as a fire-stick, and is the only substitute for a lamp which they possess. Advancing about half a mile, a view of the sea is obtained, but which is soon after obstructed by the hills; on the left is a distant range of tablo-topped mountains, each terminating very abruptly. The chief employment of the Europeans about Port Natal is in hunting the elephant and buffalo; one party we had already passed, and as the evening closed in, and we were about to ascend a hill for our night's bivouac, we fell in with a second so grotesquely habited, and in so wild a situation, that I could not resist scribbling in my journal the following doggerel lines, in order to amuse the solitude while accompanying on horseback my wagon at its stately pace.

THE NATAL HUNTER.

In olden times we oft have heard,
Though many deem those tales absurd,
Of half-tamed men called Buccaneers
Who scoured the sea, and oft the land,
On plunder bent, with sword in hand,
Cutting off noses, sometimes ears.

Now these men, as the story runs,
Were strangely garbed, though armed with guns,
And blunderbuss, and spear;
All men of wild terrific mien,
The fiercest that their foes had seen,
Transfixing all with fear.

Now just such men as these I've seen,
As wild to view—on slaughter keen;
But, perhaps, you'll think I'm jesting;
'Twas but the other night I found
The ruffians seated on the ground,
Each from his labors resting.

White, brown and black, of varied hue,
Composed this strange—this motley crew,
The sullen Hottentot and blithesome Kali;
So long unshaved the whites had been,
Thick bristles stood on every chin;
Despised the toil of washing daily.

Each proud Incosi* stood erect,
Which added much to the effect,
The rest like monkeys crouched behind;
It would not many words require,
To give an inventory entire,
Of all their habiliments combined.

Four leathern trowsers duly worn
With woollen frocks, some badly torn,
Two bonnets rouge—a hat crowned,
Three shoes that ne'er had covered hose,
With openings wide t'admit the toes,
Were all the four white people owned.

In suits of ditto, *closely fitted*,
The natives never can be pitied,
One garment lasts them all their days;
But Hottentots on finery bent,
Are not so easily content,
And ape their moody masters' ways.

The lip moustached—the sallow face,
Denote that haughty, thankless race,
They'd sell their skin for brandy;
E'en Erin's sons they far eclipse,
In placing goblets to their lips,
Whene'er they find them handy.

A few I marked with strange attire,
While crowding round a blazing fire,
Some sea-cow fat devouring.
Red caps and tattered frocks they wore,
With brigantines besmeared with gore,
Like border bandits lowering.

In strange confusion, round them strewed,
Muskets and powder-horns I viewed,
With skins, and fat, and dogs, and game;
For neither elephant nor buffalo
They ever leave in peace to go,
But fell with deadly aim.

I've seen the savage in his wildest mood,
And marked him reeked with human blood,
But never so repulsive made;
Something incongruous strikes the mind,
Whene'er a barb'rous race we find,
With shreds of civil life displayed.

There's more of symmetry, however bare,
In what a savage deigns to wear,
In keeping with the scene;
These, each deformed by what he wears,
Like apes that dance at country fairs,
Seemed but a link between.

* Native term for master or chief.

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'Twould puzzle poet—painter too—
In vivid colors bright and true
That living chaos to portray:
The twilight shed a ghastly glare
On all the group assembled there,
As round the flick'ring fires they lay.

The Zoolus' song, the white mens' cheers
With grating Dutch, assailed our ears,
As we approached their lair;
E'en faithful Echo stood amazed
At the wild Babel they had raised
Upon the evening air.

E'en now the image haunts my brain!
Those hideous forms and shouts remain,
Like fever'd dreams on restless nights;
And perhaps 'twere better here to end
These sorry rhymes, lest I offend
By painting such outlandish sights.

Thursday, 30*th*.—Travelled yesterday until a quarter past one, when we stopped to breakfast on the left bank of the Umshlala, and in the afternoon reached the Mavototie, the largest stream between the Umgăni and Tugăla. At daylight this morning, observed the buffalo birds very busily employed, perched upon the backs of the oxen: they are generally found where cattle or buffaloes are numerous, living upon the insects which they find in their coats; they are rather larger than a swallow, with a thick red bill, and make a chirping noise during the whole time they are thus occupied. Soon after sunrise, descended the hill, and crossed the Mavootie: from the ford the embouchure of the river can be seen, the coast being not more than three-quarters of a mile distant. The country, for a few miles on each side of the river, is bare of trees. Passing this district, a wild cat was started, which, pursued by the people, took refuge in a tree, from which it was soon pelted down with sticks, making a surprising bound to reach the ground. Its next retreat was a clump of bushes, out of which, with the aid of a dog, it was at length beaten and killed. In colour it very much resembled some of our tabbies, but was considerably larger. It became so desperate at last, that the dog would have been unable to secure it, but for the assistance of the people. After crossing the Norte, the country, as we approached the Tugăla, became more clothed with trees, chiefly mimosa. Crossed the Singuassie at a quarter-past twelve, to breakfast, and proceeding again at three, reached the Tugăla, through a beautiful and undulating country, at half-past four.

The river being pronounced fordable, though over the floor of the wagon, the necessary preparations were made, but cutting stout poles, and laying them across the sides, and on these the contents of the wagon were placed, leaving a clear passage for the water below. Having procured assistance from Mambayendi, we proceeded to the ford, but so steep was the descent to the water, that it was only by the weight of several natives holding on the ropes attached to the right side of the wagon, that its equilibrium was preserved. Once in the stream, all went on well, though it was necessary to make a considerable circuit, in order to prevent the oxen from actually getting out of their depth. The whole scene was highly amusing—the floundering of the oxen, the energy of the drivers, the loose cattle urged on by a number of natives, wading with the lighter baggage—the river itself (a fine feature) wending through precipitous banks, altogether left an impression I will not easily forget. The day closed upon us as we ascended the opposite bank; and being too dark to proceed, I rode on to a village, two miles distant, in order to obtain a guide, which was affected not without difficulty, the man himself losing his way while attempting to direct me back to the wagon; however, we all soon after reached Mangnenas village, and I again occupied the same hut in which I had slept on my former journey.

Friday, *May* 1*st*.—The darkness of the preceding night having obliged me to leave several things to be carried across the river this morning, we were unable to proceed until half-past ten. Umpondombeeni preceded to show the way, being the only person in the party acquainted with it; but as native footpaths are the only tracks, and he was but little experienced in the description of road necessary for a wagon, we were in consequence obliged to make frequent detours. Passing through a hilly country, with scarcely any trees, we stopped at twenty minutes to two, at a town called Neki. Sequabana, the Indoona, and his people, were very civil; and having procured some sour milk, soon after three we continued our route. Crossing the Amatekoola, the bank by which we emerged was so steep, that the oxen knelt on many parts of the ascent in order to raise their bodies by their hind feet. The country is here prettily broken, and more clothed with trees. While riding at a little distance in front of the wagon, a hyena sprang up from the long grass, just before my horse. Soon after five, stopped for the night at a village situated on a hill, called Muckachani. This is one of the king's places, contains twenty-nine huts, and is under the control of Marwa (Dingarn's great aunt, who resides at Intoutella,) she being a daughter of Jama, his grandfather. Much art had been employed in clipping the ears and bending the horns of the cattle at this place—the horns of many were made to turn inwards, and the ears to flap down somewhat similar to the elephant.

Intermingled with the huts, at this season of the year, a number of temporary granaries are seen stuck about in all directions; they are generally either bell-shaped or cylindrical, lightly formed of grass or reeds, and daubed on the outside with a composition, which will not bear analyzing, in order to exclude the rats as well as the rain.

Saturday, 2*nd*.—Set out at half-past nine—crossed an extensive plain, in the centre of which is a large military town, called Itontella. Mankăna, the Indoona, was absent with the king. Proceeding from thence, the country is open, with high grass, but scarcely a bush to be seen. After passing the Neazani, a small stream, the country is more elevated and broken, but equally bare of trees. At one, stopped to breakfast at a small village, Empendiswani, and proceeded again at half-past four. Soon after crossing the Kŭkŭsi, a

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small stream, the banks of which are very steep, we entered a mountainous district, but scarcely a tree is to be seen on the whole range. Having accomplished the ascent, which is very precipitous, we obtained a distant view of the sea on the right, and overlooked an extensive range of mountains in the opposite direction. A few villages are widely scattered among these mountains, and several natives, induced by curiosity, ran across the ridges, and met us on the path. Ensuzăna, the village where I proposed remaining until Monday, was long seen at the foot of a mountain, but so completely was it beset on all sides by precipitous slopes, that we were obliged to make a very considerable circuit before we discovered a practicable one by which to descend with the wagon. This place belongs to Nougalaza (Indoona of Clomanthleen Inthlopi:) his mother, who resides here, did the honors, and after some little trouble provided me with a very inferior hut, though I believe the best that could be spared. Before I had entered, it was nearly filled, and for some time I was obliged to endure the inquisitiveness of a large party of natives, who amused themselves by turning over the leaves of my memorandum-book, examining my writing materials, and even my dress. Although eager to see every thing new, they were far from being rude, and perfectly good-humoured.

Sunday, 3rd.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—(Exodus xx. 8.)

Awake, my soul, to grateful praise!
This hallowed morn, with blessings fraught,
Beams on the world with milder rays,
Proclaims what dying love has wrought.

Well may we cease from wordly cares,
Awhile to trace the glorious plan;
The heritage of which we're heirs,
With awe and gratitude to scan.

How few the hours sincerely given
To him whose blood our ransom paid!
Our hearts how cold! what earthly leaven
Our holiest services pervade!

Oh for that faith enduring—bright,
Which made the wrestling Patriarch bold
For grace to live no more by sight,
But walk with Thee, like saints of old!

On this bless'd day thy love reveal;
Impress thine image on my heart;
Kindle within, a brighter zeal;
Some foretaste of thyself impart.

Breathe life in every offered prayer;
Each idle, wandering thought restrain:
My will subdue, my heart prepare,
Fervent in spirit to remain.

An unction on thy Word bestow,
A willing, child-like spirit give;
That I may practise what I know,
And on that hidden manna live.

So, when these earthly Sabbaths fail
Which oft have cheered me by the way,
Like pools along the thirsty vale,
My soul shall hail a brighter day.

Glorious hope!—a rest from sin!—
No temper there, to mar thy peace;
With saints and angels to begin
A Sabbath that shall never cease.

Till then, vouchsafe thy presence nigh,
Accept the ransom Jesus bare;
So shall my soul with transport fly
Thy face to see, thy bliss to share!

Kafir service in the tent.

Monday, 4th.—Set out at half-past eight; had great difficulty in crossing some of the mountain gullies; the grass in the ravines often over my head on horseback. While searching for a passage for the wagon, my horse fell, throwing me over his head; his feet had sunk into an ant-eater's hole, which are very numerous throughout the country, and which, on account of the high grass, it is often impossible to avoid. This is about the tenth fall I have had from the same cause.

At half-past ten crossed a mountain-stream called the Măyăazi, and immediately after commenced a very steep ascent; a few stunted mimosa only to be seen on the whole range. This toilsome ride was occasionally enlivened by numbers of men, whom we met accoutred with head-plumes and shields, on their return from Congella, where the king was now residing, and before whom they had been engaged in driving cattle furiously, for his amusement. During the whole of this journey the weather had been beautiful, and the sky generally without a cloud. At a little before one we obtained the first view of Congella, the tops of the huts just appearing above the circular fence which covered the slope of an opposite hill. As we wound up the ascent towards the gate, Mambayendi, who had preceded me, made his appearance, and soon after went to inform the king of my arrival. He soon returned with a message from Dingarn, to inquire whether I should wish to have a house, thinking, probably, that I should prefer the wagon. On being answered in the affirmative, the chief Indoona was desired to furnish a large one, and, in little more than a quarter of an hour, I was snugly seated in my new abode, though, as usual, sadly crowded with curious visiters. The king having previously inquired what provisions I wished, sent a good supply of oŭtchualla (beer,) some milk and Kafir corn-meal; and while we were regaling ourselves on the two former (being the first food we had tasted this day,) Mambayendi again appeared, to inform me that the king had presented an ox, but that, as it was his wish that the hide should be returned to him for shields, he requested it might be killed in the usual manner. The unfortunate animal was soon afterwards speared, but walked some distance before it fell, and even then lingered some minutes before it expired. At a little before six Dingarn sent to signify his desire to see me. He was seated on the outside of the high fence which incloses his Issigŏrdlo, or palace, habited in the same blue dungaree cloak which

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he had so often worn at Unkŭnginglove, made somewhat more gaudy by a strip or two of some red baize I had given him, sewn on the skirts. Scarcely had I seated myself, when his inquiries were directed to a leathern sack borne by Umpondombeeni, and placed on the ground beside me. On being told that it contained some few presents intended for him, he was all curiosity until the whole had been displayed before him, consisting of a long deck glass, a pair of naval epaulettes, three pairs of lady's gilt bracelets, a silk sword-belt and tassel, some small looking-glasses, rolls of colored riband, red baize, printed calico, and several colored engravings of English costume and field sports, which a view of the Pavilion at Brighton, and a full-length portrait of George the Fourth, and also of our present gracious sovereign. He was delighted with the epaulettes, but much puzzled how to display them to the best advantage, until informed that the shoulder was the proper place, and that they would greatly become his red cloak, when he took the hint and directed them to be sewn on it. His endeavor to squeeze his wrists into the compass of the bracelets was quite amusing; fearing that he would break them, I assured him that in my country they were only worn by ladies. "Ah!" he replied, "they shall not wear them here." With the prints he was greatly amused, and what surprised me not a little was, that he was enabled to appreciate the beauty of the female faces, which he pronounced very handsome. He greatly admired the full-length portraits of the king, one in his robes, the other in a naval uniform; but was evidently more gratified with the hunting scenes than with any that had been shown him. While looking over the view of the Pavilion, he called me near, to point out the entrance, which happened to be hid by a coach and four, represented as standing before the door. Observing also, among the groups in the same place, a gentleman and lady arm-in-arm, he exclaimed with some surprise, "Is that your mode of walking with women?" The sword-knot was no sooner exhibited, than it was placed round his neck, the tassel hanging in front. With the glass, which I had purposely reserved for the last, he was highly gratified; and on once seeing it adjusted to the proper focus, he managed it tolerably well himself, even declining my offer to assist him in directing it to the moon, which was shining brightly at the time. Having recommended the support of a man's shoulder, he persevered until he suceeded in catching a glimpse of the moon, when he exclaimed in triumph, "Deaibona conalappa" (I see it here.) As no allusion was made to the object of my visit (some idea of which had already been conveyed to him by Mambayendi) I concluded he was awaiting the return of the two Indoonas, Umthlella and Tambooza, who were at Unkŭnginglove, and had, I understood, been sent for immediately on the arrival of Mambayendi. This interview lasted three-quarters of an hour.

Tuesday, 5th.—Both yesterday and this morning I have been visited by Eŏto, the Indooana of this place, and of the whole Clomanthleen district; he is an elderly person of mild appearance. While seated under a tree, to which I afterwards walked, enjoying the view of a richly wooded valley surrounded by mountains, about two miles from the town, some men came up bearing a dead leopard bound to a pole upon their shoulders; it had been caught, a few miles distant, by the dogs, and afterwards speared; and they were now carrying it to king, from whom they expected the usual reward of a head or two of cattle. There are three kinds of this species in the country, all included by the Dutch and the colonists under the general name of the tiger, although that animal is here unknown, the panther and the leopard alone being met with on this part of the continent. While engaged at the wagon, which had been drawn up near the gate, I received a visit from Ulangăzana, one of Senzanăkona's wives, who resides here; although only an inferior wife of his father, she bears, with many others, the appellation of "the King's Mother." She is of middle age; possesses a mild and intelligent countenance; and, like her august relative, is of a very dignified size. So rigidly are infants proscribed from these military towns, that I was last night much surprised at hearing the cry of one in an adjoining hut, and observing several young children in the course of the day. I found on inquiring, that in consequence of the king having been brought up when a child among the people of this place, an exception has been made in its favor. There is something so repulsive in this unnatural exclusion, that this circumstance alone has prepossessed me in favor of Congella, more especially as it is thus calculated to afford a wider field for missionary labor than Unkŭnginglove. It is between these two places that Dingarn generally divides the year; the latter however, being the capital, is his principal residence.

The setting sun gives a remarkable effect to the bold mountain ridges which surround this town; and I was returning to my hut after witnessing this splendid scene, when my attention was attracted by a number of female voices ascending from the valley. A string of women, forty-one in number, bearing large bowls of beer upon their heads, soon made their appearance, winding up the hill, singing as they went, until they reached the Issigŏrdlo. They had come from one of Eŏto's places, where, during the king's residence here, the beer for himself and his umpăgăi is prepared.

Wednesday, 6th.—My enemies the rats, are here in greater force than ever; and, although I purposely brought a stretcher with me, in the hope of raising my bed beyond their reach, one of them actually contrived to pearch upon my head in the course of the night. This morning Umthlella and Tambooza arrived. It is singular to trace the rapidity with which even the most trivial conversation I hold with the people is conveyed to the king. Having yesterday inquired respecting the appropriation of the leopard-skin, and understood that it would be given to one of the Zebŏngas, or praisers, to make a new dress for the dance, one of them by order of Dingarn was sent down early this morning, habited in the same skin cloak in which he had appeared at Unkŭnginglove, which he exhibited for some time, praising the king, leaping and floundering about in imitation of the wild animal which he was supposed to personate, but of the two appeared the more ferocious. As I was now enabled to inspect his dress more narrowly, I

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took the opportunity to sketch his appearance as he stood before the hut.

At four o'clock a message came from the king, desiring to see me; and knowing his passion for dress, and concluding that he would now enter upon the business of my visit, I went up in full uniform. He was seated as before, just without his fence, accompanied, at a respectable distance, by Umthlella and Tambooza. Having seated myself, I waited, as usual, for the king to commence the conversation, until I feared my silence might appear rude, when I inquired of Mambayendi, who accompanied me, whether he was waiting for me to speak. Dingarn, who overheared my question, and was eyeing my dress with great earnestness, replied that he must have time to look at me before he could say any thing. I told him that this was my war-dress, and that I always wore it when I approached my own sovereign. He said it was very handsome, and commenced a close examination of every part, particularly the sword, which I handed to him. Seeing that he was greatly pleased with the workmanship of the hilt, tassel, &c., I said that if he would like to have it I would present it to him. He readily accepted it, saying, that he "liked every thing," and amused himself for some time with drawing and sheathing it again. The ridiculous part of the ceremony being over, Dingarn commenced the business by observing that he had not before asked me respecting the news I had brought, as the Indoonas were absent, but that now they were come he wished to hear it. A meeting of the white people at Port Natal, I informed him, had lately taken place, to consider what was the best method to prevent his people from deserting and coming down to us in future. The advice I had given, and which was unanimously adopted, was then stated, as also the request that I should communicate it to him, which I was glad to undertake, being desirous at all times to be the king's friend. In reference to the proposition to send deserters back, provided he agreed to the arrangement, he asked, "Would you send them bound?" "We could do nothing," I replied, "unless he agreed to guarantee the lives and property of every individual now residing at Port Natal. The white people were but few, while the natives were comparatively numerous; and as the greater part were deserters from him, they would never (being themselves in similar circumstances) be induced to lend their aid to secure a single individual who sought refuge among them; and, however desirous the white people might be to second the views of the king, it would be quite beyond their power, as the natives would contrive to harbor and secret them in defiance of all their vigilance. On the other hand, once assured of their pardon and security, the black people would, I had no doubt, assist us; and it would then be difficult for any deserter to make his escape." Dingarn at once entered into the plan, which he considered equitable; and after picking a little of the fence, and considering a minute or two, he turned round and with some energy said, "he granted all; that he never would molest any of his subjects now at Natal for past offences; that he should keep fast his word; but that he knew the white people would be the first to break the treaty." I observed here, that "true Englishmen never broke a treaty; that it had always been our boast to adhere to them; and that, if he had met with white people who had deceived him, he had been unfortunate—they were not the right sort of Englishmen." Dingarn replied, "I believe you. I am glad, very glad, and thank you much for the word you have brought. I have seen many white people, but now a great chief is come among us, to whom I can speak my heart." I told him that "I needed no thanks; that it was only my duty; that I feared God, and therefore he might rely upon all I told him, for I dared not speak what was not true. In God's word we were told to do to others as we would be done by; and, therefore, while in his country, I should study his interest as much as I should that of my own sovereign." Here he pointed his finger at me in their usual style of recognition and satisfaction when animated, and again thanked me for the good word I had brought. The particular object of the conference being now concluded, the sword again became his plaything, and he asked several questions respecting the devices on the hilt and blade, particularly how the lion's head was formed. Dingarn then inquired the object of Mr. Fynn's mission to Faku; which I told him was to encourage Faku, who had resolved to stand fast by the English, who were driving the Amakasa before them, and were shortly expected to enter Hinza's territory. Being desirous, while on this subject, to impress him with some idea of the power of the field-pieces which accompanied the British force in Kafirland, I could scarcely keep my countenance on hearing them designated by the ridiculous term "by and bye," an adopted expression now universally applied to cannon or great guns. The origin of this term is somewhat curious. Lieutenant Farewell, R. N., who was the first settler at Port Natal, had constructed a fort round his house, on which some carriage-guns were mounted.* These guns excited much curiosity among the natives, and he was frequently questioned by them as to their use. His usual reply was, "You shall see by and bye;" until hearing the last words so frequently repeated in reference to the guns, they naturally concluded that it was the proper name. A messenger was now sent for the colored prints, in order that they might be exhibited before the Indoonas. Certainly nothing could have been more happy than the selection. Dingarn was delighted with every one, and told me that during the whole of yesterday, until the sun went down, he had amused himself with looking them over. Observing a carriage drawn by horses, in one of the prints, he expressed his surprise that they should be employed for such a purpose, having always imagined, as he said, that *wagons* were only drawn by oxen. Having never seen any other description of wheeled carriage, it was difficult to convey an idea of the distinction, and he seemed astonished at the rapidity with which I told him carriages in England were whirled along. It was amusing to observe that the Indoonas were as much struck with the beauty of the female portraits as Dingarn, which, considering the antipathy generally evinced by blacks to a white skin, could hardly have

* No vestage remains of these buildings.

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been anticipated. Dingarn was quite animated while talking over the sporting pieces, and, in imitation of one of these scenes, (partridge shooting,) placed the hilt of the sword to his shoulder, and pointed it upwards, in the attitude of taking aim. Contrary to my expectation, he had contrived to squeeze his wrists into a pair of bracelets I had given him yesterday, and which I had thought scarcely possible. At half-past five, I took my leave, thankful at the good success of this my first attempt at negotiation.

Thursday, 7th.—This morning had a long conversation with Umthella and Tambooza, in my hut; making them at the same time a present, consisting of cloth, printed calico, and a few naval buttons. I told them that my heart was still as anxious as before to speak to them the words of God, and that I should be much obliged if they would take my words to the king. They both replied in the most friendly manner, saying that they had held fast the word which I had spoken yesterday, namely, that I desired to be the king's friend; that those were good words, and had made their hearts glad. They said, that the king's heart was now towards me, and inquired if there was any thing else which I wished them to mention to him. I told them that the king had well provided for all my wants; that I had nothing further to ask, and no other wish, but his permission to tell them what God had said. It was, I informed them, by keeping His word that we had risen to be a great peopel, and as it was my desire to do them good, I wished them also to become acquainted with it. They left me, much pleased with the presents, and promised to acquaint the king with what I had said. Though not relevant to this subject, I cannot omit the curious reply of Umthella to my question—"How do you manage to sleep with so many rats continually running over you?" "We don't mind them," he said; "it's only play; they are poor little wild animals, looking out for food; the only harm they do us, is eating our corn." I felt almost inclined to envy the perfect indifference with which he treated these unwelcome visiters. The evening set in with heavy rain, which, much to my inconvenience, penetrated my hut in several places. Dingarn kindly sent to inquire if I was cold, and whether I should not like a fire. I desired the messenger to assure him that I was very comfortable, but I had not at that time discovered the leaks in my roof.

Friday, 8th.—Dingarn sent to say, that some of the people had observed me walking about alone among the bushes, a long way from the town, and that he recommended me not to go there again, as there were many wild beast in that part, and several of the people had been taken off by them, and never heard of since. The fact is, there is so little water about this place, and that so polluted by the washing of hides for shields. &c., that I had crossed the mountain in quest of a place to bathe, and, finding the walk and scenery so pleasant, had been induced to extend it. Having desired them to thank the king for his consideration, he soon after sent his servant Barka, who, accompanied by Mambayendi, had directions to shew me a place where the water was good, and much nearer.

Saturday, 9th.—Had a long interview this afternoon with Dingarn, in the Issigördlo, the conversation was nearly in the following words:—"To-morrow is our holy-day, on which we do no work." *Dingarn.*—"Are not my people to do any work?" *A.* "They have not yet heard God's words: those who have understood them, will not work on that day, but employ it in worshipping God; it is, therefore, my wish to say all that is in my mind, to the king, on this day. It is necessary that the agreement between us and the king should be taken to Port Natal as soon as possible, as I wish the king's words to be known there, and, therefore, it is my intention, that the wagon should return the day after to-morrow, but I do not wish to take leave of the king, without letting him know all that is in my heart." *Dingarn.*—"Say on." *A.* "I feel just as anxious to do your people good as ever, and I know that the best way is to teach them the word of God. This was what I came up for before, and now it is my only desire." *Dingarn.*—"It was in my heart to let you stay and teach when you came before, but the Indoonas were against it." *A.* "I thought so at the time. If the king pleases, I will now stay for this purpose, but if not, I will return with the wagon." *Dingarn.*—"How will you teach the people at Port Natal?" *A.* "I have already sent to Granam's Town for another person to come out and teach them, so that I can now remain with the king if he pleases." *Dingarn.*—"I wish you to go to Port Natal, and see that they keep the agreement, for I have often spoken to them, and know that they will not adhere to it unless you are there." *A.* "It will not be necessary that I should go, a letter will do as well; they will then hear your words, and keep them." *Dingarn.*—"How do you mean to teach; shall you want the children?" *A.* "I shall not trouble the children at first*; all I wish to do, is to speak openly the words of God." *Dingarn.*—"Do you mean the 'Book'" (alluding to the Testament I usually carried with me). *A.* "Yes, that book contains God's words. I should speak them to all the people, before the king, who could then judge for himself, whether they were not good words." *Dingarn.*—"How many could you teach; would these be enough?" (pointing to about fifty of his women, who were standing near). *A.* "Yes, and many more; if they were all seated round, I could speak to all the people of this town at the same time." Mambayendi, who was present, asked how long he should be learning the words? I replied, if he paid attention, three moons would be sufficient; but we never ceased to read them, for they taught us how to be happy; how we were to behave to each other; and how we were to serve God. *Dingarn.*—"Can *we* learn them?" *A.* "Certainly; there was a time when we ourselves did not know them; before that time we were a poor people, but, by keeping those words, we had become a great people. They were now a great people, but I wished them to know these words that they might become greater." *Dingarn.*—"I must speak with the Indoonas about it." (They had never delivered my message to him.) I then told him, that I was desirous to take

* I thought it prudent to waive this point, as it had been a stumbling block on a former occasion.

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or send the treaty to Port Natal soon, and that perhaps it would be better to send it immediately by a messenger, who could travel much faster than a wagon. *Dingarn.*—"I wish you to take it, but do not wish you to leave me yet; you must take the treaty with you, and afterwards you can return and teach 'The Book.'" *A.* "I am ready to do whatever the king pleases, but should return with much greater satisfaction, if he would first give me his 'fast word' about coming back to teach." I then informed him that my friend Mr. Berkin had left me for the Colony, and, on his return, would bring some handsome presents, which I had ordered for him, but that they would not be forwarded until the "fast word" had been received, respecting my remaining to teach. He seemed much pleased with the prospect of more presents, and said that he would speak with his Indoonas. On taking my leave, I said, that to him I should now look to fix the time of my return, and that as to-morrow was our holy-day, I hoped he would permit me to tell them God's words. His only reply was, "Deăva" (I hear.) During the whole of this conversation, my interpreter, and George King the wagon driver, were occupied, at Dingarn's desire, in making him a cloak out of some handkerchief-stuff, which I had given him. After once seeing the method of using the scissors, Dingarn took them up, and finished the cutting part himself in a very notable manner. It was the first time he had ever used them, still he persevered, although complaining much of their pinching his fingers. Both in coming and returning, I was greeted by those of the king's women, who had seen me at Unkŭnginglove, waving their hands, and calling out "Cappan Garna," at the same time asking for snuff. The sumptuary laws in this country, though somewhat more relaxed than formerly, are still very rigid. Neither Umthella nor Tambooza, to whom I had this evening sent a present of some printed calico, would allow their wives to wear it, without first asking permission of the king; which I afterwards understood had been granted. The common blue checked patterns they are allowed to wear; but as this was a fancy thing on a light ground, it was considered by them as too gay for a subject. Soon after returning to my hut, the king sent me a cow to slaughter, and Eoto a bowl of oŭtchualla. The king's women, I observed still retained their brass collars; but, as the dancing season was now over, the men had relinquished all their brass ornaments, no doubt to their great relief, but their appearance was by no means improved.

Sunday, 10th.—This has been a day of distinguished mercy. The Lord has answered my prayers, and given me good success—blessed be his holy name. May I ever regard myself as only an humble instrument in His hands, unworthy to be employed in His service, and ascribe to Him all the wisdom, all the power, and all the glory. He works not as man works—His ways and His times are the fittest. Oh that he may prepare me by His grace for the work which is before me, and grant that the door which he has so graciously opened may be effectual in giving light to those who now sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and incline the hearts of many to go forth as laborers into this harvest! Held the English service in the tent, but greatly disturbed by the incessant noise of the people, who were occupied in rebuilding and removing their houses.

"Set your affections on things above."—(Coloss. iii. 2.)

I ask not wealth, but heavenly love,—
That holy fire that angels know,—
To raise my early thoughts above,
And bid my soul with rapture glow.

All is dark and dreary here,
Nature's noon a cheerless night,
Till the Lord of life appear,
Shedding beams of joy and light.

Oh for a living coal to touch
My lips, that I might speak his praise,
Whose all constraining love was such,
He sought me when in sin's dark ways!

What boundless love! to pity one
So wretched—so depraved;
Renew the grace I dared to shun,
Unwilling to be saved.

While we sojourn here below,
More than half is yet untold;
'Tis but little now we know,
Till death this veil of sense unfold.

But oh! enough remains to swell
This thankless heart with greatful praise;
How should these lips his goodness tell,
Who kept and fed me all my days!

But there's a sweeter strain than this,
That links our souls with saints above;
And almost makes us taste their bliss—
The freeness of redeeming love.

Shall our cold hearts not burn to prove,
What highest seraphs long to know
The riches of that dying love
Which brought the Lord of life below?

When once these living streams we taste,
Like Sinai's fount, they never cease;
But follow us through all the waste—
In life our joy—in death our peace!

And then the song on earth begun,
Eternity itself shall fill;
And all that conquering love has done
Be ever new and endless still.

Monday, 11th.—Yesterday, at about eleven, a messenger arrived from the king, who desired to see me. On my arrival I found him seated, as usual, near the fence of the Issigŏrdlo, accompanied only by the two Indoonas. As soon as I was seated, he desired me to repeat in their presence all that I had stated to him on Saturday in reference to the teaching; which I did nearly in the same words, adding a brief sketch of the object and character of true religion. I assured him that it was not my intention to interfere with their

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laws or their customs—that I had, from experience, learnt that the way to true happiness was only to be found in God's Book. It was by those words that kings were taught how to rule aright—that subjects learnt obedience to their chiefs and Indoonas—that we were told how to behave towards each other; to do to others as we would they should do to us; but especially we were taught by them the way to heaven—how to escape that place of torment, where sinners would go after death, and to reach that place of happiness which was promised to all those who loved God here. (The name of Christ was not mentioned, as I thought it might perplex, not having then time to enter into the necessary explanation.) I then observed, that many other nations had long had these words, and had been made great and happy by them, and that it grieved me much to think that they had not yet been made known to them. During the latter part of this conversation, Dingarn appeared deep in thought, looking earnestly at me, and occasionally, as though abstracted, picking blades of grass from under his chair; and at the conclusion, he turned to the Indoonas, and said, "Now, you must decide." Tambooza immediately replied, "Yes! now we know that God's news is good news. The reason we did not let you remain before was, because we did not know you—we wished you to go back and bring such a word as you have now done—that news has made our hearts glad (alluding to the terms of the treaty; but this was a mere subterfuge)—now we wish you to stay; and where you are to teach is in the Clomanthleen—that is the place—you may teach in all the towns there." Dingarn having confirmed what had been said, Umthella also assenting, I thanked him and the Indoonas for the "fast word" which had now been given, saying, that this day they had made my heart glad. Tambooza, who appeared to be the spokesman, inquired if I had any other request to make. I told him that the king had prevented me from asking any thing further; that he had already liberally provided for all my wants; and that now he had granted the only request it was in my heart to make, and left me nothing more to desire. Dingarn then said, that he wished Mankanjāna (Gomani's son) sent up to him*, and that he promised no punishment should be inflicted upon him. Fearing that he was beginning to vacillate in the terms of the treaty, I reminded him that his name had not been mentioned on the day when that agreement was made: but as I was aware that he had previously demanded him, on his promise not to punish him, he should be sent, at the same time he must not blame me should he not make his appearance, as it was possible, though I did not think it probable, that he had already left Port Natal.

He expressed himself as perfectly satisfied, observing, that when he found he had been sent back, he should then know that the white people at Port Natal intended to observe the treaty. He then requested me to write the substance of the present arrangement for the information of a trader, now in his country, and to whom he sent the letter by a messenger. The following message to the Great Chief, at Graham's Town (meaning his Excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban,) was then given me by Dingarn: "Mr. Fynn sent me the news about the Amakosa. I am grieved to think they should act so against the white people—those people whom I love. I have long let the Amakosa alone. It is a pity the white people trouble themselves with them—they should leave them to me. I hope they willl not destroy them all: if they do, there will be only a desert left. Let these words be told to all the white people. Let the Great Chief at Graham's Town know them, and let them be sent to King William.*"

I told him that the English were a merciful people—that it was this which had been the chief cause of the war. The Amakosa had mistaken kindness for weakness, but that now they would feel our power. He again said he was very sorry, and hoped we should not drive them all away. On promising that his message should be faithfully delivered, I took my leave.

For the purpose of enlarging the town, and giving a greater space for cattle in the centre, the huts are all about to be removed from the neighborhood of the inner to that of the outer fence. This operation is now going on with great vigor: and, in order to save time and trouble, many huts are carried on men's shoulders entire, and set up again in the situation required.

The hyenas, attracted by the meat which garnished the sides of the wagon, were howling all night, which kept the dogs in such a constant cry, that I could obtain but little sleep.

Yesterday Nongalaza, chief Indoona of the principal military town in the Clomanthleen district, was formally introduced to me by order of the king; and as I had then promised him, as well as the other two Clomanthleen chiefs, a present, he this morning made his appearance, accompanied by Zulu and Cokella. My supply, however, would only admit of my giving a piece of handkerchief stuff to Nongalaza, with which he was much pleased, promising each a cloth ingoobo when I came to take up my residence among them.

Being delayed by a thunder storm, it was not until noon that I went up to take my leave of Dingarn; he was standing on the inside of his fence, upon a mound of earth, several of which are placed like horse-blocks within, for the purpose of raising him sufficiently above the fence, whenever he wishes to be seen or observe what is doing without. He immediately commenced a conversation respecting the deserters from the Injandūna, a military town in the Clomanthleen, many of whom were at present at Port Natal, saying with great emphasis "they must be sent back." The working of his mind was evident—he had on reflection regretted that these people had not been excepted from the benefit of the treaty and probably imagined that, as I had conceded the point with respect to Mankanjana, this might be as easily gained. At once I resolved to make a firm stand for these people, well knowing that otherwise there would be no limit to his demands, and in fact the treaty itself would become nugatory. He complained that, in consequence of their leaving him, that part of the country had become a desert;

* He had recently deserted to Port Natal.

* His principal alarm was lest the English forces should approach too near to his own territory.

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that he had often requested the white people to send them back, but they never had attended to his words. I told him that, had he mentioned the circumstance at the time when the treaty was talked over, they should have been sent; but that, as his word had now been given, and I had already sent it in a letter, my respect for the king made me wish that the word might not be altered; that should the Injandūnas be sent for, the other people would be alarmed with an apprehension of being themselves recalled, and would never be induced to assist us in securing deserters from him: and without their aid, it was quite impossible that we could execute the king's wishes. He replied, that since I had asked for them they might remain, and should never be sent for on account of desertion. I then stated that he must not imagine that I had any wish to keep them; my reason for pleading for them was, that the king's word might not be altered: he had said nothing respecting them on the day when the treaty was concluded, and I hoped he would not now alter that. It was true, he replied, he had said nothing about them then, and therefore he would not ask for them now. The subject, much to my relief, was then dropped, and he inquired respecting the probable time of my return—what size the moon would then be, whether it would be full or on the wane—"just about to break" as he described it. Orders, he said, had been given for slaughtering cattle, to be provided at two places on the road, which he named. I told him that I accepted them as a mark of his bounty: but that I did not deserve such large presents, and again thanking him for the good words he had spoken, took my leave. His last words were "Amba coūthley" (I wish you a pleasant journey).

Just as we were setting out, Dingarn sent a messenger to say that when the next presents came he should like to have a pair of boots like mine. Notwithstanding we started so late, we were enabled to reach Ensuzana this evening.

Tuesday, 12*th*.—Set out at half-past eight—very extensive views of the sea and surrounding mountains from the heights above the village. Soon after twelve reached Intontella, Indoona's name, Mangāni. We had scarcely reached this place, when a messenger overtook us from the king, with a basket upon his head, containing the printed-callico cloakwhich had just been made for him, and a piece of blue dungaree, which had actually been procured from the Tugāla while I was at Congella in order to line it. The servant said that he had received orders to follow us with all speed, as he wished my people to line the cloak before we proceeded further; he was also directed to order a beast to be slaughtered for us at this place. Notwithstanding the detention, I was not a little pleased to find that my present had been so acceptable, and resolved, when I had an opportunity, to procure a further supply of these fashionable prints. The regiment stationed here is said to be one thousand strong, and, from the size of the town, I should not think the amount has been overstated. The people here, as at Congella, were occupied in building new houses further out, in order to enlarge the circumference of their town, for the admission of more cattle, which are said to have greatly increased in all parts of the country. At this season, the harvest being all gathered in, attention is generally paid to the repairing of huts, and the improvement of their towns. This, I was glad to find, is another exception to the odious system of proscribing infants, which, much to the credit of Dingarn, appears to have been greatly relaxed since the commencement of his reign. During the rule of his predecessor Charka, Nobāmba alone was excepted; at present four or five other places have obtained this privilege, viz. Congella, Imbelli-belli, Issiclebāni, and Intoutella, with probably some others, which Issitontāna, my informant, could not recollect. Received a visit, from Marwa, Dingarn's aunt, who resides here and who afterwards sent to thank me for having declined the offered beast. As other cattle had been ordered for slaughtering in the Clomanthleen district, which we expected to reach in the course of to-morrow, and it would appear too much like payment for stitching together her cloak, I contented myself with a message of thanks, saying that we had enough. Among the herds of this place were several cattle which had been taken in war both from Fāku and Umzelekār. The latter were captured by an expedition sent out about this period last year; the enemy were, as usual, taken by surprise, and in consequence fell back, leaving their cattle, in order to concentrate themselves for their recovery. The Zoolus did not await their advance, but retreated with their booty. From the occasional notices of these border conflicts, which I have been enabled to collect, it would appear that, notwithstanding the boasting of the Zoolus, they are not likely to make much impression when fairly opposed to the troops of Umzelekāz. There is a natural politeness among the higher orders of these people, surpassing even the ceremonial compliments of a Spaniard; for instance, on making Marwa a present of some beads, I gave her to understand that they were not given in return for the provisions with which she had supplied me, but, being the king's aunt, I was desirous to make her a present. She immediately replied, "Yes, I know that the cattle, and all the food that is here, is yours." It is true, Dingarn had given orders I should have supplies by the way; but this by no means detracts from her politeness.

This was a most splendid moonlight evening. The young men who had not been out to war, assembled near the gate, and sang and danced till it was late—they are all passionately fond of these exercises. The lips of many of the bystanders, among whom were several old warriors, were observed to move as they instinctively followed the words of the song, and occasionally forgetting their dignity—for they never mingle with the lads—they would go through the accompaniments with their arms and feet.

Wednesday, 13*th*.—The cloak having been finished, and a messenger dcspatched to Port Natal with the treaty, we set out at two o'clock. Observed another military town, called Toutāna, situated on a hill on the right. This also is one of Marwa's places, but smaller than Intoutella. Passed Muckachani at three, and at a quarter to four crossed the Amatakoola, and entered the district of Clomanthleen. At Nēki, where we arrived at five, we remained for the night. Here

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also we were shown several head of cattle which had been captured from the Amapondas. The town is built on the slope of a hill, with a large euphorbia tree near the entrance, and contains thirty-four houses.

Thursday, 14*th*.—Set out at twenty minutes past seven, and reached the Black Shields (Clomanthleen Neāma) at nine. Information was here received of the elopement of the Incosa-cāse of the Injandūna. Wishing to obtain the exact particulars, as it was generally believed that she had taken the road to Port Natal, I walked over with my interpreter and Mambayendi (who had been directed by the king to accompany me to the Tugăla) during the time the oxen were resting. At this period the greater part of the men belonging to this regiment were at their amapanthleen, or out-places (villages belonging to the principal inhabitants of large towns.) Having assembled the remainder, I explained to them the purport of the treaty which had just been concluded, and informed them of the pardon which had in consequence been granted to all previous deserters from their regiment now at Port Natal as well as our determination to send all back, bound, to Dingarn, who should desert to us in future; adding, that should it be ascertained that the Incosa-cāse had reached the settlement, she would be treated in the same manner.

The appellation Incosa-cāse (literally female chief) is applied to all women of high rank, many of whom, from the practice of polygamy, are to be met with in every part of the country. These, as well as the immediate relations of the king, are generally placed as pensioners, one or two together, in the different military towns where they preside, and are particularly charged with the distribution of provisions. It was one of these ladies who, in the present instance, had disgraced herself, and had in consequence fled from the penalty of the law, which pronounces death. The names of the party, including herself, were given at my request, and are as follows:—

Nonha, second Incosa-cāse:
Umboobo, man-servant:
Nongoobo, female servant, and her three children, (girls) viz. Mamisāni, Nombabi, and Umpătăgazi.

As, from the relations of these people, there was little doubt but they had proceeded to Port Natal, and I felt assured that if not instantly delivered up an infraction of the treaty would ensue, I considered it my duty to hasten my return with as little delay as possible. Accordingly, with a few necessary articles placed upon a pack-ox which accompanied the wagon, I pushed on with Umpondombeeni, and reached the Tugăla at three. Fearing detention in passing the rivers during the night, I gave up this method, and having reduced my baggage to a portable size, placed it on the head of my servant, and at half-past seven continued my journey on horseback. At half-past ten we overtook the messengers charged with the treaty, sleeping in a ruined hut, and dividing the contents of my bundle between them, I took them on with me.

Friday, 15*th*.—Soon after day-light, stopped an hour and three-quarters to breakfast and rest the people; but finding they began to flag on reaching the Umtongata, at ten o'clock I left them, and proceeded alone. Three-quarters of an hour in the middle of the day was a sufficient rest for my horse on occasions of this kind, and at seven I reached my humble dwelling at Berea. My only difficulty was to find the way when within about a quarter of a mile of my hut. The lane in this part was so narrow and the trees so thick, that, in consequence of the darkness of the night, I wandered about for a considerable time, unable to distinguish the path, until dismounting and going back some distance, I at length succeeded in tracing it with my feet among the high grass. From Port Natal to the Tugăla is seventy-five miles; and although in many parts the scenery is very fine, still from the circumstance of its being uninhabited by man, it is always a very dreary journey. The brightness of the moon on the preceding night had enabled me to discover many of the wild animals which roam about this extensive district. Several herds of buffaloes were seen grazing on each side of the path: at one time a panther sprung from his lair in the high grass close to us, and proceeding a little further, we observed a whole troop of elephants quietly feeding at no great distance.

Sunday, 17*th*.

"Occupy till I come."—(Luke, xix. 30.)

What an honor to be made
Stewards till our Lord shall come!
How this thought should all pervade!
Cause us oft to count the sum!

Soon to reckon He will call
For every talent He has lent;
We must give account of all—
How the day of grace was spent.

Let us, then, by love compelled,
Every tale of duty yield;
Though the straw be oft withheld,
Diminish nought to glean the field.

'Twas not he who most possessed,
Be the talents ten or one;
He alone at last was blessed,
Who his Lord's commands had done.

Let our love like Mary's glow,
Who weeping near the Saviour stood,
Till those gracious accents flow—
"You have done whate'er you could."

Life is but a living death,
Till our hearts to God are given;
Then with every fleeting breath,
We climb the blissful path to heaven.

Faithful to the trust we hold,
Let us occupy with joy;
No talent in a napkin fold—
All for our Master's use employ.

And humbly own when all is done,
Unworthy servants we have proved:
'Twas grace alone the work begun,
And grace the stubborn will removed.

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What sovereign goodness to reward
The very gifts Himself bestowed!
To us the sweet "Well done" accord,
Though all from out His fulness flowed!

Oh! let us then with ardor press
To meet our Saviour in the skies;
And work as though we did possess
The power which grace alone supplies.

English service twice in the hut, my interpreter not having yet arrived.

Monday, 18*th*.—This morning information was brought that the party I was in quest of had reached a village in this neighborhood late last night. Nonha and Umboobo were soon after brought to Berea, and placed in custody in one of the huts.

Hearing that Mamkanjana (who had been demanded by Dingarn) had effected his escape from Mr. Collis, I rode down with a party in the hope of discovering his retreat, and securing him.

The opinion that he would endeavor to make his way to the Amaponda country was so strong, that I thought it advisable to proceed in that direction, and apprize the natives of the several villages through which he must pass, in order that they might be prepared to seize him on his arrival.

It was quite dark when we reached Mr. Collis's, and while conversing on the subject, a panther seized a dog close to the spot where we were standing, and carried him off. Rode on about ten miles with Mr. Cane, but, finding it impracticable, on account of the intricacy of the path, to proceed further until daylight, slept in a hut at Mr. Fynn's village.

Tuesday, 19*th*.—Soon after daylight we were again mounted, and went on to a village belonging to Mr. Cane, not far from the Umcamas, and about twenty-five miles from Berea; but no tidings of the fugitive could be obtained. Soon after noon a messenger arrived with information that Mankanjana had been found and secured in the very hut where he had previously been concealed. It was late in the evening before I again reached home.

Wednesday, 20*th*.—About two o'clock this morning I was called up—Mr. Collis and a party having arrived with Mankanjana, who had actually escaped a second time, and had only just been taken with great difficulty by a party of English and Hottentots, who had been in search of him.

This evening performed the funeral service at the grave of Thomas Innis, who expired this morning, in consequence of a severe burn, his clothes having caught fire a few days ago while sleeping in a hut. He had but recently arrived from the colony, and, as I understood, had served in one of the northern expeditions under Sir Edward Parry.

Thursday, 21*st*.—As in all probability the prisoners about to be delivered to Dingarn would be put to death, I determined to accompany them, in the hope, through the blessing of God upon my endeavors, to instruct them by the way in the method of salvation through Jesus Christ, as also to endeavor to obtain their pardon on reaching Congella. Last night the driver of the wagon which was to accompany us as far as the Tugăla, shot a panther close to my hut. They had spanned out in the road for the night, taking the precaution to secure the dog underneath the wagon; notwithstanding which the ferocious animal sprung upon him, and killed him. Aroused by the cry of the dog, the Hottentot levelled his piece, and, being an excellent shot, brought him down almost instantly; he staggered for a few yards, and then fell lifeless. Although rarely seen by day, these animals are very numerous in this neighborhood. It was not many days since, when two of them were observed seated on the roof of the church now building, making a hearty meal on a large piece of beef, which, by way of security, had been suspended from one of the beams. Unfortunately no person had a gun ready at the time. At half-past eleven set out for Congella, the prisoners* following the wagon on foot, secured in pairs, and attended by two of my servants and the two messengers, whom I had detained for this purpose. Halted at sunset, when I had a long conversation with them in the tent. Poor creatures! on the verge of eternity, and yet ignorant of the immortality of the soul, and unconscious of a future state of existence. Their apprehensions of sin were nearly as dark, imagining that there were but three kinds—adultery, witchcraft, and speaking evil of the king.

Friday, 22*nd*.—Set out at a quarter-past nine; rested two hours and a half in the heat of the day; and outspanned again at sunset. From the conversations which I have had with the prisoners during the periods of halting, it appears that they have always had some indistinct idea of a Supreme Being. Nonha's words, in reply to some inquiries on this point, were these—"We always believed that there was an Incosi-pezŭla" (a great chief above,) "who, before there was a world, came down and made it; he made men; and we knew also that there were white men." To this they all assented, acknowledging that it was all they knew about God. They knew of no tradition respecting a deluge, or of the world having ever been destroyed. The transmigration of souls, they said, was universally believed among them. The body they supposed was annihilated by death; but the breath or spirit then passed into the body of some animal, generally a snake, called issitata, which is harmless, though sometimes into other animals, such as the buffalo or the hippopotamus. They mentioned an instance when a buffalo thus possessed had been driven by the influence of the spirit to a place of slaughter, and an hippopotamus had been impelled to enter a village. The true Scriptural account of these important subjects had perplexed them much yesterday, but this evening they said, for the first time, that they comprehended what had been told them, which was chiefly relating to the nature of sin, and the way of pardon and acceptance through the sufferings and death of Christ. May it please the Lord to open their hearts, and to lead them into all truth.

* Viz: Mankanjana, Nonha, Umboobo, and Ncngoobo; the children were not sent.

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Saturday, 23rd.—Set out a little before seven; stopped to breakfast at eleven; and proceeded again at twenty minutes past twelve. In endeavoring to cross a gully, where the ground was swampy, the wagon stuck fast, one of the hind wheels sinking in the mud. Two ineffectual attempts having been made to drag it out, I dismounted; and, throwing my bags across my horse's back, proceeded on foot with the prisoners, &c. It was at a quarter to five that we left the wagon, and, after walking about fifteen miles, we reached Mr. Plankenberg's hut (a trading station recently established on the Tugăla) at nine. This morning it was my intention to have started much earlier, in order to have reached the White Shields (Clomanthleen) by sunset; but unfortunately the people belonging to the wagon overslept themselves.

Sunday, 24th.—Being desirous to commence the Zoolu mission by public worship on this day, I crossed the river soon after eight, and reached the Clomanthleen Inthlopi (White Clomanthleen) at eleven. We travelled slowly on account of the prisoners, the distance being not more than nine miles. The principal part of the regiment were absent, notwithstanding which the Incosacăse (Momahau,) and about thirty-five people, including the prisoners, assembled in front of Nongălaza's hut, when I addressed them for about an hour on the leading truths of the Gospel, concluding with prayer. All were very attentive, and said at the conclusion, that they understood the words that had been spoken. That it was literally the words which they meant may be well imagined, and certainly inferred, from the inquiry which was immediately afterwards made by the principal man present, whether God's house, (alluding to his habitation in heaven) was as handsome as their Issigŏrdlo. May it please the God of all grace, who has so mercifully opened a way for the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ to be proclaimed in this land, to give abundant increase to his own word, that it may accomplish that which he pleaseth, and prosper in the thing whereunto he has sent it; and may I, and all who may hereafter labor in this vineyard, regard ourselves but as worthless instruments in his hands, and look ever and solely to Him for that heavenly strength and grace which he has promised, and without which all our labor will be in vain! "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Let the voice of joy arise,
  Grateful praise our bosoms swell;
Hark! they echo from the skies
  The triumphs of Emmanuel!

"Every knee to him shall bow,
  Every crown before him fall;
The nations that forget him now,
  E're long upon his name shall call."

Not one tittle e'er shall fail
  Of every promise He has made;
The prayer of faith shall still prevail,
  Though sense may deem it long delayed.

May the rays of Gospel light,
  Redd'ning now the eastern sky,
Chaste away the mists of night—
  Reveal a day of glory nigh.

May the word in weakness spoken
  Bring conviction to each breast;
May the hearts that grace has broken,
  In Jesus find relief and rest!

To us this grace was freely given—
  Swift the tidings let us bear,
Emulate the saints in heaven,
  Who ceaseless hymn His goodness there.

What are all our earthly schemes,
  If they only centre here?
Nothing but delusive dreams—
  Phantoms that a while appear.

If our hearts indeed have tasted,
  God is gracious—we shall feel;
Life itself were worse than wasted,
  Could we dare His truth conceal.

Heralds of redeeming grace,
  To every clime His love we'll bear;
His standard raise in every place—
  To tribes unknown His name declare!

Till earth shall echo back the sound
  In one united song of praise;
And love, and joy, and peace abound
  An earnest of millennial days.

Hark, again!—celestial strains!—
  "Hallelujah! it is done!
Jesus our Redeemer reigns!
  His travail o'er—His victory won!"

Monday, 25th.—On reaching the Tugăla, the prisoners, according to agreement, were consigned to the charge of Mambayendi; but so apprehensive were they of the severity of their own countrymen, that yesterday morning they actually refused to proceed until I assured them that it was my intention to accompany them, and that I should not lose sight of them until they reached Congella, and were delivered over to the Indoonas. Last night a messenger arrived from Umgŏnanani, where Dingarn was then staying. He had been ordered to proceed to Port Natal to inquire respecting the deserter, but on hearing at the Black Clomanthleen, that I was here, he had come on. The Incosa-căse (Nomahau) is very friendly, doing all she can to make me comfortable; but I have been much disappointed at the present deserted state of the town—many of the people are with the king, but the greater part at their out-places. The wagon with my baggage arrived this afternoon; they had extricated themselves from the dilemma in which we had left them soon after our departure.

Tuesday, 26th.—Left some of my baggage in charge of Nomahau, and soon after nine set out, accompanied by Mambayendi and three additional baggage-bearers. The footpath from this place to Congella passes through a more populous district than the wagon route, and the country is more level, and clothed with trees. This part of the

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country abounds with wild guinea-fowl, several coveys of which were seen; as also bucks, and a few Kafir crane, a beautiful bird, with a grey plumage and a handsome top-knot; the black feathers which cover the head and throat are of a glossy jet black, and to the touch as soft as the richest velvet. The wings are in general use among the Amakosa to decorate their heads when going to war. On our way we met the messengers returning, who had been sent forward by Nomahau to announce my approach to the king. They said that he had expressed himself as much pleased, when informed that the deserters had been secured, but could not yet believe that it was true, nor should he, until he had seen them. He had yesterday left Ungŏmanani on his return to Congella.

We reached the Injandŏma at noon, and remained to rest and breakfast two hours and a half. Had not this place lain directly in the route, I would gladly have avoided it, in order to spare the feelings of Nonha. This morning she had been the gazing-stock of all the villagers by the way, who had run out to see the prisoners as they passed—but here a more formal ordeal awaited her. Before any provisions could be procured for them, Ugŏcha (the Incosa-case) came down to the gate near which she was sitting with the other prisoners, and, surrounded by all the people of the place, scolded them both roundly. This, under other circumstances, would have been all highly proper; but as it was agreed by all that they would be put to death on their reaching Congella, I could not but feel great pity for her situation. So much agitated was her mind with the apprehension of the cruel death which awaited her, (they are always impaled, after being struck on the head with knobbed sticks,) that she told me on Sunday evening, while instructing the prisoners, that before she crossed the Tugăla she could attend, but that now her mind was in too disturbed a state.

Proceeding from this place, the country is still fertile and populous, well watered by the Umsondŏsi and Evoota, both of which streams we crossed, and soon after the Amatakoola, beyond which are some fine trees. Among these were several known by the colonists as the Kafir Boom, but called by the natives Umseensi; they were the first I had seen in blossom, and certainly made a most splendid appearance. It somewhat resembles the English elder, but throws out short bossy thorns on every part of the trunk and branches; it grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and sheds its leaves in winter; but the blossom generally remains in great beauty for a considerable time afterwards, appearing at the ends of the twigs like a shuttle-cock with crimson feathers.

At a little before sunset ascended a hill, and stopped at Hengi, a village belonging to Mangăni, the Indoona of Intoutella. The sun declined in great beauty behind a bold range of mountains, over which the summit of that near to Congella was just visible. So little attention was paid to the wants of the prisoners, that it became necessary to insist on their being regularly supplied with provisions; and here the unfeeling wretches, when urged on their arrival to give them some Indian corn, replied, in their presence, "What is the use of giving them food, they are dead already."

Wednesday, 27th.—Set out at eight—soon after began to ascend. Stopped to breakfast at Indumăni, one of the king's villages. At the Injandŏna none of the prisoners, excepting Mankanjana, would taste the amăss (curdled milk) that was offered them, alleging that as they were in disgrace, it was not proper for them to partake of it among their friends: the two women here again declined it, but Umboobo was less scrupulous, and drank free from the calabash that was set before them. Rested here two hours, and proceeded again at a quarter to twelve. Passed Inglalăni, and rested three-quarters of an hour at Sablongăzi, another small village, situated on the crest of a steep mountain. Some of the ascents and descents were so steep, that I frequently found it necessary to dismount. There are few trees in these mountains, but they are all well clothed with grass, and the parts that are cultivated near the villages produce excellent Indian corn and Kafir corn.

We now struck into the path we had formerly travelled, our present route having been more inland, and at half-past four we reached Congella, where crowds of people were peeping over the fence and filling the gateway, in order to catch a glimpse of the prisoners as they passed. Scarcely had we entered the town, when I received a message from the king, desiring to see me; and the prisoners now consigned to the charge of the Indoonas, were taken into his presence at the same time; being directed to place themselves at a respectable distance, while he appeared from within his fence overlooking the whole party. He appeared in high glee. His women were all singing around him; and on my seating myself, he pointed to me and said, that it was on my account this rejoicing was made. I could have burst into tears—it was a most trying situation. Dingarn himself was leading the tune; crouched beneath him, in front of the fence, was one of his servants, performing all the usual gesticulations of frantic joy; while the unfortunate prisoners, but a little distance on my right, were destined to witness these unfeeling ebullitions of delight, occasioned, as it was evident, by their appearance, bound, and within the reach of punishment. Not satisfied with one song, several were added, which, with the clapping of hands in chorus, must have been audible at a considerable distance. I scarcely dared turn to the right; the countenances of Nonha and her companions were truly distressing! During the whole journey of one hundred and twenty miles they had anticipated a cruel death; and now every instant they expected to be hurried away to execution. The songs at length being ended, and a large bowl of beer being presented to me, Dingarn came out with some dignity, habited in a new cloak of many colors, and wearing across his forehead a band of the pink ribbon I had formerly given him By this time the whole male population had assembled, and, seating themselves around us in a half circle, when a formal treat commenced, the king in person demanding of each of the prisoners why they had left his country. The offences were stated, and evidence given by many who were present. Mankanjana was the first who was questioned, and his replies were given in a sitting posture, Dingarn standing the whole time; but when it came to Nanha's turn,

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both the women were desired to stand up, on which Nongalaza, with great emphasis, exclaimed, "There is the woman we used to call our mother: she was placed by the king to provide food for the warriors on their return from battle!" Her case was then entered into minutely. As the sun had set during this long conversation, Dingarn said that, if I chose, I could retire, and that he would see me again in the morning.

Having ascertained that there was no intention to execute them this evening, I took my leave: the people, however, remained a considerable time longer to regale themselves on tough beef, which, in anticipation of my arrival with the prisoners, had been cooked for distribution. As I rose to leave the assembly, Dingarn observed: "Now we see that you belong to the Zoolus." I replied, "It will always be my desire to prove myself a friend to the Zoolus." A good supply of meat and fire-wood was soon after sent to my hut, which, although removed from its original position, was the same which I had formerly occupied.—The transit I had hoped would have dislodged the colony of rats, but I was soon convinced of their predilection to their former haunts.

Thursday, 28th.—Went up, by desire of the king, at ten—found him seated on the outside of the Issigordlo, habited in a cloak which was completed at Intoutella, and accompanied by five of his principal Indoonas, seated near him on the ground. As it was my wish to make an impression, in the hope of obtaining the release of the prisoners, I appeared in full uniform. All were loud in their congratulations, and thanked me much for having brought back the deserters. I told them that I required no thanks; that I had only done what it was my duty to do. Dingarn said, that now his people would love him; whereas before they had hated him, because he refused to permit an army to go down to Port Natal: that for two years the chiefs had been urging him to destroy all the black people there, but that he had withheld his consent. Nongalaza and the other chiefs assented, saying, that for the last two years this had been their desire; that they should not have molested the white people, but that they had requested the king to allow them to kill all the blacks. I told Dingarn that we thanked him for his forbearance, as those who had fled from his country richly deserved punishment; and, turning to the Indoonas, added, "Now you see how good the counsel was that the king gave you."—Dingarn observed, that now he was convinced that the white people at Port Natal wished to do him good. I told him that peaceable words were better than armies; by sending out warriors he could only obtain the bodies of men, but by peaceable words he gained their hearts: that now we were all united to observe the treaty, and that, as long as he adhered to this part of the agreement, he might rely upon it we should to ours. As he appeared in high good humor, I thought it a good opportunity to introduce my suit in favor of the prisoners, and strove hard to obtain an unconditional pardon. This, however, I soon found was far too large a request, and indeed his arguments to the contrary, founded on the usages of the country, were too powerful to combat. I therefore contented myself with obtaining his assurance that their lives should be spared, which, indeed, was all that I had expected to obtain. To this conclusion, as Dingarn informed me, they had come last night; and he also stated that Mankanjana, had he not sent an insolent message to him, and made so many efforts to escape, would have been pardoned. They are all sentenced to be kept in confinement, and I fear this will be for life. The business being now over, the men were called together, and soon surrounded us in a dense semicircle, sitting three-deep on the ground.—Among these were six men from a distant tribe, who, until my first arrival here, had never before seen a white person. Dingarn himself pointed them out to me; and observing that I took some interest in them, ordered them to sit in a group before me. In order to try their nerves, Dingarn, by way of sport, requested my interpreter to bring his gun, which to their great surprise was twice fired, the men instinctively placed their hands to their ears on hearing the report. Some inquiries were then made by Dingarn, who had approached me to examine my dress, as to the method of making cloth; and, on his again seating himself, the European mode of constructing houses was discussed. He was greatly interested in the descriptions of each, and expressed much astonishment at the facts which I related of rooms being built in our houses one over the other, thinking it impossible that the floors should not break through with the weight.

The important topic of beads was then introduced; and on this subject he was particularly desirous of information. "Where do they come from?" "What are they made of?" "How are they made?" "Cannot we learn to make them?"—were a few of the questions which, to the best of my ability, I endeavored to answer satisfactorily; but he was not satisfied until I promised, should I live to see England again, and return, that I would bring him some of the material of which they are made. The people were then desired to sing, which they continued to do for some time; and, although seated, performed the manual part in excellent time and much grace, Dingarn and the Indoonas often accompanying them in the evolutions of their hands. In order that the compliment might not be mistaken, the king informed me that he had purposely called the people together in order that I might hear how they sang at Congella. Had it not been for a powerful sun, and the incumbrance of a cloth uniform, I could have enjoyed both the scene and the many animating songs which continued until noon; but as, in addition to these inconveniences, I had not yet breakfasted, I felt somewhat relieved when this long conference was at length broken up.—During the intervals of the songs, six head of cattle were speared for distribution among the people; some within a few yards of the spot where we were seated. They all ran some little distance after receiving the spear, which *is* not thrown, but thrust into the side near the heart; and, on their falling, parties were despatched to make the necessary preparations for disposing of the meat. On returning to my hut I wrote to Port Natal, at the request of Dingarn, to inform the settlers that he had demanded, under the stipulations of the treaty, the children belonging to Nonha's party.

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As they had been allowed by the Numzāna, or head of the village, where they had taken refuge, to make their escape, it had been arranged, on my setting out for this place, that, in the event of their being demanded, either themselves or Umfazaguātu (the Numzāna) should be given up.

Friday, 29th.—Last night I had a long conversation with three of the Unguāni people, respecting their country and knowledge of a Supreme Being, &c. These were the persons pointed out by Dingarn, as having never before seen a white man. On being told yesterday that God had spoken words to men for the regulation of their conduct here, they had very anxiously inquired, "What has he said?" They, as well as the prisoners, were accordingly sent for this morning to attend the prayers in my hut, when an exposition of the Ten Commandments was given. On leaving I was surprised to hear from the prisoners, that they had tasted nothing since the last food we had given them on the road, which was about three o'clock on Wednesday. I immediately desired Umpondombeeni to boil some lupōko meal which I had by me; but he was unable to borrow a vessel for the purpose, my own saucepan being too small. It now struck me that there must be some design in such unfeeling conduct; and, sending for Mambayendi, I informed him of what they had just said, desiring him to acquaint the king, and to say, that I felt convinced it could not be his intention to starve them. He was also desired to inform him, that I had continued to instruct them, but should not do so in future without his permission, as it was only in the Clomanthleen that he had allowed me to teach. This I deemed necessary, as he would not fail to hear every particular. Mambayendi soon returned with an answer, which quite weighed down my spirits.—Dingarn's reply was, "You have done your utmost in bringing them bound to me, and then speaking for them; but as they have committed great offences you must not ask for them any more. *Their bonds must kill them!*" I was not again to teach them; and he had given orders that they should not be supplied with food. Inhuman wretch! The death they had so much dreaded would have been mercy compared with the torture of lingering out a few more days of painful existence, and at last falling the famished victims of hunger and want. Too true, indeed, were the last words that fell from them on leaving my hut. As it appeared by their statement that Mankanjāna alone had been informed that he was not to be killed, I endeavored to quell their fears, by saying that the king had himself assured me that all their lives should be spared; on which Nonha, in a mournful voice, replied, "They are killing us now."

Had another long conversation with Umkolwāni, who is an inferior chief among the Unguāni, the substance of which I shall now relate:—

They belong to a tribe called Unguāni, situated as far as I could collect, to the N. N. E. of Unkūnginglove, at a distance of nine days' journey. On the fifth day from Unkūnginglove, they reached the river Impongolo, and four days more bring them to Elāngāni, where their king, Sobūza, resides. Nearer to the Umpongola is another town, called Nobamba both are small compared to the Zoolu towns; are built in the same form, but without fences; and contain the whole population of the tribe, which is now greatly diminished. The male population does not exceed a hundred; but as each man has from five to ten wives, the whole, including children, may be estimated at about twelve hundred. They were formerly independent, but subjugated by Charka, who deprived them of all their cattle: they have neither sheep nor goats, and, as grain is but scantily cultivated, they are often necessitated to subsist entirely on roots. The flats are covered with very high grass, and these, as well as the mountains, produce large timber. Wild animals abound, and, besides those common in this part of the country, they have the rhinoceros and tiger: they appeared to know nothing either of the ostrich or cameleopard. The eyland is the only large animal they hunt, being fearful to approach the elephant, although aware of the value of its tusks. Alligators abound in the rivers, some of which they describe as large, but all fordable at certain times. The Lesūta is the largest next to the Umpongola, which divides them from the Zoolu country, and after that the Motani: these are all much wider than the Tugāla. They have no canoes, and only first saw the sea when they came into this neighborhood. They seemed to be an insulated tribe, having no relation with any other people than their conquerors. All speak the Zoolu language; and, until they perceived us conversing in English, said that it was the first time they had heard a tongue differing from their own. Indeed Umkolwāni was highly amused at my communicating with him through an interpreter, and shrewdly observed, "You speak to him, and then he speak to me;" and, on the reason being explained, snapped his fingers* in evident surprise. In appearance and dress, or rather *undress*, they are similar to the Zoolus, and as they now generally wear the ring on the head, which has been adopted since they became tributary to Charka, they are scarcely to be distinguished from them. Their women also shave their heads, but wear the small tuft on the crown somewhat higher. The whole country to the north and west they describe as an arid desert, extending, especially to the northward, beyond their knowledge, and much broken with abrupt precipices. In the northern desert, which is entirely sand, there is a large river, to the banks of which they have been, but none have ever crossed it, nor have they ever heard of any people living beyond them either north or west. On the east there is a tribe of Zoolus called Nobambas, from whom they obtain iron for heading their spears and assegais: they heard of Sofala, but have never been there, or seen any of the people. Their houses are of a similar construction with these, but formed chiefly of mats and reeds. Their king, Sobūza, the same who Charky subdued, has still the power of life and death. Malefactors, when capitally punished, are struck on the head with knobbed sticks, as is the practice here, but they are never impaled; with the exception of these, their dead are always interred, being first

* A Zoolu can scarcely speak without snapping his fingers at every sentence; and when energetic, a double snap is often made, and that between every four or five words.

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bound up in their clothes and mats. They describe the hot winds as sometimes so oppressive as to oblige them to leave their houses, and ascend the very tops of the mountains in order to obtain a gasp of air. The climate is so exceedingly unhealty, and that at all times of the year, that Umkolwāni said he expected to find many ill on his return, although it was winter; that season, if any, being the most sickly. Rain is unknown, but the nightly dews are heavy. The prevailing sickness is of two kinds—one, an affection of the throat and lungs, from which they often recover; but the other is a seizure so sudden and fatal, that frequently in a few minutes, and generally in a quarter of an hour, from the first attack, life is extinct. On these occasions they complain of pains in the loins, back, and front of the head; and, after death, vomit a black liquid from the mouth. They have no knowledge of medicine, and invariably leave the sick to languish without attempting any remedy. A removal from this insalubrious climate frequently restores them when suffering from the first named disorder; and Umkolwāni himself declared, that on quitting his country the complaint in his chest had immediately left him. In common with the Amakosa, Zoolus, &c. they observe the festival of the First Fruits. Circumsion is still practised among them, notwithstanding the desuetude into which it has here gone since the reign of Charka. Although they had heard of white people, we are the first whom they had ever seen. They all acknowledged that when they first saw us they mistook us for wild beasts; and one of them actually ran from my horse, who was quietly feeding near the town, taking him also for some ferocious animal. On hearing the issibum (gun) go off yesterday, they said that they thought the heavens were opening, and began to be alarmed. The effect of some lucifer matches now exhibited, surprised them greatly. And they informed me, that when they returned to their own people, they should tell them that "they had seen white men, and that they had the fire." On the subject of religion they were in total darkness; every tradition had worn out; and they presented the awful spectacle of immortal beings without the knowledge or acknowledgment of a Creator. Umkolwāni confessed that, while on his long journeys, he had often wondered how things came, but could never find out; and had always supposed they came by chance. When the body died, they conceived that it perished; but the soul, after it was in the ground entered the body of a snake. Of a day of future retribution they had not the slightest idea, nor did they know any thing of an evil spirit. What a blank is the life of man, without a knowledge of God! and how pitiable and cheerless his condition, until the Sun of Righteousness arises within to raise his affections to things above, and shed the love of God abroad in his heart! I was in great hopes that one of these interesting people would have remained with me, with the intention of instructing him; and, by the blessing of God, preparing him to bear the glad tidings of salvation to his benighted countrymen; but, notwithstanding the sickness which they had all felt, and again apprehended, the charms of home and a land of nativity were too powerful allurements: should missionaries ever be sent to that country, this method, on account of its baneful climate, will perhaps be the most judicious. The following are the names of the three men whom I endeavored to instruct,—

Umkolwāni (Chief,)
Makātakāta,
Unganāssi.

The two lads named Umthlathla and Cussesendūna were absent cutting wood.

This evening the principal Indoonas assembled in my hut to inform me that the king had made me a present of twelve head of oxen; and that he wished them to be considered as a token of his gratitude, for having concluded the treaty with him: that as such a "fast word" had passed between him and me, it was right that there should be something to show, as a proof that it had been accepted on both sides. I told them that, as a pledge of the king's favor, I would certainly accept them; but that I required no presents; all I wished for was friendship. They replied, that if I did not accept them there would be nothing to show: that the king had desired them to say, that that on this day he received me into his country, and that these oxen would be a token to all of what he had done; that he was not yet tired, but should do more hereafter. I assured them that my desire to befriend the king would not be increased by any presents he could make; that now he knew me, and would always find me the same—ever desirous to do him and his people service. They said it was not the king only who thanked me this day; it was the whole Zoolu nation. Having inspected the herd which were driven to a spot near my hut, the Indoonas returned according to custom to thank the king in my name. This present was in addition to a cow sent for slaughtering this afternoon; but I could enjoy nothing; the very sight of plenty filled my mind with the horrid spectacle of suffering, which was about to be exhibited in a hut not far removed from my own.

Saturday, 30th.—Understood that a bowl of beer had been given to the prisoners yesterday by order of the king; my servants likewise contrived to give them the liver of the cow. This apparent consideration on the part of Dingarn I consider only as an aggravation to their sufferings, like the brief respite which the tiger gives to his prey, and was probably intended as a blind, merely to sustain their lives until our departure.

Early this morning Mambayendi brought a message from the king, expressing his wish, if it were not inconvenient, that I would return to Port Natal, as he was anxious to hear tidings of some recent deserters. On this, I sent to inform him that it had been my intention to have apprised him this day of my proposed return on Monday; but as he was anxious for me to proceed, should the weather clear up (there had been much rain during the night,) I would set out this forenoon, although we should not travel to-morrow, as it was our holy-day. On taking leave of Dingarn, I took an opportunity to thank him personally for the oxen, saying, that when I looked upon them I should think of the agreement existing between him and the white people at Port Natal. He said, that on my next visit he should

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select some milch cattle for me. I told him that I did not desire presents. He replied, that he gave them to me in order to show that his heart was towards me; on which I assured him that my heart was also towards him, and that he would always find me desirous to do him service. I then took his measure with a piece of tape for a pair of boots, which on my last visit he had requested me to procure for him. In order that I might obtain an interview with the prisoners before leaving, I had purposely kept the key of the hand-cuffs, and now informed Dingarn that I must take them back, as they might be required for other deserters, and, moreover, were preferable to their method of securing with ropes, which often caused great pain in the arms. He laughed at this refinement of humanity, and said that I might take them off. The unfortunate prisoners were brought out in front of their hut for the purpose, and numbers of people soon collected from curiosity to see them. They were evidently in a state of alarm, supposing that they could only be loosed for the purpose of immediate execution, but the object being explained, they became calm, and soon after returned to their place of confinement. Calling Mambayendi into my hut, I desired him to tell me candidly what were the king's intentions respecting them, saying, that as I had brought them here, it was but just that I should be informed of their probable fate. He said that I already knew the king's intentions—that he had given orders that no person was to supply them with food, which when he thought proper he should send. It appears to me that the beer sent yesterday was merely on account of my remonstrance, and that on our departure they will be left to starve. On leaving the town I saw them again the last time, recommending them to think much of what had been said to them, and to pray to God through Jesus Christ, as He was able to save their souls, and do them good in another world: they all looked most piteously, thanked me, and wished me a pleasant journey. So painful a duty I hope never again to be called to perform; and sincerely do I pray that their hearts may be opened by Divine grace, to seek the things that belong to their peace before they are called into eternity.

Set out on our return, accompanied by Mambayendi and two herdsmen, driving the oxen before us, at half-past eleven. Our appearance in any other country would have been somewhat ludicrous. But two legs were now remaining of the cow which had been killed yesterday afternoon, and these precious relics were willingly carried by some of the baggage-bearers—not a scrap would they leave behind; rather than relinquish a particle, one of them actually strung a large piece of raw meat round the back of his neck, leaving it to hang down between his shoulders. So many beasts have been slaughtered for me during these journeys, that my servants have been enabled to obtain their favorite ornament, a part of the gall-bladder, stuffed with fat, and formed into a large ring, with which they encircle the arm. Sometimes a ring of fat is worn round the head like a bandage, just above the eyebrows; in fact, fat of all kinds is their delight—they will eat it *au naturel*, and consider that individual as wealthy who can afford to appropriate a sufficient quantity to decorate his person besides. One of the men went off with the tail of the cow dangling from his arm—whether by the way of ornament or not I did not inquire. Observing how soon the meat had been demolished, I inquired of the people how many of them an ox would suffice. They said that five men would finish the whole beast in the course of a day and a half; and this I fully believe, from the specimen they have already given of their carnivorous powers. On crossing a mountain, after passing Ebonquani (the first village on leaving Congella,) we passed through an immense flight of locusts, more numerous than any I have yet seen either in this country or in Kafir-land; they were feeding upon the grass until we disturbed them, and then rose in millions; many flew into my face, and I caught several in my hand as I rode along. At a quarter to six we reached Hengi, and remained for the night. My former hut was again prepared for me.

Sunday, 31*st*.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."—(Isaiah xxvi. 3.)

How pure the peace that grace bestows!
The still small voice of love how sweet!
How calm the soul that can repose
Its deepest care at Jesus' feet!

Though like the Prophet 'leaguered round,
Though earth and hell their power should boast,
Faith looks beyond this narrow bound,
And sees afar a mightier host!

There's not a pang that flesh can feel,
Nor deeper grief our bosoms know,
But sovereign grace alike can heal,
And pour the balm to sooth our wo!

It cheers the pining captive's cell—
He marks his chain—and looks above!
His soul unfettered loves to dwell
On those bright realms of joy and love!

It lights the languid eye in death,
Bids Jordan's billows stand on high;
It sanctifies our latest breath,
And makes it rapture e'en to die!

How rich the promise—"Come and buy,"
With nought that ye can e'er possess;
The riches that are stored on high
Are free to all their want confess!

Dear Lord! thy purchased blessings shower
My helpless soul still hangs on Thee;
In weakness now make known thy power,
Atoning blood alone my plea.

May heavenly love my bosom swell,
May every selfish feeling die;
So shall my soul be meet to dwell
With Thee in realms of bliss on high.

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Monday, June 1st.—We were so near to the Clomanthleen district, that I pushed on this morning, and in an hour and a half reached Nodŭnga, the first village after crossing the Amatakoola, where we arrived at nine o'clock. My object in making this journey was in order to have an opportunity of speaking to the people. Having sent round to some other smaller places in the neighborhood, about one hundred people assembled before my hut, when I addressed them about an hour.

There is much encouragement in teaching these people: they have no caste to break through—no idols to throw down—they readily acknowledge their ignorance, and seem desirous for instruction. I commenced by inquiring who among them could tell me by whom the sun, the moon, the mountains, and the rivers were made? All agreed that they were created by some power above. I asked what they called that power? Pointing upwards, one of them said it was the "Incosi Pezŭlu" (Great Chief above.) Did they know any thing of this Great Chief! "No," they replied; "now we are come to hear about Him—it is you who must tell us." On hearing these simple expressions of desire to be instructed, the reply of Cornelius to Peter (Acts x. 33,) came forcibly to my mind—"Now therefore we are all here present before God to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." May a like blessing attend the ministry which I trust they will soon have among them.

We seem to have arrived here at a period when the traditionary knowledge of a Supreme Being is rapidly passing into oblivion. The following brief account is all that I have ever been able to collect on this subject:—It is agreed among the Zoolus, that their forefathers believed in the existence of an overruling spirit, whom they called Villenăngi (litterally the First Appearer,) and who soon after created another heavenly being of great power, called Koolukoolwani, who once visited this earth, in order to publish the news (as they express it,) as also to separate the sexes and colours among mankind. During the period he was below, two messages were sent to him from Villenăngi, the first conveyed by a camelion, announcing that men were not to die; the second, by a lizard, with a contrary decision. The lizard, having outrun the slow-paced camelion, arrived first, and delivered his message before the latter made his appearance.

To this want of promptness they attribute our present condition as mortal beings, heaping all the odium of death upon the sluggish camelion. There are still many legends respecting Villenăngi, but none of which my informant could remember, excepting that he enjoined that lamentations should be made over the dead. It is said, that many years ago, though not within the memory of the oldest person now living, sacrifices of cattle were offered to Villenăngi. The generality of the people are ignorant even of this scanty tradition; but since their recent intercourse with Europeans, the vague idea of a Supreme Being has again become general. At present, the reigning king absorbs all their praises, and he is, in fact, their only idol.—In the foregoing account there is evidently an indistinct and confused idea of the incarnation of our blessed Lord, and of the entrance of sin into the world, Satan employing the body of a reptile to practise his first deceit upon mankind. What an awful condition for an immortal being! Man, when once doparted from his God, goes out, like Nebuchadnezzar in his banishment, debased in his reasoning powers, and scarcely elevated above the beasts which perish. O that this benighted people may, like the stump which he saw in his night dream, put forth branches, and bud, and bear fruit, and flourish; and thus matured and nourished by the dews of heavenly grace, become a blessing in the earth, a shelter and a protection to all the surrounding nations! Breathe, Lord upon these dry bones, and they shall live!

Rode out before breakfast to select a spot for the missionary establishment, having on my way to Congella considered this neighborhood as by far the most eligible of any part of Clomanthleen district, being in the immediate vicinity of two large military towns, and surrounded by several villages; fixed upon a hill of moderate height, skirted by the Umsondŭsi, a clear mountain stream, which almost encircles it. On my return to Nodŭnga, I agreed with Timoŭla, the Numzăna, who had been particularly attentive, to build three huts on the spot selected, during my absence, with the intention of shortly returning to occupy them. As it was not much out of the route to the Injandŭna, he accompanied me back to the spot, in order to receive the necessary directions; after which, we proceeded to Mungena's village, near the Tugăla, where we arrived at four, and remained for the night. The new missionary station I have named Culoola: which, in the Zoolu language, signifies, to loose or set free; trusting that, by the blessing of God, it may eventually be the means of loosing many souls from the captivity of Satan, and bringing them out of darkness into marvellous light.

Tuesday, 2d.—Proceeded at a quarter-past eight; crossed the Tugăla to breakfast at Mr. Plankenberg's; and at half-past ten resumed my journey. Reached a ruined hut on the right bank of the Mavootie at four, where I rested until sunset, and then went on until the moon went down. Again in the wilderness, I endeavored to occupy the time by writing the following lines on horseback:—

THE WILDERNESS.

What though I wend my lonely way
Far from the social haunts of men;
And every object I survey
In solemn stillness seems to say,
"Approach not our domain;"
E'en in the wilderness I love to trace
The footsteps of a God of grace.

There's not a plant that decks the ground
But speaks its great Creator's praise;
The smallest insect fluttering round,
The savage beasts that here abound,
Unite to witness Wisdom's ways:
In Nature's book 'tis sweet to trace
The tokens of a God of grace.

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The wildest desert owns His hand,
The rudest mountain marks His power;
Each smiles or frowns at His command,
And all in wisdom He has planned.
He paints the cup of every flower—
In every object we may trace
The workings of a God of grace.

There are no deserts here below—
All nature teems with life and love;
The loneliest spot that e'er we know
Enough of Mercy's way can show,
To raise our grovelling thoughts above
If still our hearts delight to trace
The goodness of a God of grace.

'Tis here—within our bosom lies
The arid soil that yields no fruit;
That howling desert oft defies
The softening dews that heaven supplies;
Fertile in every baneful root,
Receives—but, thankless, scorns to trace—
The bounties of a God of grace.

But ah! when once those rocks are rent,
Those bitter, poisonous waters healed,
Each native flower then yields its scent,
And Eden blooms where dragons went,
And golden harvest crowns the field.
'Tis in the heart renewed we trace
The trophies of a God of grace.

And art Thou, then, my God, so near?
Does every creature point to Thee?
Then let me oft thy footsteps hear
This toilsome pilgrimage to cheer,
In every object that I see,
Make it my chiefest joy to trace
The riches of Thy boundless grace!

Wednesday, 3d.—About three miles from the Umtongata, having no tent, we made our bivouac at half-past eleven near some bushes, but with no other shelter than the starry heavens. I found it necessary frequently to arouse the people, in order to prevent the fire from going out. Quitted the walking party at eight this morning, and rode on alone to Berea, where I arrived at six o'clock.

It appears that the apprehension of the remainder of Nonha's party had occasioned much trouble, the whole of the whites and about sixty of the natives having been obliged to proceed in a body to enforce the requisition. The people of the village where they had been staying rescued them from two Englishmen and a Hottentot, who had taken them in their absence: they way-laid them, and issuing from the woods as they passed, contrived while in conversation, but without using force, to effect their purpose. On this the larger party before mentioned proceeded to the spot, but the natives alarmed at their numbers, fled to a neighboring hill. Thus posted, Mr. Cane, with two natives, volunteered to communicate with them. He went up in a firm manner and remonstrated with them, at the same time assuring them that unless the persons in question were delivered up by sunset he would instantly shoot the Numzana to whom he addressed himself. Happily no further effort was made, and the three girls were secured. But here another heart-rending scene took place. Umfazaguatu, the Numzana, was related to the children, and evinced feelings of which humanity might boast. Suddenly casting away his assegais, he threw himself upon the ground in a supplicating posture, and only implored that he might be bound and sent to Dingarn in lieu of the prisoners. This of course could not be permitted, though all must doubtless have felt the painful necessity of acting with so much apparent rigor. On my arrival, I found them in one of my huts, in charge of two men who had been sent for the purpose from Congella. On their leaving this morning I sent, on my own responsibility, the following message to Dingarn, well knowing that it would express the sentiments of every European at Port Natal:—"If deserters must be killed, let them be killed at once; but if they are to be starved to death, we are resolved that not another individual shall be sent back." The men promised to be kind to the prisoners by the way, and on no account to mention the fate which would probably await them on their arrival. My heart sickens at the thought of such barbarities—still it is a duty we owe to the two thousand natives now resding here, and who, together with ourselves, would all some night have probably been immolated but for the security of the present treaty.

SUNSET AT BEREA.

How glorious is that golden hue,
What gorgeous streams of light!
What varied tints from azure blue
To deepest crimson met my sight:
At evening's close I love to gaze,
And mark the sun's declining rays.

It is a sight more felt that seen—
Our mortal part in mute amaze
Stands rapt in wonder—'tis within
We feel the power of that full blaze;
Th' untrammelled spirit spreads her wings,
And from that sight fresh rapture brings.

She marks the last pale flickering ray,
That faintly gilds the mountain's crest,
And as it gently fades away,
And darkness veils the glowing west,
A cheering emblem she descries,
It tells her how the Christian dies.

What though our eyes no more behold
The light and joy his presence gave,
The meed of bliss is yet untold—
Awaits the saints beyond the grave,
Where in those realms of pure delight,
One blissful day excludes the night.

Calm and serene his soul departs,
And leaves a hallowed glow behind,
That whispers to our aching hearts,
Weep not as those who yet are blind
To that sure hope which faith descries,
Their heritage beyond the skies.

If heaven resounds with songs of praise,
When first the sinner, touched by grace,
Abandons all his former ways,
And humbly seeks his Saviour's face,
What shouts of triumph must begin
When ransomed souls are gatherered in!

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Then while our burden still we bear,
Forward let us press to gain
The crown which those in glory wear,
Purchased by Him who once was slain,
The Lord our righteousness and peace,
Whose dying love will never cease.

Saturday, 13*th*.—Six men of the Inthlangwăin tribe arrived, from whom I obtained a confirmation of a very distressing fact—viz., a whole nation, from the pressure of extreme want, being first reduced to the dreadful necessity of subsisting upon their own children, and afterwards evincing so decided a predilection for human flesh as still to perpetuate the horrid practice of cannibalism; not, however to the extermination of their own tribe, but feasting upon the bodies of captives taken in war. These people, according to their report, inhabit a country four days north of the Tugăla, and two north-west of Unkŭnginglove. The name of the tribe is Immithlanga, and that of their chief, Upallŭti. They are independent of the Zoolus, speak a dialect of the Abasootu, and are said to be geneally at war with the Amathlŭbi, a people bordering them on the north, under a chief named Amahuangwa. Two of the men with whom I conversed, Sinoieza and Pakankoothla, had been eye-witnesses to the barbarities above stated, having seen them cooking and feasting on the flesh of several human bodies. Sinoieza himself appears to have had a very narrow escape. His own father was speared and eaten by them, and it was only by running away and concealing himself that he avoided a similar fate! It was in consequence of an attack from the Amatembu, some years ago, that the Immithlanga were first reduced to the horrid alternative of murdering their own children for support.

Tuesday, 23*rd*.—Last night, by an arrival from the Tugăla, I learned the fate of the unfortunate prisoners whom we left at Congella. They were not starved, but all put to death on the king's leaving for Unkŭnginglove shortly after my departure. It is said that Umthlella took this sanguinary measure upon himself, contrary to the wish of both Dingarn and Tambooza; but the fact is, these three great personages have a most convenient method of placing upon each other the responsibility they would evade, and the very next moment indemnifying the prepetrator of the act they denounced.

This afternoon a very characteristic meeting was held in one of Mr. Berkin's huts, for the purpose of selecting the site for a town. On my arrival I found the hut filled with the individuals expressly convened for this purpose. Almost total silence was observed—the subject was not even hinted at, nor had any chairman or leading person been appointed to introduce the business. At length a voice cried out," Now let's go and settle the bounds," on which I risked a question, hoping it might elicit a *programme* of the contemplated proceedings. "Are all present agreed as to the expediency of building a town?" To which it was replied, that their presence on this occasion was a proof that they were unanimous on this point. Thus began and ended this important conference, and off they all scampered in a posse to inspect the ground, some walking, others seated on the floor of a wagon without either tilt or sides, which was drawn at a stately pace by ten oxen. Short pipes, and indispensable accompaniment, were in full action on all sides. Being the winter season, it was a sort of reunion of hunters, who, tired of chasing sea-cow * and buffalo, were now sighing for town-houses and domestic cheer. The appearance of any one of these forest-rangers would have gained the medal for any artist who could have transfixed his *tout ensemble* upon canvas. At length a pause was made,—This 'll do," cried one:—"That 's the spot," exclaimed another. After some minutes of such-like random conversation, the whole party were compactly collected and the business at length entered upon, and conducted in a rational manner, every proposition being subjected to the votes of those who were present, and carried or negatived accordingly. It was in this impromptu manner that the town of D'Urban was named—its situation fixed—the township and church lands appropriated—and, in short, as much real business gone though as would have required at least a fortnight's hard writing and debating in any other quater of the globe.†

Friday, 26*th*—Hearing of the death of a young woman in a neighbouring village, I went to the spot with the hope of persuading them to discontinue the revolting custom of casting the bodies of deceased persons into the woods, to be devoured by wild animals. They listened very attentively to all my arguments; and, at the conclusion, thanked me for the words I had spoken, and agreed in future to inter their dead. In the present instance, they said, they were afraid of infection, as the woman had died after a lingering disease. It appeared that, as her end approached, she had been carried out into the woods; but they assured me that she was not left until life was extinct.

Tuesday, 30*th*.—Early this morninig I was awoke by cries of lamentation from the people of a village, at the foot of the hill, nearly two miles distant; and about ten o'clock two messengers arrived to inform me of the sudden death of a child, desiring also to know whether I wished it to be buried. On Sunday last I had taken occasion to introduce the subject at the conclusion of my address to the natives; and it was doubtless in consequence that the present message had been sent. Accompanied by my interpreter I soon followed them to the village, when I found that early this morning Kolelwa, the Numzăna, had lost his only child. He was seated in a solitary place by himself, at the back of his own hut, while the rest of the people, apparently in much distress, were sitting in silence in the cattle-fold. On my request to know whether they were willing to inter the body, a man came forward and communicated with the afflicted father in a low voice, who also in an under tone signified his assent. In the same manner his wishes were ascertained respecting the spot, as I thought it advisable, considering their prejudices, to refer it to his option, whether it should be in the immediate neighborhood of the village, or on an allotment of ground which should be generally appropriated for the purpose. Having decided on the former, I recommended that the necessary

* Hippopotami, (Dutch and Colonial term.)
† See documents at the end of the journal.

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preparations should be made; but here there was considerable difficulty. On these occasions it is customary to administer medicine to all excepting the family of the deceased, in order, as they imagine, to preserve themselves from contagion; consequently, all the men of the place had gone in quest of their doctor, with the exception of two; but as each of their wives had infants, they excused themselves by saying they were apprehensive of communicating the disorder to their own children. My object was, if possible, to spare the father from so painful a duty; but seeing the necessity, unsolicited he took up his hoe, and accompanied by two of his wives and these two men, who seemd willing to render all the assistance their scruples would allow, proceeded before us to the wood. After threading an intricate part, and winding about for some little distance, they stopped. Inquiring if that was the spot they had chosen, Kolelwa replied, "You must show us." On being again told that it was left entirely for his decision, they proceeded a few paces further, and then commenced one of the most distressing scenes I ever witnessed. A father with his own hand opening the ground with his hoe, and scooping out a grave for his own child, assisted only by one of his wives—while the bereaved mother, in the bitterness of her grief, seated under some bushes, like another Hagar, watched every movement, but dared not trust herself nearer to the mournful spot. When all was prepared, Kolelwa returned, with the wife who had assisted him, for the body—Nombūna, the mother, still remaining half concealed among the trees. Every thing was conducted so silently that I did not perceive their return, until suddenly turning to the spot I observed the woman supporting the body so naturally upon her lap, as she sat on the ground, that at first I really supposed it had been a living child. Dipping a bundle of leafy boughs into a calabash of water, the body was first washed by the father, and then laid by him in the grave; on which I read a selection from the burial service (such portions only as were strictly applicable;) concluding with a short exhortation to those who were present. The entire opening was then filled in with large faggots, over which earth was thrown, and above all a considerable pile of thorny boughs and branches heaped, in order to render it secure from the approach of wild animals. I have been thus minute in describing every circumstance, as the whole was arranged by the natives themselves, considering it not only as due to their feelings to interfere as little as possible, but likewise as the surest way to accustom them gradually to adopt a more decent method of sepulture. Before they returned home they all went, as is customary, to wash themselves. As it rarely occurs that any excepting kings and some of their principal men, are interred, I conclude that the above is the usual method on such ocasions. In the Zoolu country it is not, however, unfrequent to inter soldiers of note, as well as those who have attained to a great age, such being held in great esteem. When a death occurs in a town or village, no milk is drunk, nor are the cattle allowed to be milked on that day. The body is interred after sunset; but although it is customary for the immediate relatives to relinquish their usual food, and subsist upon wild roots until the next new moon, they do not desert their houses, as is generally the case among the Amakosa.

Thomas Halstead, who has just returned from a trading excursion in the Zoolu country, arrived here this morning with a full confirmation of the unpleasant reports which, through the medium of natives, had reached us some days previously. A peremptory order had been given by Dingarn for his leaving the country, coupled with directions that he was not on any account to be supplied with milk or provisions by the way. All trade was prohibited with Port Natal; and, with the exception of myself and my interpreter, no white person was in future to cross the Tugăla. Under these circumstances, without any clue to the cause of such a sudden rupture, I have no reason to regard the strange exception made in my favor as a very enviable distinction; indeed, from the construction put upon it by the natives, who do not hesitate to say that it is merely a blind to lull me into security, the mildest treatment I can expect will be to be retained as a hostage for the good conduct of my countrymen, on my very next arrival within the dominions of the despot.

Wednesday, July 1st.—Resolved to set out without delay, and ascertain from Dingarn himself on what account the late harsh orders have been given. I have just been informed by Mr. Cane, that the people of the village, where the child died so suddenly yesterday morning, have apprehended and killed a man, whom they charge with having poisoned him. From the account given by the natives, he had been obliged to leave the Inthlangwăni country on a similar charge; and in the present instance there was too much presumptive evidence of his guilt to clear him from the horrid imputation. They acknowledged to Mr Cane, whom they regard as their chief, that they had done wrong in taking the law into their own hands; but pleaded the impossibility of living in security with such a person among them, and the humanity of the white people, who they knew, had they expressed their suspicions, would not have suffered him to have been put to death. The wonder is, that in a community such as this, where there is not a vestige of law, similar occurrences do not more frequently take place; happily, the natives are very abstemious, and by no means quarrelsome, and are accustomed to pay great deference to those Europeans whom they regard as their chiefs.

Thursday, 2nd.—Having borrowed a horse for my interpreter, I set out on horseback for the Zoolu country soon after noon, accompanied by some natives carrying my baggage. On the other side of the Umgăni we found the grass burning to a considerable extent; this being the season when, on account of its extreme dryness, the old grass is usually set on fire. In one part the line of flame united across the road, obliging me to make a little detour, and, indeed, to push my horse over some of the burning grass, in order to regain it without making a considerable circuit. The wind was driving the flame up the sides of the hills in long lines, which, added to the loud cracking noise, had a very singular effect. The appearance in a dark night of these extensive burnings is often very beautiful, but by no means equal to the flaming forests which I have witnessed in North America.

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Left the walking party and slept under a high tree a few miles beyond the Umtongata.

Saturday, 4th.—Having started yesterday at day-light, we reached Mr. Plankenberg's at five. While waiting for the baggage, I measured the girt of a large Kafir fig-tree (species of banian,) growing near the ford of the Tugăla, which was found to be sixty feet. One of the limbs has grown through the heart of a neighboring tree, and receives support from another, in a very extraordinary manner. Crossed the river at four in the afternoon; and, on hearing that Zoolu was at the *Black* Clomanthleen, I rode in on reaching the town to pay him a visit, thinking, as he was an influential person, it would be a good opportunity to ascertain at once what was the actual feeling respecting the king's order. He received me in a very friendly manner, and promised to attend with some of his people at the service I proposed to hold at the Injandūna on the following day. Reaching that place at six, I received an equally friendly reception from Cokella. In the evening himself and a large party of the soldiers assembled in my hut. They sang and chattered alternately, and seemed quite to enjoy themselves. Without directly alluding to the subject, enough was dropped, in the course of the conversation, to convince me, not only that there had been great exaggeration respecting Dingarn's order on the part of the traders, but also that he had been greatly provoked by their conduct.

Sunday, 5th.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—(Proverbs xxix. 25.)

Firm is the Christian's trust, and sure
The anchor that sustains his soul;
'Mid toils and dangers still secure,
He stands above the thunder's roll.

'Who shall harm you?" he has said,
Strong to save—the mighty Lord!
"My shield around you shall be spread—
All needed strength I will accord."

In duty's path no danger lies—
A Father's hand the way directs;
His presence every want supplies,
And from the fiercest foe protects.

What though the lion's den we share,
Or flaming furnace round us rage,
Our heavenly Guide will meet us there,
And all our anxious fears assuage.

In this blessed cause, who'er has lost,
A brighter treasure shall obtain,
While those who pause to count the cost,
Must soon resign their fancied gain.

Dear Lord! wert thou to take my all,
I but Thine own restore!
Cheerful I yield to Thy just call—
Would I could give Thee more!

Zoolu sent to inform me, that, in consequenc of the death of one of his children, he, should be unable to attend the service. About one hundred people assembled. At the conclusion, Cokella remarked, "These are good words," and thanked me for them, particularly for those which enjoined obedience to the king, and all other superiors; adding, that these words would make all people to be at peace, and set every thing right. He then inquired whether I though *they* should be able to know them? I told them that I hoped soon to come and live among them, and then they could hear them often, and what they did not understand could be explained to them whenever they pleased. Some of the Nodūnga people were present.

Monday, 6th.—Mambayendi having struck his foot against a stump, was too lame to proceed; a substitute was therefore appointed by Cokella, and having despatched the baggage-bearers by the direct road, I took a little circuit, in order again to visit Culoola and Nodūnga. As we ascended the hill towards the spot where the huts were building at Culoola, a number of women were observed bearing bundles of thatching grass upon their heads, and as we approached they all saluted me with a song. Two of the huts only were in progress—one nearly completed, the other they promised to finish by the time required. About noon we left Nodūnga, and soon after ascended a very rocky mountain. After passing Embonis-wani, the next village on this road, Cokochi, the head servant of the Injandūna regiment, and who was appointed to escort me in the place of Mambayendi, met his aunt. The greeting was singular—he gave her his hand, which she kissed with much apparent affection; but even this dignified salute was not returned on the part of Cokochi. On one or two occasions I have observed Dingarn receive a similar salutation from a near relative, and naturally concluded that this was merely court etiquette; but on questioning Cokochi on the subject, he assured me that it was invariable the custom in their country for the women to salute their male relations, sometimes on the hand, at others on the cheek, but the compliment was never returned by them. From Embombusi, the path, which is carried about midway along the side of the mountain, follows the course of the Amatakoola, which winds in a valley on the right. Crossing this rocky stream, and again ascending, we reached Amahushani at half-past five, having previously overtaken the baggage-bearers at Gobeena. Huts were here provided at my request, although strangers at this time were prohibited; one of the king's women having been sent here in an ill state of health, and still residing among them. Since leaving Nodūnga, the whole of this day's journey has been mountainous, detached and round-topped, and generally composed of a dark-colored sandstone and felspar. In the lower grounds, the aloes, now in full blossom, have a very gay appearance, while even on the tops of the hills, wherever the old grass has been burnt, a beautiful yellow crocus, peculiar, I believe, to this country is met with in great abundance.

Tuesday, 7th.—Set out at a little before eight. Observed many sweet-scented white crocuses. The path more distinct, and the travelling less tedious over the burnt districts. About noon, commenced the descent into the valley of the

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Umthlatoosi, the views in every part of which are quite beautiful. The path is steep and rocky, overlooking the windings of the river, which has a beautiful effect as seen through vistas skirted with trees and several species of aloes, the former often in blosson, and the latter bearing an elegant candelabria flower of every shade from deep red to the palest orange. At a quarter-past eleven, passed a village called Unthlăcho, the first habitations to be met with after leaving Amahushani.* This place belongs to a chief named Sittai, whose son was killed some time ago by order of Dingarn, in consequence, it is said, of some intrigue against the government; as an additional chastisement, the people both of this and the neighboring village of Uiengo were at the same time deprived of their cattle. Unable to procure any thing at either, we continued our route through the valley, crossing the river four times, to Engukani, one of the king's villages, where we arrived at half-past twelve, and procured some sour milk for breakfast. Proceeding again at three, we once more crossed the Umthlatoosi, and leaving this romantic valley by a steep ascent, continued our mountain route till near six, when we reached Amachingăni, a village situated on a height, surrounded by groves of very high trees, called by the natives Umzani, and which may be seen in all directions at a considerable distance.

Wednesday, 8th.—Set out at a quarter-past eight, the path conducting generally over an elevated open country, more level than any other part of the road. On approaching Unkŭnginglove it becomes more broken, and, on gaining the heights which overlook the town, the hills are covered with dwarf mimosa and other shrubs, intermixed occasionally with euphorbi, which are generally the largest trees in this part of the country. The town, which had been rebuilt, appeared in the distance like an immense assemblage of hay-stacks, the rays of the mid-day sun shining brightly upon the newly-arranged thatch. The whole was not yet completed—numbers of women, bearing bundles of grass upon their heads, were approaching from all sides, while, as we advanced towards the gate, we observed several hundreds of the amabooto (young soldiers) hastening forward in compact lines, bearing mimosa boughs for the fences. Having sent forward messengers to announce my arrival, we entered the town at one o'clock.

The two Indoonas, apparently occupied about some business, were seated in the midst of a large assembly as I rode up, but they immediately came forward, saying that the king was engaged in inspecting his cattle, but that he would see me before I went into a house. Passing through a large herd, I observed him seated upon his straight-backed (chair a native one made out of a single block) clothed in his old blue cloak, now threadbare and greatly in need of a little soap and water. On my approach, a bullock was pointed out as a present from the king to be slaughtered for my party. The interview lasted but a few minutes. Dingarn expressed himself pleased at my return, recommending that I should now rest myself, and that he would see me again. The houses selected were as usual to the right of the principal entrance, which has invariably been the case in all the large towns I have visited. When last at the Injandŭna, I inquired of Cokella the reason. "It is in that quarter," he replied, "that the principal Indoonas always reside; only those of inferior rank live on the left." This evening, while musing alone in my hut, I was accosted in tolerable English, by a native crouched near the door, with "How do, captain?" Curious to ascertain where he had acquired this smattering of English, the first I had heard uttered by a native, I called him in, and found on inquiry that he had lately arrived from De la Goa Bay, with copper-wire from the Portuguese factory, where he had contrived to pick up a few words of English and Portuguese; his stock of the former, however, was almost exhausted in the first salutation. It is in this manner, by an intermediate tribe of natives bordering the settlement, that the Portuguese carry on their trade with the Zoolus. The native language differs considerably from that spoken here; but not so much as to render them altogether unintelligible.

Thursday, 9th.—This afternoon Dingarn signified his wish to see me, and for the first time received me into his house: where I found him reclining near the door upon a mat, supported by a head-stool and surrounded by about fifty of his women, arranged in order around the sides of the hut. This house, as may be supposed by the number of its inmates, who only occupied the circumference, is of considerable size, and was of sufficient height to stand erect even with a hat on in almost every part; but being only lighted from the low door, and the whole interior blackened by smoke, it had a most dismal and dungeon-like appearance on first entering. The eye at length became accommodated to the light, or rather obscurity, and soon discovered the features of many a black beauty, who at first was invisible: the reflection from the brass ornaments worn round their throats and right arms alone indicating their presence.

The frame-work was supported by three parallel rows of posts, four in the middle and three on each side. The fire-place, as is usual in all their houses, is situated about one-third of the whole diameter from the door, to which it is exactly opposite, and exhibits, for a Zoolu device, a considerable degree of taste, the raised sides being waved at the end, instead of the general pattern—an exact circle. The floor is remarkably even, and from being constantly rubbed and greased has quite a polished appearance. Scarcely any thing that would come under the denomination of furniture was to be seen. On one side of the fire-place stood a large bowl of beer for present use, covered with an inverted basket, and beside this, on a thick square mat, sometimes dignified by the name of a table, were arranged eight or ten ladles, merely the longitudinal section of a small calabash formed from the gourd. These, with a few bead-dresses of various colors suspended from the sides, were the only relief afforded to this dusky abode. The bag containing the presents was then opened by Dingarn's desire, and its contents displayed, consisting of beads, some broadcloth, and a pair of boots, which I had brought merely on speculation,

* This district is uninhabited on account of the number of lions which infest the neighborhood.

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being the largest that could be procured at Port Natal. On opening the parcels and observing that the beads were spotted, he named them the ingua (panther) beads, and, apparently much pleased, amused himself for some time by arranging them in various ways. The operation of trying-on the boots now commenced, which he endeavored to do in a recumbent posture, my interpreter and his servant tugging at the loops with all their might. At length, finding this a hopeless endeavor, he took my advice and stood up, but would not divest his ankle of its bandage of white beads, and once more thrust his foot into the unyielding boot. His women were in a titter the whole time, and he himself could not refrain from laughing at the extraordinary predicament in which he was placed. Although there was ample room, had he but applied his own strength, this second attempt was equally unsuccessful; and at length disengaging his foot, he seemed glad to find himself again at liberty, requesting that my next present might be shoes and not boots, as less troublesome to "put in," as he expressed it. Desiring his women to amuse me by singing during his absence, he then suddenly made his exit. Although they sang in parts and in good time, the high pitch of so many female voices, unaccompanied by a bass, was not altogether pleasing, especially as it was continued for some time. About an hour had passed in this manner, when a cessation took place, and some of them came near and begged of me beads. During the whole time that Dingarn had been present, they slid about on their knees whenever they wished to move from one part of the house to another, but now observing them to walk as usual, I inquired the cause.—They said that they were not now afraid of the king; but that while he was present in the house they were never permitted to stand up, but always moved about in the manner I have seen. A servant was now sent to conduct me without the Issigördlo, to a group of chiefs seated before a large concourse of men standing around them in a semi-circle. Tambooza, who was among them, desired me to seat myself near him, and I felt convinced that a conference was about to be held before Dingarn on some business of importance.—Nothing, however, was more distant from his thoughts; but, actuated merely by a sudden freak, he issued from his gateway the most extraordinary figure that can well be imagined. During the interval that his women were singing, he had caused his whole body, not excepting his face, to be thickly daubed over with red and white clay in spots, and had but his figure corresponded with the character, he might have passed at Astley's for the genuine harlequin of the night. Thus adorned, a dance and a song were the least I expected, but he contented himself with receiving the acclamations of "Byäte," "Thou who art for ever," "The great black one," &c. &c.; and again retired as unaccountably from the sight of his wondering subjects, who none of them could devise the import of this singular exhibition. All I could collect from them was, that it was a new thing, that he had done it because he was the king and could do what he pleased. It is not, however, improbable that the sight of the spotted beads had put this strange crotchet into his head.

Friday, 10*th*.—The scene here is a busy one—houses in all stages of progress—some in frame—men perched upon the tops of others thatching—lines of women bearing bundles of grass upon their heads—the young men carrying boughs and faggots, and all moving in order to the tune of a song. A stranger would at once pronounce them a happy people, but their natural vivacity is too often quenched by the rule of despotism and the dread of a violent death, to permit them long to enjoy such intervals of repose. The huts are more numerous and better built than in the former town, and to my great relief are as yet untenanted by rats. The surrounding country is now a perfect blanket, every thing at this season of the year being parched and dry.

MOON RISING AT UNKUNGINGLOVE.

While yet I marked the glowing West,
Still reddened with the blush of day,
The beauteous moon, with silver vest,
Arose to shed her milder ray.

It was not night—the shadows fled
Beneath her full effulgent beam,
That on each mountain crest was spread,
Like the smooth face of some fair stream.

Long on that glorious light I gazed,
To brighter scenes in spirit borne,
Till every thought to Him was raised
Who of his brightness once was shorn.

Sweet emblem of a Saviour's grace!
In milder rays of Gospel light
The image of our God we trace,
Though once we trembled at the sight.

The still small voice of love proclaims
The fiery law's demands obeyed;
Where Justice frowned now mercy reigns,
Each are in sweet accord displayed.

Where grace has dawned 'twill ne'er decay;
Though faint the light, and darkly seen,
'Twill kindle to that perfect day,
Where not a cloud shall intervene.

Whate'er to faith is yet concealed,
That glorious day will then declare;
And God himself will be revealed,—
The only brightness needed there.

Saturday, 11*th*.—This morning, long before daylight, I was awoke by the vociferations of a man running through the town, and shouting as he went in the most peremptory tone. Not long after this hoarse salute, hundreds of female voices, in pleasing concert, again broke the stillness of the night, by a song which became still louder and louder, until at length it as gradually passed away, and all was again still. On inquiry, as soon as the people were about, I found that an order had suddenly been issued by Dingarn, that every female should instantly leave the town for the purpose of procuring fencing bushes at Imbelli-belli. These unfortunate drudges were accordingly obliged to rise at his bidding, and commence a

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walk of ten miles at that unseasonable hour, notwithstanding which they sang, as they went, one of the most melodious songs I have ever heard.

About ten o'clock, a large party of young soldiers (560) arrived with bundles of bushes from the same place; they also entered the town with a song, and, as they passed along in a continued line, seemed like a moving forest. It is perhaps as well that the building mania is now so dominant, as this is the season when they usually go out to war. An entirely new ekanda, or military town, has recently sprung up, not more than three miles to the northward of this—the regiment called Inzimmunzāna having been removed from a spot equally distant in an opposite direction.

By pacing half the circumference of the exterior fence and the diameter of the interior, I have calculated the number of houses in the town to be about 1100, and the population about 5500.—In any other than a military place, the average of five individuals to each house, which I have allowed, would be too many, as in those there are frequently three or four houses belonging to one family; but in the ekandas no person, with the exception of the Indoonas of the regiment, are permitted to have more than one, which he occupies generally with two wives and as many servants. Umthlella and Tambooza, who have the privilege of being married, have three houses, one for themselves, and the other two for the accommodation of their wives; but, in the generality of the out-places, at least two thirds of the houses may always be considered as occupied by the women. This afternoon, a quarrel having arisen respecting the thatching of a house, one of the disputants bit the finger of the other severely: the case was immediately referred to Umthlella, who sentenced the assailant to the fine of a cow and a calf. In the afternoon, the women returned from Imbelli-belli, bearing large bundles of bushes upon their heads, and singing as they passed along the following words, the same which they also sang in the night—

Akoosiniki ingonyama izeeswi
Chorus Haw—haw—haw—haw.
Literally, "Why don't you give—lion—the nations."

The king was so much occupied about the buildings, that he excused himself from attending to the business which I was desirous to bring before him to-day, but desired me, in the mean time, to communicate the particulars to the two Indoonas, who visited me in my hut for that purpose. They both disowned any knowledge of the king's order respecting the traders, first saying that it was on account of their not having previously obtained leave from him; but in this I was enabled to confute them, having been at Congella at the very time when Thomas Halstead (one of them) came up and obtained Dingarn's sanction. John Snelder, the other trader in question, had evidently incensed them by bringing back two Zoolu lads as servants to the very town from whence he had taken them just before the treaty was arranged. Both were taken from him and killed, by an order from Dingarn. They then acknowledged, what I now believe to be the true reason, that, notwithstanding the mutual agreement which had been entered into, some of the traders had not kept their faith, but still continued to induce the natives to desert, secreting them, particularly young women, in their wagons, and conveying them by stealth to Port Natal. They said that they were perfectly convinced that I was not aware of this, but, nevertheless, they knew that it was still practised. Another circumstance of some importance was alluded to; the men in charge of the last two prisoners, had been unable to convey them beyond the Tugāla. The information I had received at Port Natal regarding them was, that the men, after placing them in a hut, went in quest of tobacco; and, as might be expected, on their return no prisoners were found to guard. The version current here is widely different. The men, they say, did not leave their charge, but several white men coming to the spot, engaged them in conversation, and, while their attention was drawn off, rescued the girls, who have never been heard of since. Unfortunately they look to me alone for the due performance of the treaty, and shrewdly remark that, notwithstanding letters were sent off at the time, some to traders then in the country, others to Port Natal, still "the words" have not been obeyed. Most gladly would I divest myself of all responsibility in these matters, which are quite foreign to the objects I have in view—but Dingarn has more than once declared that he looks only to me, and will treat with no other; and—as the treaty is popular with them, and the king has evinced a decided intention to abide by his word—for the credit of my countrymen, and the permanency of the mission already established in their country, I feel myself bound by a double duty, as far as in me lies, to see it punctually fulfilled. They urged me much to enter upon this subject with them before the king to-morrow; but I told them that it was not right to engage in such matters on God's day, which should be employed in worshipping him. It was therefore agreed that the conference should be held on Monday.

Sunday, 12th.

"Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."—(Ephesians iii. 15.)

Blessed Union! Christ the head!
One family in heaven and earth;
All for whom his blood was shed,—
United by that mystic birth.

Let us then as brethren dwell,
In sweet communion here below;
Of all our Father's goodness tell,
Till joy within each bosom glow.

How sweet to feel we're not our own,
But purchased by his dying love!
Who deigns one family to own
Of saints below and saints above.

Nothing can our union sever—
Bound with links can ne'er decay;
Let us then with joy endeavor
To help each other by the way.

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One faith, one hope, one glorious Head,
One common war to wage;
Be love the banner o'er us spread,
While on this toilsome pilgrimage.

See that bright angelic band—
Sisters, brothers, gone before;
Soon beside them we shall stand,
Redeeming mercy to adore.

The victor's palm through grace they bear,—
Of witnesses a glorious cloud;
In all our triumphs still they share,
And strike their golden harps aloud.

Though trials we may yet endure,
Like faith and patience let us prove;
The promises are still as sure,
And grace is free—and God is love!

Monday, 13*th*.—Last night, about seven o'clock, the people were suddenly called, and my interpreter came to inform me that the town was on fire. As large bundles of thatching-grass were collected in different parts, adding considerably to the inflammable materials of the whole place, serious consequences were at first apprehended. Providentially, the fire broke out on the lee-side, and the wind drove it across the outer fence. The blaze at first was terrific; but by the immediate removal of houses for some distance round the ignited quarter, the communication was soon cut off. The rapidity with which this was effected was extraordinary—as many men as could stand round a house, by main strength pulled it up, as it were, by the roots, and in a few minutes the materials were conveyed to a distance. There was no confusion, the Indoonas presiding during the whole time, and issuing the necessary orders.

As soon as a sufficient space was cleared round the flaming houses, a close cordon of men was formed, who kept their station, with stakes in their hands, until all apprehension of danger was over. Dingarn did not make his appearance, although the fire took place not far from the Issigŏrdlo, but messengers were frequently passing to acquaint him how matters were going on. I endeavored to persuade them to bring water, but they said it was too far. The only means employed to extinguish the fire was by occasionally throwing dust upon the flaming thatch, which not being heaped in sufficient quantities, had but little effect. The remarkable glare which was cast upon the wild features and gestures of the natives composing this immense concurse, all actively employed in the midst of flaming houses and smoking rubbish, would have been a fine scene for a painter.

As usual, it is not exactly known how it commenced, though a tolerably shrewd guess may be made, since it is stated that a fire was left unattended in the very house first ignited, during the time the people of that section were called to eat meat, which they always partake of in a group in the open air. Although thirty-two houses were consumed, providentially not a single person was hurt on the occasion. By noon this day the burnt fence had been replaced, and new houses were erecting on the site of those which had been so recently reduced to ashes—before the sun sets, scarcely a vestige will remain of the burning. No message having been sent from the king, I sent my interpreter to remind him of my wish to leave on this day, and to request an audience previously.

He soon sent to signify his readiness to receive me; and, accompanied by the two Indoonas, we proceeded to the Issigŏrdlo, where he appeared reclining on a head-stool in the door of his house. On being requested to commence the conversation, I said that I was desirous to know on what account two of the traders (mentioning their names) had been sent out of the country; that I had already heard their own statement, but, as there were always two sides to every case, it was necessary to know what charges he brought against them before we could decide what ought to be done in the matter. "Now," he said, "it is my turn to speak"—and related the whole circumstance; from which it would appear that they had given him just cause for offence. The allegations were, that John Snelder, as before stated, had returned with some young men, whom he had induced to accompany him to Port Natal, about the time that the treaty was arranged; and that Thomas Halsted had falsely used his name, by informing the Indoona of the town where he was trading, that it was the king's order that he should dispose of his cattle to him. He likewise complained of the general conduct of the traders in inducing his people to desert, and conveying them out of his country in their wagons. On this latter point I questioned him closely, in order to ascertain whether, since the negotiation of the treaty, so serious a charge could be substantiated.

No positive proof was adduced—but so little reliance were they disposed to place upon the professions of any of the traders, that Dingarn plainly avowed he could not depend upon them, since they had so often deceived him before. On this, I assured him that the white people at Port Natal were agreed to observe the terms of the treaty; and that he might rely upon it no deserters had been received there since that period. That I did not know they were there, he said, he was quite certain, or they would have been sent back; but he had often spoken on the subject to them, without effect. The word, I replied, which had passed between us should not fall to the ground; if deserters were found at Port Natal, he might rely upon their being sent back. Dingarn then said, that he considered me as the chief of the white people there, and that he should look to me to keep things right. I told him that as far as I was able this should be done, but that beyond persuasion I had no power. His reply was, "You must have power. I give you all the country called Issibūbūlūngu*—you must be the chief over all the people there." I said, that I did not wish for power; that my object in coming into his country was only to be a teacher; but, since he had said that he should look to me alone to regulate all matters relating to the white people, I would accept it, in order that I might take these words to the great chief, at Graham's Town (he considers that as the seat of government;) and if I obtain his sanction also, I should then be enabled to pre-

* Liter ally, the white people's ford.

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serve the treaty from being broken—which otherwise I had no power to enforce. The territory in question was described by Umthlella and Tambooza, to whom I afterwards referred for an explanation, as extending between the Tugăla and Umzimcoolu rivers, north and south, and from the sea coast to the Quathlamba or Snowy Mountains, which form nearly a square, each side of which is about one hundred and twenty geographical miles in a direct line. Included within these limits, they also informed me that the king had granted to me personally the district about Port Natal from the Umgăni to the Umzimcoolu. Thinking it would be more satisfactory to both parties, I offered some advice respecting a guarantee; which, if required of all traders entering the country, would tend to establish mutual confidence. To this, however, Dingarn would not listen—saying, that all such matters must be regulated by me at Port Natal; and that from this time he should not receive any trader who had not previously obtained my consent; thus throwing the whole responsibility upon me. I inquired if he would not make some exceptions, particularizing one who was well known to him. "No," he replied, "there must be no difference; those who wish to trade must first obtain leave from you; a message must then be sent, signifying the same to me, and I will send an answer to Port Natal. This is the place to which they must come; and when they arrive I will send round to all who wish to sell to them, and the things shall be brought here." After a few more observations, the subject, which had occupied nearly an hour, was ended; and, at his request, I entered his house in order to take his measure for a pair of slippers. It was as I had imagined—empty; women being always excluded while business is transacting. I soon after took my leave, on which he evinced much sincerity in his good wishes for a prosperous journey.

At three o'clock this afternoon I set out on my return, reaching Amachingăni at half-past six; where, with my interpreter, I remained for the night. The baggage-bearers did not get beyond Ukittaketăni, one of the king's villages, where we had proposed sleeping, but had missed the path in the dark. Procured a mat, and with my saddle as a pillow, and the horse-rug as a covering, soon forgot the loss of my baggage.

Tuesday, 14th.—Early this morning the people arrived, accompanied also by a messenger from Dingarn, who had despatched him soon after we left yesterday. The purport of his message was to say that the king did not think he had sufficiently thanked me for some fresh presents I had promised him,—that if I brought him any thing curious he should be obliged; this, however, he would leave to me, as I now knew what he liked: but that which he desired the most was more of the red-cloth stuff. This I promised I would endeavor to procure; and soon after seven proceeded on my journey. The grass, on the parts where it had not been burnt, was so completely dried up that we might literall be said to ride through standing hay. Reached Engukani, the first village in the valley of Thlatoosi, at a quarter to eleven; a halting-place which I always delight in, though the scenery between the two next winds of the river is the finest. The following lines may perhaps convey some idea of the features of this secluded valley:—

Sweet vale!—Thlatoosi lingers here,
Lost in the mazes of yon rocky steep;
His murmuring waters deep and clear,
In many a graceful winding sweep,
Reluctant hence to force his way
Through channels where he loves to stray.

And here I fain would linger too,
Soothed by a scene so bright—so fair;
Trace all your deep recesses through,
And gaze upon the beauties there;
Till every thought is raised from earth,
To Him who gave the mountains birth.

Methinks these beauteous spots remain,
Like virtues in the savage breast,
Mementos that we still retain
Of purity at first impressed;
Brief notices of Eden's joy,
That sin itself could not destroy.

They speak in heavenly accents still,
And tell of days when all was good,
And seem to ask—"What caused this ill:
Who has creative power withstood—
Why mute the lips that grateful bore
Thanksgivings to our God before?"

Lord! when shall man unite his praise?
Let not thy creature stand alone;
Cause him again to know thy ways,
All else thy power and goodness own.
On these dry bones thy spirit breathe,
And all thy wonted love bequeath.

So shall each rugged glen and bower
Throughout this vale a witness bear
Of Jesus' all constraining power,
And echo back the Zoolu's prayer;
Till grace thine image shall restore,
And melt the hearts were steeled before.

Between this spot and Amahushani I observed on many of the ridges a stratum of rock, similar to that used as crucibles for melting brass at Unkunginglove. It is a very coarse, soft sandstone; and has the remarkable property of standing any degree of heat.

Wednesday, 15th.—An ox, which had been driven before us from Ukittaketăni, was killed last night; and by the time we were ready to start this morning the only vestige was a leg,—the remainder having been quietly disposed of by my twelve baggage-bearers, who, as usual, were decorated with fat and fillets of hide bound round their foreheads, the hair hanging over their eyes, which gave them an unusually wild appearance. There had been rain during the night, and the day was one of the coldest I have felt in this country; as a proof, ice was seen in the hollows of some of the ravines which we passed in the early part of the morning, and the grass in those situations was covered with a hoar frost. After traversing the Amaguya mountain—which rises very abruptly, and is seen to a great distance—we reached soon after eleven a small village at its foot, called

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Amatchubăni; and thence, proceeding by Etandwăni, reached the Injandūna at two. Cokella as we rode up, was seated near the gate with a party of men, warming themselves round a fire. Although they replied to two or three questions which I asked, they appeared for a few minutes to take little notice of us, when suddenly Cokella rose, and saluting me with a loud Dakubōna (I have seen you,) seized me by the hand; the rest all followed his example—some holding me by the arm, others by the wrist, but each, with the most friendly intention, saluting me as they supposed after the English fashion, which, out of compliment to me, they had endeavored to imitate. Besides a list of four men, sixteen women, and five children—all deserters which had been given to me on the day I left Unkūnginglove, and which must, no doubt, have greatly annoyed Dingarn, to whom they had just been reported—I was here informed that Bengăpi, the principal wife of Zoolu (Indoona of the Black Clomantheleen) had absconded eight days ago, and had taken the road to Port Natal.

Having presented Cokella with the cloth I had promised him for an ingoobo (cloak,) I went on immediately to the Black Shields—Cokella, and the whole of the people assembling at the gate as we rode off, wishing me a good journey; and hoping that I should "go well on the path." On my arrival, Zoolu, who is a fine-looking chief, with a Roman nose and commanding appearance, came out of his hut with several attendants. He seemed as little concerned about the fate of his wife as any of the bystanders; saying, that he hoped she would be taken, though he must have been well aware of the cruel death which would assuredly await her on reaching Unkūnginglove. Neither himself nor Cokella could charge her with any fault; and it appeared to them both (as it certainly did to me) a mystery why she should risk her life by going to a place where, if discovered, she would most assuredly be sent back in confinement. It is possible that she may have buoyed herself up with the hope of security, on hearing of a circumstance which took place just before I last crossed the Tugăla. Two natives from Port Natal had, with the sanction of their white chief, been actually attempting, with the offer of beads, to induce their relatives in the Zoolu country to desert and join them there. These men we met on their return as we were approaching the river, little suspecting their design: but the very attempt, so immediately after, and directly opposed to the terms of the treaty then in force, might have led Bengăpi to suppose that she would be well received. Both a wife and a child in this country are designated by the term Umtuana, which is puzzling to a stranger; and without further inquiry liable to lead into mistake. For instance, when last in this neighborhood, Zoolu had excused himself from attending the service on Sunday, on the plea that his child was past recovery—or dead; as the messenger expressed it. This child, however, now turns out to have been one of his wives, now convalescent; but who it seems had been in a dangerous state. Reached Mangnenas soon after four; but the baggage did not arrive until some time after.

Thursday, 16*th*.—Crossed the Tugăla, and breakfasted at Mr. Plankenberg's. Not being able to procure a sufficient number of fresh bearers for the baggage, I sent a message to the White Shields, requesting Nongalaza to procure the men required. Without waiting for them I proceeded again at three, attended by my interpreter and two servants. Soon after sunset we crept into some dilapidated hunters' huts by the road-side; which, though parly unthatched, afforded a tolerable shelter until the moon arose at two, when I pushed on with my interpreter, leaving the men to follow at day-light.

Friday, 17*th*.—Reached Berea this afternoon, at a quarter-past three; and soon after rode to Mr. Collis's, six miles distant, in order to acquaint him with the very awkward situation in which Dingarn had placed me, and to inform him of the measures I had in consequence taken with respect to the trade; in all which he expressed his entire concurrence. Returned home at eight; having been fifteen hours on horseback, since two o'clock this morning, and that without a relay. No tidings had been heard respecting the recent deserters.

Saturday, 18*th*.—As Dingarn has resolved that I shall be responsible for the good conduct of every individual who crosses his frontier from the vicinity of Port Natal, my obvious duty appears to be, without delay, to communicate with his Excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the governor of the Cape Colony, on the subject, with the hope of obtaining his sanction for the appointment of some officer, with sufficient powers to enforce the treaty, and regulate the affairs of the settlement. In the mean time the trade, with one admitted exception in favor of Mr. Collis, has been virtually stopped, having no legal authority to demand a recognizance from each individual trader, without which guarantee I cannot conscientiously take upon myself the responsibility of their future conduct. The inconvenience which may be felt cannot but be temporary; and it appeared to me of far more importance to preclude the possibility of any infraction of the treaty, than that the trade should be allowed to proceed in its present unorganized state. The subject, unfortunately, does not rest here, but involves what is of much greater consequence than mere trade—the character of our own countrymen, and the interests of religion and civilization at large. To attempt any amelioration in the condition and habits of the natives—to endeavor to instruct them in the doctrines and practice of vital religion, would, humanly speaking, be futile, while subject to an influence too baneful to be particularized, and daily familiarized to such glaring derelictions from Christian duty, as must tend greatly to compromise any counter effort that might be made by the most devoted and indefatigable missionary exertions. On the other hand, if we consider the mere thread by which personal security is held from day to day—the integrity of a treaty already tacitly infringed—the very existence of a missionary establishment becomes involved in the measures that may be adopted for its punctual fulfilment.

Full well do I know and feel, that whenever a minister of the Gospel turns aside to mingle in politics, insomuch has he departed from his evident path of duty. His single, undivided aim should be the glory of his Lord and Master, to whom he must shortly give an account of his stewardship:

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and through good report, and evil report, regardless alike of opposition or danger, he will neither lean to his own understanding, nor depend for success upon his own unworthy endeavors; thankful to feel, and to acknowledge, that neither his ability nor his success depends upon himself, but alone proceeds from above. There are, however, situations and circumstances, and this appears to be one, in which it is his duty to use his influence in procuring, and in all cases in supporting, such civil authorities as may be requisite in for the suppression of vice, and the well-being of the community in which he resides. Under this view of the whole subject, and although acting at present in the capacity of a missionary, until ordained ministers of the church of England can be induced to occupy these stations, I have resolved to proceed immediately to the colony, for the purpose of obtaining the advice of his excellency the governor, without awaiting the arrival of the trading sloop, now more than three months absent, and whose return may be yet unavoidably protracted.

During my absence, a report has obtained circulation among the natives here (whether true or false I have now no means of ascertaining,) that several of the Zoolu chiefs, with Umthlella at their head, during my last visit, resolved to take my life, alleging that they were suspicious of the influence I had obtained with Dingarn; but that the design was over-ruled by himself and one of his father's widows, named Umkabai. Should there be any real foundation for such a report, I have indeed great cause for gratitude to a merciful God, in having been preserved from the pending danger; but I cannot for a moment entertain the supposition, their conduct having been latterly so friendly, and their desire to place this part of the country under my control having been so openly and so cordially avowed.

Sunday, 19th.

"Be ye reconciled to God."—2 Corinth. v. 20.

Oh! the depth of sovereign grace,
While in sin's dark ways we trod;
Jesus seeks our rebel race,
"Be ye reconciled to God!"

And can it be—the Lord from heaven
A suppliant at the sinner's feet?
He, whose blood for us was given,
Thus humbly deigning to entreat!

Well may angels long to know
The mystery of such boundless love;
And wonder as they gaze below,
And mark how cold our bosoms prove.

That God had e'er a way devised
To reconcile himself to those
Who long his proffered grace despised,
A depth of love unmeasured shows.

But language fails—no words can toll,
Nor human powers the riches trace,
Which in those wondrous accents dwell,—
The fulness of redeeming grace.

With shame our faces let us veil,
Whene'er those gracious words we read,
Our deep ingratitude bewail,—
For pardon, and for mercy plead.

Then, in a world of light above,
Our grateful song will ceaseless be
Worthy the Lamb, whose conquering love
Has reconciled my God to me.

Not more than thirty natives present at the Kafir service, the people not being aware of my return.

Monday, 20th.—Commenced my journey this day, but not so early as I had hoped, having waited some time for the people with my baggage from the Tugăla, and eventually started without it; so that we had no tent by the way. For the sake of speed the section of a wagon, viz. the hind wheels with a platform secured upon the bed, had been prepared; and with this nondescript vehicle and two spans of eight oxen, accompanied by my interpreter and Umpondombeeni, I set out from Berea at one o'clock, and bivouacked for the night on the right bank of the Pongata.

Tuesday, 21st.—Crossed the Mansbitote and Eloffe; and at half-past four descended a steep hill to the Umcamas, whence we continued our route to a rocky stream beyond, stopping, on a hill on the other side, for the night, at a quarter-past six. A piece of loose canvas thrown over the cart formed my tent; my bed, being spread between the wheels on the ground, which, from having so often fared worse, I considered in some respects luxurious.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Although knee-haltered, my horse contrived to stray away during the night; and after sending back to the Umcămas, and vainly searching in all directions, I was obliged to proceed without him, taking my uneasy station at half-past ten upon one of the boxes on the cart, which had no sides. I had not been very long in my new position, when, in passing a wooded defile, the wheel came in contact with a stump, oversetting the vehicle, and tossing my interpreter and myself into the bushes: providentially neither of us was hurt. The difficulty now was to raise the vehicle; two of the oxen were chained for this purpose to the upper wheel, but all our attempts failed to induce them to pull in the right direction; so that it became necessary to take every thing off, and even then it was not without some difficulty that, with our united strength, we were enabled to raise it to its former position. We now found that one of the standards had been broken by the fall; but this, after a little contrivance, we were enabled to remedy. By this accident we were delayed more than an hour. The road soon after descends to the beach, when we crossed the Umpombinyom. The mattingoolos were still ripe, and many of the trees retained their blossom. The pulp of this fruit is very like raspberry and cream, and partakes in some slight degree of the flavor also. The tree is bushy, with a glossy deep green leaf, and is covered with sharp thorns. The star-shaped blossom is of a delicate white, with a jessamine scent. It is never observed to grow beyond a mile from the coast. There is also another wild fruit

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abundant in this part; it is about the size of a coffee-berry, with a rough flavor; contains a stone, and grows near the sea upon a low shrub, with thickest rounded leaves. Reached Mr. Cane's village at a quarter-past four, when we commenced repairing damages. This is not the spot where the canoe was built; the village which then existed, about half a mile distant, having since been removed to this place. A bullock was here procured and slaughtered, as provisions for the remainder of the journey across the uninhabited district.

Thursday, 23rd.—Having deposited our supply of meat in the skin of the animal suspended underneath the cart, we proceeded soon after nine. Observed frequent traces of wild boar. The generality of the rivers being pent up at their mouths by sandy bars, the waters from the interior frequently expand over a wide surface within the bank, having all the appearance of small lakes. In these situations hippopotami were occasionally seen; their noses only emerging from the water. They are likewise resorted to by flocks of wild ducks, which sometimes rose on our approach; while on the higher grounds the pow (a large species of bustard) was frequently seen.

Friday, 24th.—The tracks of hippopotami, panther, hyena, with many animals of the deer kind, have been numerous, and were readily distinguished while occasionally passing along the beach; but, in addition to these, both yesterday and to-day, we have traced for some distance the foot-prints of a lion. On descending to the upper ford of the Umzimcoolu, we observed several hippopotami sunning themselves upon a sand-bank, in the middle of the stream. The scenery in this neighborhood is very beautiful; the banks are prettily wooded and margined by high broken hills, commanding fine views of the river, for some distance winding below. We were nearly an hour in effecting the passage across; the water being in one part so high that the oxen were obliged to swim, and consequently every article in the boxes was wet.

Had we been but half an hour later, the tide, which was still rising, would have prevented us from crossing; indeed, before we left the river was full, the tide flowing considerably above the ford. Thought much of the gracious providence by which I was saved, when last here, from a situation of great anxiety and distress. With the Psalmist I have indeed cause to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all His benefits."

The contents of the boxes having been spread out and tolerably dried by the sun, we again proceeded, when I soon after had another most providential escape: a large bough, concealed by the high grass, had been borne down by the wheel, and suddenly swung back with great force, knocking off my hat, and just grazing my head. Had it struck my forehead, from its size, it would probably have been fatal. At six we halted under some bushes for the night.

Saturday, 25th.—Unable to proceed before ten, the oxen having strayed to a considerable distance in quest of grass, that immediately around us having been recently burnt. Throughout this wilderness many of the wild plants are exceedingly gay and beautiful to the eye, but few of them have any scent; still, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments, I have found myself almost mechanically plucking them as they occurred in the path. It was in consequence of one of these disappointments that the following lines were written:—

THE DESERT FLOWER.

Why is that beauteous flower neglected,
So gaudily arrayed?
Why is it cast aside, rejected,
To wither, and to fade?

Delighted, when I took it up,
Its fragrance to enjoy;
I found no sweetness in its cup—
'Twas but a gay decoy.

Why then so richly clad methought—
So gorgeously attired?
It did not spread its flower for nought,
Alone to be admired.

Ah! no—an emblem here I trace
Of what the world so prize;
A heart subdued—but not by grace—
Corruption in disguise.

Our boasted virtues oft expand
Like this fair desert flower;
While we deny the bounteous hand
That keeps us every hour.

With Judas we may well inquire,
"What need for all this waste?"
The graces we so much admire,
In selfishness are based.

Such is morality *alone*,
A painted scentless thing;
Attractive—till by grace we're shown
Whence real virtues spring.

The whole of this district bordering the coast must formerly have abounded with palmyra trees, as the stumps, from five to twelve feet in height, are numerous; but scarcely a single tree is now remaining. the natives having destroyed them either for fuel or for the pith of the branches; which, together with that of the strelitza, still abundant, are said to have been frequently resorted to by way of subsistence, when traversing these desolate regions. The palmetta, or low shrubby palmyra, grows every where in thick clumps; usually about the stems of the decayed palmyra. Although the strelitza is commonly designated as the wild banana, it differs considerably from it in two remarkable particulars. The flags of the banana-leaf are pendulous, whereas these open upwards: the branches of the former spring from all sides of the trunk; these only from opposite sides, forming a sort of fan as they spread upwards.

At noon we crossed the Umthlanga, the fourth river from the Umzimcoolu, from whence the country became open, with fewer trees. Some granite rocks, of a reddish color, occurred on one point as we descended to the beach. The several

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rivers which we are now passing are completely impeded in their course by a sandy bar, extending across their mouths; which, during the summer months, when they are full, is frequently burst by the volume of water, and a small passage opened to the sea. At half-past five we crossed the bar of the Umbezăn. It was on the left bank of this river that the settlers took up their first station when they abandoned Port Natal, in 1833; they remained here for about two months, and then returned to the right bank of the Umzimcoolu; where the greater part continued for eight or nine months longer.

This river winds prettily among wooded hills, and is a fine feature from the road. Soon after six we halted. In these tedious journeys, which can only be undertaken at a foot-pace, no time can be spared for much preparation in cooking; the meat, to be eatable, requires hours. I therefore contented myself with ezinqua, (native bread) composed of Indian corn, baked in the wood-ashes, or gruel either of the same meal, or of lupoko.—There is, however, a very ready and ingenious way of cooking a chop, well known among the natives, and often practised in these parts. Two or three sticks being pealed and pointed at both ends, the meat, cut into small pieces, is strung upon them as upon a skewer, they are then fixed in the ground, when a few dead boughs and branches kindled below soon do the needful. I have often envied my party this hearty meal, but have never yet succeeded in my endeavor to reduce the leathery substance to any digestible dimensions.

Sunday, 26th.

"Lord, is it I?"—(Matthew xxvi. 22.)

While still in this cold world we dwell,
By sin beset, by self allured;
While oft our stubborn hearts rebel,
'Tis well to have our faith assured;
And oft repeat that earnest cry,
Lord, tell me—tell me, is it I?

How oft our actions seem to say,
We're still our own—no price was paid:
Who is the Lord we should obey?
And he who bought us is betrayed!
Not Judas only—all may cry,
Lord, tell me—tell me, is it I?

The more a Saviour's love we feel,
The deeper anguish we shall share;
And pray that grace may yet reveal,
The hidden sin that's lurking there:
E'en he on Jesus' breast could cry,
Lord, tell me—tell me, is it I?

The careless walk, the heartless prayer,
The cherished wish for earthly gain,
As much the traitor's heart declare,
And prove that we the cross disdain:
As though we could our Lord deny,
And ask, in malice—is it I?

Lord! keep this treacherous heart of mine—
Alas! too prone from Thee to stray;
No strength have I—but grant me thine,
Direct and lead me in the way:
And should I e'er thy name deny,
Conviction strike with—"It is I."
And while a Peter's grief I feel,
Thy pardon and thy love reveal.

Rain nearly all the morning; when it cleared up, held the English and Kafir services.

Monday, 27th.—Set out at eight. On reaching the beach, observed several rocks containing great quantities of marine shells—chiefly of the muscle kind. On Saturday morning we met a party of natives from the Umzimvoobo—their idea of English warfare was curious; being questioned respecting the news from Kafir-land, they informed us that the English army had driven the Amakōsa from the open country; but that they had taken refuge in the woods, and the troops were only waiting until the weather was warmer to beat them out. To-day, we met another party from the same neighborhood; who, in reply to my question, where the Amakōsa were, said "they were stopping where they had always boen:" so little reliance can be placed upon the reports of these people. After crossing the bars of three rivers, the tide just washing over the crest of the last as we passed, we proceeded along the beach, under a wall of singularly caverned rocks on the right. We were but just in time; the spring-tides had raised the water in many parts to the very foot of the rocks, rendering the passage somewhat difficult. It is generally supposed that the survivors from the wreck of the Grosvenor East Indiaman, which was lost near this spot, found a temporary shelter in these comfortless caverns;—a supposition which is not improbable, from the circumstance of their being still designated by the natives as the "White men's houses." Notwithstanding the wind and rain, which had continued for some time, we were unable to find any place of shelter until after six—when we turned into a small opening from the beach, formed by a stream; and after much trouble succeeded in kindling a fire in front of a clump of low bushes, into which, with the aid of an axe, we had hewn out a sort of den for our reception. The shelter, however, was merely imaginary; for, notwithstanding the canvas which was duly spread over the boughs, the dripping from above was almost worse than the actual rain, and contributed its quota to moisten our clothes and bedding—already sufficiently wet. While the fire, which in other circumstances would have proved an essential comfort, became my greatest annoyance; the violence of the wind driving the smoke full into my face, filling every crevice of our arbor, and almost depriving me of sight. All this was happily disregarded by the natives—who, almost grilling themselves by the embers, slept soundly through the night. In these respects they are perfect salamanders—not unfrequently arranging the burning faggots with their feet.—With the same unconcern they will dip their hands into the cooking-vessels, and deliberately feed themselves with the Indian corn while it is still boiling in the water; occasionally shifting the grain from one hand to the other for a few seconds, and then tossing it into their mouths.—With this simple fare they are quite satisfied, and will undertake the longest journeys: indeed our own condition was but little better, the meat,

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which I had only tasted once, being now consumed. But this evening we were most unexpectedly provided with an excellent supper. My servant, Umpondombeeni, who was in advance on the beach, had observed a large bird (I conclude an albatros) rising from the surf with a fish in his bill, which he soon dropped on the sand, and commenced eating; on his approach, it made an effort to convey it away; rose with it, but soon dropped it again, and flew off. I need not say that it was soon conveyed to our bush; and, being about the size of a salmon, and of good flavor, furnished us with a sumptuous meal. Cleared up about midnight.

Tuesday, 28th.—Started soon after seven, and crossed the Amane-neama (black-water,) which was still running out, and in one part nearly out of the oxen's depth. The descent to the Umtendo, which we reached at a quarter-past eleven, is considered as the most difficult part of the road from the colony to Port Natal; not from the actual declivity, but from the number of large irregular rocks, which literally strew the bank. The whole scenery in this neighborhood has a rugged appearance, and abounds with picturesque features, to which the winding of the river greatly contributes. Some of the cliffs are luxuriantly clothed—while others, rising abruptly in barren piles and exhibiting a reddish tint, form a striking contrast. My contemplations of this scene were soon disturbed by a dilemma, which might have occasioned considerable difficulty. The unfortunate cart which had been gradually jolting its way down from rock to rock, was suddenly caught by a projecting angle, and twice completely reversed as it rolled down the bank. The boxes were disengaged by the violence of the fall; which happily was checked by the stem of a tree, or the whole would probably have been broken to pieces and precipitated into the river. Happily, nothing of any material consequence was injured; and in the course of an hour every thing was again in its place, and we were outspanned near a stream of good water on the opposite side. Although the advantage over a wagon is greatly in our favor as regards speed, the weights were necessarily placed too high in our present vehicle for stability; so that the probabilities of an overturn, especially when dragging one of the wheels, as in the present instance, is considerably increased.

The oxen having strayed, we were unable to proceed before half-past three; when, coming soon after to a rocky stream, I resumed my seat, hoping to have passed dryshod—in this, however, I was disappointed. The ledge in one part is very narrow—the water middle-deep on both sides; just as we came to the most critical spot the oxen bore too much to the left, and again overset the cart into the water, giving me a cold bath—for which I was by no means prepared, the day being far from warm. I was alone on the cart, and most providentially escaped without even a bruise; although it was completely reversed, and fell close to me. Not only was I thoroughly soaked, but every article in my box was dripping wet,—not a dry thread had any of us to put on. It was now the employment of all hands to right the vehicle; which was at length effected, and drawn out by the oxen, without a fracture. Nothing remained but to make the best of our misfortune; a most inviting glen was near—and thither in less than half an hour fires were blazing, and many of the wet things spread around them to dry. The situation of our rock-habitation was one of no common character—a secluded glen, tufted with trees and overhung by a rocky precipice, with a pretty cascade falling from an opposite cliff. The stream which occupies this ravine falls again in its passage to the sea over a ledge of rocks, just below the spot where the accident occurred. Wet as I was, I could not resist drying some paper, and making a hasty sketch of our bivouac* before the sun became too low.

Wednesday, 29th.—As the wagon-road from the Umsicaba strikes more inland, leading to no inhabitants until within a few miles of the Umzimvoobo, I took my leave of it this morning; and, with my interpreter and two of the people, resolved to follow the footpath nearer the sea, which passes through a village, at about a day's journey from hence. At a quarter-past eight we commenced our walk, and soon after ten crossed the bar of the Umsicaba, which was running out by a very narrow channel. Although navigation is impeded by the banks which form across the mouths of by far the greater number of rivers which discharge themselves upon this coast, it appears to be wisely ordained for the purpose of irrigating the interior; or, otherwise, during the winter or dry season, many of them would become mere brooks, while others would entirely cease to flow. Occasions have occurred when they have been let out by cutting a channel through the bar—somtimes to obtain a wagon passage higher up; and in one or two instances in order to shoot the hippopotami in the bed: on these occasions the stream has been rapidly drained, and in a few hours become very shallow. The country through which we were now passing is very open and rocky. Rested for half an hour on the bank of a rocky stream, and shared with the people half a loaf of eziuqua—the only remaining provisions we had with us. As we approached the village the appearance of the country was greatly improved —abrupt hills appeared before us, clothed to their summit with large trees, while many beautiful ravines opened to our right. Skirting one of these roads we reached Umnooka's, a village almost surrounded with trees, at twenty minutes past five—having walked about twenty-six miles. The people are poor, and the huts miserable (only six in number;) still it was the abode of man—and circumstanced as we were a cheering sight. On entering my hut, I was rather discomposed at discovering in one corner a flourishing colony of young puppies; but not thinking it quite civil unceremoniously to eject them, I inquired of Umnooka whether they were to remain there all night; his reply, "they were born there," was still more unsatisfactory, and pleaded so strongly in their behalf, that I thought I could not do less than tolerate my troublesome companions. Some boiled sweet potatoes was all I could procure that was eatable—every other attempt to satisfy my hunger only increased my discomfort. A bowl, black with the embers, was indeed placed in my

* This spot has been named Rock-refuge.

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hands in the dark, containing Kafir-corn gruel; but the grain having been taken from the usual deposit under the cattle-fold, was too acid to be palatable; and on putting it down to rekindle the fire, for the benefit of the light it might emit, the whole contents from the unevenness of the floor were instantly transferred to my mat and bedding. I should not have been so minute, but to show how often in this country anticipations of comfort are purely imaginative.

Thursday, 30th.—Set out at seven—fine forest scenery—crossed the Umzimclambu at half-past ten—having approached it through a wood of very handsome trees, chiefly umzani, and what are known in the colony by the name of sneeze and iron-wood; many of these have grown to a great height, and are very straight. Stopped at a village for a quarter of an hour, and procured some very indifferent amas, for which however a bazella (present) was asked. Having been so long accustomed to the close-shorn heads of the Zoolus, the ochred mobs of these women, and the nest-like perruques of the men, formed a striking contrast, and at first quite attracted my notice. At half-past seven stopped for an hour at another small village, called Amaboya, inhabited chiefly by Kali, from Port Natal; the difference was striking—here no bazella was asked, although we were supplied both with amas and oŭtchualla, as also a few sweet potatoes; and the Numzana walked with us some distance to point out the road.

Traversing another road, we crossed the Umtafoofe, and soon after reached one of Mr. Fynn's villages, where I accepted a horse, kindly offered me by his brother, and, procuring two additional baggage-bearers, again set forward. Being too late to reach the ford on the Umzimboovo, we stopped at a quarter to six at a village on the road, where huts were provided and the people very civil. The Amaponda houses, though by no means so neat, are generally larger than those of the Zoolus, and being daubed in the inside are much warmer; but their chief advantage is in the height of the doorway, through which it is only necessary to stoop low, but never actually to crawl.

Our route this day was through a very broken country, affording some fine views of the sea combined with forest scenery. The foliage of many of the largest trees is of a deep glossy green, which is beautifully relieved by the light color of the stems and branches. On approaching the Umzimboovo, the country becomes more populous; and the path, which is carried over the hills which margin its course, affords at every turn some splendid views of its frequent windings among steep and rugged mountains.

Friday, 31st.—Commenced our journey at seven. Soon after crossed the river, and at a quarter-past ten reached a hut, at present occupied by Mr. Fynn, about a mile from Faku's Great Place; where we remained a short time to breakfast. On reaching the Gumkulu (Great Place,) Faku was observed sitting in the open air, surrounded by thirteen or fourteen of his people. At first he did not recognise me, but soon inquired if I were not Uufundees (teacher,) who had passed through some time before. On hearing that I was now on my way to the colony, and intended remaining a few days at the missionary station, he said that he should come over and pay me a visit. He had been in ill health for some time, and was still suffering from inflammation in the eyes, which had altered his appearance so much, that I should scarcely have known him again. Taking my leave, I left my interpreter to follow, and pushed on to Bunting, nine miles beyond, where I arrived at one, much to the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Tainton, who received me with great hospitality. Mr. Satchell, it appeared, had left the station, and proceeded to the colony, in company with the missionary families, from Morley and Clarkebery, some months previously—a recommendation for their return having been received from the governor, and an escort despatched to Clarkebery, where they had assembled for the purpose. Mr. Tainton, the assistant, was likewise preparing to accompany them with his family; but on the day following the notification of the despatch, Faku, with a large assembly of people, visited the station, for the express purpose, as it appeared, of inducing Mr. Tainton to remain. His usual salutation of offering the hand was now refused; and observing the wagons packed for the journey, he significantly asked, "What are those things I see in the wagons? Why are you going to leave me? Am I an enemy?" On being satisfied on these points, he cordially gave him his hand, saying, "You must not leave me—I must have some person to speak for me." Faku then appealed to the people, many of whom came forward and implored them to stay, saying, that ever since they had been among them they had lived in friendship—they had never injured them, nor taken their cattle—why then should they now leave them at the very time when they might be brought into difficulties by an army of their own countrymen? A proposal was then made, that their cattle should remain in the country as a pledge for their return. This, however, was not satisfactory; and, finding that it was the unanimous wish of both chiefs and people that they should not proceed, Mr. and Mrs. Tainton at length resolved to remain: and I cannot but regard it as a very providential circumstance that they were endued with strength of mind and Christian courage to maintain their post, as nothing has contributed more to the restoration of confidence among the natives, and the continuance of the high estimation in which the members of this missionary institution have generally been regarded.

Saturday, August 1st.—From information which has recently transpired, it appears that for some time previous to the breaking out of the Kafir war, overtures had been made to Faku, by Hinza, for assistance, accompanied by a present, which was not accepted; and in return a bull was sent to Hinza, in the usual symbolical style, well understood in those countries, implying a consciousness of power and an independence of action. The following less enigmatical message is also said to have accompanied the animal:—"When attacked by Charka, you refused to assist me—how then can you now expect that I should assist you?"

Faku has evinced throughout the most friendly disposition; and when Mr. Satchell quited the

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station he sent by him an elephant's tooth, to be presented to his excellency, in order to assure him that he only detained Mr. Tainton from a friendly motive. There is every reason to believe that the continuance of the missionary, both at Morley and Clarkebury, would have been very beneficial; not merely in preventing depredations, but in allaying the wounded feelings of many of the chiefs who have been falsely accused of duplicity, and a secret intention to assist the Amakosa. For some time, even Fakū himself was represented as unfriendly to the English; and there is every reason to believe, that had not Mr. Tainton remained, and Mr. Fynn* arrived, he would have removed to the opposite of the Umzimvoobo under the apprehension that he was considered as an accomplice, and should share the fate of the hostile Amakosa.

It had indeed been his intention, prior to these troubles, to have spread his people more in that direction; but this plan has for the present been suspended, lest it should be supposed that he was thereby making room for the fugitive Amakosa, and at the same time preparing an asylum for himself, in the event of any open rupture with the colony.

In the month of May last, an instance occurred which at once shows the readiness of Fakū to oblige the English. A party of Chūngi's people, belonging to Hinza's tribe, had crossed the Umtata, and were advancing on the immediate line of his frontier. On the first rumor of their proceedings, he assembled his army; and, on the 16th, placing himself at their head, advanced as far as Bunting, on his way to the frontier. Scarcely had he appeared, when despatches from his excellency, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, arrived, informing him of the submission of Hanza's tribe; and requesting him to lay down his shield till further orders. Fakū immediately signified his intention, in these words: —"We came out according to the Great Man's word, and by his word we will return." And in the course of a very few hours the whole body, amounting to about eight thousand men, dispersed, and quietly returned to their homes.

About three weeks ago, a party of Amaponda moved in the same direction—but chiefly, as I understand, to chastise an old enemy, Umyāki. Notice had previously been sent to apprise Verdāna, chief of the Amatembu, of their design, and to point out the route they should take; notwithstanding which, a party of the Amaponda force missed their way, and traversed a portion of the Amatembu country, where no intimation had been received of their approach, and some skirmishing in consequence took place. Fakū's people showed great forbearance, warning them not to approach; and telling their opponents, who eventually ran away, that they had received strict orders not to make any holes in their shields. This circumstance, added to a clandestine attack by some of Mr. Fynn's people, unknown to him, greatly irritated the Amatembu, insomuch that all intercourse was for some time suspended. In my situation this state of things is particularly unfortunate; as it is by passing through the country of the Amatembu, who are still said to be friendly to the English, that I hope to make my way to the camp near the Kei river. I am not, however, without the hope of procuring guides to conduct me by that route.

Sunday, 2nd.

"Follow thou me."—(John xxi. 22.)

Hear, my soul! thy Saviour say,
"Follow me"—my footsteps trace;
Iwill guide thee in the way,
Support thee by my power and grace.

There 's not a vale with tears bedewed,
Nor rugged path but I have trod;
Thy fiercest foes I have subdued,
And will support thee with my rod.

Lean on my strength, and be secure,
Nor trust thy erring sight;
Though other paths may sense allure,
This one alone is right.

My ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all my paths are peace;
They lead to realms of light and bliss,
Where joys shall never cease.

Regard not then thy wordly stuff,—
Be willing all to leave;
In me the poorest have enough,
Who on my name believe.

Lord! help me to obey thy call,
The cloud and pillar show;
Incline my heart to yield Thee all—
No other will to know.

So shall my path from snares be free;
And when on Jordan's bank I stand,
My soul shall still hold fast on Thee,
And thou wilt bear me safe to land.

Conducted the Kafir services, morning and evening, at Mr. Tainton's request; the congregation was considerably reduced, as many of the natives had accompanied Mr. Satchell.

Monday, 3rd.—Mr. Tainton related a pleasing anecdote of Fakū, which indicates at once the kindness of his disposition. A man having been sentenced to forfeit a cow for having stolen an assegai, Fakū immediately inquired whether the cow gave milk, and if he had other cattle; being informed that he had only this one cow which supplied his family, he gave orders that it should be returned for the support of his children until the milk failed, when the fine was to be exacted. Having succeeded in procuring guides through the Amatembu country, I purpose setting out tomorrow; and this morning rode to the Gūmkūlu (Great Place) in order to take my leave of Fakū. As usual, he was stretched at full length on the ground, surrounded by several of his great men, sitting or lying near him. Being informed of my intentions, and asked if he had any message to the Great Chief of the Abalūngu (white people—liter-

* He was sent by his excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban to assure the Amaponda chief of his friendship, and to request he would prevent the Amakosa from entering his territory.

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ally people who do right;) he dictated the following, which I wrote from his mouth:—"When the army advances, I wish that a messenger may be sent on to Ferdana's to inform me of their approach, in order that I may go out and meet them with my people. We are of one house with the Abalūngūs. Your children are dying with the sun—we have no milk; and wish to have cattle, as we have not had any since Charka took them from us." After finishing this important epistle, Fakū went to his hut and brought a basket of beer; of which according to the custom of the country, he first partook, and then handed to me. By several of the party some ludicrous remarks were made upon my horse, which was standing near; and one man observed—"How much better it would look if it had horns like an eland!" They have no horses among them; nor do they evince any desire to obtain them. The whole disposable force which Fakū could bring into the field is, I understand, from twelve to fifteen thousand; though, on ordinary occasions, he seldom orders out more than seven or eight thousand.

Fakū is at all times a man of few words; but when speaking to-day on the subject of income (cattle,) at all times the most interesting to a native, he became quite animated. On my return to Bunting, I found that the cart had arrived, having had another upset on the day we left it. My servant, Umpondombeeni, was all admiration at the novelties of this station. He was greatly amused at the pigs, having only once seen one before; but the glass in the window-sashes excited his greatest surprise, and it was some time before he could convince himself that there was any thing to prevent his hand from passing through.

Tuesday, 4th.—Took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Tainton, who kindly supplied me with provisions for the way. Started at about ten, with three men from the station carrying my baggage—my interpreter and myself being mounted upon two miserable, sore-backed horses, which had been purchased by Mr. Fynn for government use. We were soon out of the inhabited part of Fakū's territory; but it is still as mountainous, and at this season was completely dried up, with scarcely a tree to be seen for miles. In the neighborhood of Umtagaichi and Umdoombi rivers, which crossed our route, we passed the sites of several villages formerly belonging to Umyāki—he was driven hence by Fakū about eighteen months ago, since which period he has been living with his whole tribe much nearer to the coast. The cause of his expulsion was in revenge for an attempt to bewitch, as it is termed, the cattle of Fakū. Umyāki had despatched two men to Fakū, for the alleged purpose of procuring beads, but they were at the same time accompanied by an Egeerha, or bewitcher, who brought away some of the manure from the cattle-fold at the Great Place, with an intention on his reaching home to procure by this means the infliction of some fatal disease upon the cattle of Fakū. From the chief downward, it is quite distressing to observe how all succumb to this subtle artifice of the powers of darkness, which has not only reduced the whole nation to a species of mental bondage, but has probably occasioned more blood to flow than any of the numerous feuds that have been known to exist.

My watch having within these few days become unserviceable, I am now obliged to calculate in the native manner, by observing the position of the sun, and by this reckoning I consider that we reached the Umtata about a quarter-past six. The bed of this river is strewed with detached slabs of rock; and as it was nearly dusk when we crossed, my horse, losing his footing, fell, and ejected me up to my knees in the stream. We had now entered the Amatembu country, and were not long in discovering, at a distance, some straggling houses; but it was almost too dark to distinguish them among the bushes. At this time we were threading a low jungle by a winding path, directed only by one lad, who had out-walked the other guides, when suddenly we were surrounded by several men, approaching from different directions, and all well armed with assegais. The guide, alarmed at their appearance, ran off and concealed himself behind one of the bushes; while, conscious of the danger, I immediately reined up, in order to answer their inquiries as to who we were—where we came from—where we were going—where Tpai was—what Fakū was about—and many other similar questions. Being somewhat satisfied with my replies, they acknowledged that they had taken us for spies. On being told that I was a teacher, one of them observed that I should tell the people to be still, and not to be always making war. We were then allowed to proceed without further detention; but there is not the slightest doubt that they would have commenced throwing their assegais had not I pulled up at the moment they accosted us. We soon reached the spot where a chief named Cosiana formerly lived; but being too dark to search for his new abode on the other side of the mountain, and, moreover, hearing that he was absent, we returned to a Fingo hut, which we had passed near the road—a wretched, dirty hovel, but where we were hospitably received. It was here we first heard the fate of the two men who had been sent from Bunting with letters for the camp, about a month ago. By an account brought through a Fingo, they are said to have been murdered by a party of Chūngi's people on their way, and not far from the ford on the Kei river.

Wednesday, 5th.—Wishing to travel light, in order to reach Ferdana's Great Place in good time this evening, I left the greater part of the baggage in charge of the guides, directing them to proceed with it to a chief named Kābi, about half the distance, and remain there until they heard from me.

We proceeded about half-past seven, the road passing over elevated downs; the country less broken; in many parts rocky, and generally destitute of trees. Stopped about eleven, and procured a little amas, but not until all their questions had been satisfied. So suspicious are these people, probably from habit, being continually embroiled with their neighbors, that in no instance could we obtain the commonest information respecting the road, until the usual string of questions had been duly put and replied to. The women evinced so much alarm at our appearance, that, on perceiving us at a distance, they would hasten along in another direction; and if, as it sometimes happened, we surprised them, while

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procuring water from the streams, they would instantly leave their calabashes and bowls, and make hastily off. Passed through several very large flights of locusts, which appeared to be committing great ravages among the little grass that remained. Crossed the Bashee, another very rocky river, at about four; and in half an hour more reached Ferdana's village—a collection of miserable looking huts (twelve in number,) dotted about without any appearance of regularity. Neither these, nor the Amaponda towns, have any exterior fences; the cattle-folds are small, and not always in the centre; and the houses, both within and without, are sadly defective in point of cleanliness. They have, however, the advantage of an interior skreen about the door-way; which prevents the wind from driving the smoke about, and contributes to make them warm, though at the expense of light. Here, again, we were suspected. Ferdana, I was told, was on a hunting expedition, in which he had taken all his horses for the pursuit of elands. The sun had long set behind the hills before the usual catechising had ended; and, seated upon my saddle in front of Ferdana's hut, I patiently awaited its termination. Not a house was offered, nor food of any kind given. At first they proposed that I should go on to the missionary station, not far distant; and afterwards to another village. Suspecting that they were (as is not unfrequently the case with the people) deceiving me as to the movements of their chief, I told them that I had come to see Ferdana; and that as this was his place, it was not my intention to go further; adding, that hitherto I had always understood they were hospitable to strangers. After waiting some little time longer, a woman of the party observed, that the Incosi-case ought to be spoken to about furnishing a hut. In our situation a hint of this kind was not to be lost: my interpreter accordingly went on this errand; and we were shortly after received into a hut belonging to the widow of the late chief Gubinū, or Vosani, as he is frequently called. Baadi (the Incosi-case) was his mother; and it is her grandson, still a minor under the guardianship of Ferdana, who will eventually succeed to the government. The hut in which we were now lodged was sufficiently capacious, but filthy in the extreme; and by the occasional flickering of the fire, when the smoke had sufficiently dispersed, I perceived the good woman who had long been preparing a mess of tripe, first stirring it about with her hand, and then portioning it out in the same unceremonious manner to the company, including a tribe of hungry children, with two or three men who dropped in at this critical time, and employed their assegais to divide the toughest parts. Notwithstanding my various companions, I was sufficiently tired to sleep comfortably upon a floor, which, for the peculiar unevenness of its surface, might have served for a model of the maritime Alps.

Thursday, 6th.—So dim was the fire, and so dense the smoke, that it was not until day-light had thoroughly penetrated the crevices of our abode, that I was fully aware of the different orders of mammalia that it contained. Besides ourselves, the two women and five children, there were no less than nine calves, and one or two dogs! Although messengers have been sent to apprise Ferdana of my arrival, it is quite uncertain where he may be found; and as I have no great inclination to renew my acquaintance with the calves, I considered it desirable, if possible, to find an asylum in some of the missionary buildings at Clarkebury, about two miles and a half distant. The horses were accordingly saddled, and we soon reached the mission-house, which had been abandoned about thre months. It had, indeed, a most desolate appearance: with the exception of one girl, who had formerly attended on Mrs. Davis, all the natives belonging to the station had left with the missionary family. A few of the neighboring huts, however, were occupied by some people sent by Ferdana to take charge of the property. This trust they had faithfully performed: thorn-bushes were placed under all the windows to prevent their being opened, and we found every thing perfectly secure. Circumstanced as I was, there was no alternative but to draw the nail which secured a window from without, and enter by that means; no person having been entrusted with any of the keys, which I conclude were taken away. Here, to my great relief, two sacks of Kafir corn were found; several utensils for cooking; and a few chickens. Had it been otherwise we should have fared but poorly; milk was not to be procured among the natives; and their corn, from having been kept underground, had now acquired so unpleasant a flavor, that the cravings of hunger alone would have induced me to eat it: no other could be procured from them at this season of the year, even had I the means of purchasing, which was not the case.

It was exceedingly painful to me to be thus under the necessity of breaking open the mission-house; but I felt convinced that, had its inmates been here, they would gladly have afforded me every comfort in their power. My principal regret is to find it untenanted; and the work of Christian instruction suspended. Our neighbors are by no means ceremonious: while quietly writing this morning, a man introduced himself at the window,—which, by the by, was the only entrance at that time,—with an assegai in his hand. Until the return of my interpreter, I thought it better to take no notice of him; when he introduced himsel fas chief of the party placed in charge of the mission premises. He had come, he said, to hear the news, having been absent when I arrived; and was only just returned from a nightly excursion, in order if possible to trace the footprints of enemies up the river. Tpai's people on one side, and the Amamăs (a revolted tribe of Amatembu) on the other, who are perpetually stealing their cattle, keep them in a constant state of alarm; insomuch that all the herds are withdrawn to a considerable distance from the frontier; and the miserable inhabitants of those districts are never secure for a day. On the decline of the moon (now full,) it is said that Tpai meditates another attack, which keeps them on the alert. That Ferdana should absent himself, under such circumstances, appears to me incomprehensible, unless his hunting excursion should prove but another name for a marauding expedition, which is far more probable, particularly as he was

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not long since attacked by a mounted party of Abasootu, in the direction he is now said to have taken. In this affair he had decidedly the advantage, killing several of the assailants, and capturing ten of their horses. I am, notwithstanding, inclined to suspect that he is still here concealed among his people.

SOLITUDE SWEETENED.

And is this solitude—to be alone?
No heart to soothe—no face to cheer!
Is there not One to whom we're known,
Though yet unseen, still always near?
Ah, yes—a Friend the Christian knows,
Who follows him where'er he goes!

Dear Lord! thy people can attest
Thou art a precious Friend indeed!
Possessing Thee, they must be blessed;
For thou canst give them all they need!
Sweet solace of my loneliest hour,
Quicken my heart to feel thy power.

With such a Friend for ever nigh,
Bereft we cannot—dare not feel!
Jesus will every loss supply,
And all His wonted love reveal.
Let me but feel that Thou art near,
And solitude will then be dear!

Saturday, 8th.—Having understood from Gūgu, the petty chief in charge of the station, that in the absence of Ferdana, the Incosi-case frequently issued orders under the direction of the Amapakati (councillors,) I walked over to the village this morning in the hope at least of forwarding a letter to the English camp. She informed me that the messengers despatched for Ferdana had returned last night, without having discovered any trace of his route; and, as the councillors were all with him, nothing could in consequence be done; that the people were unwilling to venture their lives among the Amakosa, who were lurking about in small parties to cut off all intercourse from this quarter. On inquiring whether she would give her sanction, should I find a person willing to go, she assented, saying, that probably I might procure one, but she was quite certain no one would go for her. As Gūgu had previously assured me, that a native acquainted with the country might proceed without much difficulty, I now thought there was some prospect of succeeding, and immediately returned to consult with him. Not one of them, however, could be induced to move in the matter, notwithstanding a tempting offer of cattle was made. They had no idea of volunteering in this service—if ordered by their chief, they said, they must go, but without such a command they would not undertake it. Had not Gūgu represented the undertaking as one of no great hazard in the way that they would manage it, I should not have urged the point, making it a rule never to require of others what I would not, if necessary, undertake myself. To attempt without guides my original plan, of riding through during the night, would have been madness, especially as it required excellent horses, and ours were none of the fleetest. Could fresh horses have been procured here, with a mounted guide, it was my intention to have made the attempt; but the reported absence of Ferdana, and the decided disinclination to forward my wishes on the part of all here, obliged me to give up the plan. My next and only resort was to procure guides to escort me through the mountain passes to the westward, in which direction it would be only needful to traverse a very small tract of country, recently occupied by a part of Hinza's tribe, and by which route I should probably reach the colonial frontier in the course of a very few days. This, however, was also declined; and thus foiled in all my plans for pushing forward, but two courses seemed to offer—either to wait here an indefinite time for Ferdana, or to return to Bunting, with the hope of inducing Fakū to furnish me with a sufficient force to make my way through the hostile tribes. On many accounts the latter appeared to be the most judicious; and I accordingly resolved to commence my return early on Monday morning. The wind from south-west to east has been very high for these three days past, and the weather quite cold, with a sharp frost whitening the ground every morning. The soil, which is clay, and generally bare of trees, may contribute to lower the temperature; at present every thing is so dried up, that scarcely any grass is remaining. This part of the country, notwithstanding its present arid appearance, is very populous, several villages being visible from the windows of the mission-house. In no other respect does it appear an eligible spot for such an establishment, particularly as the water is not convenient; that procured from the neighboring well being frequently much discolored after rain.

Sunday, 9th.

"Be of good courage and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."—(Psalm xxxi. 24.)

Hence ye faithless fears away—
Is not Jesus strong to aid?
He will be thy shield and stay,
All thy cares on Him be laid.

Has He not in love declared,
"As thy day thy strength shall be!"
Grace sufficient is prepared
For all who to His succour flee.

Ah, yes, dear Lord! though all should fail,
To Thee my helpless soul would cleave;
Thy promises shall still prevail—
Thy people Thou wilt never leave!

Held in the hollow of Thine hand,
How oft the shafts of death have sped;
Thou canst my fiercest foe withstand,
And shelter my defenceless head!

Thou art my hope—whate'er betide
My breath, my substance—all is Thine!
Let but Thy name be glorified,
And life itself I could resign.

Oh! if Thy presence go before,
Then every path is smooth and plain;
And though it lead to Jordan's shore,
'Twill end in everlasting gain!

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What rapture then to join that band,
Through fires of tribulation brought!
For ever round the throne to stand,
Adoring Him our ransom bought!

No natives could be collected in the morning, but in the afternoon a few attended the Kafir service in the mission-house.

Monday, 10*th*.—In this weak and suspicious country, I thought it prudent to advise the good people at the Gūmkūla of my intended return, and accordingly rode round by their huts, but either by design or otherwise the Incosi-case was not forthcoming. After a little demur, Cheecha, an old man (reported to be a councillor) came up, and to him I delivered a message to Ferdana, with a request that on his return he would either furnish me with a mounted guide to the Kei, or forward a letter to the English camp on the other side. The message he said should be delivered; but he was quite sure that Ferdana would do neither the one nor the other, as he was daily expecting an attack from the people of Chūngi; the Amamaias, who are in league with them, captured two herds of cattle but the day before. They appear never to have forgiven the loss of some cattle taken from them by the Machallas (the Amatembu tribe among whom we now are,) as the escort were conveying the missionaries from Clarkebury across their territory, about three months since; and it is no doubt in order to avenge this loss that they are now combining against them.

As an evidence of the insincerity of these people, no less than seventeen or eighteen horses were observed near Ferdana's cattle-place, on the banks of the Bashee, as we passed; which at once confirmed my opinion that the whole of his absence was a deceit. On reaching Kăbi's to my great disappointment, I found that the guides had returned home the day before. It had been my endeavor while at Clarkebury, to communicate with them, being desirous that they should join me there; but notwithstanding all my efforts, with the promise of beads, no person could be induced to undertake this errand. To procure a guide on the route was out of the question; for so uncivil were they at every village we passed, that nothing, not even a drop of milk could be procured. On leaving the inhabited district, I had no other resource than to direct my course by the sun. After a tedious ride, partly in the dark, we reached the Umtata, and rested on the bank for the night; but, although the cold was severe, I was unwilling to indulge in a fire, lest it might attract notice and bring down an armed party to disturb our repose. For some time I endeavored to sleep; but at length, almost benumbed, determined at all risks to kindle a blaze. Observing a deep fissure where the flame might be sufficiently concealed, we repaired thither; but, although a tolerable fire was kept up throughout the remainder of the night, it was but little sleep that I could obtain, the air being keen and the ground covered with frost.

Tuesday, 11*th*.—Finding that I had made the river at a point considerably higher than the usual ford, I this morning shaped a most easterly course; the whole country to the Umgăzi being a complete wilderness without an inhabitant. A small bundle of Kafir-corn brought from Clakebury, with the expectation of having it ground and boiled on the road, was now, for want of this necessary preparation, given to the jaded horses; one of whom was so thoroughly knocked up, that in order to urge him on at all it became necessary to secure the bridle to my saddle and literally take it in tow, my interpreter occasionly dismounting and flogging it on. The locusts were so numerous in some parts of our journey this day, that the ground could scarcely be seen, and numbers were crushed under the horses' feet. They are smaller than those generally seen in the Zoolu country, and have not the pink color on the wing. Delayed by our sorry beasts, we did not reach Bunting till after sunset; and although much disappointed at the necessity of retracing my steps, I felt thankful at having again reached such comfortable quarters, especially as we had tasted nothing since eight o'clock on the previous morning, when we had breakfasted on Kafir-corn gruel. It was a providential circumstance that I did not partake of the Kafir-corn in its raw state, as I had more than once intended in the course of this day's ride; having since learned that in all probability it would have been fatal, as it has the property of swelling, and even when not sufficiently boiled, is very prejudicial: many instances, I am told, have occurred when natives, exhausted by hunger on their warlike expeditions, have died in a few hours after eating a quantity of it improperly cooked. Found the station in much concern respecting the melancholy tidings brought by the guides who arrived last night. Both of the messengers who had been killed on their way to the camp were much respected; and one of them, David, is said to have been under deep religious impressions. Their wives and families were in great grief. Previous to starting, David had imprudently borrowed the panther-skin ingoobo (cloak) which had been given to the last messenger on his reaching the British head-quarters: and it is said that this was recognised by a party of Amakosa as having formerly belonged to one of their chiefs, killed by the English, and led to their discovery and consequent murder. My own guides, it appeared, had not been very handsomely treated; their lives had been more than once threatened while remaining at Kabi's village; and as they had heard nothing from me for three days, they said they concluded I had proceeded to the Kei, and were glad to leave a country where they had all along been taken for spies.

Saturday, 15*th*.—With the hope of obtaining some information respecting a route which I might be necessitated to take across the Quathlamba mountains, towards the north-eastern frontier of the colony, I crossed the Umzimvoobo on Thursday, to Mr. Fynn's village, about twenty-six miles distant from hence, and returned last night. The remains of that immense and extirpating horde, led on by the celebrated Matuana;—and who, from their unsparing ferocity, have obtained the name of Fitcani (destroyers)—are still to be found in almost every district of this part of the continent—their battle-ground having extended quite across to the very embouchure of the Orange river. It was from some of these people that I was anxious to obtain an account of the country to the westward, and a promise of assistance, should I attempt the

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mountains in that direction. All agreed in the opinion that it would be impracticable, as the ridges were so unbroken and perpendicular, that even a footpath could not be effected without making many tedious circuits; during the course of which their companions had been frequently lost, and many perished from extreme cold on gaining the summit.

Sunday, 16th.

"Do this in remembrance of me."—(Luke xxii. 19.)

What a hateful thing is sin!
How it steals the heart away;
Though subdued—it leaves within
A poison, death alone can stay;
It dims the eye of faith, and chills
The love that oft our bosom fills.

Could we otherwise refrain
From weeping when he heard Him say;—
"Remember me who once was slain
To wash your guilty stains away."
Should we so oft mementos need
To think of such a Friend indeed.

What is all our love compared
To that which Jesus has bestowed?
In all our sorrows he has shared,
For us his precious blood has flowed!
Can we behold that wond'rous sight
And not our thankless bosoms smite?

Kindle, O Lord! a heavenly flame,
Within my heart thy grace impart;
I would confess with deepest shame
The coldness of my lukewarm heart.
Oh! let me ever mindful be
Of Him whose blood was shed for me.

Be this my boast while life shall last,
Redeeming grace and dying love;
Then when this pilgrimage is past,
In realms of endless joy, above,
My rapturous song will ceaseless be,
My Saviour has remembered me!

Conducted the Kafir services morning and afternoon.

Tuesday, 18th.—The affection from which Fakū has lately been suffering in his eyes has, as usual, been attributed to witchcraft. Since I last saw him, he has allowed himself to be punctured above the eye-brow by a witch doctor, who pretended to extract from the opening a small quantity of snuff, which he declared had been placed there by an enemy, and had occasioned the disease. The inflammation, relieved by the operation, has since gradually subsided; and the alleged Umtakati (bewitcher) is already in confinement. In order to extort confession, it is not an unusual method to pinion the accused individual to the ground with forked stakes, with the head resting in an ant-hill; the body is then strewed over with the debris of ants'-nests taken from the trees, while water is dashed upon them in order to excite the insects to bite more sharply. The torture must be extreme, as the whole body is said to be often so swollen after this dreadful infliction as to appear scarcely human. If found guilty, they are only released to be beaten to death with knobbed sticks and stones. Accounts have just been received of some spies from Kheeli (son of the late Hinza) having traversed the country from which I have just returned, in their way to one of the upper branches of the Umzimvoobo; where, it is said, a part of his tribe have an intention of removing on the advance of the English troops. It is a providential circumstance that we did not fall in with them, as they are reported to have been well armed and mounted, and are not likely to have spared two Englishmen who were defenceless.

Although the Amapondas are a mild and hospitable people, some of their customs would indicate the utmost degree of barbarity. It is usual for the ruling chief, on his accession to the government, to be washed in the blood of a near relative, generally a brother, who is put to death on the occasion, and his skull used as a receptacle for his blood. Fakū would have undergone this horrid libation, had not his brother Gwingi, whose turn it was, according to the rules prescribed, made his escape to a neighboring tribe. For some time after a dilligent search was made for his person, and he has never since thoroughly recovered from the exposure and hardships which he endured while lying so long concealed from his merciless pursuers. In consequence of the Christian remonstrances of Mr. Tainton, he was at length suffered to return; and Fakū has allowed the horrid practice, as regards himself, to go into desuetude, which, for the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped will never again be revived. The palliative sanction of custom cannot, however, be admittd in the case of Umyāki, now an independent Amaponda chief, residing near the coast in the direction of Morley. Having defeated a party of Amatembu, who had attacked him in his own country, Gallāka, the son of an inferior chief, fell into his hands a prisoner. On his being brought to Umyāki, he immediately despatched him with his own hand, and then ordered his heart and liver to be boiled, with the broth of which, poured into his skull, he caused himself to be washed. This, however, is regarded, even by the natives themselves, as an unusual act of barbarity, and has given great offence to all the neighboring chiefs; still, in both instances, as well as in the more general custom of drinking the gall of their enemies, (practised, I believe, exclusively among the chiefs,) the object mainly in view is the acquisition, as they imagine, of additional bodily strength. But even these are nothing when compared with the various and wanton inflictions of their witch doctors, many of which are revolting in the extreme. About three years ago one of these diabolical agents (not, as it is said, without some color of ancient sanction,) perpetrated the following act in order to propitiate success for Fakū's army, then in the eve of taking the field. He directed that the fore-leg of a living bull should be cut off at the shoulder, and then ordered the men with their teeth to tear the flesh from the reeking limb and devour it on the spot, while the tortured animal was left to a cruel and lingering death. The acquisition of cattle is the grand incitive to war

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A ZOOLU CHIEF IN HIS WAR-DRESS

among all the tribes in this part of Africa; and peace of any long duration is only to be expected by those who, like the Bushmen, are unencumbered with this description of property. The elysium of a native is to be enabled to drink abundance of sour milk without fear or molestation; and, although his country may abound with corn, he keenly feels the want of this favorite beverage. The Amapondas having suffered so severely in their wars with Charka, have, in consequence, become great beer-drinkers; and even now that they are gradually recovering their losses by the increase of their cattle, still I fear this baneful habit, induced by the scarcity of milk, is likely to be of long continuance. When reproached for their frequent inebriety, (for they often meet in large parties, and drink until they are stupified,) they archly reply, "What can we do?—we have no cattle—this is our milk." Even Fakū himself is not free from this reproach; and is said to have been frequently found sealed in a torpor induced by oūtchūalla. This morning I received a note from Mr. Fynn, informing me of his ill success in endeavoring to procure guides for the inland route from among Tpāi's people, or a messenger who would venture across with a letter to the camp. As a *dernier resort* I rode over to the Great Place with the hope of inducing Fakū to assist me with his army; but, unfortunately, he was in one of his stupors, and laid on the ground at full length, surrounded by many of his people, during the greater part of the time I was there, scarcely conscious of any thing that was passing. On my return, I stopped a short time at a neighboring village belonging to Damās, Fakū's eldest son, in order to witness a dance which was taking place in honor of one of his sisters about to be married to Tpāi, several of whose people were present on the occasion. This kind of performance is very inferior to that of the Zoolus; the men, holding short knobbed sticks in their hands, were arranged three deep in a semicircle; the women, as usual, occupying a compact group before them. The song was not in parts, as among the Zoolus, but often strangely broken by the whole of the men suddenly seating themselves on the ground, and then as abruptly rising and going on with the tune; while the women during the whole time were straining their voices, jumping and clapping their hands by way of accompaniment. As they had already been some time engaged in this violent exercise, much of the ochres—red, white, and yellow—with which their faces were besmeared, had disappeared; enough was, however, remaining to render them sufficiently hideous. The men were generally decorated with the tail-hair of their cattle, tied round the calf of the leg and on their arms, which gave them a very wild and

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ferocious appearance. Many, both men and women, wore large ivory rings, (always a very becoming ornament,) on the upper part of the arm; shell bracelets, (white, with black streaks,) with one or more panther's teeth suspended round the neck, were also worn by some of the men; while many of the ladies, in addition to their other embellishments, had their hair twisted into lank and mop-like ringlets, and the whole thickly plastered with red ochre.

Fakū himself is utterly regardless of every description of personal ornament; with his ivory snuff-spoon stuck in his hair, and his reed snuff-box in his ear,* he is dressed, with the exception of a leopard-skin mantle occasionally thrown over his shoulders or gathered round his waist. It this respect he is a perfect contrast to Dingarn, and only deigns to wear beads when he joins in the dance.

Friday, 21*st*.—Fakū having signified his wish to see me on the subject of my late proposal, I went this morning by appointment to the Great Place, accompanied by Mr. Tainton and my interpreter, and was soon after joined by Mr. Fynn. On our approach, Fakū was observed to come from his hut and stretch himself at full length under the shade of a low thorn bush, near the cattle-fold, a short distance from a group of his principal people seated on the ground. He gave his hand to each as we took our stations near, but not a syllable was uttered relating to the business on which we were expressly met to consult. At length I inquired whether he had been informed of what I had said when I saw him last, on which he requested me to repeat what had then been stated, as he had only heard it through his people. The proposed plan I told him was this, to collect his army, and, in combination with that of Tpāi, to make a sudden and rapid march to the Kei, without turning to the right hand or to the left, and only opposing those who actually obstructed his progress. That by doing this they would take the country by surprise, none of the tribes through which they would pass would have an idea of their destination, much less would they have time to combine in order to oppose their advance. On reaching the English troops they would meet with the most friendly reception, and they would doubtless escort them on their way back as far as they pleased.

Fakū then stated his own plan, which was first to make an attack upon Umyaki, and the other petty chiefs with whom he was at war in the neighborhood of the Umtata, and clear his way as far as the Bashee, after which his army could again go out and open a road to the Kei. This I told him would be the very way to increase the difficulty; that he would not only weaken his own forces, but cause his enemies to combine in greater numbers; that there was but one plan which offered any probability of ultimate success, and that was to make a rapid movement through the country directly along the wagon road to the Kei; and that he would be sure to fail if he attempted it in any other way. Fakū then pleaded his want of strenght; that his army was unequal to cope with the various tribes that would oppose him at every step of the road; that he was fearful that some harm might happen to me; and, in fact, acknowledged that he was himself opposed to the measure. On hearing this, it was in vain to say more than to assure him that, if he would sanction the attempt, I was quite willing to accompany them. The chiefs by this time had crowded round, each evidently prepared to give his opinion, which, from all I have since heard, would have been quite at variance with that of their ruler; but, as his word is law, not a dissentient voice was heard; and after a few observations in which Fakū begged it might be understood that the decision he had made was not with any unfriendly feeling towards the English, as he belonged to the same Great House, we took our leave. The real fact I believe to be, that Tpāi could not be induced to unite his forces with those of the Amapondas: for, notwithstanding the pending family alliance between Fakū and him, these people are naturally so jealous of each other, that any long continuance of cordiality, is not to be relied upon; and even had they taken the field together, some dispute might probably have arisen whereby the two parties might have been arrayed against each other. Were Fakū in person to head his army, they would be sufficient for any practicable enterprise, but this he has not done for years; they are generally led on by one of his sons, but neither they nor any of the inferior chiefs have sufficient influence to control the whole, so that his army is composed of a number of almost independent chiefs with their different clans acting generally in concert, but without any acknowledged head. This circumstance at once accounts for the ill-success which has almost invariably attended every expedition which has carried them to any distance beyond the limits of their own country. It may here perhaps be as well to explain, that, in consequence of the total absence of all correct intelligence from the scene of action, as also from any part of the colony in which for months we had been kept, it was fully believed that the war had not terminated with the Kafirs. Had I at this time been aware of the actual state of affairs on the colonial frontier, a proposition of the nature just alluded to would never have been made to Fakū; but considering the importance of speedily communicating with the govenment on the affairs of Port Natal, I felt myself justified in the adoption of these means, though feeling deeply the necessity of casting to such a quarter for assistance. My progress to the colony in this direction seems now completely obstructed; especially as a party of Amapondas, in revenge for some real or pretended wrong, have lately captured cattle, and fired some houses belonging to Cosiana. Little did I imagine on leaving Port Natal that I should so soon be obliged to retrace my steps; this, however, appears to be the only probable means of eventually prosecuting my journey, especially as accounts have just been received of a vessel having lately appeared off the Umcamas apparently standing towards the port. On my return to Bunting I obtained a distant view of a remarkable rock which rises like a fortress among a very broken range of mountains on the right; so scarped and precipitous are the approaches to this insulated crag,

* A large perforation is made in the ear for this purpose, and is characteristic of the nation.

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that, some time ago, while five or six native lads were amusing themselves on the top, the grass below had been unexpectedly fired, and, fanned by the wind, the flames ascended so rapidly up the sides, that before they could descend by the only practicable path, the summit was encircled by the burning grass, and they all perished in the flames.

The person charged with having bewitched Faku has lately been put to death; and as we approached the Gumkulu this morning, the blackened sites of his two villages, which were in consequence burnt down, were pointed out.

After all that we have heard, a mystery still rests upon the fate of the messengers last sent to the Kei; that they have been murdered there is not the smallest doubt; but, from rumors among the natives, it is now strongly suspected that they never proceeded beyond the Amatembu country, but were put to death by order of Ferdana; should this prove to have been the real fact, it sufficiently accounts for his conduct to me.

Sunday, 23rd.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—(Matthew xxvi. 41.)

If the name of Christ we bear—
If we love the Lord indeed;
In toil and conflicts we must share,
And daily hourly grace shall need!

Not flesh and blood alone withstand,
But principalities and powers;
Beleaguered round on every hand,
Defeat and ruin would be ours—

But He, the Shepherd of his fold, has said,
Fear not—though helpless, I am nigh.
To cast my shield around your head,
And every needed grace supply.

To all that ask I freely give—
The prayer of faith shall never fail;
Seek, and your fainting soul shall live,
And o'er your fiercest foes prevail.

But we must watch as well as pray—
The wily temper knows our frame;
And lurks to seize upon his prey,
When thoughtless of a Saviour's name.

Unwatchful prayer, like faith alone,
The promised blessing ne'er attends
'Tis only when its power is shown
By vigilance, that grace descends.

Lord, teach me now to pray aright,
And unto prayer my soul sustain!
Make me to walk as in Thy sight,
Lest Satan some advantage gain.

So shall I not Thy name disgrace,
Sheltered beneath thy powerful arm!
And I shall soon behold Thy face,
Where Satan has no power to harm.

What are all our conflicts here,
To the glories of that day!
Let this hope our spirits cheer—
Let us ever watch and pray!

Conducted the services; about thirty natives attended.

Tuesday, 25th.—Having decided on returning to Port Natal, I this morning took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Tainton, for whose truly Christian hospitality I feel much indebted. The cart having been sent on the day before, I rode alone to Mr Fynn's hut, a little beyond the Great Place. Faku, as I approached his house, came out to meet me, and, with a marked expression of cordiality, gave me his hand, with the salutation, "Dakubona Umfundees" (I have seen your teacher.) Mr. Fynn accompanied me to Mr. Ogle's place on the Umsnodoosi, about seven miles beyond the Umzimvoobo, where the cart had already arrived.

Wednesday, 26th.—Proceeded on my journey at seven. Passing one of Tpai's villages, I found on inquiry that they possessed some information respecting the inland route, which was likely to be useful; and thinking it possible that guides might be procured among these people, could the consent of their chief be obtained, as we had not travelled more than nine miles, I thought it would be desirable even to retrace our steps, and, before proceeding further, ascertain what prospect there was of getting through in that direction. One of my wagons, which for some months had been left at Bunting, unable to proceed to the colony, was therefore sent for in preparation for such an expedition, and in the mean time I proposed a visit to Tpai, in the skirts of whose territory we now were. During our short journey this morning, we passed the spot where lieutenant Farewell left his wagons, and within twenty miles of the residence of Nato, chief of the Quawbi, by whom he and several of his party were shortly after murdered (1829.) The Quawbi were a revolted tribe of Zoolus, who had deserted from Charka, and taken with them many of his cattle. In their progress southward they committed dreadful devastations, penetrating the Amaponda country, and stretching even to the neighborhood of the Umtata, where they destroyed the first missionry station that had been established in that district.* They were eventually repulsed by Faku, who, after considerable loss, concentrated his force on the right bank of the Umzimvoobo, at a point where that river makes an abrupt angle, pent in by opposing mountains, and attacked them with such vigor, that the greater part either fell under the assegai, or perished in the stream. This memorable spot, about two miles below the usual ford, has received from Europeans the name of Quawbi's Corner, while the appropriate title of Jazeeli (conqueror) has been given by his subjects to Faku, who himself headed the attack. Lieutenant Farewell was on his way to Port Natal, and induced by the friendly representations of some of the Quawbi, whom he met with on the road, to visit Nato for the purpose of purchasing cattle. On that very night, while in apparent security, this cold-blooded murder was perpetrated; instigated,

* The Wesleyan Society, to which this mission belonged afterwards removed it to Morley.

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as is generally supposed, by a jealously of his influence with Charka, and a determination to obstruct the advantages which might accrue to his enemy from a commercial intercourse with Europeans. On my return I was much pleased with the attachment evinced by my servant Umpondombeeni, who, on being informed of the place I had in view, and asked if he were willing to accompany me, replied, "Yes—where you die I must die too."

Thursday, 27th.—Set out for Tpai's principal place, accompanied by Mr. Ogle, riding and walking alternately, as one of the horses had strayed, and could not be found in time. The distance is about twenty miles, in which we passed several villages scattered over a very uneven country. The approach to these villages was somewhat curious. It is a common practice throughout these tribes at this period of the year to suspend, for present use, large bunches of Indian corn from the branches of high trees in the immediate neighborhood of the huts, in order to secure them from the depredation of rats; but here, in addition to these indications of plenty, the symbols of war were associated; the fur kilt, which is the principal part of the war-dress, being frequently exhibited from the trees—a practical evidence of the war-like propensities of the owners. These people are called Amahōash, and originally inhabited a country on the right bank of the Umgăni, about eighty miles from the coast, whence they were driven about thirteen years since by Charka, who, in his thirst for conquest, either drove or destroyed all the intermediate tribes as far as the Umzimcoolu. Among these were two powerful chiefs, Noombăo and Umdingi, who in their turn fell upon the tribes residing between that river and the Umsecāba. Maddegăn, the brother of Tpai, and father of the present minor, in his guardianship, wished to have united himself with them in these wars for existence and territory, but they would not consent; he therefore made war upon them, and, conquering them both, eventually took possession of the districts bordering the left bank of the Umzinvoobo, where he and his tribes have now resided above three years and a half. During these wars, which were of long continuance, their numbers were greatly reduced; but on the final defeat of the Quawbi by the Amapondas, they fell upon their rear, and contrived to possess themselves of their cattle; and from that period have been gradually recruiting their losses. At present their whole force is computed at about three thousand fighting-men—a small army indeed when compared with that of some of the neighboring states: but from the peculiar wariness of their attacks—generally in the night—their acknowledged courage and indiscriminate carnage, never sparing either women or children, they have long been the terror of this part of the country; and under their present enterprising chief, were their population more numerous, would rival Charka himself in rapine and war. They are frequently receiving accessions from other tribes—already they are spreading themselves more to the north; and it is not improbable that they may eventually rise to be a powerful nation.

A little before sunset we reached the Impōza, the "*Great Place*" of Maddegăn, their late chief. Although Tpai has lately commenced another place, about a day's journey to the northward, this is still regarded as the Gūmkūlu, and it is here that he transacts business of importance. The chief was unfortunately absent on his way to his new place, having left early this morning, and was not again expected for four days; when, it was said he would return to meet his Amaponda bride, the betrothed daughter of Fakū. The Incosi-cāse (widow of Maddegăn) was unwell, but immediately despatched messengers to acquaint Tpai of our arrival; and it was supposed that he would return as soon as the messengers reached him; but from the distance, he cannot be expected before Saturday afternoon. This place is built upon the slope of a steep hill, which forms one side of a wooded ravine, through which a small stream forces its way. The huts are dirty and wretched; and the whole village, both in situation and appearance, seems only fitted for the abode of a party of freebooters.

Friday, 28th.—As we had brought no provisions, and scarcely any thing could be procured here, we should have been badly off had not Manadāza (the Incosi-cāse) considerately ordered a heifer to be killed for our use, which indeed was eagerly consumed by our two men and the people of the place; but, as usual, was far too tough to benefit me much. Before it was slaughtered I went to the cattle-fold, where the people were assembled for the purpose, in order to prevent the poor animal from being unnecessarily tortured. Although their method of killing cattle is in general use among the Amakōsa and neighboring tribes, I had never before witnessed it; and on being assured that it was as expeditious as any other mode of taking life, I allowed them to proceed. The unfortunate animal, seized by its horns and legs, was then thrown on its back, and held down by several men until an opening was made by an assegai a little below the chest. Into this opening the man thrust his arm above the elbow, feeling his way until he grasped the heart-string, which by main force he broke, and then left the poor beast, writhing with pain, to linger several minutes before it expired, breathing partly through the gaping wound. The horror of that sight, and the feelings I endured during the barbarous act, will long be remembered; and most strenuously would I recommend all missionaries and well-wishers to humanity to exert their influence, if possible, to abolish a practice at once so cruel and revolting. The scene which followed was quite in keeping with the commencement. The paunch was immediately cut into strips, and, without washing, eagerly devoured on the spot. Within the circumference of the cattle-fold a fire was kindled, on which several steaks were thrown, and these in about ten minutes were considered sufficiently done, and by the united aid of teeth and assegai were hacked and torn into smaller pieces for immediate use. One man I observed, perhaps sharper set than the rest, dividing with his dog the raw flesh which he held between his teeth; having cut off sufficient for himself, he ate it with considerable satisfaction, although but the instant before it had been severed from the carcase. Determined that the want of a marrow-spoon should not deprive them of any part of their accustomed meal.

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a heavy thump upon a flat stone speedily dislodged the contents of every bone which came within their reach, unscathed by the neighboring fire, and the envied morsel was conveyed to the mouth by the elegant process of suction applied to the stone in question, which might probably have been lying embedded in the dust and dirt of the cattle-fold for months before; even the blood was not rejected, but carefully collected in earthen vessels and carried away to be cooked; a circumstance which I consider remarkable, having among all these nations traced so many vestiges of Jewish rites. The disgusting practice of rubbing meat in the contents of the paunch of the beast from which it has been cut, is said to have the effect of preserving it, as it thereby acquires sufficient saltness to be kept for a considerable time, and in taste and appearance in some degree resembles that which has been steeped in saltpetre. The choice pieces reserved for the chiefs, are always submitted to this operation, which obtains as well among the Zoolus as the different Kafir tribes.

Notwithstanding this appearance of plenty, boiled Indian corn, and oütchualla (here, as well as among the Amapondas, called ejeeki) were all that I could obtain; and having provided myself with a spoon, the section of a calabash, by way of basin, completed my dinner-service.

This evening the chief arrived, having been overtaken on the road by the messengers, and we soon after paid him a visit. He received us in a large hut, the residence of his late brother Maddegan, but now occupied by his widow Manandaza. He was seated before the fire, without a particle of clothing, attended by eight or nine men, huddled together in an opposite side of the hut, while the Incosi-case, being an invalid, was stretched on a mat upon the floor in another corner. He seemed amused by my asking, as I entered, which was Tpai; but although the light was not favorable to a narrow inspection, it was soon evident that I was in the presence of one of the shrewdest and most desperate characters in this part of Africa. His figure is slight and active, of middle statue; but the searching quickness of his eye, the point of his questions, and the extreme caution of his replies, stamped him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by which he is surrounded. His inquiries were principally respecting Dingarn and the Kafir war. He wished to know when the English would withdraw their army from Kafir-land; and what I thought of Dingarn; whether the Zoolus were likely to go out to war this year, &c.; remarking that, whenever they did go out, they would be almost sure to make an attack upon him.

Saturday, 29th.—It was late last night before any decided answer could be extracted from Tpai respecting the guides I am so anxious to obtain; and at last he ended by declining them altogether. Unwilling, however, to return without some further attempt, we paid him another visit this morning. On telling him that I was about to proceed to the colony, and inquiring if he had any message to the "Great Chief," he said he wished me to inform him that he was friendly to all the white people; that he had always protected those who had passed through his country; and that he was sorry that a white man (alluding to Mr. Rollins, the late assistant at Butterworth,) had been killed by his people, when he made an attack some months since upon the Amatembu; but as he had joined with them, and fired his gun upon his people, it could not be helped. I told him that we did not excuse the white man for uniting with his enemies, nor did we blame them for what had happened to him so employed.

He signified his intention to forward through Mr. Fynn two elephant's teeth, as a present to the "Great Chief," in assurance of his friendly disposition; but, at the same time, should the white people ever come against him in a hostile manner, he was resolved to fight with them.

On being again applied to respecting guides, he said that he could not order any to go, as should any thing happen to us the blame would probably be attributed to him. I then asked whether, provided any could be found willing to accompany me, he would withhold his consent. "No," he replied, "they have full liberty to go if they please; but I will not order them." As the party had gradually increased to nineteen or twenty, I thought it a good opportunity to obtain some information as to their ideas respecting a Supreme Being, &c.; commencing the subject by inquiring of Tpai, whether he was willing to receive a missionary, should any be inclined to reside near him. To this proposal he readily assented; saying that he should be glad. It may be as well to mention here, that the generality of these chiefs are actuated by political motives in the favor and protection which they extend to missionaries residing among them; and that, although the result under the blessing of God may be such as would cause the heart of every sincere Christian to exult with joy and thanksgiving, the native ruler would merely anticipate a higher degree of respect from his neighbours, by being thus in some degree allied to the white people, with probably a remote prospect of protection from them, and a certain present advantage in the numerous presents which, according to custom, would fall to his share. This is but fair to mention—not with a view to scrutinize motives, but to obviate mistakes, and to show forth the manifold mercy and wisdom of God in over-ruling even the unsanctified wills of men to the extension of his own work of grace, and the promotion of his own glory. What a practical commentary to our Lord's words, "Let both grow together until the harvest."

The conversation which took place I will now relate, as nearly as I can, in the precise words:—"Have you any knowledge of the power by whom the world was made? When you see the sun rising and setting, and the trees growing, do you know who made them and who governs them?" Tpai (after a little pause, apparently deep in thought)—"No; we see them, but cannot tell how they come: we suppose that they come of themselves." "To whom then do you attribute your success or failure in war?" Tpai—"When we are unsuccessful, and do not take cattle, we think that our father has not looked upon us." "Do you think your father's spirits made the world?" Tpai—"No." "Where do you suppose the spirit of a man goes after it leaves the body?" Tpai—"We cannot tell." "Do you

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think it lives forever?" Tpai—"That we cannot tell; we believe that the spirit of our forefathers looks upon us when we go out to war; but we do not think about it any other time." "You admit that you cannot control the sun or the moon, or even make a hair of your head to grow. Have you no idea of any power capable of doing this?" Tpai—"No; we know of none: we know that we cannot do these things, and we suppose that they come of themselves." Having extracted this painful and truly humbling confession, I concluded the subject by giving him a brief outline of what we were taught in the Scripture respecting God—death—heaven—hell! and the immortality of the soul! During the greater part of this conversation the Incosi-case was quietly reclining on her mat: she afterwards sat up a little, and I fully anticipated a long discussion would ensue; but she did not make the slightest remark. This woman* may be styled a queen of witches, and her appearance bespeaks her craft. Large coils of entrails stuffed with fat were suspended round her neck, while her thick and tangled hair, stuck over in all directions with the gall-bladders of animals, gave to her tall figure a very singularly wild and grotesque appearance. One of her devices, which occurred about six months ago, is too characteristic to be omitted. Tpai had assembled his army, and was on the eve of going out to war, a project which for some reason she thonght it necessary to oppose. Finding that all her dissuasives were ineffectual, she suddenly quitted the place; and, accompanied only by a little girl, entirely concealed herself from observation. At the expiration of three or four days she, as mysteriously, returned; and holding her side, apparently bleeding from an assegai wound, pretended to have been received in her absence from the spirit of her late husband Maddegan, she presented herself before Tpai. "Your brother's spirit," she exclaimed, "has met me, and here is the wound he has made in my side with an assegai: he reproached me for remaining with people who had treated me so ill." Tpai, either willingly or actually imposed upon by this strange occurrence, countermanded the army; and, if we are to credit the good people in these parts, the wound immediately healed! For several months subsequent to this period, she took it into her head to crawl about upon her hands and knees; and it is only lately, I understand, that she has resumed her station in society as a biped. The *animal* necklace, before alluded to, is by no means an uncommon ornament among this tribe. Yesterday I observed a woman carrying an infant similarly arrayed: a lesser coil in due proportion being also twined about the little creatures neck.

Being desirous to see the heir apparent before leaving, Tpai sent for him at my request, when Umtuchani, the hopeful chief, accompanied by his brother, soon appeared. Both are nice lads; the former about eleven or twelve years of age; but I could not regard them without some feeling of pity, as, with Tpai's sanguinary turn and love of power, it is doubtful whether he will permit the reins of government to pass into other hands during his lifetime; in which case a very few years must decide their fate. As soon as we had taken our leave, Tpai set out again for his other place; and shortly after we also retraced our steps.

All these tribes have a peculiar method of dressing the hair: that in fashion here is very singular. Tpai, and many of the elder men, wore only the Zoolu ring on the crown, while the generality of the younger men had so pushed and trimmed their hair, as, in many instances, to give it the perfect resemblance of a bishop's wig, with the exception of several detached ringlets hanging down behind: the long fibres of a root thrust through the lobe of each ear completed this strange costume. The woolly hair of the women was a compound of mat, curl, and crumple, in every part excepting the forehead and back of the neck where, with great pains, it was reduced to a collection of long flaky ringlets; those in front almost concealing the eyes, and thickly besmeared with red ochre. Some few of the elder women wore a skin wrapper, approaching to a turban, after the manner of the Amatembu belles; but for a more minute description of their toilet, I must refer to the accompanying sketches taken on the spot.

A severe retribution is often inflicted upon this cruel tribe; but, unfortunately, it has generally fallen upon those, who are the least responsible. In their wars with the Amatembu, who, having killed their chief, Maddegan, in battle, have become their perpetual enemies, it has not been unfrequent to cut off the hands of the women who fall into their possession, in order the more readily to procure the brass rings and armlets that many of them wear. Two of these unfortunate creatures were observed at Impōza—one deprived of both, the other of one hand. How humbling is this view of humanity—desperately wicked indeed is the human heart when left to itself; and, until the light of the Gospel illumine these dark places of the earth, they will ever remain as designated by the unerring Word of God, eminently "the habitations of cruelty." May it please the God of all grace to cut short his work in righteousness, and deliver these poor captives from the bondage of Satan, and the shadow of death in which they are now sitting.

Disappointed in the object of my visit (not a single individual volunteering to accompany me inland), we returned to the village we had left on Thursday before sunset.

Sunday, 30th.

"Who maketh thee to differ from another: and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?"—(1 Corinth. iv. 7.)

Oh! what a thankless heart I bear,
Though fraught with love my days have been;
Yet how reluctant to declare
The goodness and the truth I've seen.

Why am I now exempt from pain,
From pining want, and sickness spar
How many seek relief in vain,
In every mortal grief have shared!

*Manandaza died shortly after.

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But deeper, higher blessings still
Should fill my heart with grateful praise,
That God has e'er revealed his will,
Vouchsafed that I should learn his ways.

Oh! what distinguished love is this,
That I should e'er have known the sound
Of gospel grace and heavenly bliss—
That Jesus has a ransom found.

Why am I thus to differ made,
While millions still in darkness lie,
Whose hearts would gladly have obeyed,
Who would not have rebelled as I!

'Tis only grace—and grace alone,
Forever be its power proclaimed,
That sought and touched this heart of stone,
From paths of death my steps restrained.

A brand from out the burning caught—
Of goodness daily should I speak,
Recount what sovereign grace has wrought,
That others may like mercy seek.

Kindle, O Lord! my thankless heart,
May every breath with praise ascend;
The love that seraphs feel impart,
Some foretaste of their rapture lend.

So when th' appointed days shall cease,
And this cold heart no more shall beat;
In brighter realms of joy and peace,
Grace—conquering grace will still be sweet.

Long as eternity shall run
A deeper gratitude will glow;
The grace that was on earth begun
In streams of endless bliss shall flow.

English service in the hut in the forenoon. Kafir in the open air in the afternoon; about sixty-five natives attended.

Tuesday, Sept. 1*st.*—In reference to these locations which have been severally distinguished as places belonging to Mr. Fynn, Mr. Ogle, or Mr Cane, some explanation is necessary. In the month of June, 1833, Dingarn's army, on their return from Tpai's country, attacked a wagon belonging to some Hottentots on the right bank of the Umzimcoolu, and murdered all the people excepting three. The account soon reached Port Natal, and it was rumored that this was but the commencement of a general attack in contemplation upon the settlement. On their way home, a large detachment of the Zoolu army passed the neighborhood of Port Natal, which at once induced the natives to give full credence to the reports of their hostile designs; and, without waiting the developement of their plan, they mustered in large parties, in some instances assisted by the white people, and commenced firing upon them from the bushes as they pursued their route. The Zoolus, unaccustomed to the use of the muskets, and surprised at this unexpected attack, gave way, and unresistingly fled in all directions until they regained the main body, when the whole made the best of their way home. No sooner was the affair related to Dingarn, than he ordered all his people then inhabiting the district between the Port and the Tugăla to withdraw; and, notwithstanding two entire regiments were stationed there, the whole moved off, and have never since occupied any portion of the country to the southward of that river, which is now considered as their boundary in that direction. A simultaneous movement was at the same time made by the inhabitants of Port Natal, both white and black, who, naturally apprehensive of retaliation on the part of Dingarn, left the country, and fled beyond the Umzimcoolu. The greater part of the latter soon returned, but many belonging to Mr. Fynn, Mr. Ogle, annd Mr. Cane still remained, and have established themselves in the places referred to, forming permanent villages, and cultivating the ground. Their people still acknowledge them as their chiefs, and are prepared to remove again to Port Natal whenever it may be required, regarding themselves as totally distinct from the neighboring states, among whom they have never been incorporated, although surrounded by them and living with them on the most friendly terms. The united population of these villages, which are prettily scattered over the neighboring hills, is estimated at fifteen hundred, every individual of whom would repair to Port Natal on the first announcement of its being placed under the protection of the British government As a proof that no hostile intentions were then in contemplation, Dingarn, soon after the arrival of the fugitives on the Umzimcoolu, despatched ten messengers, including my present servant Umpondombeeni, to apologize for the attack upon the Hottentot wagon, and to request the white men would return. Shortly after a few did return, but the settlement was not generally re-occupied until about nine months subsequently. In the afternoon of this day my wagon arrived from Bunting, and as I was still buoying myself up with the hope of procuring a sufficient number of volunteers from among the neighboring villages to prosecute the inland journey, all hands were soon occupied in constructing a new tilt, and getting provisions and every thing ready for the journey.

Thursday, 3*rd.*—Nothwithstanding every effort, with the powerful inducement of cattle as a reward, not an individual would come forward, and the very name of the expedition had caused such a panic among the natives, that, although Mr. Ogle had engaged to accompany me, it was found necessary to abandon the attempt in this direction; and, every thing being ready, I set out this morning on my return to Port Natal, taking the wagon with me.

Saturday, 5*th.*—Although the European seasons are here reversed we were not altogether without our September sport. Soon after we had left the habitable district, two natives brought intelligence that they had fallen in with two elephants at a little distance in advance of the road we were taking. As soon as we came to the spot they had pointed out, we left the wagons in charge of a few people, and went in quest of them. After walking about two miles, a party of natives still on the look out, assured us that they had entered a wooded ravine, for which we immediately made. Groups of natives (Amapondas) occupiod the heights in all directions to prevent their escape, but would not venture themselves nearer. We

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went down to the skirts of the wood, and occasionally caught a glimpse of their huge bodies through the openings, and a few shot were fired chiefly to dislodge them from their retreat, as it was quite impossible, from the intricacy and tangled nature of the underwood, to obtain a proper aim. Tired at length by such fruitless attempts, we entered the wood by paths worn by the elephants themselves, and penetrated very near to the spot where they were standing, but still there was no possibility of obtaining a full view of them without being too much exposed, as it would have been quite impossible to have escaped through such a labyrinth had either of them been inclined to pursue. As it was, we had more than once to make off with all speed, whenever they thought proper to make a rush. The natives were so sanguine as to our success, that they had actually lighted fires, and were assembled around them in anticipation of the expected feast. Although they kept at a respectable distance from all danger, they contributed much to the interest of the scene, by frequently advancing to the skirt of the wood, shouting with their united voices, and striking their shields with their assegais, in order to induce our noble game to betake themselves to the open ground. Thus engaged, the night closed in upon us; and, becoming too dark to discern even an elephant among the thick boughs, the wood was no longer tenable, and we were reluctantly obliged to abandon the pursuit. This resolution was no sooner formed, and we had commenced the ascent, than crash went the bushes, and out they both sallied, the cow halting from the effect of a wound; but, notwithstanding we all gave instant chase, they were soon out of sight, beyond the reach of our guns. On this the hungry Amapondas quitted their fires supperless, and we proceeded by moonlight to our wagons without a single tooth as a trophy. As we walked along, Daniel (a Hottentot,) the driver of Mr. Ogle's wagon which accompanied me, related a very remarkable incident which happened to him some time ago while in the pursuit of an elephant near the Umzimcoolu. So suddenly had he come upon the animal, while watching his movements in a thick wood, that, before he had time to retreat, he felt the pressure of his trunk actually wound round his head. Had the grasp been lower it would have been fatal, but most providentially it merely lifted the cap from his head; and instantly, on finding himself liberated, with that presence of mind which danger often induces, he dived between the animal's fore-legs, and, passing quickly in his rear, eventually effected his escape. In order to make up for this detention, we proceeded for about three hours by moonlight, and the next day, about eleven, reached "*the waterfall.*" To the Umsicaba, a few miles beyond which I am now writing, the road to me is new, being the wagon track which I have not before travelled, and which has given me an opportunity, with which I have been much gratified, of a scramble among the rocks and precipices of this singular glen, which breaks so abruptly from the level of the country over which we had been travelling, that you suddenly approach a perpendicular cliff overlooking an extensive view, and from which the cataract descends to a great depth below. At this season of the year it is comparatively empty, and can scarcely be said to fall, a few trickling rills only finding their way to the base of the acclivity. In order to distinguish this from many other equally nameless waterfalls on this route, I have ventured to call it the Waning Fall, in indication of its rapid increase and decrease according to the season of the year. Soon after leaving the neighborhood of this romantic glen, several elands were seen on the open ground; one actually approached so near as to pass between the people and the loose cattle which they were driving. This is the largest species of the African deer, the males standing as high as a horse, and frequently running as fleet, though it is by no means so easy to overtake a doe even when well mounted.

Sunday 6th.

"And the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way."—(Numbers xxi. 4.)

How oft our treacherous hearts conspire
To meet the wily tempter's art!
The very blessings we desire
If but delayed, in whole or part,
Or wrought in some mysterious way,
Oft fill our bosoms with dismay!

Too apt to judge, by sense we deem
Our ways and wisdom oft the best;
Some shorter path would easier seem,
To lead us to our heavenly rest;
The language of our hearts would say,
"We're much discouraged by the way."

But could we see the germs of pride,
The spirit that too oft compels,
How much the world our hearts divide,
What poison in its flattery dwells;
Our choice the desert path would be,
If, Lord! it does but lead to Thee.

Though oft we seem again to trace
The very paths we trod before,
'Tis but to show our need of grace—
From some besetting sin restore;
'Tis trial proves us cold or hot,
Whether we love the Lord or not.

Lord! never leave me to my will,
In all the way my steps direct;
Thy gracious purposes fulfil,
From faithless fears my soul protect;
With Thee in Christ my life be hid,
One backward—sinful glance forbid.

So shall enduring peace be mine,
Thy rod and staff shall be my stay;
And when my spirit I resign,
'Twill rise to realms of endless day:
For ever to admire the grace,
That led me first to seek thy face.

Forenoon, English service in the open air—Afternoon, Kafir, ditto.

Monday, 7th.—Unable on account of the tide, to ford the Umtendo, which we reached on Satur-

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day afternoon, we were obliged to wait until eight o'clock; a detention which I did not regret, as the scramble up the opposite acclivities, which was effected without accident, was performed under the softened light of a full moon, giving to one of the most difficult wagon passes that can be imagined, and which to a novice in South African travelling would be regarded as an utter impracticability, a peculiar interest, which it would be difficult to describe. Part of my retirement yesterday was spent in view of the romantic cliffs and woods which margin this beautiful river, about a mile from its entrance into the sea. It was one of those beauteous spots which, while they gladden the eye, should lead us, as Cowper beautifully observes, "From nature up to nature's God;" and cause us to break forth in the words of another poet:—

> These are Thy works, Parent of good!
> Almighty! thine this universal frame.

Yesterday afternoon some natives arrived with an answer to a letter I had sent to Port Natal, requesting, if the sloop had arrived, that she might be detained until my return, as I wished to take a passage by her to Algoa Bay; but it contained no such cheering news—nothing had entered the Port since my departure. I was glad, however, to find that my truant horse, "Pilgrim," who so unhandsomely deserted me near the Umcamas, had been found not far from that river, and taken back to Berea, and that I might expect him shortly to be forwarded on to meet me on the road. Should it be necessary after all to attempt the inland route, which is said to be more accessible from Port Natal, his services will be valuable, and I shall not regret the long holiday he has taken.

Saturday, 12*th*.—On Wednesday morning a herd of wild pigs, about forty, were seen, and eagerly chased by the people. My driver shot one, which was a very seasonable supply. On the same evening we reached the Umzimcoolu, but, as it was just high-water, were obliged to wait until midnight, when we crossed at the mouth. As Mr. Ogle, with a wagon laden with elephants' teeth, was in company, the party was somewhat numerous, and the oxen had strayed so far, that it was long after the river was reported to be fordable that they could be collected. The descent to the beach is steep, and the night was so dark, that in order to save the wheels of the wagons, which more than once sunk into the burrows of the ant-eater, they were obliged to be supported occasionally by ropes and reims,* to prevent them from going over. In the mean time, the tide had rapidly increased; the oxen soon lost their footing, and, before the hind wheels had entered the stream, the front pair were swimming. It was indeed a gracious providence that brought us safely through, the wagon itself being more than once lifted by the heave of the waves. On the following evening I was surprised at the audacity of a hyena. It was dark when we approached the bank of a small brook, covered with brushwood, and in this vantage-ground a large fellow, who had just quitted his lurking-place, was advancing to attack my wagon driver, who had followed him without a gun: happily I came up at the time, and, although equally unarmed, he made slowly off, stopping occasionally and looking over his shoulder, as he deliberately ascended the bank. It is most probable he had been attracted by the pork which was still hanging about the wagons. Notwithstanding their usual timidity, frequent instances have been known in which natives have been attacked by them. Mr. Ogle related one which occurred in the Zoolu country, when he was passing through the district of Clomanthleen, in lieutenant Farewell's employment. While sleeping in a hut, with several natives belonging to the party, a hyena entered, and, seizing one of them by the forehead, dragged him towards the door-way, but was unable to proceed with his prey, as the wicker-door, which slides within two short posts, had swung back and partly closed the opening by which he had forced his way. In this predicament, the screams of the man, and the efforts of both, soon awoke the rest of the party, who, to their great surprise, found this unwelcome companion a prisoner among them. Shouting to the people in a neighboring hut, some burning faggots were introduced, which had the instantaneous effect of liberating the sufferer, and ejecting the disappointed intruder.

Yesterday a buffalo was shot, which has put all the natives in good spirits; the strong and stringy flesh of these animals being as delicious, in their estimation, as the tenderest beef to an European palate. The poor beast, which was an aged one, and of immense size and power, stood four shots before it ceased to plunge and tear the ground, and even after he fell, rolled over and over down the slope of the hill in his efforts to raise himself again upon his feet. Twice already have we been stopped by the rain, this being the month when it usually commences in this latitude. Some of our halting places, and particularly our nightly bivouacs, are truly picturesque;—often among romantic scenery, sheltered, when practicable, by rocks, or branches of trees cut for the purpose; while the blazing fires shed a peculiar light over the motley features of the surrounding group.—Not even the designs of Salvator Rosa, Bassano, or any of the other great masters of claro obscuro which I have seen, have ever conveyed to my mind the real peculiarities of these wild situations: the fact is, they are inimitable—much must always be left for the imagination, and it is on this very account that in all descriptive scenes poetry so far surpasses canvas representations. One may indeed illustrate the other, but to my mind the former has always the superiority. Of all the party, my servant, Umpondombeeni, was not the least grotesque; having picked up on the beach a large sponge, which exactly fitted his head, and which he decorated at the crown, which was peaked with the tail-feathers of a fowl that had been killed. As this was the first time that I had seen his head covered in any way, I was highly amused at the extraordinary change it had made in his appearance, while the cap itself, which he persisted in wearing during the remainder of the journey, reminded me of the antique drawings of Dacian helmets, and was by no means unbecoming.

On reaching Mr. Cane's village, where we

* A Dutch word signifying leather thongs.

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stopped some little time this morning, I found my horse. Two men, we understood, had recently been drowned in an attempt to cross the Umzimcoolu at the upper ford. Had they waited until the ebb tide, there would have been no danger, but this is a point of experience to which few of them have yet arrived; too frequently acting upon an absurd notion that when the moon has set the water has likewise reached its minimum. Including the above, three persons have been drowned at the same river within the short space of two months. Unfortunately, the natives of this part of Africa have not the slightest idea of a canoe, and but very few of them can swim. When the trading sloop, about fifteen tons, anchors in Port Natal, "The Ship" is announced, and numbers flock to the beach to behold the wonder. The prolific mattingoolo, so generally abundant near the sea, was now entirely out of season—not one was gathered during the whole journey, to our no small regret, as we were living chiefly on meal, without even sugar to make it more palatable.

Sunday, 13*th*.

"It is well."—(2 Kings iv. 26.)

When wave on wave our souls oppress,
And troubles like a flood o'erwhelm;
When tempest tost in deep distress,
No pilot seems to guide the helm—
'Tis grace alone that storm can quell,
And cause us to pronounce—"'Tis well."

Grace, like the tree Elisha found,
Can make the bitterest waters sweet;
Though all seems dark and dreary round,
It sooths the deepest grief we meet;
And though our hearts too oft rebel,
Inclines them to confess—"'Tis well."

Hushed in the storm—its fury laid,
When once that still small voice we hear,
"It is I—be not afraid!"
Thy Saviour and thy God is near!
No more the billows rage and swell,
Cheered by His presence—all is well.

Like suffering Job, the soul can cleave,
Bereft of all, on Him alone;
The firmer grasp, the more we leave,
And 'mid the fiercest trial own,
He who our inmost thoughts can tell
Has justly stricken—"It is well!"

Submission is thy work indeed—
But Thou has promised more than this;
Lord, let my soul from sin be freed,
Make me thy chastening rod to kiss;
Make faith and love within to dwell,
And then, indeed, it will be well.

What though rebuked and chastened here,
It is a Father's hand we fell!
Soon we shall count those sufferings dear,
Which broke our stubborn hearts of steel;
And own the griefs our bosom swell,
Were needful each—and all was well.

In that bright world of light and joy,
Where tears and sorrow cannot come,
'Twill be our grateful, sweet employ,
The mercies of our days to sum.
And, oh, what mortal now can tell
How much of earthly grief was well!

Performed English service in the morning—Kafir in the afternoon.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—Yesterday morning I left the wagons about five miles on this side of the Umcamas, and rode to Berea. No vessel had arrived, and it was the general opinion, to which I could not but acknowledge the painful probability, that she was lost. Since my absence, a native in the service of Mr. Plankenberg has been killed by an elephant near the Mavooti.

The hunting party to which he belonged had bivouacked for the night, when suddenly they were surprised by a troop of elephants, approaching close to their sleeping place. They had scarcely awoke when they were obliged to fly for their lives—all, excepting the deceased, crept under the neighboring bushes, and remained perfectly still, were unmolested, while he, endeavoring to effect his escape by running, attracted their notice, and was immediately seized and trodden to death.

On the arrival of my wagon this afternoon, preparations were commenced for a journey across the Quathlamba mountains, it being now my intention to endeavor to reach the colony by that route, every other being completely closed; and, after communicating with his Excellency, to proceed directly to England, in the hope of procuring missionaries to occupy the stations now formed—having as yet been unable to forward one single letter to the Church Missionary Society on this important subject, although many have been written.

Monday, 21*st*.—The hyena which had unceremoniously broken into the hut where the meat was kept, and devoured part of it on Saturday, returned last night, and finished the remainder, carrying even the door of the hut, which was found almost broken to pieces, to a considerable distance. This is the hut which was originally used as the school, and on Sunday for the English service.

Thursday, 24*th*.—On Tuesday afternoon the equipment was so far advanced, that we left Berea, and spanned out on the flat opposite to Mr. Collis's, in order to take in the remainder of the provisions.

Solitary as was my abode at this place—a humble grass-hut, affording nothing, either within or without, which in common parlance might be included within that most comprehensive of all English words, "comfort"—still it had been my "home," and was not divested of many pleasing associations; but it was not until I had actually turned my back upon it, and was descending the hill, that I became sensible of the place it already occupied in my affections. I had just taken leave of my faithful servant Umpondombeeni, to whose attachment I could not be insensible. Though reluctant to leave his wives, he meanly asked my leave to visit them at the Tugela, and return in time for the present journey; but this I thought unreasonable, and sent him home, with directions.

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to inspect the huts of Cululà occasionally, and see that the oxen presented to me by Dingarn were properly attended to in my absence.

Nombamba, another of my servants, a fine active young man, volunteered to accompany me, which I accepted; while poor Seenda, Mankanjana's brother, whom I was educating, expressed by his looks an equal desire, though he was far too young for such a jaunt. Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, the wagons being properly packed, and the people arranged in their places, we commenced the journey, stopping about an hour for for some of the oxen at Mr. Pickman's, (the last village in that direction, in the neighborhood of Port Natal.) Mr. Collis accompanied me on horseback to the mid-day halting-place, and soon after took his leave.

It may here be as well to give a list of the equipment:—

Two wagons.
Fifty-one draught-oxen, (two of which were pack-oxen.)
Twelve calves, for slaughtering.
One cow and calf, eight days old, (carried in the wagon while travelling.)

N. B.—As one ox and the cow and calf were left on the road, the total number of cattle was sixty-two.

Including Mr. Ogle, who took this opportunity of going to the colony with a native servant and myself, the party consisted of twelve, viz: five Europeans, one Hottentot, and six natives.

To European travellers the number of draught-oxen may appear disproportionate, but it would not have been prudent to have set out on such a journey with less than two span of twelve for each wagon, and a few spare ones in case of need; indeed, I should not have hesitated to have added even a few more, could they have been procured. After crossing the Umlass and Umpogŏti rivers, the road takes a great circuit to the south-west. This morning, at our first halt, about eleven o'clock, Port Natal was distinctly visible—the nearest part of the bay could not be more than nine or ten miles distant in a direct line, although we had travelled about thirty. The country through which we passed yesterday is broken into moderate hills, covered in patches with trees and underwood, producing abundance of grass, and only requiring the hand of man to develop the natural richness of the soil. During the greater part of the night there has been rain. Passed to-day a very broken country—the mountains generally table-topped, and the trees gradually disappearing as we recede from the coast. At a little before sunset stopped for the night. While toiling up a very steep ascent this afternoon, I observed a remarkable tree, about the size of a large apple-tree, growing near the bank. From the circumstance of its bearing a reddish blossom, and being totally divested of leaves, I at first mistook it for the umseensi, but on a nearer inspection I found that the blossom was of a deep-cherry or blood-red color, and am inclined to believe that it is a species little known.

Friday, 25th.—This morning we were delayed on account of the oxen, several having separated from the main herd: they were tracked to a considerable distance; and from the speed with which they appeared to have gone off, it was supposed that they had been chased by a lion. Spanned out early, and despatched three men after them, with directions to cut across the country, and meet us again on our arrival at the Inthlangwăin villages. They did not, however, proceed far when they fell in with the missing cattle, and returned. Just as we were again setting out a Hottentot arrived on horseback. As he approached, I felt assured that he had been sent to announce the arrival of some vessel in the bay; but far different were the tidings he brought, and most heart-rending the accounts contained in the letters he delivered. Mr. Collis's magazine, containing fifteen hundred pounds of powder, had yesterday exploded; and himself, his infant child, the native nurse, and a Hottentot named Class, had been killed, while several natives had been severely burnt. The circumstance which led to this awful scene was related by a native who was present, and so severely burnt, that it is scarcely thought he can recover. Mr. Collis had gone into the store for the purpose of taking out a gun for Class, then in his service, but who had accompanied me from the colony as Mr. Berkin's servant. In order to try the flint, he had imprudently snapped the lock, with the muzzle pointed towards a powder barrel, when the gun which had been carelessly put by loaded, but without priming, went off; and the explosion, which was heard at the Umgăni, took place. The mangled bodies of Mr. Collis and the Hottentot were blown to a considerable distance; the skull of the infant, which was in the arms of the servant girl, seated on the outside of an adjoining building, was fractured; and she shortly after died of the injury she had sustained.

So sudden and so awful a summons from time into eternity speaks, in solemn accents, to every heart,—"Prepare to meet thy God." Oh! that this afflictive dispensation may not be without a beneficial influence upon the lives of all in this neighborhood! that this second breach in our small community may teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom! that those who had never yet sought the Lord may seek Him in earnest, while their day of grace remains! and that those who have found Him, and felt that He is indeed precious to their souls—all their hope, and all their desire—may be stimulated to great watchfulness, working while it is day, that when their Lord shall come, they may be found with their lamps trimmed ready for his appearing!

Having despatched the messenger with a short reply, we proceeded on our journey over an undulating country destitute of trees. Soon after sunset stopped at a spot formerly the site of a native village, but where only sufficient brushwood for kindling the fires could be procured.

Saturday, 26th.—A continuation of the same open country, uninteresting to a traveller, but likely one day to be held by the grazier in great estimation; the downs being extensive and elevated, the soil dry, and the grass shorter and better than that produced on the lower grounds nearer to the sea. This whole district, now a wilderness

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was, as I am informed, well inhabited, until the devastating army of Charka swept over these hills. The mere circular site of their perishable dwellings is all that is now apparent, but many of the cattle enclosures, which, from the scarcity of timber, were built of rough stones, are still remaining. Some which we passed are built entirely of mud, piled in blocks, like unburnt brick; others with stone and mud intermixed, in layers, and arranged in the circular form, similar to those which are enclosed with a bush fence.

Mr. Cane, who accompanied me as far as the Inthlangwăin villages, related a singular method of setting a broken limb, having himself experienced the operation at a spot not far from the track we are now pursuing; his arm having been broken and put out of joint by the overturning of his cart. Several men having assembled at the place, with a native Esculapius at their head, a deep hole was scooped out, and then partly filled with pliant clay; the whole arm, with the hand open, and the fingers curved inwards, was then inserted, when the remainder of the clay that had been prepared was filled in, and beaten closely down. Several men then steadily raised his body perpendicularly to the incased arm, and drew it out by main force. By this simple but somewhat painful method his arm was perfectly reset; and, had he retained the native bandage, would doubtless have grown perfectly straight, but by substituting a sling it has grown out. This, I understand, is the usual practice among all these tribes; and is said to be effectual. Our forenoon's journey was about four hours. In the afternoon several bucks were seen, and a herd of buffalo passed very near to the wagons; one was wounded by Jacob, the Hotentot, but we had not time to pursue them.

By following the track of some Dutch wagons on their return to the colony, and which we afterwards understood had separated at this point, we were thrown considerably out of the road, and obliged to bivouac near the Umagŏrda, a branch of the Umcamas, which here occupies a narrow ravine at the foot of the mountains. Had it not been for this circumstance, we should probably have reached Foortu's village this evening, which I was anxious to effect on account of the service to-morrow. Near the stream are a few patches of trees: the rocks are compact sandstone and coarse slate.

Sunday, 27th.

"I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return; that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear."—(Isaiah xlv. 23.)

Lord of the harvest, now descend,
Break up this dry, this fallow ground;
May light and life thy word attend;
Release the souls in darkness bound.

Ride on victorious to reclaim
The holds which Satan still defends;
Proclaim thy great, thy glorious name
To all the earth's remotest ends.

Immutable thy promise stands;
Thy purposes of love are sure;
The time is set to loose the bands
Which Afric's fettered sons endure.

Pity, O Lord! their lost estate;
Attend thy people's earnest cry,
Who plead for them, and supplicate,
Oh! leave them not in chains to die.

Shall he, the strong man armed, defy
The armies of the living God!
What! though with walls they're fenced on high,
Prevailing prayer shall stay the rod.

Is there no son of Jesse here—
No champion for the Lord of Hosts?
Shall Israel now turn back with fear,
In sight of promised Canaan's coasts?

Kindle afresh that holy zeal,
Which fired apostles' hearts of old:
Arise, O Lord! thine arm reveal;
Enlarge the borders of thy fold.

May many hearts, inclined by grace,
Themselves a free-will offering give—
To publish peace in every place,
Where sinners now in darkness live.

Till every border is possessed,
And Christ proclaimed in every land;
Till then we would not—dare not rest—
But forward press at thy command.

And every city compass round,
Till grace shall bid the bulwarks fall,
And joy and peace on earth abound,
And Jesus shall be all in all.

English service in the forenoon.—Kafir service in the afternoon.

Monday, 28th.—Tedious travelling—one wagon obliged to be dug out of a swamp, and both to be towed separately up a steep hill by both spans united. On the descent from these acclivities, the rocks exhibit many appearances of combination with iron. Crossed another small stream, also a branch of the Umcamas, and soon after the river itself, the bed of which was strewed with rocks, and the water, in some places, scarcely knee-deep. The villages of the Inthlangwăin, which had been for some time visible, could only be approached by a wagon, on account of the ruggedness of the ground, by a very circuitous route; that belonging to Foortu, the ruling chief, and at which we arrived soon after noon, is situated on the skirt of the narrow valley at the foot of the mountain; the remainder are generally on higher grounds, and have a pretty effect backed by the dark precipices beyond. In this favored spot vegetation is prolific; some large trees occupy the ravines, both wood and water are convenient, and corn is produced in abundance. There is on the opposite side of the river a salt pan, but it is of small extent; still, as it is the only one known to exist throughout the country on this side of the mountains, it might probably be turned to some account.

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In the river are some good fish, one of which was caught. As it is rather an extraordinary event to see wagons in this part, we were soon surrounded by the whole male population; while the women, patient creatures! set heartily to work to grind corn and bake loaves for the journey, the prospect of a few yards of dungaree and some bunches of beads calling forth all their energies.

Having already made acquaintance with Foortu at Berea, I spent some little time in his hut, in order to obtain what information he possessed respecting the country we were about to traverse. Unfortunately, their hunting expeditions had been chiefly confined to the intermediate country between this and the sea, ranging from the Umgăni to the Umzimvoobo; they said they had in some instances been nearly to the Quathlamba, but know of no passes through those mountains, nor had they even heard of inhabitants in any of the intervening districts. These people originally lived high up on the right bank of the Tugăla, whence they were driven, about fifteen years since, by the devastating wars of Charka. The name of this village is Doomazoolu, or Thundering Heavens, and, with the other nine, contains from 300 to 400 men; and as each on an average has three wives, the whole population may be estimated at about 3000. The name of Charka, according to Foortu's account, was not even known to them until the approach of his army was announced, and they were eventually obliged to abandon their country, when, after wandering for some time, they settled on the Umzimvoobo; but even there they found no respite, the Amakoash under Maddegăn falling upon them and killing their cheif Nombeu (father to Foortu,) who fell by the hand of Tpai. This occurred about five years ago, and obliged them to seek their present asylum, which, after enduring many hardships, several of their people dying from actual starvation, they effected. They describe themselves as having been formerly a powerful nation, the only remains of which at present consist of twenty-five villages,—ten here, ten more on this side of the Umgăni, and five on the other, all under the control of Foortu, and may probaly amount to between 7,000 and 8000 souls. The refugees so frequently to be met with scattered among all the tribes from the colonial frontier to the Umzimvoobo, and especially at the missionary stations in those districts, and who are known under the general name of "Fingu" (literally wanderer,) are the remnants of the various nations formerly inhabiting this extensive tract of country, the greater part of whom have been destroyed either by famine or the assegai. On the bank of the Umcamas, not quite a day's journey from hence, towards the mouth is a remarkable rocky defile, which has long been celebrated as the Thermopylæ of this part of Africa, having been as courageously defended by a chief called Namabunga, and who, with a handful of men, successively opposed the whole force that Charka could bring against them. The gallant Namabunga has since fallen in an affray with the Inthlangwăin, and only nine of the original party now remain, who, with their wives and children, still retain their rocky fastness, the proud and melancholy wreck of a brave and unconquered race. Were it not for the important objects of my present journey, which does not admit of any unnecessary delay, I should not certainly have passed so near without paying these extraordinary people a visit.

The erroneous appellation of "Bushmen," by which the Inthlangwăin are commonly known at Port Natal, has obtained, from the circumstance of their having acquired the method of poisoning the assegais which they use in killing the elephant and other wild animals, from a party of wandering Bushmen with whom they were occasionally associated during their residence on the Umzimvoobo. On asking Foortu, in presence of several of his people, whether he should like to have a "Teacher" residing with him, he said, "I should rejoice;" and, after explaining the object of my present journey, and the expectation I had of a missionary being eventually sent to his people, he replied, "I cannot believe that it will be so; it is what I desire to see, and that which would make me glad."—On the subject of religion they are equally as dark as their neighbors the Zoolus. They acknowledged, indeed, a traditionary account of a Supreme Being, whom they called Oukoolukoolu, (literally the Great-Great) but knew nothing further respecting him, than that he originally issued from the reeds, created men and cattle, and taught them the use of the assegai. They knew not how long the issitoota, or spirit of a deceased person, existed after its departure from the body, but attributed every untoward occurrence to its influence, slaughtering a beast to propitiate its favor on every occasion of severe sickness, &c. As is customary among all these nations, a similar offering is made by the ruling chief to the spirit of his immediate ancestor preparatory to any warlike or hunting expedition, and it is to the humor of this capricious spirit that every degree of failure or success is ascribed. They listened with much attention while I informed them what the Scripture said respecting the power, the wisdom, and the love of God, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and the day of final judgment; but an audible laugh instantly proceeded from all who were present, on my telling them that God had declared in his Word that man's heart was full of sin. This I have always found the most difficult subject to explain, even to those who have had frequent opportunities of instruction; I was not, therefore, greatly surprised at this slight interruption, which was merely an expression of astonishment.

Having presented Foorta with a piece of broadcloth for an ingoobo, he paid me what doubtless he considered as a high compliment, by styling me, in his return of thanks, the "Black Chief."

These people are not only industrious, but particularly friendly to Europeans, and in every respect offer a most encouraging field for missionary labor; may it please the Lord of the harvest to incline the hearts of some among his devoted servants to visit this secluded valley, and willingly submit to spend and be spent in directing these wild mountaineers to the Lamb of God, the Saviour of sinners.

Tuesday, 29th.—This morning, I sat till I was tired in front of my wagon, dispensing beads in exchange for various articles, which were brought

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for purchase, such as ezinqaa, amas, ground beans,* and Kafir-corn. The crowd, though noisy, were respectful; each in turns delivering the contents of the calabash or basket, and as quietly awaiting the payment in return. In the very height of the barter, a bush-buck was espied on an opposite hill, which instantly induced a strong party of men, accompanied by their dogs, to hurry off in pursuit. Assegais were hastily snatched up, and away they went, dispersing themselves in all directions. It was amusing to observe the rapidity with which, in a few minutes, they had crossed the river and were clambering, among rocks and bushes, the slopes of the mountain beyond;—the women around the wagon, forgetting for a while their beads and dungaree, and eagerly employed in tracing the buck with their hands and eyes until concealed from their view, seemed quite to enjoy the sport. Three bucks were killed and brought in by the hunting-party in the course of the afternoon. Last night, while conversing with Foortu and some of his principal people, they gave an amusing account of an idea, which, until they had seen white men, they had previously entertained respecting them. It was reported that these strange beings had, on some occasion or other, fallen from the sky, but not with their full complement of limbs, but half the usual number of legs, arms, and eyes being sufficient for their use;—moreover, they had the peculiar faculty of blowing leaden balls with the breath of their mouths from the muzzles of their guns! Surprising facts these, which they now acknowledge to have been a base imposition. I was happy to find that they give as little credence to the stories respecting Unkoolukoolu, observing that as it appears their forefathers had no direct communication with him, they have no reliance upon the statements which have been handed down to them, and that they are desirous to be informed on the subject. In their language, habits, buildings, and appearance, they are exactly similar to the Zoolus, with one important exception—the heads of the women are not shorn, but usually dressed after the Amaponda fashion. The men are fond of wearing strings of white beads round the head, passing just below the eyes and resting on the bridge of the nose, which at a distance give them a very wild appearance. I have also remarked several of the Zoolus similarly decorated. Every thing being arranged, we set out, though late this afternoon, and almost immediately began to ascend a steeper mountain than any I have yet climbed with a wagon.—Notwithstanding fourteen oxen were yoked to each, the united strength of both spans was only sufficient to convey mine (the least encumbered) to the top; all our efforts to raise the other above midway were ineffectual. The night had closed in; thunder was pealing among the mountains; and, although there was not a spot near the lower wagon sufficiently level to pitch the tent for the people, they were obliged to remain there until the morning, the wagon resting upon the slope with both wheels locked; and, to an observer from below, to all appearance suspended in the air.

* A native, I believe, of De la Goa Bay; the plant is low, and the beans are produced at the root; they are very nutritious.

Wednesday, 30th.—Previously to lightening the *stranded* wagon, which I had directed, one more effort was made; and to my no small surprise I soon perceived, by the loud cracking of the whip, that they were once more *under weigh*, and shortly afterwards my lumbering consort made her appearance alongside. From this elevation, where we remained for some time to rest the harassed oxen, the prospect is striking;—mountains in all directions, with the Umcamas in graceful windings, forcing its way through their rocky ravines, until lost among the ragged acclivities of Namabunga. We are now fairly entered upon the mountains, and although, by the circuitous route it has been necessary to take, we have travelled about eighty-five miles, the actual distance in a direct line from Port Natal cannot, I should think, be more than fifty on a true course nearly due west.

Having obtained two men from Foortu, as guides to a ford high up on the Umsimcoolu, we continued our journey about ten o'clock, still ascending. A less tedious and difficult road, I doubt not, will eventually be found; but it was not until we had surmounted the steepest part that a more accessible route seemed apparent on the left. As it will be convenient for the sake of reference to supply names to a few points during the present journey, I have ventured to call this "Mount Clamber," an appellation which I should apprehend few who have reached the top will be inclined to dispute as unappropriate. Thus far we have been pursuing a partially beaten track, dignified in Port Natal phraseology by the name of a road; but here we have only the faint traces of some Dutch wagons, which about twelve months ago crossed these mountains on their return to the Colony from Port Natal, and these only occasionally to be discovered by a practised eye.

Having now passed what may be termed the only "oasis" by the way, the solitary wilderness is again before us; but as the day proved rainy, we made but little progress, and out-spanned again at one.

Saturday, October 3rd.—Until this morning we have been weather-bound, detained by the rain; and I have been as it were in solitary confinement, scarcely able to leave my wagon for an instant during the whole time,—the rain falling in torrents with little interruption, and accompanied with much thunder and lightning. Last night was so tempestuous, that the tent was blown over and could not again be pitched, and I was in hourly expectation that the tilt of my wagon, which was leaking down upon my bed, would have shared the same fate. Independent of the discomfort of travelling in rainy weather, it is highly imprudent when on a long journey, as the necks of the oxen soon became sore, and they are thereby rendered unfit for use for several days. The two guides, who had wisely returned to their village at the commencement of the rain, rejoined us some time after we had started this morning, and reported that the Umcamas suddenly had risen and was now overflowing its banks. Proceeded in a westerly direction over a continuation of rounded open downs without trees. From this high level we obtained the first view of the Quathlamba mountains, extending appa-

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rently in one continued range from N.E. to S. W., presenting a very broken and rugged outline, with much snow still remaining on their summits. While endeavoring to cross a small mountain rill, the baggage-wagon sunk to the axles in the mud; twice the tractow* was broken in the endeavour to urge it forward, and it was not until it had been actually dug out with great difficulty, that it was at length extricated. Here we spanned out during the middle of the day, now delightfully cool since the late storm. This morning saw an eland, and several bucks and partridges. In the afternoon, we fell in with a large herd of "hartebeests," but could not approach them near enough for a shot; they are nearly as large as the eland, but with a longer neck, which they carry more erect. In shape they are more like the fallow-deer, with large palmated antlers. Observing by my glass, what I conceived to be an opening in the snowy range, bearing about W. by N., I resolved, if possible, to make that point, in the hope of finding a practicable pass for the wagons. As the upper ford on the Umzimcoolu would oblige us to keep too much to the S.W., I gave up the intention of following the track of the Dutch wagons thus far, and resolved to make the best of my way across the ridges in the direction proposed. The frequent necessity of walking in front to inspect the country before the wagons came up, although very fatiguing, created a great deal of interest, but it prevented me from finding a suitable spot for our Sunday's halt until long after the sun had gone down. We spanned out on a steep ridge, overlooking a rugged valley, in which were two streams, called by the guides the Inkonzo and Ungangwăni; both, as they state, branches of the Umzimcoolu, and uniting with that river at no great distance from our present station. The latter, which is the most distant, is the larger stream.

Distance travelled about twenty-six miles. General course, west.

Sunday, 4th.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."—(Matthew xxviii. 20.)

What rich mines of endless treasure
Does the word of God contain!
Free and boundless without measure,
Every promise sure and plain.

One there is above the rest,
Sweeter than the sweetest there;
Of that one alone possessed,
All their fulness we shall share!

Hear thy gracious Saviour speak,
"Lo, I am with you to the end!"
Though you are helpless, poor, and weak,
On me you always may depend.

What light and life these words contain!
All that sinners e'er can need;
A balm for every grief and pain,
A rich inheritance indeed!

Join then, my soul, in that amen,
Which claims the promise as thine own;
Plead it in prayer,—and plead again—
Rest not until its power be known.

When Christ departs, what joy remains?
All then is darkness and despair!
Vexation marks our toils and pains
'Tis only light when He is there!

Oh, let me then with Him abide—
The rock on which my all I build;
No other friend I need beside,
In Christ my wants are all fulfilled.

And death—oh bliss! shall only rend
The veil that now conceals his face;
And I shall then behold my Friend
For ever nigh—redeemed by grace!

Morning.—English service in the tent;—*Afternoon.*—Kafir ditto in the open air.

Tuesday, 6th.—On account of yesterday's rain, we were unable to proceed until this morning. The man who went for the cattle on Sunday evening saw a lioness with four whelps, lying down at no great distance from them, evidently watching an opportunity to seize upon a straggler. When he appeared, they rose and made slowly off, occasionally stopping and looking round, while he was occupied in driving the herd towards the wagons—unaccustomed to such companions, my horse had wisely made off, and was not found again until after we had set out. The Doomazoolu guides, confessing that they had no further knowledge of the country, were this morning dismissed, and by them I took the opportunity of sending back the cow and calf, to be delivered into the charge of Foortu, and forwarded to Port Natal, when sufficiently recovered. I was not altogether sorry at this necessity (the milk having failed for some days,) deeming it generally best on expeditions of this kind, that all should fare alike, and having from the first some little compunctions on the decided selfishness of this private supply. Soon after leaving the heights, where we had spent the last two days, the baggage-wagon again stuck in crossing a brook; the late heavy rains having softened the ground so much, that the four wheels were almost engulfed. The attempt to drag it back, by applying the fourteen-ox power to the rear, was ineffectual, as the fore axle rested on the bank. The handle of the spade was broken in the endeavor to pare this down; and after all, it was found necessary to unload the wagon, and then, by digging a passage in front, to drag it through in the usual manner. Spanned out by one. Observed several yellow-wood and other timber trees on the mountain slopes and ravines, but as yet we had been chiefly wending along high ridges through an open country. In many places wild sage, mint, rue, and parsley, are abundant: patches and single plants of the common English fern, here called como-como, are found in every part of this country, and are in great request in the neighborhood of inhabited places, the root having been found to be a successful remedy against those internal derangements to which, from the necessity

* Hide rope, passing between the oxen from the pole, and to which the yokes are attached.

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of eating meat without salt, and a long continuance of milk diet, the natives are peculiarly liable. The broken nature of the country, and the continuation of a rocky ridge, impassable for wagons, obliged us to make a great circuit to the northward, so that at our evening bivouac but little progress had been made in the desired direction. Distance travelled about nineteen miles—general course, N. N. W.

Perhaps I may here be permitted to introduce the divertisement of a rainy day.

WAGON TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Ye locomotive sons of travel,
Whose pastime is to scour the land,
Listen awhile while I unravel
A tale of distant Africand.
And dream no more of chariots stuffed,
And downy beds with eider puffed.

In our antipodes of ease,
If comfort you would still combine
To wagon-pace, by slow degrees
Your progress you must here confine;
For should you ever walk or ride,
You'll have no other house beside.

No turnpikes here, and scarce a road—
Still on the cumbrous omnium moves,
By twelve or fourteen oxen towed,
While every rock its metal proves,
As jolt by jolt it wends its way
Where bucks and elands only stray.

Resigned and patient you must be,
For bumps and tossings you will meet;
Sometimes you'll think yourself at sea,
And oft be jerked from off your seat;
And when you come to ford a river,
The whole will creak, and gape, and quiver

For headlong you will seem to go,
Like magnets dipping near the pole,
While currents through your boxes flow,
The oxen scarcely in control—
Now scrambling—falling—swiming now,
As through the rapid stream you plough.

And when the nether bank you mount,
Like some huge mammoth stranded there,
Awhile you'll hang—for drivers count
'Tis best to pause for change of air,
Suspended on a steep ascent,
Lest haply the whole team be spent.

Crack goes the whip—a passage breaks
Through tangled boughs, and reeds and grass;
The sea-cow*, scared, her haunt forsakes,
And cranes shriek loudly as you pass,
And loosened rocks in fragments strew
The opening you have struggled through.

To check your speed—for strange to say,
You're rudely hurled sometimes along—
A steep declivity may lay
Across the path you 're journeying on;
In serpent windings to and fro,
The skillful leader makes them go.

And dust and stones alike are cast
To check their mad career awhile—
An avalanche—you gain at last,
By sheer momentum, the defile;
But should perchance a rock be there,
Your wheels would circle in the air.

And oh, what barbarous Dutch I've heard,
Fit language for an ox's ear;
By all this jargon is preferred,
When they would make their cattle hear;
And, with the harsher whip between,
Well suits the wild,—the desert scene.

All is not fair that cheers the eye—
Some treacherous bog engulfs the wheel,
Nor house nor tree for miles are nigh;
And though the pelting storm you feel,
Your whole effects are strewed around,
Cast on the black and yielding ground.

And there perhaps for hours you wait,
Soaked in the rain, and ankle deep,
To mark the lightened omnium's fate,
And hail it issuing from the deep;
And then if you have aught that's dry,
You 're better off than hapless I.

Such, tourists, are the joys we boast,
Without the light champain to cheer;
Yet we can pledge a blithsome toast:
The mountain streamlet murmers near,
And bumpers to your health we drink,
And only ask—on us you'll think!

Wednesday, 7th.—Passed through a very fine country, skirted on the right by a small stream—open downs, with well-watered flats between, and timber in patches on several of the mountain slopes. Saw a heard of hartebeests, but they all ran off before we were within gun-shot. The tails of these animals are similar to that of a horse, and, when at full speed, flow behind them with fine effect—they do not spring, but, but like the eland, go off at a trot or gallop. Spanned out about one. A remarkable mountain has been visible in the Quathlamba range nearly the whole morning, bearing north-west; and from its singularly indented outline, I have been induced to name it the Giant's Cup. This afternoon, having for some time been traversing high open downs, in a direction nearly due west, we were suddenly stopped by abrupt precipices, overlooking some beautifully secluded valleys, through which a river was winding, which I take to be the Ungánguani. Obliged to turn considerably to the northward, and soon after sunset stopped on the bank of the same river, at a point where it sweeps the steep base of a rocky hill, which opposes itself to its course in a horse-shoe form. Although on the open grounds not a twig was to be seen, the banks of this stream

* Hippopotamus (so called by the Dutch and colonists.

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furnished us with abundance of firewood. Distance travelled about twenty-six miles—general course, W. N. W.

Thursday, 8th.—Having pared down the bank on each side of the river for the wagons to pass, we crossed at a point opposite to our bivouac, which I have named Wyngart's Ford*. Continued our journey still over open grass downs, in nearly a due westerly direction, the ridges gradually declining in height until we reached another rather larger river, which I think must be the principal branch of Umzimoolu. Both this and the Unganguani, pent in by steep acclivities, make very abrupt and serpentine bends at the points where we reached them. A jackal has been seen both yesterday and to-day, as well as some hartebeests. As another remarkable mountain, more to the eastward, has been observed among the Quathlamba, I have named it the "Saddle Back," in order to distinguish it from the Giant's Cup, to which it is very similar. The snow has now almost entirely disappeared from the whole range, as far as the eye can reach.

On this, and many other rivers which we have passed, wild ducks have been seen; but I have at length adopted the opinion of Waterdoer, the Grigua chief, who, when I met him in Cape Town, replied, with a hearty laugh to my inquiry, whether he was able to shoot a bird flying, that he did not waste powder upon birds. The ducks are therefore allowed to enjoy themselves unmolested which our scanty supply of balls (all the hunters' lead having been expended before we left Port Natal) obliges us to husband it for nobler game.

This forbearance has not been without its reward, as, during the period of spanning out to-day, an eland was shot on the opposite side of the river. Here it again became necessary to cut the bank on both sides, by which passage we soon after crossed—naming the spot "King's Ford."†

Afternoon.—Scarcely had we quitted the river, than we were obliged to turn to the southward, and descend a very steep and rocky ridge, which occupied so much time, from the precautions which were necessary to prevent the wagon from overturning, that, in order to recruit the oxen, we spanned out as soon as we reached a convenient spot in the valley below. An even grass ridge, forming a complete amphitheatre, sheltered our bivouac on three sides, while a small brook of clear water meandered through the whole area. It was a most sheltered spot, but not a twig was growing near, and the people had to go in quest of fire-wood to a considerable distance. Distance travelled fifteen miles—general course, west.

Friday, 9th.—The mountains, closing in to the westward, obliged me to shape a more northerly course, in which direction the country was more open; and after traversing a continuation of downs, we were again conducted to the banks of, what I take to be, the Umzimcoolu, which we forded without difficulty, though the bed was very rocky, at a spot I have called Ogle's Ford‡. A heavy thunder storm, with rain, obliged us to stop on the opposite bank. By measuring the wagon and traces, and allowing for the space between the front oxen and the opposite bank, when in the act of fording in a straight line, I found the width of the river in this part to be twenty-seven yards, and at the former eighty.

Afternoon.—Ascended a very steep hill from the river; from the top of which it was observed to make a number of very abrupt windings, through a most impracticable country, intersected with a succession of rocky acclivities. Here the first gneu was seen at a short distance from the wagons. From another steep hill, which we soon after ascended, a succession of open downs extended nearly to the mountains. The day had closed, and it was quite dark before an eligible spot for outspanning could be found—there being neither trees nor shelter until we approached some rocky hills, in a northerly direction, where, in consequence of our improvidence in not bringing some fire-wood in the wagon, we were obliged to go supperless to bed. Travelled about twenty miles—general course, N. E.

Saturday, 10th.—While walking over the hills this morning, previous to starting with the wagons, I saw a dark colored, thick-bodied snake, about five feet long, with a wide, flat head, and pointed mouth: the head was covered with yellow spots. It is, I believe, of the species called by the Dutch the "wrinkle snake." On my return we proceeded through a fine valley, leading directly to the foot of the Giant's Cup; from whence on our right a rocky stream was issuing, which is probably the Umcamas. Having wound for some distance through this valley, skirted on each side by mountains, our further progress was suddenly stopped on one side by immmense fragments of rock fallen from the mountain, which rose abruptly on the left, while the river itself occupied the only level spot on the right. Distance travelled about five miles—general course, N. N. W. Having already crossed the stream with my horse by the time the wagons came up, I gave directions to span out, and pushed forward, in the hope of finding some practicable pass on the other side, or at least of observing the country beyond the mountains, from one of their elevated ridges. With this object in view I led my horse over the most difficult places; many parts being exceedingly steep and rocky; and continued ascending from ridge to ridge until overtaken by a thunder storm. A thick mist rising soon after nearly concealed my path; but at this time a heavy shower of hail was falling, and I gladly endured a wetting, with the full expectation that it would disperse the mist. In this, however I was disappointed; and after anxiously awaiting a break for a considerable time, I unsaddled my horse, and seating myself upon a rock, prepared for a nightly bivouac in this uncomfortable situation. Thus exposed, without the remotest hope of assistance from my party, now several miles distant, I had recourse to that sure refuge—a throne of grace; and though the infidel may scoff, I will declare it for the encouragement of others, and the glory of my God, that he vouchsafed to hear my cry, and delivered me. Through an opening in the mist, I was soon after enabled to perceive the route which it would be necessary for me to take, in order to retrace

* From Jan Wyngart, driver of the baggage-wagon.

† From Richard King, driver of my wagon.

‡ From Mr. Ogle, who accompanied the party.

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my steps; and on which I thankfully proceeded, although it became shortly after as thick as ever; but before I had gone far, it again entirely cleared up; and I was thus enabled, after a tedious walk, and not until it was quite dark, to rejoin the wagons. Two men had been sent out in quest of me, but I did not fall in with them until I had reached the foot of the mountain. In the course of my scramble I picked up, on some of the highest points, several specimens of agate, which were lying about on the surface in great quantities. They occur generally in small irregular pieces, about the size of a nutmeg, and appear to be very transparent. From this circumstance, I have given the valley the name of Agate Vale.

Sunday, 11*th*.

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."—(Philipp. iv. 6.)

Hence, ye vain corroding cares,
Never more my heart oppress;
The word of God a balm prepares
For every hour of deep distress.

A throne of grace is there revealed,
Where Jesus sits to answer prayer;
'Tis but to come and to be healed,
And leave our anxious burdens there.

And oh! how full the promise runs—
In every time of need draw near,
And I will deal with you as sons,
And banish every doubt and fear.

Nought that is needful I restrain,
And you may ask for all you need;
None ever came to me in vain;
My promise you may always plead.

But let not prayer alone ascend;
Shall we the cup of blessing drink,
And thankless our petitions end?
No more upon our mercies think!

Acceptance we could never gain;
A fiery sword would bar the way,
Had not the blood of Jesus slain
Procured access whereby we pray.

And never can we fully know,
Until we reach the realms of love,
The debt of gratitude we owe
To such an Advocate above.

Well then with prayer may *praise* unite—
Our highest privilege while here;
In Heaven 'twill be our chief delight,
Eternity itself endear.

So shall that perfect peace be ours,
Which none but suppliants fully share;
And we shall deem our happiest hours
Were those that we have spent in prayer.

Morning.—English service in the tent;—*Afternoon*.—Kafir ditto in the open air.

Monday, 12*th*.—Went out in two parties to explore a road. This time I was attended by two people, a Hottentot, and a Zoolu. My horse having had such a severe lesson in the *antelope step* on Saturday, I thought it but fair that it should not be repeated to-day; and, indeed, as it turned out, he would only have proved an incumbrance. As we ascended, the effect of the new and the old grass divided by the river, which had obstructed the burning, was singular, and had all the appearance of the distinguishing colors of two contiguous countries on a map. Never do I remember to have a more difficult scramble; in many places it was necessary only to regard the actual rocks over which I was clambering: the precipices on each side were too fearful to be contemplated for a moment. After all this toil I was again disappointed in obtaining a glimpse of the country beyond: the ridge upon which I was standing suddenly terminated at my feet, in a perpendicular chasm, which, until I reached the brink, had appeared to be connected with an opposite pinnacle, adjoining the crest of the Giant's Cup. To return by the way I had come I considered as impossible; and it was this conviction which in part had induced me to proceed thus far: there appeared, however, no alternative. The descent was commenced by letting myself down one or two of the most difficult places; but the worst was yet to come. Just at this critical point, one of the men most providentially discovered a less perilous route, by which we were enabled to reach the valley in safety. Bare and sterile rocks occupy the highest elevations of these mountains; but the middle and lower regions are scantily clothed in detached patches with trees, chiefly the *protea grandiflora*, which grows from five to twelve or fourteen feet in height. Many of the heaths are very beautiful; but did not strike me as differing from those which I have met with in the Cape Colony. The most common bear a white daisy-like flower. Bamboo from ten to twelve feet high are found near the banks of the river. The most remarkable is a tree which is evidently a connecting link between the palms and the ferns: the nearest approach that I have seen is the Zamia or Kafir-bread tree; but this is evidently a variety, the leaves of each branch being precisely those of the fern, while those of the Kafir-bread tree partake of the palm. The trunks of those in question, which are only found on the lower slopes and valleys, are similar to the palmyra—but seldom exceed six or seven feet in height; and, when blackened by the burning of the grass may easily be taken for a man at a distance. Though disappointed in my chief object, I was not a little gratified by the peculiar grandeur of the mountain scenery, which exhibited in great variety many of the sublimest characteristics of Alpine regions,—the rocks, in many situations, being rent and scattered about in shapeless fragments and in others standing erect, like the ruins of ancient castles. Their general composition, as far as I could ascertain, was compact and soft limestone; the former abounding with minute particles of quartz. While we were on the summit a column of smoke was observed to rise from a distant point of the same range, towards the S. W., probably some grass still ignited, as it is now evident that these exten-

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sive burnings must have swept over the whole country from the inhabited districts near the coast. We did not reach the bivouac until it was dark; and as no provisions could be taken, after nine hours of nearly constant walking and scrambling, I felt quite ready for a mess of our *gipsy fare*. The other party had already returned, but without success.

Tuesday, 13*th*.—As no practicable road has been discovered by either party, and there is every probability of there being as broken a country for some distance on the other side of these mountains as (contrary to every previous account) we have proved to be the case on this, I have decided, after well considering our present position, as well as our future prospects as to provisions, to send back one wagon, with two spans of oxen, to Port Natal; and to proceed with the remainder of the oxen, packed with the provisions, &c., on foot. The baggage wagon I purpose leaving here. This, under existing circumstances, appears to be the quickest, and indeed the surest way of reaching the colony. Our present distance, west of the meridian of Port Natal, I consider to be about one hundred geographical miles, the true course made good W by N half N.; and that by shaping a S. W. compass course, we shall reach Stockenstrom's river, and enter the colonial boundary by the district of New Hantam, which is the nearest point.

Friday, 16*th*.—The rain, which continued nearly the whole of Wednesday, prevented us from making the necessary preparation for packing the oxen, &c. The cold was quite piercing, with a sharp frost during the night. Yesterday, after much previous practice with stuffed bags and a great deal of trouble, the oxen were at length pecked, their noses having been bored for the purpose; and in the afternoon we commenced our new mode of travelling. To an indifferent spectator our appearance at this time would have been somewhat ludicrous: but few out of the whole number of oxen were decidedly quiet under their burdens, while by far the greater part were rebellious; and in consequence spanned in two-and-two, with the tractow between, and led in the usual manner, with the hope of keeping them thus under sufficient control. Between the two front pair the camp kettle was suspended from the yoke; and to the horns and yokes of the rest many of the lighter articles—such as mats, tin mugs, &c. were attached. We had not, however, proceeded far when some of the latter floundered in crossing a rivulet, and one regularly packed, from which better things were expected, with a violent effort dislodged his burden; and, in the struggle to disengage himself from it altogether, rent the greater part into shreds with his horns and feet. My driver, Richard King, was still limping from a kick he had received in the course of this morning's training; and at once perceiving, from the difficulties attending this first essay, that we were likely to have much trouble by the way, and that in all probability more than half the provisions would be damaged, I was induced to give up the attempt, and returned, with the intention of taking on both wagons, and endeavoring to cross the mountains at another point; and, should this still be found impracticable, to follow their course, keeping as near them as possible, until we reached the colony in the neighborhood of the Stormberg. The vicissitudes of climate are here very great: yesterday the heat was almost tropical: to-day the wind from the S. W. is high, and we are all suffering from the cold: the natives nearly benumbed.

About nine this morning we broke up our bivouac, and taking our final leave of Agate Vale, with is romantic rocks and precipices, proceeded, as soon as we had turned the mountains which margin this sequestered valley, in a S. W. direction by compass. Before noon we reached a very rocky stream, in the attempt to ford which the baggage-wagon was thrown over. Happily nothing material was broken; and the provisions escaped with but a trifling wetting, though most of the other things were thoroughly soaked. As soon as it was entirely lightened, the sides were lashed down to the bed; and, with the united strength of ourselves and the oxen, it was again placed upon its wheels and drawn up the bank. The other wagon crossed by a better ford, soon after discovered at a short distance above; and here of course it became necessary to remain a sufficient time to repair damages, and dry the bedding, &c. This morning, while riding in front of the wagons, I picked up the handle of a native hoe, which appeared to have been long exposed to the weather: although in itself a trifling circumstance, it could not be viewed without interest in this solitary wilderness: and I regard it either as an indication of our approach to the habitable abodes of man, or as a memento of a race now extinct, or driven by the invader far from the land of their nativity.

Afternoon.—We had not proceeded more than four miles when we were obliged to cross another river, which I consider to be still the Umzimcoolu; that which we forded this morning being a smaller stream, and appearing to fall into it at no great distance below. To this I have given the name of Cyrus Ford.* Spanned out soon after sunset. Distance travelled about fifeen miles—general course, S. W. Road good over open downs without trees.

Saturday, 17*th*.—I do not recollect ever to have suffered so much from cold as during the past night. Some water which remained in the bucket was frozen a quarter of an inch thick. A South African wagon is but a poor defence against wind, every part being moveable and well adapted for admitting currents of fresh air in all directions; and this being my only dwelling for the time being, no fire that could have been kindled would have availed. As the last stick was consumed in cooking our supper last night, we moved off this morning fasting. The weather was again warm, and the sun powerful; but, after travelling about ten miles, we found ourselves not more than two or three from our last night's bivouac—a succession of steep and rocky precipices frequently impeding our progress, and being the usual termination of the most even and promising-looking downs. In the course of these disappointing circuits, I was, at one time, quite startled at the appearance of a rugged mountain which I have named the Giant's Castle, as seen over an intervening hill. Its resemblance to Edinburgh Castle, from one or two

* From my interpreter, Gorge Cyrus.

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points, was so striking that, for the moment, I could almost fancy myself transported to Prince's Street —an illusion which, as it passed my mind, made me more than ever sigh for the termination of the trackless wilderness, and the cheering sight of the abodes of man. Crossed with some difficulty a small rivulet, and spanned out on the opposite side.

Afternoon.—Crossed a stream which appeared to unite itself with the river I have taken to be the Umzimcoolu, further down. On gaining the opposite bank, our curiosity was greatly excited by the appearances of human foot-prints in the sand. From these marks, it was evident that two persons, accompanied by a dog, had very recently forded the stream in a contrary direction to that we were taking. The general conclusion was, that they were bushmen, who had either traversed the mountains in quest of game, or were the inhabitants of some neighboring district on this side of the Quathlamba range. In the course of this day's journey we fell in with several hartebeests and elands, as also a herd of gneu, eleven in number. The latter are known in the colony by the name of wilderbeest (wild beast;) a most indefinite appellation, which has been given to them by the Dutch. About sunset spanned out under some hills in the neighborhood of both wood and water. As several lateral ridges are here observed to branch off to the S. E., like buttresses from the main range, the prospect of finding a practicable pass through the mountains in this direction is more cheering. Travelled twenty-one miles—general course, S. W.

Sunday, 18*th*.

"Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?"—(Psalm lxxviii. 19. See also Isaiah xlv. 17. 18.)

How sweet when kindred hearts unite,
In God's own house of prayer and praise!
What holy joy—what calm delight—
To each that hallowed hour conveys!

How sure the promise—precious word!—
"Where two or three for prayer shall meet,
There are my choicest gifts conferred,
And there my presence shall be sweet!"

But are there, then, no streams that flow
For weary pilgrims by the way!
Is there no ear to heed their wo—
No voice to answer when they pray?

Ah, yes! omnipotent to save,
The Lord our Refuge still is near,
Alike to solace on the wave,
Or in the wilderness to cheer!

How oft a table there he spreads,
With angel's food our strength renews;
Around our drooping spirits sheds
Refreshing showers of heavenly dews.

Though oft we seem, like Ishmael, left
Alone to languish and to die;
Of every outward means bereft,
E'en there the living streams are nigh.

And Jesus oft himself becomes
Our sanctuary and priest;
Not only scatters children's crumbs,
But furnishes, and 'tends the feast!

Grace makes the howling desert bright—
An Eden bloom where all was drear;
It soothes in sorrow's darkest night,
And chases every anxious fear.

For ever then that grace impart,
No more thy presence, Lord, deny;
Oh never from my soul depart—
I cannot want if Thou art night!

Morning—English service in the tent; *Afternoon*—Kafir ditto in the open air.

Monday, 19*th*.—The level of the country has gradually ascended since yesterday afternoon, and we were to-day in great expectation that we had at length gained the wished-for pass. Appearances were certainly favorable—we were enabled, with the wagons, to ascend almost to the height of some of the rocky eminences, which I was inclined to consider as a part of the main range, and, finding a deep valley before us, I left the party to span out, and climbing over a long and craggy ridge to the right, reached some table land. The result of this two hours' scramble was still disappointment. It proved to be only a collateral ridge, between which and the real Quathlamba a series of steep and rocky chasms precluded the possibility of approach.

On these heights several plants of indigo were growing, similar to those so abundant in the neighborhood of Port Natal, where two or three species are found.

Afternoon.—There being no choice, we crossed the neck, and by a very steep descent entered a narrow valley between high mountains, from which, after crossing the stream that wound through it, we had some difficulty in extricating ourselves, the entrance being so narrow, and the night closing in upon us before we had emerged from the defile. Travelled twenty miles—general course S. W.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—Completed the descent which we had been unable to do last night, having been obliged to span out on sloping ground; and, on reaching the flat below, twice crossed the stream which was winding through it, and soon after a branch of the same. Near this spot some burnt, sticks were observed, so methodically arranged near the skull of an eland, that there seemed little doubt that a fire had here been kindled by some wandering bushman or other native in order to dress the meat of the animal that had been killed. As the ridges continued to run off to the south-east, to avoid a considerable circuit we crossed the only practicable one; but it was a severe labor for the poor oxen, requiring both spans to each wagon on ascending, and no less than three wheels to be locked as we descended on the other side, where it was necessary to apply reims to the sides, in order to keep them from falling over. On gaining the first even ground we spanned out. From our present position, and the tendency of all the streams we are now crossing, I consider that they

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fall into the Umzimvoobo.—Rocks still sandstone, with fine particles of quatez.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—We were prevented by a storm of heavy rain, attended with thunder, from completing the descent yesterday afternoon, which with the usual preparation of locking three wheels, and holding on ropes, was this morning effected, the last slope being just as difficult and precipitous as the first. Having crossed the stream which divided the base of the mountain from another, up which it was necessary to toil, we gained a more level country, traversing downs, until we again reached the same stream further to the westward, where we spanned out. One solitary hartebeest, with a few bucks, (ore buck,) alone were seen.

Afternoon.—The route again becoming very intricate, and requiring much inspection, we were unable to proceed far, as the sun had nearly set when we gained the neighboring height, when we halted for the night. Distance travelled, twelve miles—general course, W.

Friday, 23*rd*.—Finding yesterday morning that a continued barrier of steep rocks prevented all progress to the south-west, we again descended, and following the windings of a steep acclivity, skirted on our right by the river, forcing its passage by a series of cataracts over the huge fragments of rock that encumbered its bed, we proceeded up the ravine, anxiously looking for an outlet. Hemmed in on two sides by steep and rugged mountains, we were still enabled for three miles to continue our course to the westward; but here a stop was at once put to all further advance, the mountains uniting near this point, and presenting nothing but a confused mass of crags and precipices, towering to a considerable height. To span out was obvious—nothing further was practicable for wagons: parties, however, were soon detached in different directions; but after a toilsome and difficult scramble to the summit of the neighboring heights, which proved to be our unyielding friends, the noted Quathlamba, we all returned with the same unfavorable report that it was utterly impossible to proceed. Level spots indeed were there—and could the wagons by any means have been conveyed to the top, it is probable that for five or six miles they might travel without difficulty; but, then the descent!—and the complete labyrinth of rocky precipices which seemed to intersect the country in every direction, made it evident that the same labor must be repeated again and again, before we could hope to surmount the difficulties with which we were beset. While on this fruitless search, numerous traces of horses and cattle were observed; and Jacob reported that he had traced a well-beaten path to the brink of a cave, which appeared to be inhabited. No time was lost in exploring this unexpected haunt; and following the winding footpath for about half a mile further up the valley, we suddenly reached the mouth of a cavern, formed by a huge slab of rock jutting out from the precipice, the interior of which had been ingeniously partitioned off by trunks and branches of trees, so as to form four separate rooms or compartments. Marks of fire were every where visible: remnants of mats, bunches of Indian corn, cooking bowls, a head-plume and armlet of hair, with several other articles, but more especially the traces of the horses, sufficiently proved who had been the late occupants of this singular place of refuge. It could have been no other than a party of Amakōsa, who had retreated into this mountain fastness; and a more well-chosen place for defence it is scarcely possible to conceive.

The cave itself could contain at least one hundred persons; and from the irregularity of the approach, and the numerous masses of rock lying detached about its mouth, its very existence might have long been concealed, while in the immediate neighborhood there is good and ample pasturage for a numerous herd of cattle. From various appearances, I am of opinion that they could not have quitted the spot more than six or seven weeks previously; had it been otherwise, we should have been completely at their mercy,—and Kafir mercy is unfortunately but too well known. With respect to their movements, but two conjectures could be formed; they had either abandoned their rock refuge on the notification of peace with the colony, or with the intention of concentrating their scattered forces in a place more favorable for general combination. The former I consider as the most probable; but while a doubt remains on the subject, it is sufficient to deter me from proceeding any further in a south-westerly direction, as from reports received when last at Bunting, and more especially from the avowal of Kheeli's spies, the tribe of the late Hinza were meditating a retreat to the northward, and would probably, ere this, have occupied the whole country from the head of the Kei to the mountains, directly across our track. The time had now arrived to decide whether or not it would be advisable, under all circumstances, to prosecute the present intention of reaching the colony by crossing the Quathlamba range. This, it was evident, could only be effected by abandoning the wagons and packing the oxen; but as they had already proved so refractory on comparatively plain ground, it was exceedingly doubtful, if, with all our exertions, we could urge them over the mountains without losing the greater part of our supplies. I never longed so much for a Spanish "borico;" but even then, deceived as we had been by every previous account of this country (having encountered nothing but steep mountains where open plains were reported, and actually laid down in the maps,) there was little probability of meeting with any very even country throughout the whole intervening route to Stockenstrom's river. The only prudent course seemed to be to endeavor to make the coast by the nearest route (a south-east course;) and when thus assured of our actual position, to make the best of our way once more to Bunting, in the hope of the Kafir war having in the mean time terminated, and the usual road to the colony being again open. Having finally come to this determination, we took our leave of the rocks and precipices of Quathlamba, and, retracing our steps, yesterday afternoon traversed open downs until some time past sunset, when we spanned out. Several paths worn by the Kafirs were observed by the way. To the ravine, in which the cave was discovered, I have given the name of "Cavernglen."

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Distance travelled fourteen miles—general course, E. E. by E. half E.

This morning crossed a stream, apparently a branch of a larger, issuing from the mountains more to the westward, and which, from its general course and size, I consider to be the Umzimvoobo.; its source cannot be far from the position we occupied yesterday morning. Continued our progress over open downs without trees; herds of gneu in all directions, in one of them I counted thirty-seven; two shots were fired, but without effect. When seen at full gallop, with their heads down, their long white tails floating in the wind, and the necks and foreheads thickly covered with long shaggy hair, they have a most ferocious appearance. On gaining the heights we had a fine view of the Quathlamba range, which, as far as they were visible, appeared to run in one continuous line due east and west by compass. The highest points (Saddle-back and the Giant's Cup) I should not suppose were more than 4000 feet from the level of the valley, probably not so much. A remarkable detached peak has been in view, bearing by compass E. by S. On our right is an extensive undulating plain bounded by mountains, through which the river I take to be the Umzimvoobo is observed to make many windings. One of my people (Georgo,) who had accompanied the last expedition of the Zoolus against Tpai, recognised it as the spot where the guides lost their way, and in consequence the army was obliged to return.

Afternoon.—Several gneu in sight. On riding towards them they often stand and snort for some time, and then suddenly plunge, kick up, and lash their tails, and in an instant are off at full gallop, making the dust fly as they sweep over the hills. Compared to our late difficulties all seemed now smooth and plain, indeed, in the direction we are now travelling, open undulating downs generally lay in our way; the slopes, however, are often very steep and rocky. Soon after sunset reached a valley, where we stopped for the night; we had taken the precaution of carrying wood in the wagon, or we should have been unable to have procured any this evening. Travelled twenty-one miles—general course, S. E. half S.

ON LEAVING THE QUATHLAMBA MOUNTAINS.

Although we toiled in vain to clamber
Across the steeps of proud Quathlamba,
  Still that rugged vale we trod,
Where treacherous Amakosa sought
A refuge from the sword they brought
  Just recompense for deeds of blood.

Deep in the mazes of that dark defile,
Hid by a huge gigantic pile
  Of rocky fragments strewed around,
A yawning cavern stood revealed,
Where long the foe had been concealed,
  And yet a trophy there we found.

The cave was black with smoke and flame,
Each grassy couch remained the same
  As though they 'd just been sleeping there
And bowls, and plumes, and corn we found,
As they had left them strewed around,
  Beside their rocky lair.

Oh! could these crags the tale unfold,
Of all that passed within that hold;
  How oft on Abaloongu's* race
Were threats and bitter curses heaped,
As frantic round their fires they leaped,
  Burning t' avenge their foul disgrace.

But all is still—and now again
The beasts of prey resume their den,
  By fiercer men thus dispossessed;
Where once was heard the Kafir's shout
A dreadful silence reigns throughout—
  A solitude that quite oppressed!

Adieu, ye rocky heights—adieu!
Your cloud-capped tops I love to view,
  For there my Maker's power I trace;
Firm as your base His word remains,
And as your streams refresh the plains,
  Unbounded flows His sovereign grace.

What though no human voice is there,
Of all your wonders to declare,
  And waft the breath of praise;
As long as earth's foundations stand,
You 'll witness bear of Him who planned,
  And who alone your peaks could raise.

Saturday, 24th.—This morning before we started a gneu was killed, the flesh of which was soon after suspended at the back of the wagon. Continued over open downs, skirted by mountains; troops of gneu prancing about in all directions; spanned out at nine.

Afternoon. — Appearance of the country the same; counted seventy-six gneu from the spot where I stood; there must have been many more in the neighborhood. About midway took a last look at the Quathlamba; they were soon afterwards hid by the mountains we were approaching; at this time the peak over Cavernglen bore N. W. by N. by compass. Having collected sufficient fire-wood by the way, we spanned out about sunset on the bank of a rocky river. Travelled twenty-one miles—general course, S. E.

Sunday, 25th.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—(Hebrews xiii. 5.)

Oh! for faith to walk aright,
  Seeing Him who 's always near;
Guided—not by erring sight—
  Till the promised day appear.

How 't would sweeten every care,
  How 't would every joy enhance,
Did we know the Lord was near,—
  Like Peter feel His loving glance!

* The general term for white men among all these tribes.

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Could such languid prayers ascend?
Could our hearts remain so cold?
Could we thus requite our Friend?
Did we but His face behold!

Hear thy gracious Saviour say,
"My people I will never leave,"
I will keep them night and day,
And every want and doubt relieve."

Sweet bequest!—though pilgrims here
In a dreary desert land,
There is One who loves us near
To uphold us with His hand!

May these words our spirits cheer;
In every cloud a bow reveal:
With Christ so nigh, we need not fear,—
His balm can all our sorrows heal!

Lord, I believe! yet faith bestow,
Pardon my unbelief and sin;
More of Thy love and truth I'd know—
Dispel the pride that lurks within!

Throughout the way, be Thou my guide,
My earliest and my latest thought:
With Thee for ever I'd abide,
And tell of all thy love has wrought!

And when I see thee as thou art,
And nought but charity abides;—
What rapture will that sight impart!—
I'll seek no other bliss besides!

Morning.—English service in the tent;—*Afternoon*—Kafir service in the open air.

Monday, 26th.—Crossed the river, and soon after another rocky stream running into it. A herd of gneu made off on our approach to the plain where we spanned out.

Afternoon.—Soon after crossing the stream near which we had stopped, ant-hills were again observed; none had been seen in the neighborhood of the Quathlamba;—one solitary gneu;—we are now leaving the open downs, which they seem to prefer, and are traversing a more broken country. Crossed another stream, and soon after sunset made our bivouac; no wood but what had been collected by the way.

Travelled twenty-two miles—general course, south.

Tuesday, 27th.—Crossed two steep mountains, but without difficulty, as they were round topped and covered with grass. Spanned out on a valley about noon.

Afternoon.—A continuation of hills, some very steep; the appearance of the country evidently changed;—large timbers in the ravines, and many plants and flowers which grow only in the vicinity of the coast. This morning we were reduced to the necessity of cutting up a broken yoke in order to cook the breakfast, but such expedients are not now likely to be repeated. Water we have always found abundant. The gneu have now entirely deserted us, this country being ill adapted for their wild racing. Excepting that they greatly enlivened the solitude, we have no reason to regret their absence, as nearly all were yesterday made ill by partaking of the flesh. The flavor is so similar to that of beef, that I should scarcely have known the difference; but as all suffered in the same manner, and it was not considered by the rest of the party as tougher than the meat they had been accustomed to, I have no hesitation in ascribing the cause to this new diet. A thick mist coming on, we spanned out rather earlier than usual. About an hour and a half before we bivouaced for the night we crossed a wagon track.

Wednesday, 28th.—Thunder and light rain during part of the night; in the morning it cleared up sufficiently to proceed. Having been so long unaccustomed to a wooded country, the note of birds, though often not very melodious, was cheering, and met the ear like the voice of an old acquaintance. Hilly country. Spanned out about one. Close to this spot was one of the *treeferns* so common in the neighborhood of Agate Vale. It was growing in a pit, and is the only one I have since seen.

Afternoon.—Travelled until a thunder-storm, which had been long gathering among the mountains to the northward, overtook us, but were unable to find any place of shelter until after sunset, when we gained a valley by a very deep descent. Travelled twenty miles—general course, S. by E. half E.

Thursday, 29th.—Prevented by the rain from leaving our last night's bivouac until the after noon; but we had not proceeded many hundred yards when the baggage-wagon was thrown over by a rock on ascending the hill, which was very slippery and uneven. As every thing was obliged to be taken out before it could be again placed on its wheels, a considerable delay was occasioned, when again *en route*, we passed several old foot-paths, in which the foot-prints of a native were observed. On an opposite ridge, the site of a former village was distinctly traced with the different foot-paths diverging from it;—country waved;—broken open into round-topped hills, which obliged us to make many circuits to avoid the hollows between. At sunset spanned out, and sent ten span of oxen to drag in an eland that had been shot at some distance from our track. Travelled ten miles—general course, S. by E. half E.

Friday, 30th.—Unable to set out early on account of the rain. Passed the site of several villages, supposed to have been those whence Charka drove the Amapondas. Descended a very steep hill, when my wagon was all but overturned, and halted on the opposite bank of a stream running through the narrow valley. The thorny mimosa is now again common; it has not been observed further inland during this journey.

Afternoon.—Made but little progress; toiled up steep hills but to descend by as difficult slopes; and again crossed the same stream, which we take to be the Umsecaba. Slate rocks are now observed in the beds of all the streams. Georgo (the leader of my wagon) has fallen in with a prize, having discovered the bones of an elephant lying among some trees near the route. The two teeth, which are perfect, I have allowed him

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to take for his benefit in the wagon, and feel glad at his good fortune, as he has proved himself very active and attentive. Went on till sunset. Travelled twelve miles—general course, S. half E.

Saturday, 31*st*.—Passed a difficult but romantic defile, in the course of which we were obliged three times to cross the same river which we forded yesterday. I should greatly have enjoyed the scenery, but for the trouble and anxiety of finding a road for the wagons that followed. On leaving the river both spans were required to tow each of them up the opposite hill; notwithstanding which labor, we were unable, from the broken nature of the country, to pursue our proper course, but obliged to wind considerably to the northward, and when we spanned out had not made a better course than N. E. Travelled about twelve miles.

We are now again in a situation of some difficulty,—by the best calculation that I can make, not more than about thirty miles from the coast; but unable to reach it with wagons, without making a circuitous route. Having been disappointed in obtaining the latitude, notwithstanding I have two sextants with me; one being only cut for 131° 30′; the other, a pocket one, for 125° 0′, while (with an artificial horizon) an angle of at least 136° is now necessary. Having no watch to regulate distance, and having for the past month been merely guided by a small pocket compass, my computed reckoning, under such circumstances, is not likely to be very correct. By proceeding with the wagons we might be thrown farther from the coast, and the unfortunate reckoning become still more puzzled. I therefore decided on leaving them both at this place, and with the tent and a few days provisions upon pack-oxen pushing on with a small party directly for the coast, in order to ascertain our actual position. Should this prove, as I hope, to be in the neighborhood of the Umsecaba, I propose sending back two of the people with the necessary instructions to the party remaining with the wagons, directing them to follow, and making the best of my way to Bunting.

Sunday, Nov. 1*st*.

"Faint, yet pursuing."—(Judges viii. 4.)

How aptly does this word describe
The wrestling soul by conflict tried,
  Yet stayed upon his God!
'Tis thus with e'en the boldest saint,
Left to himself he can but faint,
  And sinks beneath the rod!

But He who wept at Lazarus' grave
Vouchsafes his ready arm to save,
  And mitigate the cup;
Touched with our weakness and our woe,
A balm for all He can bestow,
  And hold our footsteps up!

Though oft rebuked and chasten'd here,
We kiss the rod with filial fear,
  And own it was in mercy sent!
And though cast down and oft perplexed,
We reap the blessing that 's annexed,
  And deeper of our sins repent!

Thus sifted, purified, and tried,
From all his selfishness and pride,
  The Christian's weaned from all below;
And walks more closely with his God,
Avoids the snares on which he trod,—
  More of his heart is brought to know!

The fainting soul fresh courage takes,
His most besetting sin forsakes,
  And grasps a firmer hold
On that sure Rock in Zion laid,
Where all our hopes for heaven are stayed,
  By past experience made more bold!

Though oft nor sun nor stars appear
And all around seems dark and drear,
  And no small tempest on us lay,
'Tis thine, O Lord! the storm to calm,
And keep our trembling souls from harm,
  And safely to the shore convey.

'Twas in the cloud they so much feared,
Thy brightest beams on earth appeared
  And gladdened every eye;
And soon with Peter we shall say,
'Tis good that here awhile we stay,
  Since Thou thyself art nigh!

Lord! sanctify my every grief,
In Thee alone I 'd seek relief,
  Upon thy promise stayed!
And when this term of trial's o'er,
And sin and sorrow reach no more,
  In all Thy love will be displayed!

Morning—English service in the tent;—*Afternoon*—Kafir service in the open air.

Monday, 2*nd*.—This morning left the wagons at about ten o'clock for the coast, with three pack-oxen and a party of eight, including myself. Descended into the valley, which, from its intricacy, obliged us twice to cross the river which wound through it. The oxen behaved better than I had expected, and, after gaining the opposite heights, we passed the sites of several deserted villages and garden grounds. Both yesterday and to-day we have seen several of the Kafir finch, a singular bird, about the size of a sparrow, having two long tail feathers, which it sheds during the winter; the plumage is a glossy black. Although they appear to fly with an effort, their progress through the air is peculiarly graceful, the long tail regulating their speed and imparting a kind of measured dignity to all their movements. In passing through Kafir-land I saw several of these birds. Continued our route in nearly a S. E. direction, notwithstanding the thick mist and rain which had prevailed throughout the day, and having traversed a more open country, chiefly following the ridges, we descended for shelter about sunset into a deep ravine. Here the labyrinth of long grass and bushes through which it was necessary to urge our way, added to the steepness and slipperiness of the ground, occasioned a frequent packing and repacking of the oxen, so that the night came upon us before we had erected the tent or kindled a fire, although thoroughly drenched with the rain which now happily ceased. Travelled twenty-two miles—general course, S. E.

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Tuesday, 3rd.—The scramble to extricate ourselves from this ravine was a trial of strength to both men and oxen. In the hope of preserving one dry garment I had attempted to ride, but my only saddle girth giving way nothing was left but to wade middle-deep in wet grass, the saddle being only prevented from slipping off by buckling the girth under his neck. This day also proved rainy, so that a dry thread was not to be found among us, and, fearing to remount in this state, I walked during the greater part of the day. In the afternoon it cleared up, and, being on an eminence at the time, a momentary glimpse of the sea was discerned. The joy which this afforded to us all can scarcely be described, and I desire to thank my God for this earnest of success, and for having thus far prospered our way. Conducted by an elephant path we soon after descended through a wood into another valley; and having, not without some difficulty, forded the stream which flowed through it, halted for our mid-day's bivouac on the opposite bank.

The underwood is here abundant, and the nature of the country favorable for game; pheasants and partridges have been seen in great numbers both yesterday and to-day. The romantic dells and ravines, which at short intervals intersect this beautiful district, would under other circumstances have afforded me much gratification, but unfortunately my attention was too often drawn away by the floundering of the oxen and the necessary adjustment of their burdens. While partaking of our hasty meal on the banks of this stream, a whole community of baboons (dog-faced) made their appearance on the opposite hill; some slowly moving with an inquisitive look towards us; others deliberately seating themselves upon the rocks, as though debating on the propriety of our unceremonious tresspass upon their domain. I counted eight, some of which from their size must at least have been grandsires. On quitting this valley by another rocky clamber, open downs were again before us indented by rugged ravines. Stopped for the night near a small stream which we reached soon after sunset. Travelled twenty miles—general course, S. E.

Wednesday, 4th.—Fair weather. Soon after quitting our bivouac the sea was again distinctly seen at a distance, in a direct line of not more than seven miles; but, although we were apparently so near, the greater part of the day was consumed in finding a road to the beach. No sooner had we made a considerable circuit to avoid an impassable chasm, than our progress was again stopped by a still more precipitous ravine. Some of these were strikingly grand; and so suddenly approached that we were frequently standing on the brink of a precipice seven or eight hundred feet in depth, of the existence of which we had, at a few hundred yards distance, been wholly unconscious. Into one of the most striking of these a thread-like cataract, unbroken in its descent, was precipitated over the rocky rampart; the splash of its clear waters, as they mingled with the stream below, being only recognised by the reverberating echo, a thick screen of luxuriant wood concealing its base. During many of our wanderings this day we were indebted to our former pioneers the elephants, their paths invariably conducting us by the shortest route to the first practicable ford across the numerous rivulets which lay in our way. About this time our position with regard to the coast was recognised; it appeared evident that we were on the left bank of the Umsecaba, and at about four o'clock we succeeded in gaining the wagon track near the beach.—We had scarcely time to pitch the tent when a thunder storm came on, and, as the tide was too high for crossing, we took up our quarters here for the night. Great cause have I, indeed, for thankfulness at this merciful termination of so long and so anxious a journey. The hand of my God has indeed been upon us for good. The relief to my mind I can scarcely express—not that I ever for a moment doubted His watchful care and guidance, but I felt the responsibility of attempting to conduct so many persons with means apparently so inadequate. The tribes of baboons which issued from their haunts to salute us during this day's journey were quite extraordinary. At one time I counted twenty old and young collected together, probably, like ourselves, enjoying the sunshine after the late rains. Some of the elders were of large size, and one, who was strutting about erect, was full five feet in height. On one of these occasions an interesting domestic scene took place. On reaching the brow of a hill, some of the party had suddenly disturbed a large group of these creatures. Their impulse and actions were quite human; on the first alarm the mothers hastily ran back, snatched up their young, and, bearing them in their paws, scampered off with all their speed. Although the generality of the flowers in this country are scentless, there is no district which I have passed throughout this journey which has not produced many of great beauty. In the early part several varieties of Hæmanthus were very common, richly carpeting the ground with their bright pink and crimson colors; the Gladiolus, with its white, blue, or amber bells, is also very general; and even among the most rocky parts the elegant Ixia pendula, bearing a profusion of lilac blossom, makes a splendid appearance. The Leontice is quite a weed in many parts, but contrasts well with the foliage of the underwood, among which it grows to a great height. Plants of Lachenalia, bearing a cluster of red pendent bells, are also very common; but there is one of great beauty, which, until I can learn the botanical name, I must call the Feather plant. The stamens are each distinctly feathered with a glossy violet down, and beautifully relieved by the bright yellow of the anthers. Its general height is about twelve or fourteen inches. During the last two days the Hæmanthus have quite enamelled the ground, and many of the plants above mentioned have also been seen. Surely Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these! Well indeed may we exclaim with the pious Psalmist—"O Lord! how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all."

Travelled twenty miles—general course, S. S. E.

Thursday 5th.—Sent two men back with directions for the wagons, and, crossing the river at the mouth, continued our route towards the Amaponda country. Near this spot the Grosvenor East Indiaman was lost in 1782. Two of the

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guns, and several pigs of ballast, are visible at low water. Proceeding a little further, we passed a stranded whale, lying high up among the rocks, part of the blubber only (about the head and shoulders) having been taken off—their whitened bones are frequently seen strewed along the beach. The late heavy rains had so filled the rivers, that, although it was about the spring tides, we found the Umsecaba but barely fordable at low water, and were obliged to go considerably round in order to cross the next, though a much smaller stream. Both this and the second river to the southward of the Umsecaba are free from rocks at their entrance, and appear to be accessible for boats: in one of them, I am informed, a boat has landed for the purpose of procuring wood and water.

In the evening we reached Umnooka's, and truly rejoiced was I again to behold the habitations of men, and the human face divine, although disfigured by red clay and ornaments of fat. My former hut was now again prepared, and I crept into it with as much satisfaction as though it had been a well-furnished lodging, more especially as I was again thoroughly wet through, and the rain was still descending. After the lapse of ten weeks since I was in this neighborhood, I had fain expected to have heard that the Kafir war was at an end; but by the representations here given, it appears to be still undecided, so that my sanguine expectations of speedily reaching the colony are again dissipated. Umnooka on this occasion retrieved his character, and treated us very handsomely. Travelled twenty-four miles.

Friday, 6th.—On the cessation of the rain, about ten, we set forward. Judging, from the slipperiness of the ground, the steep hills, and intricate woods through which it would be necessary to pass, that but little progress would now be made by the pack-oxen, I procured two guides from the first Amaponda village we came to, and leaving the party to follow as they could, pushed on with them to Mr. Fynn's place, which I reached soon after sunset. Unfortunately, these guides, as likewise the other brought from Umnooka's to conduct the party behind, knew only the lower road, which is more thickly wooded and hilly than that which I had formerly travelled; and even this it became necessary to leave for some distance, in order to avoid a river which at this time was unfordable. The great part was a perfect scramble—so close and tangled were the trees that, in forcing a passage, both my saddle pockets were scraped off, and my poor horse, led by one of the guides, was so frequently on his haunches in a sliding attitude, that I thought it almost impossible that he could escape without a broken limb. On passing some ground sown with sweet potatoes, my two companions eagerly raked them up with sticks, rubbed off the mould, and then commenced eating them raw—their obliging offer to join them in this impromptu meal was, however, declined, in anticipation of something more digestable at the end of my journey.

Saturday, 7th.—Set out early with two fresh guides. Found the Umzimvoobo considerably higher than when I last crossed—it has, I understand, already been impassable for eight or nine days.

ON VIEWING THE UMZIMVOOBO FROM THE HEIGHTS.

What radiant band of peaceful light
Is that which beams so bright beneath?
'Tis Umzimvoobo in his might,
Spreading around his silver wreath.

In mountains cradled—placid still
His faithful breast their image holds;
He seems to stray against his will,
Entangled in their rocky folds!

'Tis thus the living streams of grace,
Though straitened in their passage, glide;
Opposed—obstructed—still they trace
Their heavenward course, whate'er betide.

But soon will dawn a brighter day—
And faith discerns the promise nigh—
When every mountain shall decay,
And valleys shall be raised on high!

And peace shall flow a mighty stream,
Till all the earth with joy resound;
And rays of righteousness shall beam,
Where darkness to be felt was found.

Soon may that glorious day appear!
Hasten thy chariot wheels, O Lord!
Thy people's prayer in mercy hear—
Send forth thy light and truth abroad.

As waters fill the ocean now,
Then peaceful floods of joy shall flow;
And every knee to Thee shall bow,
And every heart with rapture glow!

On reaching the Gūmkūlo, found Fakū in grand consultation in the midst of a large assembly, seated on the ground. He met me on my approach, and taking my hand as I alighted, again seated himself, and motioned me to do the same, apparently highly amused at my unexpected return. After a few minutes of signs and broken Kafir, intermixed, our conference ended, and I made the best of my way to Bunting, where I arrived at about three o'clock, to my great satisfaction and the no small surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Tainton. Thus has mercifully ended this most anxious journey. All our grain was expended, and no other supply remained, excepting a few of the calves, which were kept in reserve for a time of need.

Sunday, 15th.

"Hope that maketh not ashamed."—(Rom. v. 5.

There is a hope that never fails—
A sure and certain stay;
Not all the grief that life assails
Can dim that heavenly ray.

E'en in the the darkest night 'tis seen,
And brightest then appears;
The very clouds that intervene
Reflect the light that cheers.

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It is that hope which faith imparts,
By Jesus' blood made sure;
That glows within our aching hearts,
And makes us feel secure—

A hope, through Christ, of pardon sealed,
Of strength sufficient for our day,
That grace shall make each trial yield
Experience in the heavenly way.

This is the hope the Christian knows,
While journeying through this vale of tears;
His solace 'mid the deepest woes,—
The antidote for all his fears.

How sweet the inward calm that reigns,
When we can cast on God each care!
No trial harms—for faith explains,
And marks the hand of mercy there!

Full well he knows not aught shall fail
Of evry promise that he pleads;
The tempest may awhile prevail,
But rest and peace the storm succeeds.

Thanksgiving, then, his sweet employ—
With grateful praise his heart o'erflows;
The hope that grief could not destroy,
With purer, brighter ardor glows.

What then that meed of heavenly love,
Which through eternity shall swell;
The joy of ransomed souls above,
Who in their Father's presence dwell!

Oh think, my soul, on that bright day,
And, though oft fainting, follow still,
The promise will not long delay—
Jesus will every word fulfil.

So shall each Bochim by the way,
To grace an Ebenezer raise,
And God alone will be thy stay—
His truth and faithfulness thy praise;
And when from earthly trials freed,
Thou wilt be blessed with Christ indeed!

Conducted the native service morning and afternoon,

Monday, 16*th*.—The large assembly in which I found Fakū and his principal chiefs on the 7th, had, I understand, been convened in order that they might undergo the ceremonies previous to going out to war; and on this occasion, among other equally absurd rites, each individual received several gashes across the leg. It appears that Tangwāni (Fakū's brother,) in conjunction with some minor chiefs, have, contrary to Fakū's wish, been making clandestine attacks upon the Amatembu; in the last, which has recently occurred, they were not only unsuccessful, but lost several men; and their opponents are now following up their success by sending out small nightly parties to steal cattle in this neighborhood. Not many nights ago the drag chain was stolen from a wagon standing close to the Mission Buildings, and the horses taken from the cattle-fold, close to the native huts, by a party of these freebooters. So much enraged was Fakū on hearing the account, that he declared that the natives residing on the place should be responsible for the safety of the station; and that if anything should happen either to Mr. Tainton or his family, they should answer with their lives. Since the marriage of his daughter to Tpai, a more friendly feeling seems to exist between the Amapondas and Amahōash, who are now said to have arranged a simultaneous attack upon all the tribes on the sea coast, between the Umtāgychi and the Bashee rivers, professedly to chastise this daring insult upon his "*children*." This morning I had ridden to the Gūmkolū; and on my return was most agreeably surprised at the arrival, a few minutes previously, of Mr. Palmer's servant, announcing the near approach of himself and Mr. Davis (Wesleyan missionaries) direct from the colony. Attended by five other mounted natives, they soon after made their appearance; and their cordial welcome, circumstanced as we were, may well be imagined. All assembled to congratulate them, not only on their safe arrival, but on being the voluntary bearers of the first intelligence of our release from a state little differing from captivity. Notwithstanding all the reports of the natives to the contrary, it appears that a treaty has been entered into with Kheeli; and since the 10th of May last all actual hostilities have ceased. The country, however, was in too unsettled a state, and the feelings of the intermediate tribes too much excited to have rendered it prudent for any, excepting an armed force, to have traversed the country previously. They had been sixteen days on the road—purposed a speedy return; and I felt happy in the opportunity thus offered me of accompanying them back to Graham's Town. In the midst of this pleasing intelligence heavy tidings have reached me, for which, however, I was not altogether unprepared. My valued friend, Mr. Berkin, is no more!—the vessel which conveyed him from Port Natal, in March last, having never been heard of since. I have thus lost a most esteemed friend and companion; but I doubt not he has gained an immortal inheritance undefiled, and that fadeth not away. So unexpected a termination of his mortal career calls loudly upon me also to "prepare to meet my God!" What, though no earthly memorial shall record the day or the place in which he exchanged his tabernacle of clay for a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—his mental acquirements, his amiable character, and, above all, his genuine piety, will embalm his memory, and render it dear to all who were privileged with his acquaintance; and his name is already enrolled among those of whom, in the language of inspiration, it has been said, "These all died in faith." "The righteous man perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taking away from the evil to come. He shall enter into rest.."—Isaiah, lvii. 1. 2.

Thuesday, 17*th*,—The locusts have been and still are very numerous in this part of the country: they had not advanced beyond the Umtāta when I was last here, but have now extended their ravages to the Umzimvoobo. The Amapondas make no scruple in eating them, although they will refuse fish, deeming it unclean: the usual method is to grill a number of them together on the fire. The black-beetle of this country has a particular instinct, well known I conclude to

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naturalists, by which it will roll a ball ten or twelve times its own size, conveying it to a considerable distance, and that on the most scientific principles; one of them bearing with its head and fore-legs upon the ground, pushes it forward by its hind-legs, while the other crawls upon the ball in an opposite direction; thereby imparting by the weight of its body an additional impetus to the advancing hemisphere, beyond which it never ascends. These balls are generally composed of manure; and it is supposed that in them their eggs are enveloped; but this fact I have not ascertained. A Newton himself could not have displayed a more practical acquaintance with the power of gravity; but surely He, from whom Newton and all the wise-hearted of the earth have obtained their knowledge, has implanted this remarkable instinct.

This afternoon the wagons arrived; they had had been obliged to make a considerable circuit to the eastward, reaching the coast at the mouth of the Umtavoomi. The oxen have frequently been obliged to swim in fording the rivers, and my baggage of course has been as often submerged. As the missionaries now here are the only individuals who have as yet attempted to pass through Kheeli's country since the cessation of hostilities, and there is little doubt that had they not been recognised as such they would have been stopped, I give up all idea of forwarding the wagons, at least for the present, and make preparations for starting with them on horseback to-morrow morning.

Thursday, 19th.—This morning Fakū, with a few attendants only, visited the station. His first request was, that I would give him some cattle, having doubtless heard of the arrival of my wagons with four spans, an unusual number. An ox, as is customary, was presented to him by Mr. Tainton, and killed on the spot for himself and party; but still urging his request, notwithstanding I had given him a string of uniform buttons, I desired an ox to be brought, which was presented under a condition of its being immediately killed. This unfortunate beast, while drinking in the Tugāla, before it came into my possession, had been so beset by alligators, that it was a wonder to all, who had observed its perilous situation, that it had ever escaped their fangs. When nearly overpowered, and about to be drawn into the stream, as a last resort, a musket was discharged, when they all instantly quitted their prey, the last alligator biting his tail short off as he followed his companions into the water. The torture which this privation must occasion at this season, when the flies are so numerous and troublesome, had long decided me on having him killed as soon as his services were not absolutely requisite. As soon as Mr. Palmer had finished his conference with Fakū, I took my leave also. He gave me his hand with great cordiality, requesting me to inform the Great Chief that he should certainly make an attack on all the tribes between him and the coast, as far as the Bashee; but that he should not molest Ferdana, as he had originally intended. We were thus detained until half-past twelve, when I once more took my leave of Mr. and Mrs. Tainton, to whose hospitality I have been so often indebted and for whose continued kindness, though themselves suffering many privations consequent upon the exhaustion of their accustomed supplies, I shall ever feel grateful. On turning to take a last view of the missionary station from the neighboring heights, I could not but feel that I was leaving a spot which had often proved a welcome asylum, and on which I can never reflect but with a sense of gratitude and pleasure. Although fine when we started, the rain soon recommenced; and from the quantity which had already fallen, the path in many places were complete watercourses, and so slippery that it was with difficulty we could prevent our horses from falling. The night had closed upon us before we reached the Umtata; and so dark was it on descending the wooded slope to the river, that I more than once, while leading my horse, struck against the haunch of that which was preceding, unconscious that it was immediately before me. The river was said to be impassable; at all events, under present circumstances, it would have been madness to have made the attempt. There are no inhabitants in this part, and as the rain, which had never intermitted, was still falling, we were obliged to content ourselves with the questionable protection of a clump of mimosa bushes, where without a fire (there being no possibility of kindling one,) we made our bivouac for the night,

Friday, 20th.—Every article of my clothing, with the exception of a camblet cloak, being perfectly saturated with rain, I thought it prudent, instead of lying down in this humid state, to divest myself of all, and rolling myself up in the said cloak, with the saddle for a pillow, I slept soundly until day-light, when, from the continuation of the rain and the profuse dripping from the trees, I found the saddle completely wet, and the water trickling under my head. Having so many inducements to quit our comfortless quarters, which we agreed to name the "Bathing-house," we soon descended to the river, which we found but barely practicable, and, wading across breast high, succeeded in dragging the horses through the rocky channel, in which operation our entire paraphernalia was for some time under water.

Had the missionary buildings at Morley been still in existence, we should soon have restored the contents of our saddle-bags—but all, excepting the chapel, had been burnt during the late disturbances; and we had to content ourselves with the shelter of a native hut at a short distance from the station. The ascent fom the river to Morley (about four miles distant) is steep, and commands ome of the finest scenery in this country. Perpendicular cliffs of a red color, rising among trees and underwood, among which are many of the euphorbia class, margin the stream. Several cataracts, now filled by the rain, were gushing from the highest points; these, with the graceful windings of the impetuous river, traced for some distance from the heights, combined to form a most enchanting and romantic prospect, which a short interval form rain at this time enabled me in some degree to enjoy. This is the first Amatembu village in this direction, and to the narrow limits of a native hut we were confined as close prisoners, on account of the rain, for the greater part of the day, enduring a temperature approaching to that of an oven, which for the sole benefit of our clothes,

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both on and off, we were necessitated to bear. Had we not crossed the Umtata at the moment we did, it is probable that we might have been detained some days, as it is reported to be still rising. Our present distance from Bunting is estimated at forty-two miles.

Saturday, 21*st*.—The weather being fine, we set out at nine, but were considerably delayed in the route, several petty chiefs, who were detained by the rain from visiting Mr. Palmer (their late missionary) at the village, as previously arranged, now way-laying us on the path. Each came accompanied by several attendants—the chiefs, as we approached, placing their shields and assegais before them on the ground, and then seating themselves until we came up, the attendants of each standing the whole time close in the rear, firmly grasping the bundle of assegais on which they were leaning. I was particularly struck with the commanding and intelligent appearance of an individual in one of these groupes, whom I afterwards understood from Mr. Palmer was named Darka (brother of the head of the village where we had slept,) and whose character exactly corresponded with his expression of countenance. He had, it appears, been a frequent visitant at the mission-house, where, it was evident, from his remarks and inquiries, that in point of intellect he was far in advance of the generality of his countrymen. So great was his thirst for knowledge, that he had requested Mr. Palmer to take him with him on his next visit to the colony, and had actually accompanied his wagon part of the way, when, on account of the breaking out of the Kafir war, it was thought imprudent for him to advance beyond Clarkebury.

The natives of the different villages near which we passed were civil, occasionally bringing amas at our request, which, though of a very inferior quality, we were glad to obtain. Although most of the baggage was distributed upon led horses, several of them knocked up, so that, unable to reach Clarkebury, as had been intended this evening, we turned aside to a wooded hill, under which were a few huts, at a quarter-past seven, where we proposed remaining until Monday, the missionary station being about ten miles distant.

Sunday, 22*nd*.

"When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren."—(Luke xxii. 32.)

What a sweet constraining power
Binds the hearts of Christians here!
How it soothes each trying hour
To feel that we have friends so dear!

Bound by one law—the law of love,
They help each other by the way;
The strength that they obtain above
Gladly to others they convey.

All members of one glorious Head,
Each shares the pang his brother feels;
Rejoices when the trial's sped,
And owns the hand afflicts and heals.

What sweet communion we might share,
How many hours of comfort know,
Did each another's burden bear—
Did love through all our actions flow.

How often to Emmaus led
Our ardent steps would willing speed,
To speak of One who once has bled,
That rebels might from sin be freed.

And who can tell till that great day,
When every thought shall be confessed,
How many would have turned away,
But for a word in season blessed?

If, then, our hearts to God are turned—
If Jesus we have precious found,
And much of grace and goodness learned,
Let Christian charity abound.

Like Samson's wishes—though weak alone,
United, we shall strength impart.
The grace and truth which each have known,
Will cheer and comfort every heart.

Thus oft refreshed from Baca's fount,
While journeying through this vale of tears,
To Pisgah's top we oft shall mount,
And gaze away our doubts and fears.

And when our souls shall one by one
Before our Father's throne appear,
The song that was on earth begun,
Shall only be completed there.

And oh, what rapture there to meet
The partners of our grief and care;
To cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And own 'twas grace that brought us there!

Mr. Davis, unassisted by an interpreter, performed the Kafir service in front of our hut.

Monday, 23*rd*.—Fearing detention from the height of the Bashee, we started early. The river was, indeed, full—my interpreter and myself were the first across. He was soon swept off his legs, and only gained the opposite bank by swimming; at the same moment I was struggling against the current, scarcely able to retain my footing, when two stout fellows of the Amatembu tribe kindly came up, and placing their backs against mine, supported me through the deepest part, and I soon after gained a rocky ledge, by which the channel is here divided—the other branch I was obliged to swim.

My object in preceding the party was to encourage the people who accompanied Messrs. Palmer and Davis, not one of them would attempt the passage, although two of the Amatembu had just crossed from the opposite side before their eyes. After a considerable detention, I was joined by my companions, who, at both rivers, had each been assisted by two men, and every thing being safely conveyed across, we again mounted, and soon reached the mission-house at Clarkebury. The distance from Morley is about forty-six miles.

A message, announcing our arrival, having been previously sent to Ferdana, in about a couple of

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hours he made his appearance, accompanied by a respectable train, all well provided with assegais. His figure is tall and well proportioned—his countenance puerile and vacant; he approached in somewhat a formal manner, preceding his two brothers, who were closely followed by the rest of his party. The three chiefs appeared in panther-skin mantles (the fur inside,) and each carried a single assegai in his hand. How strangely do circumstances vary our relative position. I was now in amicable converse with the very people who, during my last visit to this place, are said to have been meditating my death. This account, which I have every reason to believe is correct, was brought to Bunting after I had left for Port Natal, by a native named Sotchangan, and who declared that he was himself present during the deliberation which took place on the subject before Ferdana.

How gracious is that Providence, which protects us not only from the arrow which flieth by day, but from the unknown and not less fatal machinations of our fellow-men!

To this unpleasant subject no allusion of course was made; a fitter opportunity will doubtless occur for investigating this matter, as also the suspicion under which he rests of having murdered the two messengers from Bunting. To obtain from Ferdana, either by loan or by purchase, a supply of fresh horses was our aim, and the conversation on this knotty subject was long and tedious; at last he agreed to lend four as far as Kheeli's great place. In the present state of the country, in daily expectation of attacks either from the Amapondas or the Amahōash, it is probably as much as we could expect; and for which assistance I have agreed to give him a cow, which I shall endeavor to send by the first opportunity. The parley at length being ended, he retired with all his people; but although a messenger was immediately despatched for the horses, there is little hope, from the distance at which they are kept, of their arriving before to-morrow evening. A surprising change has taken place in the face of the country;—all is now green, which when last here was parched and desolate. Still, however, there is little to recommend the spot on which the missionary buildings are erected. This, I now understand from Mr. Davis, was not from choice,—another site having been selected for the purpose, but given up on Vosani's expressing a preference for the present situation. Having been so long accustomed to the scrupulous honesty of the Zoolus and Amapondas, I was not prepared for the loss of my bridle, which had suddenly disappeared from the fence of the garden, where it had been imprudently hung. I believe that the Amatembu are far less addicted to theft than their adroit neighbors, the Amakōsa; in all other respects, at least to a casual observer, they are exactly similar. It should not, however, be omitted that Ferdana has adjudged a fine of two cows to the person whom Gūgu (charged with the care of the station in Mr. Davis's absence) had detected in the act of purloining a tin mug from the mission-house.

Since we have been here a heavy thunder storm has set in every afternoon; they are said to be very frequent in this neighborhood.

Wednesday, 25th.—Left Clarkebury at half-past twelve, having been unable to procure the horses sooner. We had not proceeded far, when we observed a number of people collected about the huts of a village we were approaching. On inquiry, we found that one of the houses had been struck by lightning two days previously, and that the witch doctor had just arrived to purify the place, which was to be effected by killing a beast, feasting, and dancing. Thorn bushes had been placed round the hut in question, which was abandoned and not again allowed to be entered. Providentially no lives had been lost. Other instances of this kind were noticed in my journey up, while passing through the Amakōsa, in all of which the houses had invariably been abandoned. It is probable that the greater part of this country will shortly be overrun with locusts; the young insects are innumerable, and in some places entirely covered the ground; insomuch, that many of the natives assured us that they should not plant corn this year, as they were not likely to benefit by the crop.

Among the cattle great losses have been sustained; occasioned, as it is said, by the unusual cold and heavy rains: probably, the circumstance of a state of warfare may have contributed to the amount;—the fact, however, was obvious,—at every village, and frequently by the way, heads and skeletons were strewing the ground; but chiefly in the cattle-folds, where many whole carcases were still remaining. There has been an equal mortality I am told among the colonial cattle, while the districts to the northward of the Bashee have been exempt. In the afternoon we had a drizzling rain, and being now on the skirts of the Amamaia tribe, we found the frontier villages mutually abandoned. These people, of Amatembu stock, though now independent, are a nest of freebooters in friendly alliance with their southern neighbors, the Amakōsa, and possessed of all their treacherous and pilfering propensities. So bitter are their feuds to this day with their *ci-devant* brethren the Amatembu, that the guides sent by Ferdana to escort us to Kheeli's territory, were so apprehensive of ill treatment that they left us at this point to proceed alone. After crossing the Colōsa, having travelled during the day about twenty-five miles, we took up our night's quarters in a dilapidated hut, the best that we could select, in one of these deserted villages.

Thursday, 26th.—Continued our route at sunrise, over open downs, the country both yesterday and to-day being generally bare of trees. We soon, however, reached an inhabited district, which was first indicated by a bush-buck, almost exhausted, crossing our path; some dogs soon after ascended the ridge in pursuit, followed at a short distance by several natives, well provided with assegais, evidently on a hunting expedition. Having satisfied their questions respecting indaba (news,) &c., we rode on. Several other parties came up as we proceeded, all very civil; and some even approached us unarmed, although each of our native attendants carried a gun. After resting the horses for about half an hour, we again continued our route, and soon obtained a distant view of the walls of Butterworth, this missionary station having shared the fate of Morley during the recent war. As we approached

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the ruins, a native upon a pack-ox, who had not before perceived us, was so suddenly surprised at our appearance, that, regardless of his beast, he instantly sprung from his back, and in a few seconds was out of sight; naturally concluding that our intentions were not the most pacific. Both here and at Morley, I had met with great kindness from the missionary families; and while riding over the bricks and rubbish of the demolished buildings, bearing evident marks of the conflagration, I felt much for them and for the cause in which they have suffered: it was indeed a melancholy satisfaction we were indulging, and we soon instinctively turned aside from the blackened walls to visit the garden, where an abundance of figs, almonds, and peaches were rapidly advancing to a state of maturity. But what delighted me the most was a luxuriant hedge of roses covered with flowers and in great beauty, the first I had seen since leaving the colony; and the very sight of which almost transported me again to my native country,—though not indeed the land of the olive and the vine,—still pre-eminently of the jessamine and rose.

Leaving this interesting spot, about three miles to the right we reached the present residence of Kheeli—a village containing only nine huts, all in a most wretched and dilapidated condition, and still likely to be occupied for some time without repair, as a part of the customary respect paid to the memory of a deceased chief. Shortly after our arrival, Kheeli made his appearance; it was about the time of drinking milk; his councillors and principal men soon assembled near his mother's hut, and, seating themselves on the ground, formed a semicircle round him, while he sent portions of milk to each, the baskets being first placed before him by two servants, who, strange to say, wore each a printed cloth round his waist, the first attempt at civilized attire which has yet been made by these inveterate sons of nature, and I trust will not long remain a solitary example. Kheeli is a young man of about twenty, tall and apparently of a mild disposition; somewhat graceful in his actions and of rather a Jewish expression of countenance. As soon as the important business of drinking curdled milk was ended, in which, though served late, we had not been neglected, Kheeli, with a few of his chief councillors, removed to the spot where we had been sitting at a few paces from the assembly, which gradually dispersed, and commenced a long parley. News was eagerly inquired, as well from the English camp as from their northern neighbors. Having endeavored to satisfy (for that is scarcely possible) all these various inquiries, a request on our part was made for two horses, and a mounted guide to conduct us across the Kei; but all our endeavors, urged with the promise of a present on reaching our destination, were ineffectual. "Where are horses to come from? We have none"—was the reply. "The Amatembu have stolen them—the English have taken them." In short, it had evidently been determined that, at least, we should have none. It was now proposed to leave one here which had knocked up on the journey, but in the course of this arrangement, which was agreed to, a singular coincidence occurred—this very horse being recognised by Kheeli as one of his own. It had been stolen from him by a party of Abasoota, in one of their predatory expeditions across the mountains, and had subsequently been employed by the same people in a late attack upon the Amatembu, in which they were defeated; and this, with several other of their horses, was captured by Ferdina. Had that suspicious chieftain been aware of his real pedigree, he would never have allowed him to have accompanied us on our present journey. Not only is it prohibited during the period of state mourning to renew the thatch of the most dilapidated hut, but even the wholesome influence of the besom is also forbidden; and as this village had been abandoned during the war, the condition of our floor may be better imagined than described. As soon as it was dark I made some attempt at repairing the roof, as it was threatening rain, but the thatch was too scanty and far between to do any thing effectually. In the evening an ox was sent to us to be slaughtered, which proved a very acceptable supply, as our people had been nearly a day without tasting food, and our own stock was almost exhausted.

Friday, 26th.—Having last night been promised guides to the Kei, we were anxious to proceed; but as none had yet been sent, we repaired to Nomesa's hut, where it was understood that several of the councillors, although at an unusually early hour, were assembled. Nomesa was Hinza's principal wife, and is the mother of Kheeli; and even during the life-time of her husband is said to have had great influence in the tribe. The hut was crowded; and although anxious to see this political lady, the smoke was so dense that her person was entirely concealed; this, however, was no impediment to a long conversation which soon commenced. Kheeli, who in her presence seems to have little importance, coming in at this time, and lolling carelessly in one corner of the hut, she thus addressed me, pointing to her son:—"We have no rest. You see that child—he has no place—he is a baby. I am obliged to carry him about in my teeth—his house is dead, and we are all eaten up! We wish to have a word to be at rest, that we may cultivate the ground." I replied, by reminding her "that they had already received a word to be at rest; that the English had rested; and they wished to see peace established." The councillors then spoke in confirmation of their great woman's words, and all in the same strain. They declared that they knew not why these troubles had come upon them; that *they had taken nothing;* and were quiet until they were "*eaten up*" (a common expression for being impoverished.) To a stranger to their character, and to the real facts of the case, such a pathetic and plausible appeal would doubtless have excited commiseration, and kindled a generous indignation at cruelties apparently so wantonly inflicted by a Christian and civilised nation, on one so unoffending and helpless. But as I had been already sufficiently initiated into their modes of address and arch duplicity, and was tolerably well acquainted with the causes and leading circumstances of the late war, my high sense of *amor patriæ* was by no means diminished; and had my cheek reddened at the time, it would have been occasioned by the palpable falsehoods they were striving so systematically to uphold. The horses being packed, and

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very thing ready, Keeli, with several of his people, assembled before our hut to see us go off. The favorable moment was not lost: and I was particularly delighted with the simplicity with which Mr. Davis first gave out a hymn in the native language, and then led all who were willing to join in singing the praises of Jehovah. It was a happy conclusion to our visit; surrounded, as we were, by some of the most determined and ferocious characters in all Kafir-land, it has left an impression on my mind which I shall never forget.

As we proceeded the country gradually improved, being more broken and clothed with trees in the ravines. Stopped to rest our horses at a spot called Shaw's Fountain, and within a few paces of the remains of the house in which William Purcell, a trader, was wantonly murdered by a native in July of the past year. As we approached the Kei, the lads watching the cattle took the alarm; and it was amusing to see the rapidity with which several herds on each side of the road were driven off into the wooded ravines. They soon, however, gained confidence; and in spite of the guns came near, and loudly called for a bazella (present.) Mounted and bearing guns across their shoulders, our native escort, for this country, had rather a respectable appearance; but what benefit we were to derive from their weapons, in the event of an attack, I have yet to learn. In defensive warfare their prowess was certainly uncalled for; but on two occasions they all dismounted, drew up in a line, and made a vigorous attack upon a flock of wild geese, which, strange to say, all flew off without leaving them even a feather for a trophy!

From the quantity of rain which has recently fallen, and the state of the other rivers, we had little expectation of finding the Kei in a fordable state, and were rejoiced to perceive that it was only moderately high, enabling us to cross without dificulty. The guides could not be induced to accompany us across, but left us on the bank to return home. We were now in the new province of Adelaide (the colonial boundary, since the late war, having been extended to this river;) and as soon as all our party had gained the British side, we knelt down and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to the God of all our mercies, by whose good providence we have been so mercifully prospered and protected in our journey. We had started this morning at twenty minutes to seven, and reached Fort Warden (the first military post,) about five miles from the river, at a quarter to four where we were kinkly received by Captain De Lancey, the officer in command. My business with his excellency the governor being urgent, Captain De Lancey kindly furnished me with an escort to the next post, and an order to be supplied there with fresh horses to King William's Town, the head quarters. My own horse, notwithstanding all his toils (having ridden him almost every day for these two months past,) came in quite fresh, and with the additional weight of saddle-bags galloped in front of the whole party. Here, however, I left him to be brought on with the other led horses, my companions intending to sleep here, and proceed by more moderate stages. Being anxious, if possible, to reach Graham's Town some time to-morrow night, I set out again with my interpreter, escorted by two of the Cape corps (Hottentos) at sunset, and reached King William's Town at three in the morning, where, notwithstanding the unseasonable hour, I was kindly welcomed by Mr. T. Shepstone, the government interpreter.

Saturday, 28th.—Colonel Smith, who since the termination of the war has commanded the new province, received me with great kindness, and took much interest in the situation of affairs at Port Natal, affording me, in the most handsome manner, a military escort for the remainder of my journey to Graham's Town. Here the changes effected by the late "row with Kafirs," as it was elegantly expressed to me by a colonial farmer, were still more apparent than in the line of posts I had passed on the road. The whole appeared like a dream—the very name of King William's Town was to me a novelty; and what I only remembered as the quiet abode of a missionary of the London Society (Mr. Brownlie) is now metamorphosed into a military cantonment, half urban, half nomadic; here a line of mud huts; there an enclosure of tents; all however well arranged, and apparently in high effective order. That part of the mission-house which has escaped the flames is repaired, and roofing; and one room is already appropriated as an office for the transaction of business: while in the outskirts of the settlement several acres of land have been brought into cultivation, and are yielding good crops of oats, an excellent precaution where forage of this description is so difficult to be procured. After breakfasting in the colonel's markee, I resumed my journey at half-past ten. As the chain of posts, and consequently the relays of horses, were nearer together on the Fort Wiltshire road than on that which I had formerly travelled, by Trompeter's and Committee's Drift, I had an opportunity of crossing the Fish and Keiskamma rivers considerably higher up, and traversing in a fresh direction that extensive line of jungle and forest, which occupies a considerable part of the country which is intersected by the Fish river, and known throughout its whole extent (about seventy miles) by the general appellation of the "Fish River Bush." To the skirts of this forest the country is comparatively open, covered chiefly by patches of the thorny mimosa, and affording in every part most desirable sites for agricultural locations: all beyond is wild and rugged, and, I may add, sombre in the extreme. There are no relieving cliffs and plashing cataracts to cheer the monotony—no curling smoke marks the approach to a single habitation; all wears a savage mournful aspect; and although the traveller is often reminded by the steepness of the route, and the sudden abruptness of the neighboring ravines, that he is traversing hills of no ordinary character: so unbroken and impervious is the green mantle which is cast over all, that he searches in vain for an object to guide his bewildered judgmennt, and at last reverts to himself and his horse as the only approximate means of fathoming the heights and chasms by which he is surrounded. To say that this was once the frontier of the colony would scarcely be credited by any military man; and the very knowledge of such a fact would at once prepare him for much of the consequent disasters which have occurred.

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Had the "ceded territory" comprised between the Fish and the Keiskamma rivers been thickly lined with military posts, it might at a considerable expense have been tenable, though always liable to surprise; but as this was not the case, nothing could have been more encouraging to the pilfering propensities of the Kafir, or more advantageous to his nightly attacks. By the late most just and unavoidable war two essential benefits appear likely to accrue: the permanent security of the colony from future aggression, and the eventual amelioration of the condition of the bordering tribes. Both the labor of the missionary and the industry of the trader will meet with that degree of protection from the local government which will render them less liable to interruption, and thereby an intercourse will be established with the natives, both within and without our boundary, upon a far more permanent footing, tending, under the blessing of God, to conciliate their friendship —to elevate their character, and to win them from habits of barbarism and cruelty—to embrace not merely the outward customs of a civilised community, but the far higher blessings of Christianity and true religion.

From the Kei river to Graham's Town, about one hundred and sixteen miles, there are now seven military posts—four of these have been lately constructed in the new district; they are all trenched, well protected by high mud walls, and capable of repelling any Kafir force that could be opposed. It was two o'clock on Sunday morning before I reached Ayton's Hotel at Graham's Town, having ridden eighty-four miles since leaving King William's Town.

Sunday, 29th.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—(1 Sam. vii. 12.)

How our lives with mercies teem,
Every moment's fraught with love;
Let our lips recount the theme,
Till our hearts are drawn above—
Till we in spirit can unite
With ransomed souls in realms of light!

Had we but faith that could descry
A Father's hand in all we view,
How oft our grateful souls would cry,
The Lord has helped me hitherto;
And Ebenezers we should raise
To Him whose mercies crown our days!

Why have I so long been spared,
A worthless cumberer of the ground!
Why have I so seldom shared
The gifts which others feel around?
'Tis grace—and sovereign grace alone,
Such base ingratitude could own!

Not unto us, may sinners say,
To us no power belongs;
We ne'er had trod the heavenly way,
Or uttered one of Zion's songs,
Had not redeeming love applied
The fount that flowed from Jesus' side?

Beneath the cross we'll constant cling—
No other name than Jesus know:
Thence all our choicest pleasures spring,
And streams of living waters flow!
If but the promise we believe,
All from His fulness we receive.

Nothing can our union sever—
Still the same unchanging Friend;
Yesterday—to-day—for ever,
Jesus loves us to the end!
Supported by His mighty power,
He keeps and guards us every hour!

Oh! for grace by faith to live
To Him whose blood my ransom bought,
Freely of his own to give,
Consecrate each word and thought.
By grace I hitherto have come,
And grace, I trust, will lead me home!

Having transacted my business at Graham's Town, and ascertained that his excellency, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, was still at Port Elizabeth, I set out on Wednesday, December 2nd, for that place, at three in the afternoon, and, riding through part of the night, reached Algoa Bay soon after five o'clock on the following day—the distance is one hundred and one miles. For the personal kindness which I received from his excellency, but especially for the minute consideration which he paid to the subject of my communication, and the anxiety he evinced to promote, with all his influence, the observance of the treaty entered into with Dingarn, and the general welfare, religious as well as commercial, of the Zoolu nation and the British settlement of Port Natal, I feel deeply indebted; and trust that it may please God to make him an instrument of conferring the lasting benefits of civilization, and the unspeakable blessings of Christianity to the remotest parts of this vast and benighted continent.

A vessel (the Dove) being then in the bay, and bound for Port Natal, his excellency sent by her, to be forwarded immediately to Dingarn, the following document, which is the first official communication which has ever been transmitted to any of the native powers beyond the immediate frontier of the colony:—

"COPY.

"His Britannic Majesty's Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope to the Chief of the Zoolus, Dingarn.

"I REJOICE to hear of the good word which has passed between the Chief and Captain Gardiner, and of the treaty concluded between them for the town and people of Port Natal.

"An officer on the part of the King of England, my master, shall speedily be sent to Port Natal, to be in authority there in the place of Captain Gardiner, until his return, and to communicate with the Chief, Dingarn, upon all matters concerning the people of Natal. By him I will send to the Chief presents, in token of friendship and

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good understanding, of which I hereby assure the Chief, in the name of the King my master.

(Signed) "BENJ. D'URBAN,
"Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

"Given at the Cape of Good Hope, the 5th day of December, 1835."

While at Port Elizabeth I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Adams, and Messrs. Grout and Champion, American Missionaries, about to proceed also in the Dove to Port Natal. His Excellency proceeded to Uitenhage on the 5th, and on Monday the 7th I set out for Cape Town, stopping three hours at Mr. Vandereit's, the civil commissioner at Uitenhage, where I received the governor's despatches for England. During the remainder of the journey to Cape Town, I averaged eighty miles each day, taking my chance of the farmers' horses upon the road. They are unshod, generally sure-footed, and well adapted for such journeys. Three horses I found requisite—the guide leading one carrying the saddle-bags; but the contents of these were so frequently submerged, every stream and rivulet being unusually swollen, that, although I commenced by occasionally spreading them out to dry while the horses were changing, I soon grew tired of the operation, and the greater part were mildewed on my arrival on Saturday night at Genadenthal. Before daylight, on Monday 14th, I was again on route. In point of scenery this was by far the most interesting day during the whole journey from Graham's Town.

The approach to the town of George over the mountain, which divides that district from the Lange Kloof, is fine; but I think the Fransche Hoek Pass is superior; and from this point to Stellenbosch, a distance of not more than thirty miles, the ride is quite beautiful,—exhibiting throughout some of the wildest and grandest characteristics of African scenery, in striking relief, with cultivated farms and vineyards, embosomed in oak plantations, and enlivened with hedges of geranium and rose, luxuriant to the very base of those natural buttresses which, on either side, occasionally protrude their rugged outline far into the bosom of this beautiful valley. Among the Dutch farmers, throughout the country, I have invariably met with the greatest civility: they will not be driven, but address them civilly, and you are quite sure of a cordial welcome. A hearty shake of the hand by the good man and his sturdy vrow at once makes you at home. The *tea-water* is always ready; and scarcely have the encouraging words "sit mynheer" been uttered, than it is duly administered; and I pity the fastidiousness of that traveller who rises from a clean rubbed table, spread out with coffee, excellent bread, butter, and eggs, and (if he chooses to ask for it) most delicious butter-milk, and not feel he has not only been refreshed, but abundantly satisfied. For a cup of tea or coffee they will receive nothing; but for a repast, such as I have described, and even where a tough chop are added, although no charge is formally made, a rix dollar (1*s.* 6*d.*) is considered as a liberal equivalent. As a further proof of their willingness to oblige, although on leaving Graham's Town, I was kindly furnished by Captain Campbell (the civil commissioner of the district) with an order on the different field cornets for relays of horses to Cape Town, an occasion never once occurred in which I found it necessary to produce it. Having ridden eighty-four miles, the latter part of which, over the Cape Flats, being loose sand, is the most tedious, I reached Cape Town at five o'clock, and took up my former quarters at Miss Rabe's boarding house in the Heeregracht.

On Saturday, the 19th, in the afternoon, I embarked on board the Liverpool, a teak-built 74, sent from the Imaum of Muscat, in charge of Captain Cogan of the Indian Navy, as a present to his Britanic Majesty, At nine o'clock the next morning we were underweigh; anchored at St. Helena on the 2d of January; sailed early the following morning; and made the English coast off Falmouth on the 20th of February, where I landed in the pilot boat in the course of the evening.

DOCUMENTS CONNECTED WITH PORT NATAL.

Extracted from the Graham's Town Journal of December 3rd, 1835.

A TREATY CONCLUDED BETWEEN DINGARN, KING OF THE ZOOLUS, AND THE BRITISH RESIDENTS AT PORT NATAL.

Dingarn from this period consents to waive all claim to the persons and property of every individual now residing at Port Natal, in consequence of their having deserted from him, and accords them his full pardon. He still, however, regards them as his subjects, liable to be sent for whenever he may think proper.

The British residents at Port Natal, on their part, engage for the future never to receive or harbor any deserter from the Zoolu country, or any of its dependencies; and to use every endeavor to secure and return to the king every such individual endeavoring to find an asylum among them.

Should a case arise in which this is found to be impracticable, immediate intelligence, stating the particulars of the circumstance, is to be forwarded to Dingarn.

Any infringment of this treaty on either part invalidates the whole.

Done at Congella this 6th day of May, 1835, in presence of

UMTHLELLA, } Chief Indoonas and head coun-
TAMBOOZA, } cillors of the Zolu nation.
Mr. G. CYRUS, interpreter.

Signed on behalf of the British residents at Port Natal.

ALLEN F. GARDINER.

REGULATIONS OF THE TOWN OF "D'URBAN," PORT NATAL.

PORT NATAL, *June 23rd*, 1835.

A meeting of the residents of Port Natal, especially convened for the purpose, was this day held at the residence of F. Berkin, Esq.;

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PRESENT:

Capt. Gardiner, R. N.	J. Collis, Esq.
Mr. H. Hogle,	Mr. J. Cane,
Mr. C. Pickman,	Mr. R. Wood,
Mr. P. Kew,	Mr. T. Carden,
Mr. J. Francis,	Mr. R. King,
Mr. J. Mouncy,	Mr. J. Pierce,
Mr. G. Cyrus,	Mr. D. C. Tookey.
Mr. C. Adams,	

When the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

1st. That an eligible and commodious site be immediately selected for the purpose of erecting a town, and alotting a sufficient township for its inhabitants' use.

2nd. That after a minute survey, we do unanimously agree, that the said town be situate between the river Avon and the Buffalo Spring; that it be bounded on the west by the river Avon, on the east by by a line drawn from the bay in a right angle, and touching the Buffalo Spring, near the residence of F. Berkin, Esq., and that the town lands extend four miles inland, and include Salisbury island in the bay.

3rd. That the town now about to be erected be called D'Urban, in honor of his Excellency the Governor of the Cape Colony.

4th. That each of the present inhabitants of Natal be entitled to a building plot of ground in the said town, and Messrs. Berkin, Hogle, and Collis be entitled to an extra allotment each, in consideration of lands conceded by them to the town and township.

5th. That every person taking an allotment do engage to erect a house, conformable to the plan now adopted, within eighteen months from this date; the street-front of which is not to be less than twenty-four feet within its walls; the breadth not less than ten feet; and the walls not less than eight feet high. Such building not being completed within the said term of eighteen months, to be declared forfeited, and to be sold to the highest bidder by the town committee, and the proceeds added to the town fund.

6th. That no Kafir hut, or any straw hut or building be erected in the township; but a temporary residence, not less than one hundred feet from the street, may be erected for the accommodation of laborers on the allotments in which they are employed while erecting the residence of their employer.

7th. That every individual now at Natal, on taking possession of his allotment, do pay into the hands of the treasurer the sum of seven shillings and sixpence, and that those who may arrive after this date do apply to the Town Committee, who will dispose of by public auction the number of allotments required, at a sum not less than three pounds fifteen shillings sterling each, and that the proceeds of such sales and other moneys collected, be paid into the hands of the treasurer, who shall be elected by a majority of householders, and applied only to public purposes under the regulation of a committee appointed annually.

8th. That the Bluff point, extending between the sea and the bay, with the wood growing thereon two English miles westward from its point, be considered as town land, and reserved for the use of the town for building purposes, and that every individual cutting timber on the town lands do pay into the treasurer's hands the sum of one shilling and sixpence per wagon load.

9th That a body of householders, not exceeding thirteen nor less than five, be elected annually, on the first day of July (except such day fall on a Sunday,) by a vote from the whole body of householders, to form a committee, to be called the *Town Committee;* proxies to he admitted for such householders as may be absent at the time of election.

10th That the town committee meet for business as often as may be necessary, but always on the first Wednesday in every month; they are chargeable with the enforcement of the town regulations, which are hereafter to remain unalterable. Five members duly elected, to constitute a board; but they are invested with no power to enact new regulations without the consent of the whole body of householders duly convened by public notice.

11th That the president, members, treasurer, and secretary be renumerated in the sum of one shilling and sixpence per diem, when transacting public business, out of the town fund.

12th. That the following gentlemen do compose the town committee for the ensuing year, viz. Captain Gardiner, R. N., J. Collis, Esq., F. Berkin, Esq., Mr. J. Cane, Mr. H. Hogle.

13th. That for the endowment of a clergyman of the church of England for the parish of D'Urban, three thousand acres of land, situate on the river Avon, and bounded by the lands of James Collis, Esq., be reserved as church lands, to be held in trust by the proper authorities, and never to be alienated from that purpose; and that the clergyman be also entitled to a building allotment for a town residence.

14. That the appointment of a clergyman for the parish of D'Urban is to rest with the Church Missionary Society, but subject to the approval of a majority of not less than two-thirds of the whole body of householders, six months after his arrival.

15th. That a convenient site be selected in the township for the erection of a free-school, and that two thousand acres of land be reserved for its support; and that the said land be reserved on the right bank of the Umlass river, at the foot of the Munyabic.

16th. That a reserve of three thousand acres of land be appropriated as a fund for the endowment of a public hospital; and such reserved lands be on the right bank of the river Incomaas, below the drift, and under the control of the town committee.

17th. That a plot of ground within the township be set apart as a burial ground for the natives.

18th. That in the event of the town being removed beyond the limits of the present township, the whole of the land forming the township be equally shared among those at present residing at Natal, and become the property of their heirs or successors.

19th. That every person be at liberty to dispose

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of his allotment and buildings thereon as soon as the above regulations are conformed to.

20th. That all who may feel inclined to take farms in the vicinity of Port Natal, as well as those already in possession of lands, report the same in writing to the town committee, described their situation, extent, boundaries, &c; all lands not so reported to be considered as void.

21st. That any infringement of the above articles subjects the individual to the forfeiture of his allotment, provided he does not conform within three months after due notice shall have been given him by the town committee.

22nd. That a voluntary subscription be entered into this day, for the purpose of establishing a town fund; and tenders be received by committee for performing by contract the cleaning of the streets and squares of the town; that the lowest tender be accepted, and that F. Berkin, Esq., be solicited to fill the office of treasurer.

23rd. That two auditors be elected every six months to examine and report the treasurer's accounts, and that they be authorised to call a meeting to receive their report and appove of the same.

24th. That a petition be forthwith prepared, and transmitted to his Excellency the governor of the Cape, praying him to transmit it to his majesty's government, soliciting the protection of the British flag in favor of the infant colony of Victoria.

25th. That the thanks of the inhabitants of Port Natal are justly due to Messrs. Berkin, Collis, and Hogle, for the readiness evinced by them in conceding their respective claims to lands considered essential for the comfort of their fellow-citizens.

Resolved,—That a copy of the above resolutions and petition be forwarded to the editor of the "Graham's Town Journal," who is requested to strike off one hundred copies of the regulations for the use of the inhabitants of D'Urban, and to insert a copy of the same in the "Graham's Town Journal," with the list of subscriptions.

C. J. PICKMAN, Sec. and Act. Treasurer.

List of Subscriptions for the purpose of clearing the Bush, and other necessary Improvements in the Town and Township of D'Urban.

Capt. Gardiner	£30	0
J. Collis, Esq.	10	0
H. Hogle	5	0
C. Pickman	1	10
P. Kew	1	10
J. Cane	1	10
T. Carden	1	0
G. Cyrus	1	0
J. Pierce	1	0
C. Adams	0	5
H. F. Fynn	2	10
R. King, one week's work		
J. Mouncy, do. do.		
J. Francis, do. do.		
R. Wood, do. do.		
D. Snelder	2	0
B. Biggar	1	10
John Jones	1	0

The following is the petition referred to in the foregoing:—

Petition of the Householders of the Town of D'Urban, Port Natal.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We, the undersigned British subjects, inhabitants of Port Natal and its vicinity, have commenced building a town called D'Urban, in honour of your Excellency.

We hold in our possession extensive tracts of excellent land, a considerable portion of which has long been under cultivation: many of us are occupied in conducting a valuable trade in hides and ivory, the former of which is almost exclusively obtained within the limits, which by mutual consent of surrounding chieftains have been conceded to us.

In consequence of the exterminating wars of Charka, late king of the Zoolus, and other causes, the whole country included between the Umzimcoolu and Tugăla rivers is now unoccupied by its original possessors; and, with a very few exceptions, is totally uninhabited.

Numbers of natives from time to time have entered this settlement for protection; the amount of whom at this present moment cannot be less than three thousand.

These all acknowledge us as their chiefs, and look to us for protection, notwithstanding which we are living in the neighborhood of powerful native states, without the shadow of a law, or a recognised authority among us.

We, therefore, humbly pray your Excellency, for the sake of humanity—for the upholding of the British character in the eyes of the natives—for the well-being of this increasing community—for the cause of morality and religion, to transmit this our petition to his majesty's government, praying that it may please his majesty to recognise the country intervening between the Umzimcoolu and Tugăla rivers, which we have named "Victoria," in honour of our august princess, as a colony of the British empire, and to appoint a governor and council, with power to enact such laws and regulations as may be deemed expedient by them, in concert with a body of representatives chosen by ourselves, to constitute a house of assembly.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

CHURCH AT "D'URBAN."

A meeting of the Inhabitants of Port Natal was held this day, 23rd June, 1835, when it was unanimously resolved,—

That a subscription, for the erection of a church, be commenced, and that the building shall, on the amount of subscription reaching 500*l.* sterling, be immediately commenced.

That the aid of the religious public be requested, and that subscription lists for that purpose be opened at the stores of

Messrs. B. NORDEN and MAYNARD, Graham's Town.

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Messrs. Dixon and Burnies, Cape Town; and Messrs. Drummond's, Charing Cross, London.

The following sums were immediately subscribed:—

Capt. Gardiner, R. N.	£50 0
J. Collis, Esq.	20 0
Mr. John Cane	5 0
Mr. J. Francis	3 15
Mr. P. Kew	2 10
Mr. H. Hogle	2 10
Mr. Wood	2 0
Mr. Pickman	2 0
Mr. J. Pierce	2 0
Mr. G. Cyrus	2 0
Mr. T. Carden	1 0
Mr. H. F. Fynn	5 0
Mr. D. Snelder	2 0
Mr. R. Biggar	3 10
Mr. John Jones	1 0

His Excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban has since subscribed the sum of 50*l*.

CONCLUSION.

As in probability there will be many grave objections on the part of his majesty's government to extend the British protection to the new territory of Victoria, I should not feel myself justified in dismissing this part of the subject, even at the risk of being mistaken for a land speculator, without offering some further remarks, the substance of which has already been submitted to his Excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and received his entire approval.

In addition to the primary and important object of imparting Christian knowledge, and raising the natives from their present degraded condition, both as respects their temporal and spiritual interests, the advantages to the mother country, which would accrue from colonization, would be great and immediate. The trade in ivory is yearly increasing; and there is no doubt that the greater part, if not the whole, which now passes through the pestilential climate of De la Goa Bay, would find its way to the healthy shores of Port Natal; a presumption founded on no less an authority than Dingarn himself, who has intimated his intention of an almost exclusive barter with the English, should the settlement at Port Natal become sufficiently organised by a local government.

But by far the most cogent argument, if indeed an additional one were wanting, is the beneficial bearing which such an acknowledged settlement would have upon the the native states throughout the whole intermediate territory from Victoria to the Cape colony. With Port Natal, as a *point d'appui*, to be strengthened at any time of emergency, any future hostile combination of the Amakosa would not only be utterly hopeless, but immediately suppressed; and that without incurring the disasters of a tumultuous invasion or the onerous expenses of a lengthened campaign. A detachment of marines acting in concert with the Amapondas, and falling upon their rear, would effect more than ten times the same number of regular forces from the opposite direction, as, by destroying their communications with the interior, the difficulty of conveying away and secreting stolen cattle would be so great, that, independent of the check they would doubtless meet with in front, their whole system of warfare would at once be frustrated; and it is evident, under such circumstances, they must from necessity abandon the attempt.

It surely will be unnecessary to advert to the policy of occupying, even at a little expense, a position which an unfriendly power might at any time possess, and so materially turn to our disadvantage. This will doubtless occur to all who have paid the slightest attention to our relations in South Africa; but it may not be out of place to go a step farther, and to assert the utter impracticability of defending the province of Albany, the fairest of our colonial possessions in that quarter of the globe, unless at a most ruinous expense, in the event of any rival power establishing itself at Port Natal,—with all the facilities afforded by such a position to abet and tamper with the vindictive character of the Amakosa tribes.

By instituting a local authority—by restoring the British character to its proper standard—and by encouraging a friendly and commercial intercourse with the Zoolu nation, a powerful diversion would at once be effected in favor of colonial interests, and the probability of a collision between this warlike people and their southern neighbors, or what would be far more destructive to the tranquillity of our colonial frontier, an offensive and defensive alliance between them and the Amakosa be entirely precluded.

With regard to expense, not the least important consideration in all matters connected with colonization, although it might be fairly advanced that ample amends would be made for a reasonable expenditure in the security of our existing frontier from aggression on predatory attack, still there are some peculiarities in the state of society in the country in question, which will go far to lighten the burden, should it ever be imposed.

The natives at Port Natal are, almost to a man, refugees from the Zoolu nation, goaded by a rigorous government to desert for protection to our settlement: their very existence, therefore, depends upon their combining to defend the asylum they have chosen. For some years many of them have been entrusted with fire-arms for the purpose of hunting the elephant and buffalo; and in consequence, out of the whole body, some very tolerable marksmen can be selected. An European military force is not therefore absolutely necessary either for the support of the government or the defence of the settlement—a few veteran soldiers, for the purpose of instituting drills, and introducing an uniformity of system, would be quite sufficient, under the inspection of one or two non-commissioned officers, to organize a native force adequate for every necessity that might arise.

A kilt, of the commonest material, by way of clothing, and the loan of a cow (price about forty shillings) to each man, to be forfeited for misconduct, but to become his actual property after three years' faithful service, would be regarded as a sufficient remuneration, and comprises the whole expense of a force, with which, after three months'

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traming, I should have no hesitation in combating, if necessary, the whole Zoolu army.

To these brief remarks, far too cursory for the importance of the subject, which, I trust, will find an abler advocate, I will only add my sincere hope that, for the security and permanency (under the Divine blessing) of the missionaries about to be sent to that country, the appeal to his majesty's government, contained in the petition inserted above, may not have been urged in vain; but contribute to such a result as may conduce, not only to the well-being of that infant settlement, but to the manifestation of the Gospel of grace, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom from the shores of Victoria to the very confines of Abyssinia.

One word to British Christians, and the patient reader who has followed me thus far is released.

The Committee of the Church Missionary Society, to whom application for succor was immediately made on my arrival in England, have, I am thankful to say, accepted the two stations of Berea and Culoola as they now stand, as well as the entire management and control of the Zoolu mission in future; but from their absolute inability to supply the laborers for the work, it is very doubtful whether they will be enabled to carry their purpose into execution.

To appeal to you, under such circumstances, is a duty which you will readily admit; and, although it should touch a string which has often been strained before, and is still vibrating to the latest call of Christian philanthropy, I feel assured that it is only to make known the circumstances and urgency of the case to meet with your cheerful and warmest support.

Let it not be said that teachers are reluctant to go when nations are willing to be taught—that injured, benighted Africa, groping through the thick darkness, calls unheeded for your aid, and stretches out her hands to you in vain. Much as there is undoubtedly to be done at home, are there none willing to spend and be spent in the cause of their ever-blessed Redeemer abroad? Is the path, once so humbly and so holily pursued by a Schwartz, a Brainard, and a Martyn, become too hard and too self-denying for the modern disciples of Him, who, though he was rich, yet for our sake became poor—who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows—who not only loved us, but gave himself for us?

Melancholy, indeed, would be the condition of that people, who (calling themselves Christians) could calmly sit down to count the cost, while millions were perishing for lack of knowledge; but far less enviable is the state of that heart, which cares not to respond when the ministers of the most high God point themselves to the path of missionary labor.

It is to you, then, my fellow-Christians, that (under the guidance and blessing of God) we look for support; and could I but hear you reply, "Although we cannot of ourselves go forth, we will plead the poor African's cause at the throne of grace, and make special supplication unto Him, with whom is the residue of the spirit, that He will incline the hearts of many of his faithful servants willingly to offer themselves as laborers in the vineyard he has so graciously opened," I should then feel assured, not only that the blessing implored would descend in abundance upon that parched and thirsty soil, "making the wilderness to blossom as the rose," but also that you yourselves would experience the refreshing dews in your own souls.

Let us never forget the wild shouts of our forefathers who immolated their offspring at the foot of their idols; and, as we have so freely received, let us also freely give, not our money only, but especially our prayers, and (when the path of duty seems clearly evident) our very selves, a living, holy, acceptable sacrifice—always bearing in mind the injunction of an inspired apostle—"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your own body and your spirit, which are God's."—(1 Cor. vi. 19.)

THE ZOOLU'S PRAYER.

Hark!—a voice on Albion's shore,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
A wild, but mournful plaint;
'Twas raised on Afric's sunny strand,
And echoes now throughout our land,
In accents low and faint.

It is the blood-stained Zoolu's prayer,
The first that e'er was offered there
For mercy and for peace;
It claims the Christian's fostering hand
To cheer a dark and ruined land,
And bid her thraldom cease.

Haste! haste!—to us direct your way,
We perish if you now delay—
God's word we long to hear!
Gladden our hearts with that good news,
Nor fear that we will e'er refuse
What now we hold so dear!

We love to hear the white man tell
How Jesus ransomed souls from hell,
And suffered in their stead!
And when our surf-girt shores you reach,
We 'll pray to Him of whom you preach
For blessings on your head.

As you were once bereft of light,
Oh, think upon our cheerless night,
Without one star to guide!
Heed not the land you leave behind—
Another home with us you 'll find,
Your God will all provide!

And when your day of trial 's o'er,
And you shall join those gone before
In realms of light above;
You will not deem your labor lost,
Nor wish that you had weighed the cost
Of this your work of love.

THE END

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CHRISTIAN RESEARCHES

IN

SYRIA AND PALESTINE,

IN

1823 & 1824.

IN FURTHERANCE OF THE OBJECTS

OF THE

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY

REV. WILLIAM JOWETT, M. A.

ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SOCIETY.

NEW-YORK:

THOMAS GEORGE, JR. SPRUCE STREET.

1836.

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PREFACE.

In the following pages, many of the author's observations are given in the form of a Journal. It would not, indeed, have been difficult to subdivide the volume into parts, each furnishing a separate account of the different classes of society to be found in Syria and Palestine. Since, however, that small country does, in fact, present an epitome of nearly all the bodies of men existing around the Mediterranean, it is evident, that, in such a partition of subjects, some would have been found too inconsiderable to form by themselves a detached chapter.

The want of lucid order, incidental to this mode of publication, will appear, however, to be, in a considerable measure, remedied by the introductory section of the work; in which, by means of an extensive compilation from a variety of authors there is presented to the reader a classified view of the different bodies of men existing in Syria and Palestine.

In the sections which follow the journal, the author has aimed at developing more fully than his journal had done, the condition of the people; not without an ardent hope, that the picture exhibited may be the means of rousing the public to a deeper sense of their obligations to prosecute Christian missions in this part of the world. Various suggestions, the result of frequent communication with the men of intelligence and piety, are likewise offered, in reference to character of missionaries and the measures of missionary and Bible societies.

The Church Missionary Society has felt the advantage of the system of research thus far conducted, with sufficient force to desire that it should be, in its proportion, steadily pursued. It would be desirable for the public to be furnished with an exact view of the circumstances and opinions of the following principal countries—the PAPAL STATES, together with the nations more immediately in relation with them—MODERN GREECE—TURKEY IN EUROPE AND ASIA—ARMENIA, and the neighboring regions—PERSIA, SYRIA, and PALESTINE (the review of which is, in the present volume, in a considerable measure, executed)—ARABIA—EGYPT and NUBIA—ABYSSYNIA—and the BARBARY STATES. An intelligent investigation of the condition of these various regions, prosecuted by the different missionaries in a truly Christian spirit, with accuracy of observation, sound judgment, meekness of temper, and a practical determination of mind, would furnish to the conductors of missionary and Bible societies, and to missionaries actually on service, an invaluable depository of information, on which to form their opinions and direct their measures.

It is however fully to be borne in mind, that such a system of research forms only a part—a small, and continually decreasing part, of the work of a missionary. Enough has, indeed, been already effected, to open an introduction to immediate and important labors. The various Christian societies of our own country, of the continent, and of America, would probably all of them concur in this judgment, and many of them are acting upon it. But the spirit and the measures of all need a vast enlargement. It is high time for the faithful members of Christ to be instant in their supplications to Him, who is the great Head over all things to the church—that He would vouchsafe to pour out the gift of His Holy Spirit more abundantly than ever, preparing all the nations by a feeling of anxious expectation of some great event, and at the same time sending forth a numerous company of Evangelists to visit all the dark places of the earth in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

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CHRISTIAN RESEARCHES.

JEWS.

RABBINISTS— ARAITES—SAMARITANS.

In describing the different classes of people who at present dwell in Syria and the Holy Land, it is natural to give the first place to that nation, which, in the most ancient periods of history, possessed so considerable a portion of this territory, by the title of a special gift from heaven. What we might almost term, the Divine Nobility of this race, is briefly and energetically sketched in those words of Scripture:—"Who are Israelites; to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen." (Rom. ix. 4, 5.) No Master of Heraldry ever pronounced such a majestic train of titles: no country, not the proudest, can present, in a condensed form, such a splendid record of its privileges and distinctions. There does not, nor ever did there exist, such a remarkable nation as that of the Jews—*a people terrible from their beginning hitherto!*

This family of the children of Abraham—attainted and despoiled of its heritage, but not extinct—still lingers, a small part of it at least, upon the paternal estate; anxious to be found on the spot, at the moment of the appearance, daily and hourly expected, of their Deliverer and Restorer; or, in the event of their death, fondly deeming it meritorious to be gathered to the grave of their fathers.

From Aleppo to Jerusalem, Jews are to be found in all the principal cities: in Mount Lebanon there are but few. The author, in a future part of this volume, gives an account of them, principally in those places which he visited.

The distinction between the two leading divisions of the Jews is extremely simple—the Rabbinical, who are attached to a multitude of human traditions and commentaries; and the Karaites, who adhere to the simple text of the Scriptures of the Old Testament.

Besides this leading distinction, there is another, which is of a national kind; that between Jews and Samaritans. It may, indeed, very reasonably be doubted how far the Samaritans have a claim to be classed with the descendants of Abraham. A fuller discussion of this point than could be allowed in this preliminary chapter, will be found in a subsequent part of this volume. It seemed, however, not improper to class under this head, a body which professes to ground its religion entirely upon the five books of Moses.

There are, further, distinctions among the Jews, arising from differences in their modes of worship, or from refinements of speculative opinion. Such are the sects of the Spanish and Polish Jews, the Hassidim, &c. of which some notice will appear in that part of the following Journal which describes Tiberias.

CHRISTIANS.

If pure Christianity consists in the enjoyment of the light of Revelation; in the exercise of faith, hope, and charity; and in the maintenance of *the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace*—then must it be mournfully admitted, that the professors of our most holy faith have, in Syria and Palestine, wandered very far indeed from the truth and simplicity of the Gospel. Darkness and discord share the dominion here. It is true that there is no part of the Christian world into which these foul spirits have not, in various degrees, found entrance: but, in our present survey, the sight of them is doubly painful; while we contemplate the intensity of their influence, and the melancholy fact, that they should be here ruling in that very sphere, where the religion of light and love was first promulgated.

We must not shrink, however, from faithfully delineating the picture. If the scornful feelings of the infidel should begin to kindle at the description, let him reflect that here is no triumph over Christianity, but a developement of erring human nature. That professing Christians have departed from the purity of the faith, no more tends toward a refutation of Christianity, than the errors of idolatry and polytheism to deprave the doctrine of the eternal Godhead. Does a reflecting man doubt the truth, that *there is One God*, because the myriads of the heathen have worshipped stocks, and stones, and beasts, and reptiles? Neither ought the faith of any Christian man to be shaken, by seeing that the professors of Christianity have multiplied schisms and heresies. All these facts serve but to prove the infirmity and sinfulness of human nature: they cannot shake the truth of Revelation. Although the evidence of the doctrine be not apparent in Palestine, yet there is, in the Christian church, "one body, and one Spirit, even as we are called in one hope of our calling: One Lord, one faith, one baptism; One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all." (Eph. iv. 4—6.) He who prays for a spiritual participation of the blessings expressed in that passage, and he alone, may, with safety and with painful profit, contemplate the following details.

The professing Christians of Syria and Palestine may be thus classed:—

Greeks, of the proper Oriental Church—
Armenians, proper—

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Syrians, proper—
Copts and Abyssinians—
Roman Catholics; namely,
Maronites—
Greek Roman Catholics—
Armenian Roman Catholics—
Syrian Roman Catholics—
Latins, or Frank Roman Catholics—
Protestants.

GREEKS.

The Greeks, of the proper Oriental Church, are numerous in some parts of Syria. The Greek Patriarch of Antioch resides generally at Damascus: the Greek Patriarchs of Jerusalem have, for more than a century, taken up their residence at Constantinople; where they have been accustomed to assist the Patriarch and the Synod of that see. In Aleppo, Damascus, and Jerusalem, these Oriental Greeks are in considerable numbers: from the maritime towns they have found it expedient to withdraw during the present revolution, although some remain. In Mount Lebanon they are not tolerated, the Romish influence being there predominant and exclusive: but, to the south, towards Jerusalem, the Greeks probably far outnumber the Roman Catholics. Their standard of faith, it is almost superfluous to repeat, is that which the author has mentioned in his former volume of Christian Researches; being formed according to the First Seven General Councils, together with the Holy Scriptures. They have been found, as in Asia Minor and Greece, so also in Syria and Palestine, favorably disposed to the labors of the Bible Society.

ARMENIANS.

Between Syria and the British possessions in the East Indies, there is a vast tract of country, of the actual religious condition of which comparatively very little is known. If we except a small portion of Roman Catholic Greek influence in the more western parts of this immense region, it will be found to be occupied, so far as Christianity is concerned, by Armenians, Jacobite Syrians, and Nestorians, more or less scantily distributed among the native Mahommedan population.

The Armenian church holds the opinion of the Monophysites, concerning the incarnation of Jesus Christ; in such a manner, however, as to differ from the Jacobites, with whom they do not hold communion. "They are governed," observes Mosheim, "by three Patriarchs. The chief, whose diocese comprehends the Greater Armenia, resides at Echmiazin. The second resides at Cis, a city of Cilicia. There is a third, residing at Aghtamar, but who is looked upon by the other Armenians as the enemy of their church." Besides these, there are other prelates dignified with the title of Patriarch, although not fully of the same rank; those, namely, of Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Camieniec in Poland.*

* Mosheim's Eccl. Hist. Century xvi. Sec. 3, Part 1. chap. 2.

SYRIANS.

The Nestorians do not so properly come under the denomination of bodies existing in Syria, belonging rather to Mesopotamia.* The Jacobite Syrians have also their residence chiefly on the banks of the Tigris; but their Patriarch, who lives near Mardin, not unfrequently visits Aleppo, where many rich Jacobite Syrians reside. He claims also to be styled Patriarch of Antioch: although, at Mosul, resides another Jacobite Prelate, who is styled, sometimes, the Maphrian, sometimes the Primate, of the East; in dignity inferior to a Patriarch, but superior to a Metropolitan. The Jacobite Syrians have also a chapel at the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem.† They hold the Monophysite heresy in common with the Copts in Egypt.

It was about the commencement of the sixth century that this heresy was promulgated by Severus, a Patriarch of Antioch. A very short time afterwards, he was expelled from Syria; and the orthodox faith was re-established in that country. Ere long, however, a follower of his, James Baradæus, successfully reared again the Monophysite standard; and, in Egypt and Mesopotamia, they have ever since maintained their opinions, receiving, from this second advocate of Monophysitism, the title of Jacobites.

The following remarks of the Jesuit missionaries in Syria relative to this body will describe their sentiments, and the tenacity with which they adhere to them:—

"We could greatly wish that the fruits of our mission were more abundant among the heretics; but it is extremely difficult to recover them from the error into which they are gone. The Syrians, otherwise called the Jacobites, are most deeply attached to their peculiar error. They are very numerous. They are named Jacobites from one of the disciples of Eutyches and Dioscorus, called Jacob. This disciple revived the error of his masters in the beginning of the sixth century; and taught publicly, that there was only one nature in Jesus Christ, composed of two natures, the one divine the other human.

"It is true that the chief part of these Jacobites do not understand what is the point in question; but their schismatic bishops and priests boast to them so often the pretended sanctity and the profound doctrine of Dioscorus and Barsamas, that the common people of this sect, prejudiced as they are in favor of these two hereciarchs, cannot imagine that these two men, so celebrated among them, should have been capable of falling into error. Thus their priests sounded continually in their ears that these two apostles of their sect, namely, Dioscorus the successor of the great St. Cyril in the Patriarchate of Alexandria, and Barsamas that famous Monk his Archimandrite, have taught them that the divine and human nature make but one sole nature in Jesus Christ; they

* It is, however, said that there are Nestorians in Syria. Some account of this body, will be given in a note to this section.

† The author is, however, uncertain whether this chapel belongs to the Jacobites or Nestorians: it is called, generally, the chapel of the Syrians.

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obstinately hold to that sentiment; and, if you combat them, they only answer by invectives, making the sign of the cross with only the middle finger of their hand, holding at the same time the other fingers closed, in order to make you understand that they acknowledge only one nature in Jesus Christ, and that you shall never make them believe the contrary.

"Their obstinacy, great as it is, does not, however, shut our mouth. As their conversion depends particularly upon that of their bishops, we wait upon them as often as possible, in order that they may be induced to come near us; and that we may have the opportunity of explaining to them what the Catholic faith teaches us, and what we are obliged to believe in order to be saved.

"Happily for us, in the visits which we pay them they are the first to put us upon those articles of their belief which are contrary to ours; as, for example, the procession of the Holy Spirit, and the union of the two natures in Christ.

"Our custom is, to answer them simply with the Holy Gospel, which we have in our hand. We oppose to them those texts of Scripture, which clearly decide the question; and the decrees of the council of Calcedon, which formally condemns their errors." *Lettres Edif. et Curieuses, Vol. I. pp.* 145—148.

If the following statement be in all circumstances correct, it apparently argues an extreme laxity on the part of the Jacobites, in attaching to themselves half-made proselytes. Under the head of "Observations made at Mardin," Niebuhr thus remarks—

"To the communion of the Jacobites belong also the Shemsy. These seem still to have preserved a religion which has been patronised, not only by the Mohammedans, but also by the Christians. An old man assured me, that, in his youth, he knew many villages in the mountainous parts of the country hereabouts, which professed this religion. At present, it is believed, there are none of the Shemsy in the country; but, at Mardin, there still exist about a hundred families, in two different quarters. Formerly but a few years ago, these existed as a separate communion: but when the idea came into the mind of the sultan Mustafa, to compel all the Christians and Jews in the empire either to become Mohammedans or to quit the country; and all the grandees of the kingdom, not even excepting the Mufti, refused their assent to this order, since Mahomet himself had, on condition of an annual capitation-tax, granted protection to the Christians and Jews; the edict was remodelled: and, with a view of giving some satisfaction to the sovereign, it was ordered that thenceforth no persons should be suffered in the country, except those who had sacred books; that is to say, Mohammedans, Christians, or Jews. This order gave very little concern to the Druses, Yasides, and Ansari, and those of other religions, who had their residence in mountainous countries, and were governed by their own Sheiks and Emirs. But the Shemsy were far too weak: besides which, they dwelt in cities, where the Mohammedan magistrate could easily have an eye upon them. They therefore submitted themselves to the Jacobite Patriarch of Diarbekir,* and, ever since that time, they call themselves Christians, and dress as such. All their Christianity, however, consists in their dress; and in the circumstance that they have their children baptized. There is seldom seen at church any of their sect, excepting a couple, whom they send regularly, in order to avoid the accusation of never appearing at the church. They also have a Jacobite ecclesiastic, to assist at the interment of their dead; but they do not allow him to enter the house, till the coffin is closed, when he follows the corpse to the burying-ground of the Shemsy. I heard nothing positive concerning their religious tenets: the Christians at Mardin told me that they always build the principal door of their houses toward the East, and that they always turn their faces toward the sun when they pray." *Niebuhr, Voyage en Arabie, &c. Vol. II. pp.* 321, 322.

* It is also mentioned by Assemann, (vol. II. p. 291) that the Jacobites freely communicate with heretics.

NOTE ON THE NESTORIANS.

Having had occasion incidentally to mention the Nestorians, I cannot pass on without observing, that, of the different bodies existing in the East, this is one peculiarly interesting as an object for religious research and exertion. They are denominated, variously, Nestorian, Chaldean, or Assyrian Christians; and they are very numerous. The fullest account of them is to be found in the fourth volume of Assemann's Bibliotheca Orientalis, which he has entitled, *Dissertatio de Syris Nestorians*. Their Patriarchs are three; those, namely, of Mosul, Ormia, and Amida. Of these, the last-mentioned Patriarch has connected himself with Rome: the others have, at different times, treated with Rome; but still remain unconnected with her communion. In the above-mentioned work of Assemann, who devotes 962 folio pages to this subject, various reconciliations of this extensive branch of Christians with the Romish See are diligently recorded. One chapter is devoted to the recapitulation of these events. It is entitled, *Conversio Nestorianorum ad fidem orthodoxam*. (Chap. viii.) It might, however, more properly have been denominated, "*Occasional conversions of a part of the Nestorians, to the church of Rome:*" for the learned author enumerates not fewer than five such events, which took place in the following periods, viz. A. D. 1247, 1288, 1552, 1616, and 1681. These intermittent attachments to the Romish See might, alone suffice to argue a very feeble degree of Papal influence in those quarters. But this is yet more fully developed by Assemann himself, at the close of that chapter; where, in a tone of complaint, he notices that one of three Nestorian Patriarchs alone continues in his adherence to Rome, while the other two have fallen off. He institutes an inquiry into the causes of this; and himself furnishes a complete answer, full of practical instruction. "Why," he asks, "do not the successors of Elias and Simeon observe in their jurisdictions this concord with Rome, in the same manner as it has been religiously observed by the successors of Joseph?" To this question he replied in the following manner:—

"For four causes, as it seems to me. *First*, because, when they entered into communion with the Catholic church, their ecclesiastical books were not purged of the errors with which they

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abound; namely, their euchologium and horologium, or ritual, the Pontifical, and the daily and nightly offices, and those of the saints: for, in these, the Nestorian heresy is everywhere contained, and the memory of heretics cherished. *Secondly*, all their books, as well Syriac as Arabic, on theology and the Canons, which are continually in the hands of their Patriarchs, Bishops, Presbyters, and others, were composed by Nestorian authors, and consequently infected with the poison of heresy: these are the only books which they read: they have no other book composed in their language by the orthodox, by which they might be taught the Catholic verities. *Thirdly*, the intercourse of letters and embassies between them and the Catholic church is interrupted: had it been continued, and had the Nestorians on the one hand had their orators at the Apostolic See, and were Rome on the other hand continually to visit them by letter or by legates, they would probably never have broken off the union once formed. *Lastly*, the apostolic missionaries destined for them by the Roman Pontiff are, for the most part, ignorant of their languages and of their rites, and scarcely penetrate those regions in which their patriarchs reside: hence they transact their mission with plebians, not with patriarchs and bishops; and not satisfied with instructing them in the faith, they very often move useless questions about rites, calculated to disturb, rather than conciliate, men, who are remarkable for a most tenacious attachment to their customs."—*Assemanni Bibliotheca Orientalis, Vol. IV. pp.* 412, 413.

In these remarks there is much good sense: there is, however, one circumstance, naturally enough not alluded to by this learned papal envoy —THE SCRIPTURES WERE NOT ABUNDANTLY CIRCULATED AMONG ALL CLASSES OF CHRISTIANS IN THE EAST. But this could form no part of the policy of the court of Rome. It may be hoped that the recent publication of the ENTIRE SYRIAC BIBLE, by the British and Foreign Bible Society, will, under the divine blessing, be one of the means instrumental in giving Protestant missionaries a favorable acceptance from an immense body of Christians, as yet almost unknown, because almost unexplored by us, peopling the vast region between Aleppo and Travancore.

COPTS AND ABYSSINIANS.

THE Copts and Abyssinians in Palestine are to be found principally in the Holy City; devotion being the motive which has drawn them to this land. The Copts, from the nearness of Egypt, more easily return to their native country; but the Abyssinians, through extreme want, are obliged to remain. They are very few in number, and of no influence; living in great poverty, and many of them being dependent upon the richer Armenians, to whom they are in some degree attached by the similarity of their religious faith.

ROMAN CATHOLICS.

HAVING enumerated the different Christian bodies, which seem to have upheld, in the respective countries of the east, a more proper claim to the title of oriental Christians; we come to notice those Christians, who, either being natives, have adopted, or being foreigners, have introduced, the dominion of the Papacy. The first four sub-divisions of this number consist of persons by birth oriental: the fifth is wholly a foreign interest, being by birth, as well as in faith, occidental.

Maronites—
Greek Roman Catholics—
Armenian Roman Catholics—
Syrian Roman Catholics—
Latins, or Frank Roman Catholics.

MARONITES.

THE Maronites are to be found principally in Mount Lebanon, and the adjacent cities. The residence of their Patriarch is at Kanobin, not far from Tripoli; and this may be considered as nearly the northern boundary of their residence. The titular jurisdiction of this Patriarch, in common with that of some other Patriarchs in the east equally recognised by the See of Rome, is ANTIOCH; from which city, as having been visited by Saint Peter, a kind of papal rank and virtue, (secondary, however, to that of Rome,) is by them supposed to emanate to all his successors in that See. South of Nazareth, the author heard of no resident Maronites.

This church is in strict communion with the Romish hierarchy; a connection which was carefully cherished by the Jesuits, as they found, in the ease and security of the mountains, and in the docility of the natives, the most advantageous means of forming their oriental seminaries and similar establishments.* In the province, called Kastravan, situate between Beirout and Tripoli, one of their missions was established in the college at Antura, or Antoura. Several monasteries have also been established in this neighborhood by the Franciscans from Europe. Pope Urban VIII. manifested his sense of the value of this station, by forming here, in connection with the propaganda, an institution for oriental learning and Romish missions: from the rules of this establishment some extracts will be given in a future page, under the topics of "The Work of an Evangelist" and "Education." In this place the reader will be sufficiently informed of the origin of the Maronites, according to the tradition most approved by themselves, from the following passage:—

"The Maronite nation derives its origin and its name from the celebrated Abbé Maron; who must not be confounded with another of the same name more ancient, a Monothelite Heresiarch. The holy Abbé Maron was born in Syria, in the fourth century. He there spent the life of a hermit. He had under his conduct several disciples, who embraced his manner of living. The reputation of his holiness was so great, that St. John Chrysostom wrote to him from the place of his exile, to entreat him to obtain from God, by his prayers,

* The Maronites had, previously to A. D. 1182, been Monothelites. At that period, they abjured these opinions; and were re-admitted to the communion of the Roman church. (See Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, century VII.)

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grace to endure his excessive pains with patience and courage. Cardinal Baronius eulogises some letters which the holy Abbé wrote to the Pope Hormisdas, and the book which he presented to the council, an authentic proof of the Catholicity of the holy Abbé.

"After he had piously finished his days, his disciples built a second monastery near the river Orontes. The better to recommend it, they gave it the name of their father; and, after that time, it was called the monastery of St. Maron. The emperor Justinian rebuilt their church, and gave it a handsomer appearance than the former one.

"In the number of hermits of this monastery, there was one named John: who, having distinguished himself among his brethren by his virtues, was elected Abbé; and in honor of their first father, he was surnamed the Abbé Maron. This second Abbé Maron powerfully combatted the heretics and schismatics. He converted many of them; and so successfully defended his nation against schism and heresy which surrounded it on all sides, that it alone in the Levant has remained constantly and universally devoted to the chair of St. Peter.

"The Abbé John Maron, of whom we speak, was the first of his nation who was honored with the title of Patriarch of the Maronites. He received the Patriarchate from the Holy See. His successors, after their election, never omit, up to the present day, to depute a person to the Pope, in order to receive his confirmation and the *Pallium*."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, Vol. I. pp.* 109—111.

GREEK ROMAN CATHOLICS.

THE Patriarch of the Greek Roman Catholics resides at the Monastery of Mar Michæl, near Antoura.*. They have several monasteries in Mount Lebanon and the adjacent cities; among which a principal one is that of the Deir Mhalles, or San Salvador, near Saide. From this place, many are sent forth to occupy the office of parochial priests, in various towns of Mount Lebanon. They take to themselves the name of Melchites, in the same manner as do the orthodox Greeks of Egypt; but this title at first originated in a political, rather than in a religious, distinction.

It may be difficult to trace at what exact period members of the Greek church in Syria first became Roman Catholics. The activity of the Romish missionaries in the promotion of such conversions must have been successful, probably, long before the period alluded to in a letter from which we are about to give an extract. It is a letter without date, of considerable length, occupying 159 pages of the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," in the Paris edition of 1780; and is addressed, by the superior of the Jesuit missions in Syria and Egypt, to the superior-general of the order, giving a very full and minute account of the Syrian missions. The letter being without date, and entering into a very great variety of matter, has rather the appearance of being a compilation from the archives of the Jesuit missionaries during a long period of time. The following extract records the reception of the Romish creed, by some dignitaries of the Greek church in Syria, about the year 1717; an event which could not fail, for the time, to throw a great weight of influence into the papal scale; and it is accordingly announced in terms of high gratulation. It may very properly be introduced, as illustrating this section, concerning the Greek Roman Catholics.

"The moment is at length come, in which the bandage which hid their eyes from the Catholic truth, has fallen. The Patriarch of Alexandria and the Patriarch of Aleppo have been the first to send to our holy father, pope Clement XI., their profession of faith; by which they protest, that they recognise and revere him, as the vicar of Jesus Christ, the head of the church, and the centre of unity to the Catholic faith.

"The Patriarch of Damascus, named Cyril, the most powerful, and consequently the most in credit of all the Patriarchs in the Levant, was the last to give himself up. He had long lived in schism; but as he is a man of spirit and capacity, he could not refrain from praising and defending the Catholic religion. He frequented the company of the missionaries, and was well pleased that they should have the honor of often visiting him. Far from opposing the conversion of his flock, the schismatic Greeks, he favored, as much as possible, their return to the Romish church. He confessed, even, that he was ill pleased with the Greeks of Constantinople, for having formerly separated themselves. These good discourses, expressive of his sentiments, excited in the Catholics a feeling of affection toward him. They desired and asked of God, on his behalf, strength that he might follow the example, which the two Patriarchs of Alexandria and Aleppo had just given him. God has been pleased to hear their prayers; but mark the final method, by which the Saviour of men has been pleased to recover this prelate to the bosom of the Romish church, which had been so often the subject of his eulogium. Schism had held him in slavery—to compel him to quit it, it was necessary for Providence to permit his falling into captivity in the manner which I am about to relate.

"The Patriarch, of whom we speak, confided the missal of his church to one of his disciples, to take it to a binder. Some Turks, having by chance entered the shop, found this missal. One of them seized it; and carried it immediately to the Bashaw designing to make his court to him. The Bashaw charmed with the opportunity of making an exaction from the Patriarch and extorting money from him, did not fail, the next morning, to send and summon him before him. The Bashaw then said to him, in a furious tone, that he had been informed of what he had done to seduce the Turks and make Franks of them—that he had given to one of them a book of his false religion, to pervert him—and that, for his crime, he deserved to be burnt to death: then without waiting for his justification, he committed him to the prison of blood, so called, because it is appropriated to criminals destined to be condemned to death. The Bashaw's order of commitment was executed: but the Patriarch, after some day's confinement, having learnt that for three

* See the following Journal, under date of October 21, 1823.

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thousand crowns his liberty would be restored to him, caused this sum to be paid to the Bashaw; and the door of the prison was opened to him, on Whit-Monday, 1717. Scarcely was he out of prison and returned to his house, when he received the brief from Pope Clement XI., in which his holiness expressed to him that he had learnt, with a sensible joy, the protection which he granted to the Catholics, and the proofs which he gave of his esteem for the Romish church; that these dispositions led him to believe that he was not far from the kingdom of God; that he conjured him, as his brother in Jesus Christ, to hear the voice of God that called him, and would use the voice of the common pastor to recover his flock to the fold. 'Meditate,' said he to him, 'on those words of Jesus Christ—*What shall it profit a man, if he should gain the whole world, and loose his own soul?* Beware lest the fear of loosing some transient and temporal advantages occasion you the loss of an eternal blessing. Follow, rather, the example of the Patriarch of Alexandria and of the Patriarch of Aleppo, who have sent us their profession of faith conformable to the holy councils. We expect,' said the pope to him in conclusion. 'we expect from you such a reply as we desire; and we will then explain to you what you will have to do, and the conduct which you should maintain.'

"In terms nearly such as these, the brief was conceived. The Patriarch received and read it with profound respect. The Lord, at the same time, spoke to the heart of the Patriarch; who, touched by this invitation of the father and chief of pastors, assembled the missionaries, to declare to them, that he had taken the resolution of sending his profession of faith to the holy father in the terms which he desired. The prelate has kept his word. He, last year, deputed three persons, who carried to Rome his profession, together with presents and his pastoral staff, in order to submit it to the vicar of Jesus Christ.

"We doubt not but his holiness would feel a sensible joy at receiving into his communion, and nearly at the same time, the three Patriarchs of the Greek church. God grant that those who succeed them may be the inheritors of their orthodox faith, as well as of their dignity!"—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, Vol. I. pp.* 140—144.

ARMENIAN ROMAN CATHOLICS.

The residence of the Armenian Roman Catholic Patriarch is at Ybzumar, situate to the north of Beirout: some account of this convent will appear in the following pages, the author having visited it during his stay in Mount Lebanon. But although the Romanists have used very active exertions to bring over the Armenians to their profession, and have long maintained a considerable influence with that people, both in Constantinople and in other parts of the Turkish empire; yet it is not to be supposed, that the proportion of these converts is, in any degree, comparable to those who have adhered to the ancient national church of the Armenians. The following remarks of Niebuhr will convey a very just idea of this fact, in reference both to those Greeks and to those Armenians, who have accepted the dignity of the patriarchal title from Rome.

"There are, also, on the large and fertile mountains of Lebanon, many Christians, (that is, Romish Christians,) who are denominated Greeks, because formerly they held to the Greek church; but their ecclesiastics are often less acquainted with the Greek, than the Maronites are with the Syriac language, which occasions them to perform their worship principally in the Arabic language. They have also their own patriarchs; but to all appearance, this has only been the case since the time of their union with the Romish church; and I imagine that the other united Greeks, who do not live in the territory of the Druses, pay no respect to this patriarch; but that the Pope simply gives this title to some ecclesiastic of the country here, in order that he may say he has a Greek patriarch in the Levant. In the same manner, there is, on Mount Lebanon, an Armenian patriarch, who is nominated by the Pope, and who, probably, has not much to say for himself. In general, all these self-called European patriarchs live very tranquilly under the protection of the Druses: while the Chaldean patriarch of the pope at Diarbekir, and other apostate ecclesiastics of the east, often suffer great mortifications from the members of their ancient religion, and from the bashaws: for there are still to be found, in all the Syrian villages, many Greeks, Armenians, and Jacobites; who adhere to the patriarchs of Constantinople, Echmiazin, and Diarbekir, as heads of their churches respectively; and who do not regard it with an eye of indifference, that the Pope should give the title of patriarch to apostates, or that the European monks and their disciples should seduce members from the ancient communions, and thereby foment discords, and utterly ruin many good families. The dissensions of the Christians are always a clear profit to the Turkish government."—*Niebuhr, Vol. II. pp.* 346, 347.

SYRIAN ROMAN CATHOLICS.

Of this body, which is not numerous in Syria, the Patriarch is generally understood to be Mar Gregorius; the ecclesiastic who visited England in the year 1819, as Archbishop of Jerusalem. Some further account of this body will appear in the following Journal, under the date of October 20, 1823.

LATINS, OR FRANK ROMAN CATHOLICS.

To this number must be referred the consular representatives, French, Spanish, Austrian, &c. of the respective Roman Catholic countries of Europe. These are, generally, either natives of their respective countries; or else, if born in the Levant, they are of immediate European extraction. They are usually—perhaps it might be said, invariably—professors of the Roman Catholic faith. In this respect the church of Rome has never lost sight of its exclusive policy. In contrast to this it may be observed, that Protestant England is often represented in the Levant, in subordinate consular situations, by Roman Catholic or Greek agents. This is, however, less the case at pre-

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sent, than it has been at other times. There are also many merchants in Syria from Roman Catholic countries.

The various Roman Catholic families in Syria, as well as in other parts of the Levant, have maintained their influence by intermarriages, in consequence of the contiguity of Roman Catholic countries to the Mediterranean, much more easily than could possibly be the case with the remoter Protestants of England, Holland, and Germany.

The number of Latin or Frank Roman Catholic missionaries, whom devotion and the papal system induce to visit Syria and the Holy Land, and who take up their residence either in monasteries or in the principal cities, is never inconsiderable. It is indeed, at present, far inferior to what it was formerly: but, for the whole of this tract, their number, even at this day, cannot be computed to be less than seventy. The influence of the European friars constantly serves to maintain in the Levant, in which they lead a migratory life, a kind of European or Frank attachment among many Levantine families of western origin or connections.

PROTESTANTS.

THE Protestants in Syria are but few in number; consisting, principally, either of consular representatives of Protestant nations, or of merchants from those countries. In former times, there was an English Protestant chaplain fixed at Aleppo: the office has been adorned by the names of bishop Frampton, of Maundrell, and of Pococke. Recently, Protestants missionaries have visited the Levant, and some of them have begun to take up their residence in this interesting region.

Before we quit this brief topic, it may be useful to observe the footing on which Protestants are represented to have stood about a hundred years ago, in their relation to the native Christians. For this purpose, we shall select from the work already so often quoted, the following passages, written in a lively style; and tending, pointedly, to illustrate the extremely disadvantageous ground which a Protestant must occupy in the view of oriental Christians, whenever he allows, or is represented by others as allowing, questions of Christian doctrine or worship to be brought before the tribunal of mere antiquity, usage, or tradition. One of the Jesuit missionaries, writing from Aleppo, says—

"You will ask me, how the English and the Dutch conduct themselves. Here, as in Holland and England, they observe neither fast nor abstinence: but it occasions scandal. The people of the country say that they are not Christians; and the Turks themselves regard them as people without religion. They are sometimes affected with these reproaches; and, not being able to bear them, many of them during Lent eat meat only in secret. Those, who act like men of good faith, confess that they are extremely surprised to see, that the religion of all the Christians of the east resembles that which they profess in scarcely any thing.

"This marked difference gives us a great advantage over them. 'It is,' we say to them, 'it is to the happy times of Christianity when nascent, that you would have us ascend in order to justify the traditions. It is to the first four centuries, that you appeal on the subject. Ask, then, all these people who surround you: they will answer, that, in all their practices, (which are the same with ours,) they only follow the apostolical traditions—traditions which they received from the famous Antioch, which they regard as their mother.' This objection embarrasses our Protestants. They dare not advance that confession, fasting, lent, abstinence, the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, Purgatory, the adoration of the cross the invocation of the saints, &c. are papistical inventions, manufactured by Satan: their eyes, their very eyes make them see the contrary. It is not here a question of Papists, or of Babylon, or of the Antichrist—great words these, which, pronounced with the hardy tone inspired by heresy, may have an imposing effect in Europe, but which signify nothing here: they must attack a thousand Christian nations: they must renounce antiquity: they must condemn Antioch, and abandon the apostles. This step it is difficult to take: and, therefore, these gentlemen avoid, as much as possible, entering with us upon a dispute where they would have the worst; and, more-wise than in France, they observe, on all contested points and on all the rites of religion, a profound and respectful silence, well persuaded that they would not have on their side the suffrage of the Greek church.

"This conformity of sentiments between the Greek and Latin churches sometimes makes upon right hearts a salutary impression. I was particularly acquainted, some years since, with a minister of the Dutch nation: he was a man of much talent: I often conversed with him, as he spoke Latin easily: he was about to set sail; but, before his departure, said to me in confidence, that he was going to Italy, there to weigh well an important affair, concerning which, what he had seen with his eyes had led him to make serious reflections which had changed him.

"Persons of the pretended reformed religion would not dare here to dogmatize: at least they would not do it with impunity. Some time since, an English minister, zealous for his sect, went to great expenses in printing a catechism according to his fashion. He aimed at infusing into the spirit and heart of all the Christians the poison with which he was filled. But they trampled it under foot: they tore it, and burnt it, without the missionaries being obliged to interfere in the least degree.*

* The learned Orientalist Pococke, who, from the year 1630 to 1636, was chaplain to the English at Aleppo, subsequently published in England, (besides many other valuable pieces,) the work "de Veritate Fidei Christianæ" of Grotius, with whom he was personally acquainted; and, likewise, a Selection from the Liturgy of the church of England—both in Arabic. The treatise of Grotius has been reprinted by the Church Missionary Society, and copies have been circulated in the Levant. Of the Liturgy there is a copy in the library of the society: it was printed A. D. 1674. It contains the forms of confession and absolution, with several other prayers, and the Litany. The author is ignorant what steps

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"The Christians of all the nations of the east do not know what it is to doubt of the reality of the body of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist; and they have so great an attachment to their fasts and their lents, that they would die, rather than fail in them. They have also received from Antioch, their neighbor and their mistress in the faith, the custom of praying for the dead. The invocation of the saints, and in particular of St. George, is, to them, so dear and so precious, that they would rather suffer themselves to be hacked to pieces, than renounce it.

"It is impossible to add any thing to the profound veneration, which even the Turks have for Mary. They call her the mother of the great prophet Jesus;* and, in this quality, they reverence her to such a degree, as to impale those Jews who dare blaspheme against her. What a strange contrast! Men born in the bosom of Christendom, refuse to Mary honors, which are rendered to her by the most implacable enemies of the Christian name!

"Further the respect of Mohammedans is not limited to the mother of our God: the sepulchre of the Messiah is one of the objects of their pilgrimages of devotion. They regard those who have visited the sepulchres of the two prophets as men of extraordinary piety: and to this double pilgrimage, are attached certain marks of distinction. 'Such an one is a saint,' they would say: 'he has been at Jerusalem and Mecca.'

"One of our merchants, who has resided a long time at the Holy City, and has seen, various times, these Turkish pilgrims, related to me that they go upon their knees, that they crawl upon the ground from the gate to the holy sepulchre; but, before entering there, they take off the bandage of their turban: this is with them a mark of ignominy, when done upon compulsion; and a mark of respect, when done voluntarily—that then they prostrate themselves; that they make profound obeisance, and strike their head upon the pavement. 'This spectacle,' he added, 'has always edified me, and has sometimes touched me even to tears.' The Grand Signior himself, among all the pompous and magnificent titles which he assumes in the orders which emanate from the throne, prides himself in adopting that of protector and preserver of the Holy City of Jerusalem. It is a consolation, not a little moving, for poor enslaved Christians to see their proud masters do so much honor to the God whom they adore."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses. Vol. II. pp.* 167—172.

It would be an easy task, were it requisite, to refute the various misrepresentations contained in the preceding extract. The supposed merit of the rigid abstinences, so much extolled, might well be contrasted with the moderate views of the apostle—"One believeth that he may eat all things; another, who is weak, eateth herbs. He, that eateth, eateth to the Lord; for he giveth God thanks: he, that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks."—(Rom. xiv. 2, 6.) The preference which this Jesuit gives to the Turk above the Protestant, might find its parallel, though in a higher degree, in those words, *Not this man, but Barabbas:* for he has more than half offered the right-hand of fellowship to the Mohammedans, who would rob Jesus Christ of his divinity; while he, at the same time, calumniates those in England and in Holland, who honor, not less than the Romanist, Christ as the Son of God, and reject only their excessive worship, practically amounting to adoration, of the blessed Virgin. Scarcely, even, will a correct disciple of Rome be brought to admire the juxta-position, which he has so smartly effected, of Jerusalem and Mecca! But it may suffice briefly to remark, on one main point, that, at the bottom of all these delusive representations, there is a *mystery of iniquity*, which still works in the Levant. The enemies to the entrance of the pure light of the gospel will adopt the same tactics as formerly: any friend, rather than the friend of the Bible, will be the object of their choice; the Turkish civil power is even now courted, with a view to obstructing the labors of that glorious society, which has embodied in its fundamental law the best part of the spirit of Protestantism. Upon this topic, however, as belonging to the affairs of the present day, it will be proper to treat more largely in another part of this volume.

MOHAMMEDANS.

SONNITES.

The Sonnites are that division of the Mohammedan world, which asserts the legitimacy of the first three caliphs—Abu-Beker, Omar, and Othman. It is not designed to enter here into the various opinions of this body. In addition to the Koran, they admit a multitude of traditions and interpretations; while the rival sect, the Shiites, though they admit some traditions, yet hold them more loosely, and are almost considered by the Sonnites as unbelievers. The Sonnites regard the Grand Signior of Constantinople as their civil head and protector; and the Turks and Arabs of Syria are, generally, of this sect. Persia is the patron of the opposite party: yet these, also, as will appear under the next head, are found in Syria.

METAWALIES.

This is the title by which many Mohammedans in Syria are distinguished, as being the followers of Ali, the fourth Caliph, the cousin and son-in-law of Mohammed; maintaining his right to be the immediate successor of his father-in-law. In this they resemble the Persians, and are in opposition to the Turks. The following extract will give the reader a general view of the extent to which their influence reaches in these parts.

were taken for the circulation of this book, or what accounts may exist of its reception in the countries where Arabic is spoken. It seems, however, by no means improbable that the above-cited passage has reference to this pious and laudable effort of Pococke, to make the Christians of the east acquainted with the church of England.

* But they would not call her "Θεοτοκος, Deipara, Mother-of-God:" here, therefore, this impassioned encomiast of the Turks has stretched the bow too far.

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"The Metawali make, either entirely or in part profession of that Mohammedan sect which is dominant in Persia; and, consequently, they are Shiites. Like the Persians, therefore, they neither eat nor drink with people of another religion; nor would they even use a plate from which a stranger has eaten, till they have well cleansed it. They even hold themselves to be defiled, when a stranger simply touches their clothes. As they are under the domination of the Turks, they dare not treat the Sonnites with contempt. They are sometimes under the necessity of passing themselves off as Sonnites.

"In general, neither the Sonnites nor the Christians like to dwell among them; and the Maronites, who serve as secretaries to the Sheiks of the Metawali, seldom remain with them for many years. They have, nevertheless, for some centuries been in possession of several districts. A family named Harfoosh, the head of whom takes the title of Emir, lives at Balbec, and pays the rent of this district direct to Constantinople. At Sour (*i. e.* Tyre,) and in the adjacent country called Belad B'sherri, there are seven or eight Sheiks of the family Nasif, which govern there, and pay their rent to the Pacha of Saide.* There is also Sheiks of the Metawali of the family El Kuansa, which govern at Kirrinie and Hurmel, a town on the river Orontes. They pay their tribute to the Bey of Homs."—*Niebuhr, Vol. II. p.* 347.

DRUSES.

This people appears to be one of the most considerable in Syria, on account both of their numbers, and their political situation in Mount Lebanon. Although less numerous than the Christians, yet, together with them, they constitute nearly the whole of the population of the mountain. Neither the Christians nor the Druses, however, have the government in their hands, The Emir Bechir, who governs Mount Lebanon. is not a Druse. The government was formerly held by Mohammedans, whose policy it was to balance the Christian and Druse intérests. The présent Emir is said to be a Christian; but, in conformity with this line of policy, and to keep up appearances with his superior, the Pacha of Acre, he complies with many Mohammedan usages.

The extent of territory in which the Druses are to be found is thus described by one of the Jesuit missionaries:—

"We have also in our mountains another nation, of which it is not easy to discover either the origin or the religion. They are called Druses. This nation inhabits a part of Mount Lebanon, the mountains above Saide and Balbec, and the country of Jabaile and Tripoli.

"These Druses extend even into Egypt.—*Lettres Ed. et Curieuses, Vol. I. p.* 366.

The division of this body into religious and secular orders is described in the following terms by Niebuhr; a traveller of the greatest merit, and who has collected upon the state of various bodies in the east more copious and minute information than is to be found perhaps in any other single author. Subsequent travellers appear to have borrowed largely from him. It is not with any design to detract from his merit, (which would be impossible,) that the extracts made from his work are less copious than those made from subsequent travellers: but the inquisitive reader may better be recommended to consult the original materials. Niebuhr observes—

"The Druses are divided into Akals, that is to say ecclesiastics; and djahels, or seculars. The ecclesiastics are dependant upon three Akals, who are Sheiks among them; of whom one dwells in the district Arkub, the second in the district Tschuf el Heite, and the third in the district Hasbeia. The Akals are distinguished from the seculars by their white dress. They have generally good houses on the hills; and, judging by those few which I saw on the road from Saide to Damascus, it seems to me that they have not chosen the worst situations. On Thursday evening, which among the Orientals is called the night of Friday, they assemble in the house of one or other of their fraternity, to perform their worship and pray for the whole nation: the wives of ecclesiastics may be present; but they do not admit seculars, not even a Sheik or an Emir. They despise all employments of honor in the world: but perhaps, in this they make a virtue of necessity; for, on the return of Hakem, they hope to be kings, viziers, and pachas. They do not marry the daughters of seculars; and they even carry their aversion to the property of the great so far, as not to eat with the Sheiks and Emirs of their own nation. Akals eat only with Akals; and with the peasants and other poor people, who, they are certain, earn their bread by labor."—*Voyages en Arabie, &c. Vol. II. p.* 349.

The following passages, extracted from a more recent traveller, the enterprising Burckhardt, will develope the political state, and describe some of the more curious customs of the Druses. The account is rendered the more interesting by his having discovered that these people are not confined to Mount Lebanon, but have spread themselves to a district on the east of Damascus, the Haouran.

"It is now about one hundred and twenty years, since the government of the mountain has been always entrusted, by the Pachas of Acre and Tripoli, to an individual of the family of Shehab, to which the Emir Bechir belongs. This family derives its origin from Mecca; where its name is known, in the history of Mohammed and the first Caliphs: they are Mussulmans, and some of them pretend even to be Sherifs. About the time of the Crusades, for I have been unable to ascertain the exact period, the Shehabs left the Hedjas, and settled in a village of the Haouran, to which they gave their family name: it is still known by the appellation of Shohba; and is remarkable for its antiquities, of which I have given some account, in my journal of a tour in the Haouran. The family being noble, or of Emir origin, were considered proper persons to be governors of the mountain; for it was and still is thought necessary, that the government should not be in the hands of a Druse. The Druses being always di-

* So styled in the Firmans of the Grand Signior; but more commonly called, from his modern place of residence, Pacha of Acre.

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vided into parties, a governor chosen from among them would have involved the country in the quarrels of his own party, and he would have been always endeavoring to exterminate his adversaries; whereas a Turk, by carefully managing both parties, maintains a balance between them, though he is never able to overpower them completely; he can oppose the Christian inhabitants to the Druses, who are in much smaller numbers than the former; and thus he is enabled to keep the country in a state of tranquillity, and in subjection to the Pachas. This policy has long been successful, notwithstanding the turbulent spirit of the mountaineers, the continual party feuds, and the ambitious projects of many chiefs, as well of the Druses as of the reigning house. The Pachas were careful, also, not to permit any one to become too powerful: the princes of the reigning family were continually changed; and party-spirit was revived in the mountain, whenever the interests of the Porte required it."—*Burckhardt's Travels in Syria, pp.* 194, 195.

This writer having observed, that, at present, the most rich, shrewd, and powerful individual in the mountain, el Sheik Bechir, is a Druse, and is a dangerous rival to the ruling prince, the Emir Bechir, who can do nothing important without his consent, takes occasion from this circumstance thus to develope still more clearly the political state of Mount Lebanon:—

"It will be asked, perhaps, why the Sheik does not set aside the Emir Bechir, and take the ostensible power into his own hands. Many persons believe that he entertains some such design; while others, better informed perhaps, assert that the Sheik will never make the attempt, because he knows that the mountaineers would never submit to a Druse chief. The Druses are certainly in a better condition at present, than they would be under the absolute sway of the Sheik, who would soon begin to oppress instead of protecting them, as he now does; and the Christians, who are a warlike people, detest the name of Druse too much ever to yield quietly to a chief of that community. It is, probably, in the view of attaching the Christians more closely to him, and to oppose them in some measure to the Druses, that the Emir Bechir, with his whole family, has secretly embraced the Christian religion. The Shehab, as I have already mentioned, were formerly members of the true Mussulman faith; and they never have had among them any followers of the doctrines of the Druses. They still affect publicly to observe the Mohammedan rites: they profess to fast during the Ramadan; and the Pachas still treat them as Turks; but it is no longer matter of doubt, that the greater part of the Shehab, with the Emir Bechir at their head, have really embraced Christianity: that branch only of the family which governs at Rasheya and Hasbeya continue in the religion of their ancestors.

"Although the Christians of the mountain have thus become more attached to their prince, their condition, on the whole, is not bettered; as the Emir scarcely dares do justice to a Christian against a Druse: still, however, the Christians rejoice in having a prince of their own faith; and whose counsellors and household are, with very few exceptions, of the same religion. There are not more than forty or fifty persons about him, who are not Christians. How far the Shehab may be sincere in their professions, I am unable to decide: it is probable, that, if their interests should require it, they would again embrace the religion of their ancestors."—*Travels in Syria, pp.* 197, 198.

The following is the novel and interesting account given by Burckhardt of the Druses residing in the Haouran:—

"In manners, these Druses very much resemble those of the mountains of Kesreuan. The families form clans almost independent of each other; and among whom there are frequent quarrels. Insults are studiously avenged by the respective families; and the law of blood revenge is in full force among them, without being mitigated by the admission of any pecuniary commutation. They all go armed; as do the Turks and Christians of the Haouran in general. Few Druses have more than one wife; but she may be divorced on very slight pretexts.

"With respect to their religion, the Druses of the Haouran, like those in Mount Libanus, have the class of men called Akoul (sing. Aakel,) who are distinguished from the rest by a white turban, and the peculiarity of the folds in which they wear it. The Akoul are not permitted to smoke tobacco: they never swear; and are very reserved in their manners and conversation. I was informed that these were their only obligations; and it appears probable, for I observed Akoul boys of eight or ten years of age, from whom nothing more difficult could well be expected, and to whom it is not likely that any important secret would be imparted. I have seen Akouls of that age, whose fathers were not of the order; because, as they told me, they could not abstain from smoking and swearing. The Sheiks are, for the greater part, Akouls. The Druses pray in their chapels, but not at stated periods: these chapels are called "an insulated place;" and none but Druses are allowed to enter them. They affect to follow the doctrine of Mohammed; but few of them pray according to the Turkish forms: they fast during Ramadan, in the presence of strangers; but eat at their own homes, and even of the flesh of the wild boar, which is frequently met with in these districts.

"It is a singular belief, both among the western Druses and those of the Haouran, that there are a great number of Druses in England; an opinion founded, perhaps, upon the fanatical opinions of the Christians of Syria, who deny the English to be followers of Christ, because they neither confess nor fast. When I first arrived at the Druse village of Aaere, there was a large company in the Medhafe, and the Sheik had no opportunity of speaking to me in private: he therefore called for his inkstand, and wrote upon a piece of paper the following questions: which I answered as well as I could, and returned him the paper: 'Where do the five Wadys flow to, in your country?—Do you know the grain of the plant Leiledj; and where is it sown?—What is the name of the Sultan of China?—Are the towns of Hadjar and Nedjran in the Yemen known to you?—Is Hadjar in ruins? and who will rebuild

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it?—Is the Moehdy (the Saviour) yet come, or is he now upon the earth?"

"I have not been able to obtain any information concerning the period at which the Druses first settled in these parts. Min Kadim a long time ago, was the general answer of all those whom I questioned on the subject. During my stay at Aaere, news arrived there, that a body of one hundred and twenty Druses had left the western mountains, and were coming to settle in Haouran."—*Travels in Syria, pp.* 303—305.

The following delineation of the customs and character of the Druses is taken from that part of Burckhardt's account, which relates to those of them who inhabit Mount Lebanon:—

"With respect to the true religion of the Druses, none but a learned Druse can satisfy the inquirer's curiosity. What I have already said of the Auzeyres is equally applicable to the Druses—their religious opinions will remain for ever a secret, unless revealed by a Druse. Their customs, however, may be described; and as far as they can tend to elucidate the mystery, the veil may be drawn aside by the researches of the traveller. It seems to be a maxim with them to adopt the religious practices of the country in which they reside, and to profess the creed of the strongest; hence, they all profess Islamism in Syria; and even those who have been baptized, on account of their alliance with the Shehab family, still practise the exterior forms of the Mohammedan faith. There is no truth in the assertion, that the Druses go one day to the mosque and the next to the church: they all profess Islamism; and, whenever they mix with Mohammedans, they perform the rites prescribed by their religion. In private, however, they break the fast of Ramadan, curse Mohammed, indulge in wine, and eat food forbidden by the Koran. They bear an inveterate hatred to all religions except their own; but more particularly to that of the Franks, chiefly in consequence of a tradition current among them, that the Europeans will one day overthrow their commonwealth.

"Nothing is more sacred with a Druse than his *public* reputation. He will overlook an insult, if known only to him who has offered it; and will put up with blows where his interest is concerned, provided nobody is a witness: but the slightest abuse given in public, he revenges with the greatest fury. This is the most remarkable feature of the national character: in public, a Druse may appear honorable, but he is easily tempted to a contrary behavior, when he has reason to think that his conduct will remain undiscovered. The ties of blood and friendship have no power among them: the son no sooner attains the years of maturity, than he begins to plot against his father.

"The Akal are those who are supposed to know the doctrines of the Druse religion; they superintended divine worship in the chapels or, as they are called, Khaloue; and they instruct the children in a kind of catechism. They are obliged to abstain from swearing and all abusive language, and dare not wear any article of gold or silk in their dress. Many of them make it a rule never to eat of any food, nor to receive any money, which they suspect to have been improperly acquired: for this reason, whenever they have to receive considerable sums of money, they take care that it shall be first exchanged for other coin. The Sheik el Nedjem, who generally accompanies the Sheik Bechir in his visits to the Emir, never tastes food in the place of the latter, nor even smokes a pipe there; always asserting, that whatever the Emir possesses has been unlawfully obtained. There are different degrees of Akal, and women are also admitted into the order; a privilege which many avail themselves of, from parsimony, as they are thus exempted from wearing the expensive head-dress and rich silks fashionable among them.

"The best feature in the Druse character, is that peculiar law of hospitality, which forbids them ever to betray a guest. I made particular inquiries on this subject; and I am satisfied that no consideration of interest or dread of power will induce a Druse to give up a person who has once placed himself under his protection. Persons from all parts of Syria are in the constant practice of taking refuge in the mountain, where they are in perfect security, from the moment they enter upon the Emir's territory: should the prince ever be tempted by large offers to consent to give up a refugee, the whole country would rise, to prevent such a stain upon their national reputation. The mighty Djezzar, who had invested his own creatures with the government of the mountain, never could force them to give up a single individual of all those who fled thither from his tyranny. Whenever he became very urgent in his demands, the Emir informed the fugitive of his danger, and advised him to conceal himself for a time in some more distant part of his territory: an answer was then returned to the Djezzar, that the object of his resentment had fled. The asylum which is thus afforded by the mountain, is one of the greatest advantages that the inhabitants of Syria enjoy over those in the other parts of the Turkish dominions."—*Burckhardt's Travels in Syria: pp.* 200—204.

It will have appeared from the preceding extracts, that the religious opinions of the Druses have been the object of curious investigation to travellers and others. The author has carefully consulted what has been said concerning this people by the Jesuit missionaries (*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, vols. I. and II.) and by Niebuhr, Volney, and Burckhardt; writers, who, at successive periods during the last century, have made actual research in Syria, relative to this singular people. Burckhardt seems to give up the subject in despair. We must, not, however, overlook what appears to be the most authentic information as yet received concerning their faith, and which is to be found in the *Chrestomathie Arabe* of the Baron De Sacy (vol. II. pp. 334—403.) published at Paris in the year 1806; where the reader will find a French translation of several Arabic manuscripts reputed to be the sacred books of the Druses. The learned translator intimates in his notes, that he has, for many years, been collecting ample materials for a work on this subject. The following extracts from what he has already made public may prove not unacceptable to the English reader: and they will abundantly suffice to give the missionary student a general idea of the character of the Druse creed; a creed professedly

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secret, and certainly—so far as the veil of mystery may be supposed to have been drawn aside by this translation of their books—very unprofitable.

"The Druses designate themselves by the name of Unitarians. They are called Dorouy or Duzeyyeh. They are the disciples of Hamza, son of Ali; and honor with divine worship Hakem-biamr-Allah, Caliph of Egypt, of the family of Obaid-Allah Mahdi."

ABRIDGED LIFE OF HAKEM.

"Our lord Hakem, whose name be glorified, was the son of Ishmael of the race of Ali, son of Abu-Talib, and his mother was of the race of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed. He was born at Cairo, in the year 375 of the Hegira. His father declared him his successor in the year 383. He ascended the throne in the year 386, and reigned 25 years. He disappeared on the night of the 27th of the month Shoual, in the year 411. The time of his sojourn in this world, from his birth to his disappearing, was thirty-six years and seven months. He wrote a *Venerable Charter*, and suspended it in the mosques. He then disappeared. We expect his return in a short time, if it please him. He will reign over all the earth, throughout all ages. Those whom he has invited to the profession of his unity and have not obeyed, that is, the men of all other sects and religions, will be subjected to him, put in irons, and laid under an annual tribute; but as for the Unitarians, they will reign with him throughout all ages."

Copy of the Charter which was found suspended in the mosques, at the time of the disappearance of our lord the Imam Hakem.

"In the name of God the pitying and merciful.

"The future recompenses are destined to those who rouse themselves from the slumbers of the thoughtless, and retire from the folly of the senseless; to him, whose faith is firm and sincere, and who hastens to return to the Most High God; and to him, who is his vicegerent and witness to mortals, his vicar upon earth, to whom he has confided the care of his creatures, the prince of the believers.

"O men, the threatenings, the exhortations, the promises, which till now have been made to you by your sovereign chief, the Imam of your age, the successor of your prophets, the witness of your Creator, the vicar of him who will render witness against you for the crimes which cause your perdition, in short, all the counsels and warnings which have been lavished upon you, are more than sufficient for those who have heard with submission and docility, who have entered into the right way, who have resisted their passions for the salvation of their souls, and who have preferred the future life to this present world. But, all this notwithstanding, you are still plunged in the torrent of ignorance, and wandering in the desert of error: you amuse yourselves unceasingly, till surprised by that day with which you have been threatened. Certainly you will know one day, yes, certainly you will know one day, ah, if ye were instructed in a sure knowledge.

"You have had a multitude of benefits heaped upon you, in such abundance, that none of those who have preceded you have ever received the like; neither have any of the people that have been before you in past ages, neither the companions of the flight of Mohammed, nor those who received him hospitably in Medina, ever attained to a more exalted degree of prosperity.

"It is not on account of your merit or good works, O men and women, that the vicegerent of God has bestowed upon you these benefits; but from his kindness, goodness, tenderness and pity for you; and in order to prove you, that he might know who among you are given to good works.

"As to the exterior precious benefits which ye have received from him, they are talents heaped up of gold and silver, horses of the greatest price, all sorts of cattle and a multitude of other gifts, as pensions, fiefs, lands, and an infinity of temporal goods. Besides, he has raised you all, generally and individually, to the most sublime honors and ranks, that ye might walk in the paths of intelligent beings. He has honored you with the quality of Emirs, and decorated you with the most eminent titles. He has extended your power on earth, to the east and to the west, in the plains and in the mountains, by sea and by land. You have been made kings and sultans. You have received tribute. By the aid of the vicegerent of God, you have been put in full liberty. All hostile and factious parties have come to submit themselves to you.

"As to the interior gifts which you have received from him, of this number is the intercourse which you have externally seemed to have with him; intercourse, which constitutes your glory in this world, and the hope of your happiness in eternity.* Another of his internal benefits, is the having revived the laws of Islamism and of the faith, which are in the eyes of God the true religion.†

"It is thus that you have been raised since his time, in honor and purity, above all other sects: he has distinguished you from the adorers of idols;‡ he has separated them from you, in frustrating their hopes and desires: he has overturned their churches and their schools of religion, although they had subsisted for a long course of ages: the partisans of these sects, tolerated among Mussulmans, have been subjected to you, by good will or force; they have entered in crowds into the religion of God.

"But you have hated knowledge and wisdom: you have despised his benefits, and cast them behind your back: you have preferred the good of

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* "This intercourse between Hakem and his subjects, and all the actions of his humanity, are, according to the doctrine of Hamza, merely appearances designed to veil his divinity and incomprehensible nature." (Note by De Sacy: p. 373.)

† "That is to say, according to the doctrine of the Druses, all the precepts of the literal and the allegorical doctrine, that is of Islamism and the faith, have their true explication only in the Unitarian religion." (Note by De Sacy.)

‡ "These adorers of idols are the Jews and the Christians." (Note by De Sacy.)

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this world, as did before you the children of Israel in the time of Moses (upon whom be peace!) The vicegerent of God was unwilling to compel you against your choice: he has shut the door of his preaching:* he has caused you to be taught wisdom: out of his palace he has opened a school of science, where were to be had all instruction concerning religion, the jurisprudence of the Alcoran upon things permitted or forbidden, decisions and judgments conformably to the books of the ancients and the books of Abraham and Moses. (May the favors of God repose on all of them!) He has given you paper and pensions, ink and pens, in order that you might attain to that which might render you happy, opening your eyes and delivering you from your foolishness.

"The blessed and Most High God hath said—'If my servants ask you concerning me, tell them that I am near; and that I hear the prayers of those who call upon me.' Up, then, O men! If you keep yourself in these desert and uncultivated places,† your eyes will trace the commencement of that route, which was taken by the Emir of the believers at the moment when he was concealed. Assemble yourselves, therefore, with your children: purify your hearts: render your intentions pure before God, the Lord of the universe: be sincerely converted to him: avail yourselves of the most powerful mediation with him, that He may pardon you, and grant you the return of his vicegerent. But take good heed that none of you inquire into the course taken by the Emir of the faithful (on whom be the peace of God!) or endeavor to learn what has become of him. Cease not to reiterate your prayers, all of you together, at the entering of the way, saying, 'Behold our abiding place!' and, when the moment of mercy is come for you, the vicegerent of God, satisfied with your conduct, will, of his own choice and free will, appear at your head—He will show himself in the midst of you.

"The servant of the empire of the prince of the believers (on whom be the peace of God!) wrote this in the year 411.

"May God be propitious to Mohammed, the prince of apostles, the seal of prophets!

"Care shall be taken for the security of those religious persons, who shall observe what is written in this document; and none shall be hindered from copying and reading it. May God render it profitable and useful to those, to whom he shall grant grace to observe its contents!

"Anathema, anathema to whomsoever shall not copy it, and shall not read it to the penitents in a low chapel.*

"Anathema, anathema to whomsoever shall have the opportunity of copying it, and shall neglect to do so. Praise be to God alone."

The oath, by which the initiated Druses are admitted, is given by the baron De Sacy, according to the following translation:—

Form of engagement to the vicegerent of this age.

"I put my confidence in our lord Hakem, the sole, the one, the eternal, exempt from all associations, and all number.

"Such a one, son of such a one, being of sound mind and body, in full liberty and acting by an obedience perfectly voluntary, without violence or constraint, does, by the present act of submission, to which he binds his soul and body, confess and declare that he renounces all sects, professions, religions, and creeds, and acknowledges no other obedience than that to our lord Hakem (whose name be glorified!) obedience which consists in serving and adoring him—that he will serve none other with him, past, present, or to come—that he gives over his soul, his body, his goods, his children, and all that he possesses, to our lord Hakem (whose name be glorified!)—that he submits to his disposal of him, without opposing him in any thing, or disapproving any thing in his works, whether he bestow pleasure or pain. If he renounces the religion of our lord Hakem, (whose name be glorified!) to which he has submitted by this writing, and to which he has bound his soul by this authentic declaration, or if he reveals it to others, or if he disobeys any of its commandments, he shall no longer have any part with the Creator who is adored: he shall be deprived of the advantages which he might have received from the ministers [of the religion of the Unity,] and he shall merit the chastisements of God most high (whose name be glorified!) Whosoever confesses, that he has not in heaven any God worthy of adoration, nor on earth any Imam existing other than our lord Hakem (whose name be glorified!) is in the number of the happy Unitarians.

"Written in such a month, of such a year of the era† of the servant of our lord (whose name be glorified!) and of his slave Hamza, son of Ali, son of Ahmet, the director of those who are obedient, and the avenger of those who adore many

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* "That is, he has destroyed the monastery named Deir-alkasr." (Note by De Sacy—page 374, referring to page 79.)

† This passage has an illusion to a curious piece of history respecting the disappearance of Hakem; who, according to the account of some, died a violent death—some pretending that his sister caused him to be murdered.—(Chrestomathie, II. 87.) De Sacy, in his note on this passage, observes, that these desert places refer to a part of the city of Cairo, situated to the south-east, and the Mount Mokattam. "It was hither," he remarks, "that Hakem used to go out for his evening walks; and, the night when he perished, he had gone out this way, and reached the Mount Mokattam, where he was killed. The next morning, the principal officers of the palace, with a numerous train, went out by the same route to seek for the Caliph, whose body was found in a well near Holwan."—Note by De Sacy, Chrestomathie Arabe—vol II. p. 376.

* "It seems probable to me, that this piece was to be read only by those who were initiated into the doctrine of Hamza; and it is doubtless with this view, that the promise is given of watching over the security of those who conform to the orders made to them. It is in this view, also, that the reading of this document is commanded to be in some retired and subterranean place, which should serve as a chapel for the assembling of the initiated." Note by De Sacy, p. 377.

† "The era of the Druses, or of Hamza, begins with the year 408 of the Hegira; that is, about A. D. 1016."—Note by De Sacy—p. 379.

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Gods, and of apostates by the sword of our lord (whose name be glorified!) and by the force of his sole power."

The Christian reader will discern, in the midst of this unintelligible jargon, various traces of Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. The general scope of the system, supposing these documents to exhibit it truly, would seem to be pure Deism. The doctrine, however, of incarnate Deity, and the expectation of a second advent of the head of the Druse religion, are points of resemblance to the New Testament, peculiarly striking. That the Druses are not to inquire into the time of this second advent, is analogous to the feeling which the Jews at present have concerning their Messiah; and the belief that all nations are to be subject to Hakem may be a corruption, either of the secular expectations of the Jews, or of the spiritual hopes of Christians. In respect to the practical or experimental part of this religion, while much is said of acknowledging undeserved favors, while human merit seems to be disclaimed, and an illusion is even made to the idea of mediation; it is nevertheless impossible not to see, that the exhortations to piety all proceed on the idea that man has the power in himself to become pious. However far Mohammedans, Druses, Deists, or the propagators of any other false religion, may extract matter from the Old or the New Testament, yet they all drop the doctrine of man's corruption by the fall—both the fact, and all its train of inevitable consequences. These documents form an additional proof of the tendency of mankind to corrupt pure revelation, and to fabricate a religion of their own; while the barrier of secrecy, with which they endeavor to surround it, is but a stratagem of the arch enemy to preclude the detection and overthrow of their errors.

A curious additional circumstance shall here be quoted from the writings of the Jesuit missionaries, which, if correct, seems to prove that the Druses are not exempt from the reproach of idolatry.

"There are only two of their villages, which have the honor (speaking their language) of possessing the statue of their great legislator.

"His statue, according to their law, must be of gold or of silver. They enclose it in a wooden case, and exhibit it only on the day of their grand ceremonies; when they address their vows to it, to obtain the object of their desires. They imagine that they are speaking to God himself, so great is their veneration for this idol. The only two villages where it is preserved are called Bagelin and Fredis."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses—Vol. I. pp.* 371, 372.

Volney has intimated, that the Druses have, at different times, imposed upon the missionaries in the Levant, by a profession of Christianity. It is almost superfluous to observe, that the statements of an avowed enemy of the gospel are to be received with extreme reserve. The following extract from that traveller, so far as it may demonstrate the facility of temper of the Druses, is worthy of attention; but cannot be regarded as a faithful account of the proceedings of the missionaries:—

"When they go among the Turks, they affect the external appearance of the Mussulman; they enter the mosques, and perform the ablutions and prayers. Or are they among the Marsonites, they follow them to church, and take the holy-water like them. Many of them, importuned by the missionaries have received baptism; then, solicited by the Turks, they have allowed themselves to be circumcised; and have finished by dying, neither Christians nor Mussulmans."—*Volney's Travels in Syria—Chap.* 22. *Section* 3.

It will, however, be proper to hear what the Romish missionaries themselves relate concerning the reception which their labors have had among the Druses. They speak without reserve of their total want of success; and even seem to regard the conversion of this people as a hopeless experiment. With the following extract, the account of the Druses shall conclude.

"We often perform a mission to the Catholics who are in their country; and we have as often the pain of seeing that this nation is very far from the kingdom of God. It is true that they love the Christians, and do not love the Turks. It is true, likewise, that they prefer calling themselves Christians rather than Turks, although they wear the green turban. They even receive us kindly and joyfully into their houses.

"Notwithstanding these favorable dispositions, their inviolable attachment for their religion, which is a frightful compound of Christian and Mohammedan ceremonies, and still more, their obstinacy in refusing instruction, give just reason to fear that this nation will persist in shutting its eyes to the light of the gospel."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses: Vol. I. pp.* 372, 373.

ANSARI.

The Ansari are a people residing in the mountainous parts near Antioch, and in other places of Northern Syria. The origin of this sect, marvellous and semi-fabulous, is thus given by Assemann, translated from the Syriac of Bar-Hebræus:—

"Whereas many desire to know the origin of the Nazarei, receive the following account from us. In the year of the Greeks 1202,* there appeared an old man in the region Akula [this is Cupha, a city of Arabia, as Bar-Hebræus elsewhere notices,] in a village which the inhabitants call Nazaria. This old man having the appearance of a person given to severe fasts, great poverty, and strict devotion, many of the natives of that place followed him; out of whom having chosen twelve, according to the number of the apostles, he commanded them to preach a new doctrine to the people. The governor of the place, hearing of this, commanded to apprehend him; and, having cast him into a dungeon in his own house, swore that on the following morning he would have him crucified. On the same night, the governor, going to bed half intoxicated with wine, placed the key of the dungeon under his pillow: a maid of the household, perceiving this, when he was fast asleep withdrew the key; and, pitying this old man, given to fasting and prayer,

* Corresponding to A. D. 891.

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opened the dungeon, set him at liberty, and then restored the key to its former place: the governor, going in the morning to the dungeon, and opening it with the same key, and finding no person, imagined the culprit to have been miraculously removed; and as the maid, through fear, kept silence as to what she had done, the report spread abroad that the old man had escaped from the prison while the doors were shut. A short time after, having found two of his disciples in a distant country, he contrived to persuade them that he had been delivered by angels from the prison, and conveyed to a desert place. He then wrote a book of his religion, and gave it to them with an order to promulgate it, and invite men to receive his new doctrines. These doctrines were of the following nature:—'I, such an one, commonly believed to be the son of Othman of the town Nazaria, saw Christ, who is Jesus, who also is the word, and the director, and Achmed the son of Mohammed the son of Hanaphia of the sons of Ali; the same also is the Angel Gabriel: and he said to me, thou art the reader: thou art the truth.—Thou art the camel, that retainest anger against the infidels. Thou art the heifer, bearing the yoke of the believers. Thou art the spirit. Thou art John the son of Zacharias. Preach therefore to men, that they kneel four times in their prayers; twice before sunrise, twice after sunset, toward Jerusalem, saying each time these three verses, God is sublime above all, God is high above all, God is the greatest of all. On the second and sixth festival let no man do any work: let them fast two days every year: let them abstain from the Mohammedan ablution: let them not drink strong drink; but of wine as much as they please. Let them not eat the flesh of wild beasts.' Having delivered these ridiculous doctrines, he went to Palestine, where he infected the simple and rustic people with the same teaching: then departing, he hid himself; nor is his place known to this day."—*Assemanni Bib. Orient. Vol. II. pp.* 319, 320.

Assemann then proceeds to give various reasons, why the persons formerly called *Assassini* are the same with these *Nazarœi*, or *Ansari*.—He says that they were originally Mohammedans, and afterwards became semi-christians. He adds, also, that the Druses bitterly persecute them, as a people loose in morals and hostile to their sect.

The account given in the Encyclopœdia Britannica, under the word *Assassins*, partly accords with the above; referring the origin of that sect to a Sheik vulgarly called, in Europe, *the Old Man of the Mountain*. The following accounts from the Jesuit missionaries, from Niebuhr, and from Burckhardt, may probably be considered as throwing a little additional light upon the obscure and melancholy picture before us.

The Jesuit missionaries observe—

"At the present day we are not acquainted here with any people bearing the name of Assassins; yet it is possible that the Kesbins, a nation which inhabits the mountains two days' distant from Tripoli, and the Nassariens, another nation which is established in the plain toward the sea, may be the successors of the Assassins. These two nations inhabit the same country, and, what is more, there is much resemblance between the religion which the Assassins profess and that professed in the present day by the Kesbins and the Nassariens.

"These two nations, the Kesbins and the Nassariens, ought to be regarded as making one and the same nation.

"They have different names, from the different countries which they inhabit. Those among them who inhabit the mountains are called Kesbins, because their country is called Kesbie: the others, who occupy the plains, are called Nassariens, that is to say, bad Christians;* a character which belongs to both of them, for they have made for themselves a religion which is a monstrous compound of Mohammedanism and Christianity, and which gives them an extravagant idea of our holy mysteries.

"The doctors of their sect are called Sheiks. These doctors amuse them with their foolish imaginations: for example—they teach them that God has been incarnate several times—that he has been incarnate, not only in Jesus Christ, but also in Abraham, Moses, and other persons celebrated in the Old Testament. They even attribute the same honor to Mohammed; an absurdity into which even the Turks have never fallen.

"This is not all. They imagine that they honor Jesus Christ, by maintaining that he did not die on the cross, as the Christians profess, but they add that he substituted another man who died in his place. They likewise say that Mohammed ordained that another body, in lieu of his own, should be put into the tomb which had been prepared for him.

"They further admit the metempsychosis: and say that the same soul passes from one body into another, as many as seventy times; but with this difference, that the soul of a good man enters into a body more perfect than his own, and the soul of a vicious man passes into the body of an unclean animal.

"They have borrowed from Christianity the communion: but the mode in which they practise it is perfectly fanatical; for they celebrate it with wine and a morsel of meat. They admit only men to this communion, excluding women and children. It is in their secret assemblies, that the men observe this practice among themselves.

"They celebrate some of our festivals; for example—those of Christmas, the Circumcision, Epiphany, Palm Sunday, Easter, and some of our Apostles' and Saints' days.

"When they are at their prayers, they turn themselves toward the sun; which has led some to say that they adore the sun: but, on this point, they are not agreed.

"I omit various other of their customs, as being only so many extravagancies. They are, however, strongly attached to them; persuaded as they are, that their religion is not less good than that of the Maronites, because they have some practices in common with them.

"Several of our missionaries have used their utmost efforts to gain some of them; but as they

* This etymology, which seems so plausible, receives no countenance from Assemann, who, if it had been correct, was too good an Oriental scholar not to have discovered it.

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only obstinately hear their own wicked doctors, and will follow no other opinions than those in which they were brought up, our missionaries, despairing of their conversion, have been obliged often to shake off the dust of their feet against them."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses: Vol. I. pp.* 361—364.

Niebuhr has given, with a minuteness, which it would scarcely be compatible with the nature of this work to copy, a view of the mystical doctrines of the Ansari. The following short concluding paragraph is quoted, as exhibiting a striking and painful illustration of the words of the apostle—*Their foolish heart was darkened.* Rom. i. 21.

"The soul of a devotee among the Ansari can enter Paradise, after it has passed through a small number of bodies; but the soul of another must have passed through eighty. The souls of infidels must pass through five frightful degrees—Fesgh, Neagh, Mesgh, Wegech, and Resgh; and after that, must remain in the world as sheep, till the return of Sochra, that is Fatima. Who could believe that the founders of such religions could possibly find followers?"—*Niebuhr, Vol. II. pp.* 360, 361.

Burckhardt, in 1812, on his journey from Aleppo to Damascus, rested a night at Shemnyn, a village of the Ansari, a little north of Tripoli. He thus speaks of them—

"As our hosts appeared to be good natured people, I entered, after supper, into conversation with them, with a view to obtain some information upon their religious tenets; but they were extremely reserved on this head. I had heard that the Anzeyrys maintained, from time to time, some communication with the East Indies; and that there was a temple there belonging to their sect, to which they occasionally sent messengers. In the course of our conversation, I said that I knew there were some Anzeyrys in the East Indies; they were greatly amazed at this, and inquired how I had obtained my information; and their countenances seemed to indicate that there was some truth in my assertion. They are divided into different sects, of which nothing is known except the names, viz: Kelbye, Shamsye, and Mokladjye. They entertain the curious belief, that the soul ought to quit the dying person's body by the mouth; and they are extremely cautious against any accident, which they imagine may prevent it from taking that road; for this reason, whenever the government of Ladakie or Tripoli condemns an Anzeyry to death, his relations offer considerable sums, that he may be empalled instead of hanged. I can vouch for the truth of this belief, which proves at least that they have some idea of a future state. It appears that there are Anzeyrys in Anatolia and at Constantinople. Some years since a great man of this sect died in the mountain of Antioch; and the water, with which his corpse had been washed was carefully put into bottles and sent to Constantinople and Asia Minor."—*Burckhardt's Travels in Syria: p.* 156

ISMAYLY.

The situation and character of another sect in Syria, named Ishmaelites, or Ismayly, will be learnt from the following extracts.

"Maazyad (situate between Aleppo and Tripoli, but nearer to Tripoli) is remarkable from being the chief seat of the religious sect called Ismayly. Inquiries have often been made concerning the religious doctrines of this sect, as well as of those of the Anzeyrys and Druses. Not only European travellers and Europeans resident in Syria, but many natives of influence, have endeavored to penetrate the mysteries of these idolators, without success; and several causes combine to make it probable that their doctrines will long remain unknown. The principal reason is, that few individuals among them become acquainted with the most important and secret tenets of their faith; the generality contenting themselves with the observance of some exterior practices, while the arcana are possessed by the select few. It will be asked, perhaps, whether their religious books would not unveil the mystery. It is true that all the different sects possess books, which they regard as sacred; but they are intelligible only to the initiated. Another difficulty arises from the extreme caution of the Ismaylys upon this subject. Whenever they are obliged to visit any part of the country under the Turkish government they assume the character of Mussulmans; being well aware, that if they should be detected in the practice of any rite contrary to the Turkish religion, their hypocrisy, in affecting to follow the latter, would no longer be tolerated: and their being once clearly known to be Pagans, which they are only suspected to be at present, would expose them to the heaviest exactions, and might even be followed by their total expulsion or extirpation. Christians and Jews are tolerated, because Mohammed and his immediate successors granted them protection, and because the Turks acknowledged Christ and the prophets; but there is no instance whatever of Pagans being tolerated."—*Burckhardt's Travels in Syria: pp.* 151, 152.

Niebuhr, so copious in his accounts of other sects, is, upon this, extremely concise. He observes—

"Concerning the religion of the Ishmaelites, I have learnt nothing certain. The Mohammedans and the Oriental Christians relate of them things incredible. The number of the Ishmaelites is not great. They live principally at Killis, a town between Shugr and Hama; also in Gebel Kalbie, a mountain not far from Latachia between Aleppo and Antioch. They are called Keftun, from the name of a village in this country."

Speaking of the Metawali, Ansari, and Ishmaelites, Niebuhr adds—

"These nations, taken on the whole, are in general so weak that they can scarcely resist the Turkish Pachas. The Druses, on the contrary, are masters of the chief part of Mount Lebanon, and consequently more powerful."—*Niebuhr, Vol. II. pp.* 361, 362.

The notice taken of this sect, by the Jesuit missionaries is also exceedingly brief: they write—

"The Ishmaelites inhabit a small territory

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named Cadmus. Their life is so brutal and shameful, that they are not fit to be spoken of; except it be to humiliate man, my making him feel, that there is no depth of degradation, disorder, and extravagance, to which he may not sink, when he takes his passions for his guide."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses: Vol. I. p.* 365.

YESIDIENS.

The Yesidiens may not improperly be quoted, as forming a part of the population of Syria. They are by some considered to have had their origin in Persia; but they are met with in the countries which lie between Persia and the north of Syria,* and even in Syria itself, as may be inferred from the fact of a Jesuit missionary's seeking them out, in his visits to Aleppo and Scanderoon. An account of them is found in Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History: Vol. IV. pp. 252, 253, and note: Century 16. Sect. 3. Part I. The following brief extracts are from Niebuhr, in his travels near Mosul; and from the Jesuit missions in Syria.

Speaking of a village entirely inhabited by Yesidiens, Niebuhr thus describes them:—

"They are called Yesidiens, and also Dausin: but as the Turks do not allow the free exercise of any religion in their country, except to those who possess sacred books, as the Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews, the Yesidiens are obliged to keep the principles of their religion extremely secret. They, therefore, pass themselves off for Mohammedans, Christians, or Jews; following the party of whatever person makes inquiry into their religion. They speak with veneration of the Koran, of the Gospel, of the Pentateuch, and the Psalms; and, when convicted of being Yesidiens, they will then maintain that they are of the same religion as the Sonnites. Hence it is almost an impossibility to learn any thing certain on the subject. Some charge them with adoring the devil, under the name of "Tecillebi," that is to say, Lord. Others say that they exhibit a marked veneration for the sun and for fire, that they are downright Pagans, and that they have horrible ceremonies. I have been assured that the Dausin do not invoke the devil; but that they adore God only, as the Creator and benefactor of all men. They cannot, however, bear to speak of Satan, nor even to hear his name mentioned. When the Yesidiens come to Mosul, they are not apprehended by the magistrate, although known; but the people often endeavor to trick them; for when these poor Yesidiens come to sell their eggs or butter, the purchasers contrive first to get their articles in their possession, and then begin uttering a thousand foolish expressions against Satan, with a view to lower the price; upon which the Yesidiens are content to leave their goods, at a loss, rather than be witness of such contemptuous language about the devil. The Yesidiens practise circumcision like the Mohammedans."—*Niebuhr, Voyage en Arabie: Vol. II. pp.* 279, 280.

The Jesuit missionaries observe—

"The conversion of the Jasidies was a new object for the zeal of father Besson. The Jasidies are a people who adore the sun, and who offer worship to the devil as the author of evil.

"Father Besson formed the resolution of conveying to them the knowledge of the true God; but, having been charged with the government of our missions, and being no longer able himself to execute this design, he sent some missionaries to them. The hour for the conversion of this unhappy people was not yet come. It was not long before this was perceived by the missionaries, whom father Besson sent to them. They returned, after having shaken off the dust from their feet. We wait the moment, when God shall be pleased, in his mercy, to dissipate the darkness which hinders these blind men from seeing the horrors of their mystery of iniquity."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses: Vol. I. p.* 135.

This sect is further alluded to, and little more than alluded to, in the third volume of these *Letters. p.* 462.

It may, in some measure, require an apology, to have exhibited to English readers such a tissue of various customs and notions, many of them almost unmeaning, others utterly absurd, and not a few of them impious.

The principal motive which the author had in making this brief introductory compilation, may be, perhaps, its best excuse. It was his wish hereby to facilitate the inquiries, or rather to disembarrass the course, of other missionaries, who may in future times visit this country.

Many missionaries will have had neither leisure nor opportunity, previously to their arrival in Syria, for inquiring what are the notions or usages of the various sects existing there. On arriving, they will soon hear a degree of importance, greater or less, attached to all this floating capital of human imaginations. Without some preparation from books, they may enter on investigations of what has long been known; with a prospect, probably, of advancing no further than others have advanced before them: and this in the pursuit of an object, concerning which, if they had possessed the information already existing, they would have learned to regard additional inquiries as of very little worth.

These remarks may be exemplified in the instance of the Druses, of whom a fuller account has been collected in the preceding pages than of any other body of men. The situation of this people is one of the first objects which strike the eye and the ear of travellers in Syria: their power, their numbers, the secresy of their sect, the peculiarity of their customs, and a few characteristic rumors in circulation concerning them—all conspire to stimulate curiosity. Yet probably no information is to be had of their real state, much beyond what has long existed in print: or if there be further stores, similar to those already

* Tournefort says of them that they are a wandering race, and "stretch every year quite from Mosul or New Nineveh, to the sources of the Euphrates."

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half-revealed, it may possibly be better that they should remain unknown. Should the unhealthy appetite still crave for further acquaintance with man's *many inventions* in these far-famed recesses of Mount Lebanon, it may, moreover, be doubted whether this singular race would ever admit a foreigner to the mysteries of the order; or, finally, were this practicable, what missionary would be justified in purchasing such knowledge at the expense of Druse fraternization?

The wisest of men was taught by his own experience, that *in much wisdom is much grief:* and the great apostle under the gospel dispensation desired to have his converts *simple concerning evil:* determining, for his part, *to know nothing among them but Jesus Christ and him crucified!* It might seem, therefore, that, after having investigated much the sentiments of erring men, it were a wise resolution to relinquish such studies —never to revert to them but from a motive of necessity—and gladly to seize the opportune moment for abandoning them.

To be wholly ignorant of the opinions of men in Syria may be the happy lot of private Christians in our own country: but it is otherwise with the duty of a missionary. His is the painful task to read, not only his own evil heart, but the volume likewise of other men's experience; that he may know whom he has to encounter, what he has to refute, and where it is wisest to be silent and to stop. Happy for him also, when he finds that period.

For these reasons, while the private reader may pardon, the missionary student may probably be grateful to the writer for this introductory view. And may all, who shall have scanned these wearying pages, be excited to a livelier sense of pity for the benighted and deluded wanderers, whose characters and sentiments have been thus variously depicted! How should our hearts glow at the thought of *the bringing in of a better hope!* That hope the Christian finds in his Bible: to this unerring volume he turns his exhausted, aching eyes, and is revived! Most truly can the author testify, that, after revolving for hours the ponderous tomes of the acts of the councils, the researches of Assemann, and many other voluminous works, on suddenly casting a glance upon that ONE BOOK, never to be removed from his table, often has he experienced such a lively transition of feeling, as cannot be better described than by the well-known similie of our sacred poet—

> ——As when a scout,
> Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
> All night, at last, by break of cheerful dawn,
> Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill;
> Which to his eye discovers unaware
> The goodly prospect of some foreign land
> First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
> With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
> Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams!
>
> *Paradise Lost: Book III.*

JOURNAL

OF A VISIT TO SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1823.—We set sail from Alexandria to Beirout.

Saturday evening, Sept. 13.—Standing off the coast of Saide and Beirout, we had a brilliant view of the illuminations which take place on the mountains on the eve of the festival of the holy Cross. From north to south, there was a kind of semi-amphitheatrical exhibition of lights; which increased in brilliancy, as the darkness of evening came on. Some of them rose to a very considerable height above the horizon, marking the great elevation of the mountains. I counted fifty. These large fires were lighted by the monasteries and churches; and, throughout the whole of Mount Lebanon, from Tripoli to Sour, and in various other parts, this ceremony would take place. Considering that our view was partial, we may calculate, that not fewer perhaps than 500 such fires were lighted: the statement of numbers, however, whether calculated, or reported by those who ought to know, is not implicitly to be depended upon. In subsequent remarks on the number of monasteries, or of different sects and denominations, or of the population of towns, I would prepare every person not to expect, what it is next to impossible to attain, perfect accuracy.

BEIROUT.

Monday, Sept. 15.—I landed at Beirout; and was kindly received by the English consul, Peter Abbot, Esq. He informs me, that Mr. Lewis is occupying the college at Antoura, purchased by Mr. Way for the Jews' Society; and that Mr. Fisk and Mr. Wolff are with him, and Mr. King at Deir el Kamr. I was greatly surprised to hear of the departure of Mr. Way from this country, and concerned to learn that illness had been the cause. To Antoura I immediately sent an express courier, with many letters from the west.

Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1823.—Mr. Fisk and Mr. Lewis came over to Beirout, to welcome me to Syria. This is the first time, that, on landing in a foreign station, I have found missionary brethren on the spot: and the benefit of it I felt inexpressibly; as, in the compass of a few words, a rapid view is taken of the bearings of every thing in the country; and the heart, animated by the sight of fellow laborers and fellow sufferers, takes courage. We wrote also to Mr. King at Deir el Kamr, to join us at Antoura. On Wednesday and Thursday we conversed on many plans, and united in prayer for a blessing on our future course.

ANTOURA.

Friday, Sept. 19.—Left Beirout for Antoura. Not being able to bear much exertion in the heat, I was four hours and three-quarters on the journey: it may easily be done in less. The scenery through the valley of Nahr el Kelb was very fine; reminding me sometimes of Derbyshire scenery—though not of the softer parts, as Dove-Dale—but with

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one additional feature, which no part of Derbyshire enjoys, a noble prospect of the sea.

I found Mr. Wolff extremely unwell. He seems to be so absorbed in his pursuits, and to carry the labors of body and mind to such a full stretch, that it would be a miracle if he were well. Mr. Fisk says, that, ever since crossing the desert, his health has been visibly declining. I have given him some very seasonable medicine, and put him on a new diet. He has as little idea of taking care of himself, as if he had no body. His researches in Jerusalem appear to have been very interesting, and his labors there very useful.

Saturday, Sept. 20.—We had much conversation about this college of Antoura. The only topic which I will here notice, is, that, as celibate colleges are on no account whatever to be contemplated, it is of great moment that missionaries should be happy in the choice of their partners. The wife of a missionary residing here, should be of a cheerful temper: she should know how to put up with vexatious circumstances, without being fretted: she should be able quickly to throw aside her various troubles; especially, she ought practically to understand the duties of a good mistress toward servants; for she will have to TRAIN servants—she will not FIND them: she must be a thoroughly good, and good-tempered, manager. And her husband had need to be very kind to her; for she will give up a great deal for him and his mission. The monastic life must never more be encouraged. If any of our Protestant missionaries remain single, let it be for facility of travelling; but not to people monasteries. This part of the world needs—as indeed what part does not?—the benefit of well-regulated female society; not for the sake of giving an elegant polish, but to inspire feeling and gentleness.

The bishop, Mar Hanna Maroni, called, and sat with us two hours. He superintends the nunneries adjacent; in this he is acting for Monseignior Gandolfi, who is absent at his summer house. Mar Hanna Maroni is the Maronite Patriarch's Vicar; and is an aged and clever man, but disappointed at not having been elected Patriarch some months ago, when the present Patriarch, a rather young man, was raised in preference to him. He says there are in Mount Lebanon upwards of eighty convents; of which about ten are Greek Catholic, three Armenian Catholic, and one Syrian Catholic,—the rest all Maronite. Of Greeks, called by them schismatic, but styled, by themselves, the orthodox, there are no convents in the mountains. He, himself, studied at Rome; and was there when Pope Ganganelli abolished the order of the Jesuits in 1773. At that time there was a Maronite house at Rome; which, in the French revolution, was sold and secularised. A new one has not been established. It was, indeed, arranged, that, with regard to the alienated property of the Propaganda, the former and the present possessors should equally divide and suffer the detriment: but possession has, in this instance, proved to be nine points of the law; and the losers enjoy, up to this hour, nothing more than repeated promises of restitution. The various Maronities who go to Rome act as teachers or interpreters, and thus procure a little interest for themselves; there are four or five there now.

The churches and convents in Mount Lebanon have bells—a most pleasing distinction in the heart of Turkey: they remind one of college life; sounding for dinner, matins, and vespers.

At present the Maronites are suffering extreme "avanias," or extortions, from their ruler, the Emir Bechir. It is a peculiar privilege enjoyed by Europeans, that their houses can give protection to the natives. A very few days ago, a young Sheik took asylum in this college; the missionaries were a little perplexed by this new kind of visit; though, for the sake of humanity, there are cases in which every feeling man would be glad to possess and exercise this privilege; yet bordering, at is seems to do, on interference with the civil authorities of the place, or with the political state of the country, it might evidently be sometimes an embarassing circumstance to a Christian missionary.

Beirout is under the Pacha of Acre. In the city and near it, are a few Turks; but none in the mountains: which are under the direct rule of the Emir Bechir, commonly called Prince of the Druses; although he is, himself, not of that body, but by profession a Christian. He holds his office under the Pacha of Acre.

We, this afternoon, began a custom, which we continued nearly every day during our residence together at this place—that of engaging in conference on some religious subject, of a nature bearing practically on our missionary work. A subject was proposed by each in rotation, and a day beforehand; so that time for reflection upon it might be secured. Our conversation was preceded by prayer; after which each in turn gave his opinion, the rest noting down in a book what was said. These parties usually lasted two hours.*

* As the college of Antoura has recently acquired a new interest from its connection with the London Jews' Society, in may be agreeable to the reader to be made acquainted with the circumstances, which led, about a hundred years ago, to its first establishment. They are thus related by the Superior of the Jesuit missionaries in the first volume of the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses." This account is connected with the history of M. Lambert, one of the five principal merchants, directors of the French congregation established at Saide, which will be noticed hereafter. This person, having learnt, from the missionaries the necessity and advantages of a mission to Ispahan, the capital of Persia, concieved the design of devoting himself to this service; having put his affairs in order, and drawn up his last will and testament, he quitted Saide with the intention of joining the missionary Fathers in Persia. After many vicissitudes, he landed in India, near to Meliapor. Here he visited the tomb of St. Thomas, and took counsel with a religieuse of the order of St. Augustine; who, having fully considered what might be the nature of his vocation, advised him to go straight to Rome, and there apply to the Superior General of the Jesuits. He did this, and was accepted. After two years of novitiate, he was ordained priest, and appointed to Palestine. The narration then proceeds as follows:—

"He quitted Rome with two young Jesuits, who earnestly desired to accompany him. They all three embarked in a vessel destined for Saide or Tripoli; but providence, which had thus far conducted Father Lambert, and designed to use him for the establishment of a mission to the Maronites,

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Sunday, Sept. 21, 1823.—In the morning I preached to our small family in English, from 2 Cor. iv. 1, 2. "Therefore seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not: but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty; not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but, by manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." In the evening, Mr. Fisk preached in Italian, from Isaiah viii. 20. "To the law, and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." The household here consists (besides ourselves) of a converted Jew, Reuben Coster, whom Mr. Way brought with him from Nice; and a young Jew of Jerusalem, Abraham by name, who, though not a convert, joins in our services: there are also two servants, Maronites.

I was much interested, walking in the evening on the terrace to meditate on the 104th Psalm, with many of the expressions in verses 16—18 and 24—26, as verified to my sight; especially in turning to the noble view of the western sea—the very same great deep which David contemplated when celebrating the praises of Jehovah.

A priest and a sheik from Ain el Warka called in the morning. Sunday is a visiting day here also! May our example benefit them!

Monday, Sept. 22, 1823.—Mr. Fisk and myself called on Mar Hanna Maroni. He relates that there is trouble in the mountains; and states the following facts as the cause of it. As several of the Sheiks have fled from their homes, for asylum in Frank houses, the Emir has sent a party of fifty soldiers, who passed by this place only yesterday, to set fire to the houses of those absconded Sheiks, and cut down their fruit trees; so as to force them out of their hiding places. He thinks there will be a re-action—a slight rebellion.

It is but a very few months since this prince fled from Mount Lebanon to Egypt, in order to escape from the vengeance of three assembled Pachas, who besieged the Pacha of Acre. He has now returned in safety; and, besides replacing various pecuniary losses at the expense of the chieftains among the mountains, he is also singling out those who did not stand true to his cause during his temporary flight.

The bishop received us in the "Parlatorio" of the nunnery. Several nuns came to the grated window. There are twenty-three of them who have taken the vow. One, of eighty years of age—two or three, of twenty or twenty-five. They were all very talkative, and very inquisitive; evidently curious to know something of that world, from which they are now for ever secluded. The bishop, who speaks Italian fluently, inveighed bitterly against all monachism; and said, if he were the Pope, he would immediately abolish every brotherhood and sisterhood of them. The freedom of the sisters was not inferior to his. On my mentioning that I was married, they inquired very particularly about my wife and children, and wished me to bring my wife to visit them. On this the abbess, a lively woman of about thirty-five years of age, asked my companion whether he were married: on his answering in the negative, she vehemently demanded, "Why not?"—and did not spare reproofs. The bishop, though himself unmarried, added in Arabic—"Sfira bla tamr"—"A tree without fruit!"

I cannot say that I was led to form a favorable opinion of monasticism, or of nunneries. Mr. Fisk and myself conversing fully on this subject afterwards, agreed that those nunneries, which are under the closest seclusion and confinement, are, in some instances, liable to become the most corrupt. In Jerusalem, the nuns have the liberty of visiting their friends. These, being in some measure under the public eye, are probably more correct.

I inquired from the bishop, in reference to the acknowledging of the council of Trent, which was solemnly done by a national council of the Maronite clergy in the year 1786, whether the acts of that council were printed in Arabic. No—he replied: but they have a manuscript copy in Arabic. It is difficult to me to conceive how these clergy of the mountains should have thoroughly weighed all the matter contained in the acts of that council; but not difficult to understand how they should have been disciplined into adopting it. Implicit faith believes, and implicit obedience submits to ANY THING.

suffered a violent tempest to cast his vessel on the coasts adjacent to a little village called Antoura. The inhabitants, seeing a vessel approach their coast, took it for a Corsair; and, without particularly examining what it was, ran and seized Father Lambert, his two companions, and some other passengers, and conducted them before the commandant of the country.

"This commandant was Abunaufel, a Maronite, the most respectable of his nation. The fame of his probity was so great, that Louis XIV, of happy memory, chose him, although a subject of the Grand Seignior, to be Consul of the French nation, and sent him his brevet to that effect.

"It was before this person that Father Lambert and his two companions appeared. Abunaufel interrogated them. In their answers they declared what they were, showing him the patents of the Reverend Father General.

"Abunaufel readily perceived that these supposed Corsairs were missionaries sent him by Providence. He gave them the best reception possible, and lodged them in this house. Their arrival, and the intercourse which he had with them, suggested to him the idea of establishing a mission in his country, in order to give the Maronites of Mount Lebanon that spiritual assistance of which they are so often deprived. He made the proposition to Father Lambert, and offered him a settlement in his own domain; situated in a part of Mount Lebanon called* Kestoan.

"Father Lambert, after having consulted the superiors of our Syrian missions and received favorable answers, accepted, on their part, the offers of Abunaufel. This person kept his word with the missionaries; appointing them a lot of ground sufficient to build a small house with a chapel: he even bore a share of the necessary expenses. Father Lambert was the man chosen by God to be the founder of the mission of Antoura. He opened it with an extraordinary concourse of people, who assisted at the first exercises of the mission. Aided by his two companions, he continued his exertions till death, with indefatigable zeal."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses; vol. I. pp.* 220—229.

* The name of this district is sometimes spelt, Kastravan. It lies between Beirout and Tripoli.

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Tuesday, Sept. 23.—Mr. King refreshed us by his arrival. We are now five missionaries—all, in some degree, with different objects or under different characters; but all uniting in Christian love, counsel, and labor, on Mount Lebanon—Mr. Fisk, a missionary from America to Palestine—Mr. King, whose original plan was to study Arabic, in order to return, after three years, as Arabic professor to one of the colleges of America, is here adding missionary exertions to his studies—Mr. Wolff, a converted Jew, laboring for the Jews, under the patronage of wealthy and noble-minded individuals—Mr. Lewis, a clergyman of our united church, for the same cause under the Jews' Society—and myself serving the Church Missionary Society.

The village, if such it may be called, of Antoura, consists of about twenty small and scattered houses; of which three are ecclesiastical—namely, the residence of Monseignior Gandolfi, vicar apostolic of the Pope, now absent from home; the nunnery, and the college, in which we are living, and which was endowed about ninety years ago. Several monasteries are within sight, or within a moderate distance. This, in fact, may be considered, generally, to be the character of the mountains. Their population consists almost entirely of monks and peasants. Of the peasants, a great number carry arms. In fact, every young man may, in some sense, be called a soldier; and would, in case of need, muster as such: the gun, which serves him for field-sport and sustenance, is ready for the call of war; and his discipline consists in the bracing, hardy habits of a mountaineer. It would be difficult for European troops to find their way through Mount Lebanon, if the natives chose to embarrass them.

The country is here as remarkable for the innumerable multitude of its mulberry trees, as Egypt is for its palm trees. During the chief part of the year, these mulberry trees clothe the prospect, in every direction, with a most delightful verdure. As they are not cultivated for fruit, but for their leaves, from which a great quantity of silk-worms are reared, they are polled generally when the stem is about six week high; and the small branches, or rather twigs, then burst out in most luxuriant foliage. An immense quantity of silk is thus raised in Syria. The trees are planted in regular lines. In the winter months, they pass a light plough over the soil between them, so that it may drink in the rain more plentifully. I do not remember to have seen mulberry trees reared in Egypt; though I know of no reason why they should not flourish in some parts of that country. In Psalm lxxviii. 48, in the prayer-book translation, it is said, that God *destroyed their mulberry trees with the frost*. This would be a dreadful calamity to a country in the circumstances in which Lebanon now is, as it would ruin the valuable trade of silk. The true sense, however, of that verse is given in the version of the Bible, where the word is rendered *sycamore trees*. This tree has a leaf somewhat like the leaf of the mulberry tree; and its fruit is a wild fig. The wood of it is peculiarly durable.

CONVENT OF AIN EL WARKA.

Friday, Sept. 26.—I called on the bishop Hanna Maroni, who very readily gave me letters for Ain el Warka; a college about four hours to the north, in which the Maronites are taught Syriac, and prepared for the priesthood. He also gave me a letter for Hanna Stambooli, a priest, who seems to be doing penance at Ain el Warka, and is compelled to perform the office of preceptor there. In the afternoon, I set off, with Mr. Wolff, to perform this visit. We arrived just at sunset. I cannot say that we were received with much hospitality: there was, in fact, an air of reserve and coldness, which was to be attributed to various little circumstances, needless to relate here. The superior, however, ordered us a supper, and made various apologies for its not being better prepared: a cheerful welcome would have made a much humbler supper a grateful entertainment. Hanna Stambooli, as his name is designed to indicate, has studied at Constantinople; which gives him a character of great superiority to the Maronite mountaineers. He very eagerly asked, if I would take him to England, and seemed chagrined that some such plan could not be devised for him. Something, however, better than talent united with the love of travelling is requisite to induce us to take up and patronise the men of the east. Here are twenty-two pupils: only one or two, however, came near us. Of these, one was Luigi Assemanni, great nephew of the celebrated author of the "Bibliotheca Orientalis;" the same who was the pope's legate in the national council of the Maronites in 1736. This is a tender and rather an interesting youth, of eighteen years of age; he left Rome at the age of eleven; and hopes to return thither, as Oriental interpreter, in the course of a few years. I gave him an Arabic testament, writing for him a direction in it, by which he might find me in Malta; accompanied by some good advice.

CONVENT OF HAREESA.

Saturday, Sept. 27, 1823.—Very early in the morning we departed. The superior being at church, we could not personally take leave of him; and, of the young students, it was plain we should see nothing. In our way to Antoura we called at the convent of Hareesa, or Arissa; and here spent the middle of the day. Padre Carlo, the superior, was absent: he is a Franciscan friar, and was long in Egypt. He acted as dragoman to general Desaix, who commanded the expedition in 1798. What scenes for a missionary to have passed through! not indeed necessarily involving guilty participation; but bringing him continually within the sphere of temptation—making deeds of violence, and lust, and rapine, and treachery familiar to his eye; and entirely distracting him from the peaceful, retiring, and laborious life of a missionary. This Padre has been the usual round of Jerusalem, Nazareth, &c. He has the whole of this beautiful, spacious, and airy convent to himself. It is impossible to survey what this convent once must have been, and what it now is, without feeling as if Rome were evidently on the decline. See her outworks—her foreign, boasted missions—reduced to a mere shade! However, the house at present, serves as an asylum for some of the Emir's subjects, who, during his flight to Egypt,

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five months ago, were alienating from him, and are now required to pay heavy sums. Some of these were now actually living with their whole establishment in the convent; and, in the absence of the Latin superior, gave orders for our entertainment. Dinner was very heartily and hospitably prepared, in a manner quite contrasted with that at Ain el Warka.

RETURN TO ANTOURA.

We returned by sunset to Antoura; and in the evening, being the last evening of the week, we united, according to the custom of the church missionary society, in prayer for the success of Christian missions throughout the world.

Sunday, Sept. 28, 1823.—Mr. King, in the morning, preached in English from Luke ix. 58. *Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head*—words so peculiarly descriptive of the daily humiliation of our Redeemer. "We all of us," Mr. King observed, "think too much of our comforts." He drew, in a very touching manner, the contrast of our Saviour's laborious ministry. In the evening, I preached in Italian, from 1 Cor. ii. 9—16.

RETURN TO BEIROUT.

Monday, Sept. 29.—I left Antoura for Beirout.

Tuesday, Sept. 30.—Mr. Lewis and myself dined with our consul, Mr. Abbot. He gave several instances of the extreme difficulty of coming at the truth in this country—a topic peculiarly necessary to be upon the mind of a missionary.

DEIR EL KAMR.

Wednesday, Oct. 1.—Went, with Mr. Lewis to Deir el Kamr; which may be called the capital of Mount Lebanon, as being the residence of the Emir Bechir, prince of the mountains. We went in fact expressly to pay our respects to him. The journey took us nine very hot and tedious hours. Half way, at Ainep, we halted for some time, to rest and refresh ourselves. We were here about half way up one of the highest parts of Mount Lebanon; and higher steeps yet remained for us to ascend in the course of the afternoon. Although the season is not yet for *the snow of Lebanon*, (Jer. xviii. 14.) yet we found *the cold flowing waters coming from the rock of the field*, exquisitely exhilarating. We arrived at the picturesque valley of Deir el Kamr just by sunset. The town, inhabited by about two thousand souls, is on the left hand mountain. At a distance, on the mountain of the other side, stands the palace of Ebtedin, presenting a very bold and martial front. We had a letter to a respectable man in the town, of the name of Yoosef Doomani, with whom Mr. King had lodged some weeks: his third son, Hanna, was Mr. King's preceptor in Arabic. All gave us an enthusiastic welcome. Before supper, the master of the house directed the servant to bring in a large brass pan, full of warm water, in which for the first, and indeed the only time, that I ever experienced such attention, he illustrated the ancient custom of washing the feet of strangers; and no compliment could have been more seasonable.

EBTEDIN.

Thursday, Oct. 2.—I went with Mr. Lewis, to the palace of Ebtedin, an hour's distance from Deir el Kamr. While waiting in one of the numerous rooms which surround the great court, the secretary came in, heard our business, and received our letters; which were, in fact, only to request passports. This is a ceremony which it was very desirable that we should perform; for, although an Englishman universally in this country commands respect, yet the authorities may reasonably expect the compliment of a visit to request their protection. The document, afterward given me in the afternoon, is sufficiently laconic; and runs in the following terms:—

"This is to inform all who shall see it; and let them regard it universally:

"That whereas the bearer of this our order, Mr. Jowett, an Englishmen, is desirous to travel from place to place within the confines of the Mountain, it is our will that no man should contradict him; and wheresoever he goes, he shall enjoy protection, security, and respect.

"We have signified this.

(Signed) BECHIR.

(With the impression of his signet on the back of the paper.)

CONVERSATION ON THE DRUSES.

PREVIOUSLY to our waiting on the Emir, his physician, Seignior Bertrand, who speaks French well, came into the room where we were. Conversation turned, among other points, on the Druses. He divides them into three classes. The first of these is the "Djahelin," a word which signifies the IGNORANT: these know nothing about religion, and are never initiated into the secrets of the order: they are, indeed, assembled on the Thursday evening, in a place considered as a place of worship, from which, after an hour, they are required to withdraw; but, in every other respect, they are kept in perfect ignorance and subjection. The remainder Seignior Bertrand divided into two classes—those who are partially admitted to the knowledge of their mysteries, and those who are perfectly initiated. The partially initiated may return, if they desire it, into the order of the "Djahelin," but must never reveal what they know. The third class, who are the perfect adepts, must ever remain such: these continue together late on the Thursday night, performing their ceremonies, after all others have been excluded.

I inquired if they have the power of life and death: he replied, "No."—"But," I asked, "if any of them should reveal the secret?" He answered, "They would certainly kill him."—"Are any of them ever converted to Christianity, Judaism, or Mahommedanism?" "No: it would be death. They live, it is true, intermingled with Christians in the villages, but they never intermarry with them."

I alluded to their dress—He said, "In the precincts of the court, they made no distinction, not to offend the Emir"—and pointed out a person in

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the room, whom from his dress we should not have known to be a Druse, but who, he said, was one of the highest adepts. He appeared about thirty-five years of age.

It is said that they make no proselytes; it being one of their opinions, that there is a certain number of souls already initiated, and which never increases or diminishes. When a Druse dies, his soul is supposed to migrate either into some animal, or some other living person: and thus, by constant transmigration, they never cease to exist; and, in due cycle, to appear upon the earth.

It is said to be death to show their sacred books to any uninitiated person: yet there are many manuscripts shown about, purporting to be of this description, procured furtively; and, when they are lent or sold, it is done under promise of security. A set of these books was put in our way, some days ago, for purchase; and the enormous sum of five thousand dollars asked for them! I, for my part, felt sufficiently content with the account given of them, in De Sacy's Chrestomathie Arabe and in Niebuhr's Travels. Were I to be as a missionary in the midst of them, I should probably make no attempt to penetrate into their mystery: so far as it might hinder the reception of the pure gospel, I should consider it as so much of Satan's ground, and not go upon it; but should invite them off from it, to walk with me in a plainer path. I entertain no doubt but that God would bless this method, eventually, in His own time: and when converted, the Druses would, probably of this own accord, imitate that memorable act of the new converts at Ephesus—*bring their books together, and burn them before all men* —even though the price of them should be *more than fifty thousand pieces of silver.**

INTERVIEW WITH THE EMIR BECHIR.

We were then introduced with the usual forms to the Emir, had chairs given us, and were treated with coffee and sherbet. The political difficulties of the Emir are well stated by Burckhardt, in his interesting volume on Syria. I noted his physiogonomy, which is very strongly marked about the eye-brows, as though constant care and pain dwelt in that region. Once or twice his features relaxed into a smile; but his very smile was stern. Since his return, five months ago, from Egypt, he has been on a continual stretch, pursuing his enemies, and exacting extraordinary supplies. His age may be about sixty years. His inquiries were only about Spain and France, and the conversation was short.

PALACE OF EBTEDIN.

After seeing the Emir, we were shown over the palace. A beautiful long gun, taken from the French, was shown among other curiosities.

We dined in an open court-yard, overlooking the valley to the sea. Wine was not brought, being prohibited; as the Emir wished to keep up somewhat of a Mussulman appearance, in compliment to Abdallah Pacha, under whom he holds the sovereignty of the mountains.

After dinner we visited the Christian church; a small building, about a hundred yards from the precincts of the palace. The Emir does not attend it. In fact, he seems to be of no religion—thinking that, perhaps, to be the most convenient way of satisfying persons of all religions. He formerly, it is said, used to have a Romish confessor; but has ceased even from that ceremony. Some, indeed, say that his confessor would no longer grant him absolution.

The church is small. All the books were in Syriac. Here we saw nine young Greeks, chiefly Sciotes; whom the Emir lately brought from Cairo. They are learning to read Arabic; and the priest is their schoolmaster. We have already seen two of them in attendance upon the Emir.

There are said to be two thousand persons employed in and about the palace. In fact, we saw many professions and trades going on in it—soldiers, horse-breakers, carpenters, black-smiths, scribes, cooks, tobacconists, &c. There was in the air of this mingled assemblage, something which forcibly brought to my recollection the description of an eastern royal household, as given to the Israelites by Samuel. 1 Sam. viii. 11—17.

INTERVIEW WITH A YOUNG ABYSSINIAN.

While looking round these premises, my eye was caught by the figure of a dark-colored young man, sitting under a tree writing Arabic. His air and his countenance bespoke somewhat of superior feeling. On my approaching, he rose. We sat down together; and, in reply to my questions, he informed me that he was an Abyssinian. There is something in the very sound of that name, which awakens all my sympathies. I entered into conversation with him, in Italian; and briefly learnt his history, as follows:—He is now eighteen years of age: he was eight years old, when he was taken in Abyssinia, and made a slave, and carried into Egypt. Here he served a Mohammedan master, who tried every art of bribery and of terror to induce him to become Mussulman; but in vain: he never would change his religion. His master dying, he entered into the service of another; when the opportunity offered of going to study at Milan, for the purpose of introducing learning into Egypt. This was about 1818. The Kiaya Bey, or prime minister of the Pacha, manifested, when he was presented, the greatest rage at his having remained a Christian. In Italy he learned Italian, which he speaks easily; and he there also acquired a certain air of European courtesy, which Egypt could not have taught him; although, possibly, it may be innate; for the Abyssinians are generally celebrated for gentleness of manners. On his returning to Egypt, the Emir, during his visit there, obtained him, together with the other slaves whom he has brought hither. The name given him is Moose el Habeshi; but, knowning that the Abyssinians never give Jewish names, I asked if that was his real name.* He said, no, his proper name was

* On the subject of the Druses, see the account of them, in a former part of this volume; and pp. 444—446 of "Christian Researches in the Mediterranean."

* The Christians of Syria, on the contrary, freely give Old Testament names to their children.

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Christmas. He has quite forgotten the Abyssinian language. While in Cairo, he became a Roman Catholic. There was a great rivalry between the two Christian secretaries of the Pacha Mallem, Hanna Taoul, a Copt; and Nallem Ghali, a Roman Catholic. The Copt, by means of his countrymen, raised taxes and performed offices of the civil business so much cheaper than the other, that the Pacha thought him a fit man to send to the upper country: he therefore went with the expedition to Dongola. Mallem Ghali had given some affront to Ibrahim Pacha; who shot him; and, with his death, the Roman Catholic interest suffered a great blow. When I asked Moose if he desired ever to return to his own country, he expressed his hopes, with tears, that he should. I related the business of the Amharic version of the sacred Scriptures, and encouraged him to expect happier days for his country. He mentioned that priests alone get safely from Abyssinian to Jerusalem, but it is not till they have been beaten, and robbed of all that can be got out of them, by the Mohammedans on the coast of the Red Sea. He says there are several Abyssinians, as he was, kept as slaves, in private houses in Cairo. I invited him to visit me at Deir el Kamr: he said that the Emir would probably not permit him; but he is very kind to him. I promised to send him some Arabic Scriptures, for himself and the youths around him at school. "Do," he said: "you will be doing a great charity." I gave him my name on paper; that if he ever should visit Malta, he might find me. I described to him Abu Rumi and M. Asselin. He seemed to have some knowledge of Abu Rumi; and M. Asselin he had seen in the house of his Mohammedan master. He mentioned, what I never had heard before, that the Abyssinians, when they catch Mohammedans, some times *compel them* to become Christians. The converse is too well known to be the case.

RETURN TO DEIR EL KAMR.

Friday, Oct. 3, 1823.—This morning Mr. Lewis returned to Beirout; while I determined to spend some days with this family at Deir el Kamr, and to read Arabic with the third son, Hanna, who had been preceptor to Mr. King.

In the afternoon, he called his mother into the room, and begged me to explain the object of the missionaries in this country; which I did fully—dwelling especially on this, "that the Son of God had come to save man, and yet thousands as yet do not know Him." I find that the more simply this truth is told, the stronger the case appears to them—and the more strongly does it affect my own mind. This grand view throws all controversial matter to an infinite distance in the back-ground.

Sunday, Oct. 5.—There are three marriages in the town to-day. They are to be performed in the evening: but, throughout the day there has been a continual firing of muskets in token of rejoicing; and, in the court-yard and on the roof of the house of one of the parties, I can see from my window a constant throng of guests, who occasionally set up a joyous cry: yet this is not a rich family. An almost ruinous hospitality is sometimes kept up on these occasions.

My host's fourth son, a youth of seventeen years of age, loiters into my room, wondering how I can bear to be alone; supposing my head must ache, or that I shall certainly fall asleep unless he comes to talk with me. I desired him to sit down, and read aloud the third chapter to the Romans; and then I explained to him its contents, as well as I was able, in his native tongue.

In the evening I attended one of the marriages. Three priests assisted in performing it. A multitude of men and boys set off with lights in their hands, an hour after sunset, from the house of the bridegroom (leaving the bridegroom in his father's house) to that of the bride. After waiting nearly half an hour, the bride came out, attended by her female friends, and the procession began; the men going first, and after them the women with the bride in their front. On their coming near the church, they halted, while the bridegroom proceeded first into the church with his father and companions (in number certainly more than thirty; see Judges xiv. 10, 11.) to be ready to receive his bride. After this, the bride and her party entered by the door and apartment belonging to the women. Both then stood together in the middle of the church before a lighted desk, the bride being covered. An incessant noise and tumult, which no authority of the priests could appease, prevailed throughout the ceremony, which lasted near half an hour. The whole being ended, the friend of the bridegroom, standing behind him, lifted him up in his hands like a child; shouting, at the same time, for joy. This practical joke, however, as well as the tumult, was a mark that the parties were of the lower rank. The bridegroom was only fifteen years of age.

Monday, Oct. 6, 1823.—We observed this day in special reference to the custom of general prayer for the more abundant influences of the Holy Spirit.

In the afternoon, three Jewish females entered the house, to pay a visit to the mistress. They were strangers, but were politely treated with sherbet. I observed my preceptor, Hanna, watching them attentively: and, expressing my wish to call on the Jewish families here, he would have dissuaded me. "In this place," said he, "the Jews are looked upon very badly." "And in what part of the world," I asked, "are they not so? Now, as we expect all men to love one another, we must expect Christians and Jews to do so: but which is to make the first move? which has the strongest obligation to love the other?—which is commanded to do so?" He promptly and ingenuously answered, "Christians."

He informs me that there are about thirty Jewish families in Deir el Kamr.

Wednesday, Oct. 8.—This evening the season broke. Thunder and lightning and rain came from the west. The romantic valley of Deir el Kamr, and the high ranges of Lebanon, were clothed with mantles of thick mist; and the whole prospect became dreary and cheerless.

In the morning of this day—not an hour too soon—the master of the house had laid in a stock of earth; which was carried up, and spread evenly on the roof of the house, which is flat. The whole roof is thus formed of mere earth, laid on and rolled hard and flat: not, as in Malta, of a composi-

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tion,* which is smooth and impenetrable, and thus receives the rain-water and carries it off into the tanks under the house. There is no want of flowing water in this mountainous country, as there is in Malta. On the top of every house is a large stone roller, for the purpose of hardening and flattening this layer of rude soil, so that the rain may not penetrate: but, upon this surface, as may be supposed, grass and weeds grow freely. It is to such grass that the Psalmist alludes, as useless and bad—"Let them be as the grass upon the house-tops, which withereth afore it groweth up." (Ps. cxxix. 6.) In reference to the conclusion of that Psalm, I may add, that nothing could better express the contemptuous neglect which David there describes as falling on the wicked—"Neither do they which go by, say, The blessing of the Lord be upon you: we bless you in the name of the Lord."

This is, indeed, the land of good wishes and overflowing compliments. Every passer-by has his "*Alla ybarakek*"—"God bless you!" Conversation is sometimes among strangers made up of a very large proportion of these phrases: for example—"Good morning." Answer, "May your day be enriched!"—"By seeing you."—"You have enlightened the house by your presence."—"Are you happy?" "Happy; and you also?"—"Happy." "You are comfortable, I am comfortable;" meaning, "I am comfortable, if you are." These sentences are often repeated; and, after any pause, it is usual to turn to your neighbor, and resume these courtesies many times. In Egypt, the Christian salutation is "*Salamat*:" among Mohammedans, every where, it is "*Salam*;" but this is not allowed among Christians. In the southern half of Palestine, I subsequently found the ordinary salutation, between persons on the road, to be, "*Owafy*;" literally, "Good luck:" to which the person saluted, replies, "*Alla yafik*," that is, "May God give you good luck!"

They have a remarkable way in this country of paying honor to the first-born son. Both the parents take their name from his. Thus the master of the house here is called Abu Michael, Father-of-Michael, because his eldest son was baptized by the name of Michael. The servant has a son named Suleyman; and her name consequently has become Om-Suleyman, i. e. Mother-of-Suleyman. The practice is universal in this country.

Thursday, Oct. 8, 1828.—Stormy weather continues: we are quite confined to the house; which, as there are no glass windows, is very uncomfortable. We are obliged to shut up the lattices with the wooden shutters, and sit almost in the dark. I asked the family how they manage in the long dreary weather of winter: they replied, that they entirely shut up the rooms, and use lamps in the day-time. This, three months afterward, I found to be the only method, living whole days by candle-light.

In the evening, the family meet to smoke—talk—hear some new thing, or some old thing—yawn—and retire to bed. From half past six o'clock at the present season (at which hour they, in five minutes, swallow their supper,) to half past eight, this is their habit. Several evenings they have read the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; and they seem marvellously amused with the gross fabrications contained in that book: the greater the falsehood, the greater seems their diversion. They are yet children. *In understanding be men*, would be a text lost on them. This evening I explained the method of calculating the distance of a thunder-cloud from the interval between the flash and the sound, a problem of the simplest nature, which I have known ever since I was a boy: though I happened to have a good interpreter, so that I am sure the whole was sufficiently explained; and though I expected that the tempest about our ears would render it the more interesting, yet it excited scarcely any attention, and probably was not understood, or possibly not believed.

Friday, Oct. 10.—I had to witness to-day one of those painful scenes of the undue influence of ecclesiastical rule, which they only can enter into, who have seen, in countries like our own, Christian liberty blessed with its proper fruits. Conversing with my Arabic reader, I said, "Mr. King and myself wish to sell as many of the Scriptures as we can." Copies, for this purpose, were in the house. He said he was aware of this; but that the sale of them had been prohibited by the Pope. "In this country," said he, "whatever the Pope tells us, we do." "But," I said, "God commands men to read the sacred Scriptures." "I know that," he replied; "and I cannot comprehend why the Pope should forbid it—especially as the book is the same version as ours, and so very cheap: perhaps it is that these holy books may not be torn or dirtied by children—they are therefore kept in churches." "But," said I, "in this family, there is your father: you are five brethren: thus there are six who know how to take care of a book; and, in some families, there are no children, or they are grown up." "True," he answered; "but the people at large are taught to refuse them." "Well," I said, "God has given us the sun: if Satan put up his hand before it to turn the day into night, would you not think it an act worthy of Satan?" He readily acknowledged this. I bid him apply the comparison to all who would prohibit the reading of the sacred Scriptures. I added—"While you remain willingly under this yoke of ignorance, do you not feel as if you deserved to remain under the Turkish yoke?"

In the evening, my host mentioned to one of the priests who was visiting, that I should go to Jerusalem. I began to talk with them of Christ crucified. The priest, a very aged man, began to talk of the cross. My host asked where the cross was: the priest told a very long story about its discovery—its being transported to Constantinople, &c. "But," I said, "this cross was wood: our Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered upon it, is yet alive in heaven, near to every one of us: He can give life to our hearts." The priest looked half amazed. My host further explained my meaning aloud. "He says"—quoting me—"that that cross, which the empress Helen found, was wood." "Yes," said the priest, "but HOLY WOOD." I again began my remarks; to which, however, no

* In Beirout, and many other places, the flat roof consists of a hard cement, although not so good as that which is used in Malta.

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further notice was paid. That line of a hymn came into my mind:

"Christ, and his cross, is all our theme!"

—now in what manner would this poor priest have taken up this theme? He would probably have told his congregation a long story about the empress Helen, interwoven with many miraculous circumstances; and the service would have concluded, with the people's thronging to kiss a piece of the holy wood of the true cross! May the missionaries of the west bring these people out of their darkness, by truly preaching *Christ and him crucified!*

Saturday, Oct. 11, 1823.—The stormy weather has ceased. I am informed that, in Deir el Kamr, about one-third of the population are Greek Catholics, one-third Maronites, and one-third Druses. The difference between Greek Catholics (or, as they call themselves, Melchites) and Maronites, is, that the Greek Catholics use Arabic and Greek in their services; but the Maronites, Syriac and Carshun. Both acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. The Maronites appear to be the genuine natives of Mount Lebanon; the Greeks, whether of the Oriental church or converts to the papacy, appear to be descendants of the Greek empire. There may be, one tells me, about one hundred of the Oriental Greeks (not Romanists, but those called orthodox,) in the mountains; but not more. In Damascus, they are numerous, and have a Patriarch, entitled Patriarch of Antioch. In Aleppo, Beirout, Saide, and Sour, there are many; but, in the mountains, the papal interest is dominant, and has excluded them.

The Melchite priests of Dier el Kamr are furnished from a very large convent not far distant, called Deir el Mhalles, where is a bishop who has visited Italy. The college for Syriac or Carshun is at Ain el Warka.

There are two Melchite and two Maronite churches in Deir el Kamr.

The origin of the title Deir el Kamr was related to me thus. There was once a convent here dedicated to the Virgin Mary; to her the words in Canticles vi. 10, "fair as the moon" are often applied; and her picture may frequently be seen painted as a countenance on a full moon. This convent, having such a picture, obtained the name of Deir el Kamr, or "Convent of the Moon," an abbreviation of "Convent of our Lady, fair as the moon." Since that period, the town has gradually been built here, and bears the same name.

May not these things remind us of the inventions of the Israelites of old in this land? (Jer. xliv. 17.) "We will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouth, to burn incense unto the queen of heaven," a title given now to the Virgin Mary. In fact, Christianity in these countries, with all its corruptions and imagery, seems not like a new and distinct religion, incompatible with the old heathen superstitions; but as something which easily accommodated itself to them, and soon became wrought up together, not a new plant, sprung up from *wholly a right seed*. This is not the Christianity of Christ and his apostles.

Sunday, Oct. 12, 1823.—I have in view two of the houses where, last Sunday, marriages took place. The court yards and the tops of the houses are again crowded with guests. The expression, "that preach ye upon the house-tops," appears nothing unnatural to those who daily see these houses. They are low and flat, and flat-roofed; and would give an opportunity to speak to many on the house, and many in the court-yard below. The continuance of the feasting illustrates Judges xiv. 12.

Monday, Oct. 13. This evening I had some conversation with Asaph, the servant, about prayer. He asked me why I went to bed so early. I said, I did not go to sleep; but I wished to have some time to read, meditate, and pray. He asked me why I did not pray in the sitting-room below. There happened to be a dispute at that very moment going on. I answered, "Many of you repeat your prayers in company; I can see your lips going, but the heart needs quiet and silence. Our Saviour said, 'Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and, when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret.'" (Matt. vi. 6.) Asaph speaks a very vulgar Arabic, and so quick that I can with difficulty understand him. My hope is, that, when I speak about religion to these people, though I cannot perfectly understand them, they may competently understand me.

There are two branches of language which are comparatively little learned, that is, little exercised, by persons, who may nevertheless attain the reputation of being great linguists: these are, the speaking of a language, and the hearing of it spoken so as to understand it. Of these two, the hearing with intelligence is, beyond all comparison, the most difficult; while both of them are, to missionaries, essential and indispensable acquisitions.

RETURN TO BEIROUT.

Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1823.—Having been unwell since the rains began, and fearing to be worse, I set off for Beirout this morning. When I had been on my journey about half an hour, the sun rose, in the midst of the most majestic clouds, above the high range of Lebanon. The view of the palace of Ebtedin was peculiarly noble. But how melancholy are these grand and lovely prospects rendered by reflections on the state of man—the being who is creeping upon the surface of that earth, which God has so beautifully formed, and which at this early hour, he every day so gloriously illuminates! How are our feelings of rapture checked, when, on viewing a lovely scene, we remember that it is the residence of a man of blood! The more I know of the people of the east, the greater is the value which I see stamped upon the labors of Missionary Societies.

At Ainep, where we again halted before noon to refresh ourselves, there was a great mourning. About thirty Sheiks sat assembled in a wide circle near the khan; and thence proceeded up the hill to assist in the burying of some great man, one of the Druses. One of the company, a most venerable figure with a snowy beard, stood up for some minutes, and harangued the assembly with apparently much dignified emotion. He seemed to me the very picture of Abraham communing with the

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children of Heth. I was particularly struck to observe that, though of these Sheiks the greater part consisted of Druses, known by their broad-striped dress, yet there were many Christians who joined in the funeral procession. The house of mourning seems, in every country, to be, in some measure, consecrated to the spirit of amity: there, religious antipathies are at least suspended, if not extinguished; and persons, who would not have thought of meeting in the same church, yet willingly assemble over one and the same grave.

On my arrival at Beirout, I was soon joined by Mr. Wolff; with whom I spent, during this week, several profitable hours; conferring with him, as I afterward did with the other missionaries, on a tract which I am continually preparing relative to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in these latter days.

FASHION OF SPLENDID DRESSES.

Whatever other fashions may have changed in the east—and yet we may truly believe that very few have varied—there is one still stationary, the sight of which carries us back to the remotest Scripture antiquity: I mean the fashion of splendid dresses. I had a full specimen of it this evening in the lady of the house. She produced from her wardrobe at least ten heavy outer garments, coats of many colors embroidered and spangled with gold and silver and flowers. I was weary with her showing them, at which she seemed surprised. There are some of them as old as the date of her marriage, some still older. They are only worn on great festivals, as Christmas, Easter, &c. when she sits in state to receive her friends, and hands coffee and a pipe to them. It is whimsical, however, to see how her splendid dresses are contrasted with her humble daily occupations: for, in the ordinary duties of the house, she is to be found sweeping out the kitchen, boiling the pot, &c. and she eats her meals when her husband and his friends have finished, sitting on the ground with her children and servants at the parlor door; and such, generally, is the condition of females in eastern countries. She wears an infinity of braids, which hang down all the length of her back, and terminate in gold sequins, which, together with those that she wears on her head, may be worth from five to ten pounds sterling. The advice of St. Peter is quite forgotten in this land. *The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit* appears to be very little known; but the *adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel*, is most studiously retained. In fact, none can go to greater excess, in this particular, than the bishops and clergy themselves, who, on all high festivals, are decked in such gorgeous and almost effeminate robes, as must necessarily lead the fashion, and tend to annihilate the simplicity which becomes Christians.

I have often, in my dealings with the people of this country, felt that a most apt motto for them, as serving to remind them of two duties in which they chiefly fail, would be "LOVE THE TRUTH AND PEACE." There are no faults which so constantly harass our spirits here as falsehood and vociferation.

GANDOLFI, THE POPE'S APOSTOLIC VICAR.

Thursday, Oct. 16, 1823.—The Pope's Apostolic Vicar, Monseignior Gandolfi, whose residence at Antoura has been before noticed, being at present in Beirout, I waited on him with our consul. The remark made with respect to many of the Latins in this country, that such and such a one is no bigot, carries with it a very partial satisfaction to those who desire to see an ecclesiastic well acquainted with what the truth is, and sincerely and ardently attached to the truth, and zealous in its propagation.

The conversation of Monseignior Gandolfi was that of an acute, polite, and social person, who knows the world. He is now about seventy years of age, and came to his present situation before the breaking out of the French revolution. As representative of the Pope, he is properly the organ of communication to the churches of Syria upon subjects of dogmatical theology.

His sway, in matters of discipline, is extremely limited. The professing Roman Catholics among the natives are governed by their own respective hierarchies; these, of course, keep their own affairs as close as may be; and lay themselves open as seldom as possible to inspection or interference from Rome. Even the Latin friars, established in the various convents from Jerusalem to Aleppo, are not under his jurisdiction: they have their respective Superiors in Syria and Palestine, who correspond each with the general of his own order in Rome. When the Propaganda was in power, and still more when the Jesuits were in authority, the situation now held by Monseignior Gandolfi must have been one of the greatest influence. In reading the "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*," or the document hereafter given in this volume on the subject of education—a business which was much in the hands of the Jesuits—the magnitude of the office of Apostolic Legate about a hundred years ago, and previously, becomes very apparent.

DRUSES.

A principal topic of our conversation was the remarkable religious divisions in this country. These have been already recorded in the opening part of this volume. The Druses, universally, are an object of curiosity to all residents and visiters in Syria, and, consequently, they are a frequent subject of conversation; and yet all appear to me equally in the dark as to what the Druses really are. Some of their peculiar customs or observances are all which writers or persons in the country can describe. One thing noticed by Monseignior Gandolfi seemed to the company an inexplicable wonder in their character. "You shall see," he observed, "a young man among them dissolute in the highest degree, given to every vice, and altogether unbridled; yet, on his becoming initiated, in an instant his character is changed to sobriety and even rigid virtue: instead of drinking wine freely, he drinks water only; his passions are curbed; his vices seem to drop off from him; and he is as strict as before he was licentious." This description struck the hearers with amazement; nor did they seem to know how to account for it. Some secret principle in the religious

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theory of the Druses was what their minds were evidently turning to, as the operative cause of such miraculous conversions. I endeavored, therefore, to explain them upon a principle which every man who examines his own heart may easily descry. Admitting the fact, as stated, to be true, yet it may be nothing more than a change from the indulgence of *the lusts of the flesh* to the more dominant tyranny of *the lusts of the spirit*—the demon of pride expelling the demon of licentiousness. The unclean spirit, as our Lord describes, is gone out of the man; but, ere long, seven other spirits, still more wicked, enter in, and take up their abode in the restless, unhumbled heart; and the last state of that man is worse than the first. All assented to this view; but, with it, the conversation on this topic dropped.

There is, however, reason to doubt how far the fact stated may be a matter of mere appearances. The Druses are said by Burckhardt to be more observant of outward decorum than of genuine morality.

RETURN TO ANTOURA.

Saturday, Oct. 18, 1823.—Having received letters from Malta, I went to Antoura to make arrangements for quitting this part of the country to go southward. On the road, I met Mr. King, who was, with a similar purpose, going to Beirout. After exchanging a few words, we each pursued his destination. I arrived by a beautiful moonlight, at the college, where I found Mr. Lewis and Mr. Fisk, as also Luigi Assemanni from Ain el Warka.

COURSE OF STUDIES AT AIN EL WARKA.

Sunday, Oct. 19, 1823.—Yesterday evening and this morning, I have had much conversation with Luigi Assemanni. He gave me this account of the studies at Ain el Warka. The age of entering the college is various—from eleven to eighteen years of age; the term of complete study is four years. In the first year, they learn the Syriac grammar; in the second, they read the book of the church-offices, both in Syriac and Arabic; in the third, they study, as he expressed it, prosody; but, on my asking his meaning, he said that he was not himself versed in this, and did not quite understand it;* in the fourth year, they are occupied with moral theology, not dogmatical. All who are admitted must study with a view to the priesthood.

The present Maronite Patriarch, Joseph, was of this college. He has been elected but a few months: he adds Peter to his name, as being successor of St. Peter in the See of Antioch. He resides at Kanobin, beyond Tripoli. The young men, when they have taken orders, are at the command of the Patriarch, to be sent to Damascus, or elsewhere, as he may choose.

LUIGI ASSEMANNI.

I find this young man to be very feeble in health and spirits. I gave him much counsel: and, as he expects one day to go to Rome again, to fill some office as interpreting secretary, I reminded him, that one word from him might do great good or great harm; and especially cautioned him, never to sign his name to any thing which he knew to be unchristian or untrue. I gave him a sketch of the tribulations, which may be expected to fall on all those who uphold a system of deceit and error;* and, in the contemplation of his possibly living to witness troublous times, gave him for a motto these words—"La fede vincitrice nelle tribolazioni"—"Faith triumphant in tribulations"—explaining that I did not, by "The Faith," mean any particular form of words, or constitution of a church; but a personal, living faith, dwelling in a man's heart, working by love, and leading him to Christ for constant support.

He did not, poor youth, forget before his departure those two words, which might very properly be taken for the motto to the armorial bearings of Syria—"*Give, give.*" We willingly administered to his necessities. Much could we wish that there were as ardent a desire for the sacred Scriptures, as there is for the supply of the wants of the body! God alone can put this spiritual desire into their hearts—a *hungering and thirsting after righteousness.*

We prevailed on him to wait, and attend our morning service, which we had somewhat earlier on his account. I preached in Italian. He then took his staff, as we could not persuade him to stay any longer, and walked away, very much with the air of a young pilgrim.

DIFFICULTY OF TRAVERSING MOUNT LEBANON.

In the evening of this day, looking out at my window on the vast irregular cliffs of Mount Lebanon, with the convents Deir el Shafi and Ybzumar upon different summits far above me, and thinking of the toil of the next day's visit to them, the animating words of Isaiah came into my mind with peculiar force. The distance of Ybzumar may be less than five miles, in a direct line; but, to reach it, we shall have to wind round the base of mountains, to go through the length of valleys, so as to cross them at their extremities, and to ascend hills by difficult traverses on most rugged single-footed paths, during four hours, chiefly with the sun upon us; and the same on our return. Eight hours of toil and burning heat, in order to have the opportunity of selling the sacred Scriptures, and converse upon religion! It is well: and it is delightful to think, that, while such mountains furnish an emblem of the spiritual difficulties and perplexities through which we have to wind our way, they have supplied to the evangelical prophet a fine image for describing the future success of this work.—"Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

* Query, if this may be what is referred to in the account of the course of education, from which I have, in a subsequent page, made extracts, signifying what we would call Belles Letters.

* 2 Thess. ii. 7—12

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CONVENT OF DEIR EL SHAFI.

Monday, Oct. 20, 1823.—We set forth, Mr. Fisk and myself, on sure-footed asses, skilled to climb the mountains. The road is, for the first half of it, the same as that to Ain el Warka. We were overtaken on the way by a Maronite bishop, who appeared to me more delicate than any native whom I had yet seen, having furnished himself with a small umbrella of white muslin: he just returned our salutations, and spurred forward, being well mounted. We turned off to the right, to reach the convent of Deir el Shafi, situated on a fertile eminence, commanding a magnificent view of the sea, the town and harbor of Beirout, and all the intermediate country. Eighteen monasteries may be seen from it. The air is pure; and, even on the hottest days, they here enjoy a breeze. It is pleasantly screened by groves of pine trees *full of sap*, which rise up the side of the mountain in the back ground.

The elevated site of many of these monasteries, well chosen for air, retirement, and security, often brings to the mind that expression, *Oh inhabitant of Lebanon, that maketh thy nest in the cedars!*

In the occupants, however, of Deir el Shafi, there is a melancholy air of somnolency. The Partriarch, who visited England, Mar Gregorius Peter Giarve, resides here only two months in the summer, for coolness: the rest of the year he lives at Mar Ephraim, a spot more inland. We were received by a bishop, who formerly was Partriarch for five years, and who was succeeded by Giarve. From his conversation the following particulars were obtained. The whole patriarchate contains one patriarch and seven bishops. Of these bishops, two are in Aleppo; one is in Mesopotamia, and another will be appointed there in lieu of one deceased; one is in Beirout; and there are two at this convent, one of whom we did not see, he being on an excursion in the neighborhood. In Jerusalem, they have no religious house; but their Syro-Catholic pilgrims go to the Latin convent. In Cairo, they have one Syrian establishment; a merchant's house, I understood him to mean.

The upper part of this convent was built about forty years ago, and appears substantial: there is a considerable building some few yards detached from it, lower down the hill, (for it is all built on the side of a steep acclivity,) of the date of only ten years, but likely to be unserviceable, unless great expense is laid out upon it; the roof being broken in some material parts. In this second building we were informed, lies the printing press, with the other materials brought from London and Paris.

CONVENT OF YEZUMAR.

We proceeded, by a rough and hot road, to the convent of Ybzumar. This is the residence of the Catholic Armenian Patriarch, and is a noble establishment. We were courteously received by the Patriarch, in the large divan; a more spacious and well furnished room than any I have yet seen in Syria. The convent has been built twenty-eight years: in summer, it must be delightfully cool; but standing on so high an eminence, it is visited in winter by tremendous thunder-storms, and enveloped in thick and cold mists. The wall at the end of this hall in which we are sitting, bears witness, by a large fissure in it, to the alarms which they must suffer during the mountain storms; and they have not yet procured a lightning conductor: they asked us questions on this subject; and seemed chiefly influenced by the fear that, if such an apparatus were not placed properly, it might do them harm instead of good, by attracting the electric fluid. Many smatterers in philosophy visit Syria, but they have no confidence in them. We recommended them, for the safety of a building on which so much money has been expended, to send at once for a skilful man from England. The Armenians are not a race of men fearful of expense; being rich and closely connected with one another in whatever part of the world they are to be found.

The Patriarch has been seven years and a half in his office. We were presently joined by one of two bishops, now residing in the convent; and by another ecclesiastic, whose name I regret not to have noted down, a very lively and intelligent man of about thirty-eight years of age, aspirant to a bishopric, and not unlikely to be promoted. The Patriarch speaks a very little Italian; but the other two speak it well. The bishop is of Aleppo, but has been passing much of his time here; and blessed himself that he was not in that city at the time of the dreadful earthquake.

Mr. Fisk had made a contract for the sale of a large number of Armenian New Testaments, which he brought with him. Of these they greatly preferred the Venice edition, to that printed in Russia.

As noon drew on, the table was spread for dinner. We dined alone with the Patriarch, and were certainly never better treated than here. He seemed to take a particular pleasure in giving us proofs of the excellence of his vintage, ordering different kinds of wine to be brought in succession; so that it became necessary for us to have a strict eye to the proper limits on such an occasion. After dinner, he took his repose: and I also was obliged to lie down, being much fatigued with the morning's ride; but could take no rest, my mind being filled with the scene around me. In the mean time Mr. Fisk, surrounded by the young men, produced his Armenian stores, the whole of which were purchased by them. The room in which I lay down belonged to one of the students, a hopeful bright youth, who speaks Italian well, and who seemed gratified in showing me attention. His little library was select, containing Armenian and Italian books; and, no doubt, he has an ambition to be useful. It is impossible not to desire that such an ambition may receive a right direction; but, for this end, a purer knowledge of truth, than we find in these regions, is wanted: and, indeed, the ambition itself needs to be supplanted by a higher motive than, we fear, exists in the generality of these students. After half an hour, I joined the company, who were all, under the direction of the ecclesiastic above mentioned, making their purchases. They soon after dispersed; and the ecclesiastic proceeded to take us over the establishment.

The church is, after their manner, heavily

splendid. In their dining-hall is a pulpit, from which a portion of some book is read, while the rest are dining. But that which most surprised me, was the number of rooms for the accommodation of pupils: we were told that there are about seventy. The pupils at present, are very few in number; about twelve: they do not average more than twenty: sometimes they are as few as four or five. I do not well know how to account for such variations, unless it be because there are two other Catholic Armenian convents not far distant, at Kraim and Beit Hashbo. This ecclesiastic informs us that the youths are not required to be priests: consequently, this may be regarded as, in some degree, a school for their merchants' children; and these merchants, moving about in the extensive regions of the east, or residing for uncertain periods in the cities more or less near—as Constantinople, Smyrna, Erzroum—may send their children more or less regularly to this and similar colleges. The course of education throws some light on the subject. Our conductor informed us, that, on their plan, it would require ten years to be well educated; for the complete course is to learn ancient Armenian, Arabic, a little philosophy, and various European languages. He is, himself preceptor; and is versed in these acquirements. Considering the low standard of the education of the clergy generally in the east—exception being made in favor of a few individuals among them, who have aspired to considerable attainments—this course of education manifestly declares itself to have been adopted for those who are designed to be men of the world. The Armenians are, in fact, an industrious, ingenious, persevering race; not at all, I have been told, addicted to war, but to civil pursuits: especially as bankers, in which character they rival the Jews.

DISCUSSION WITH AN ARMENIAN ECCLESIASTIC.

After going over the whole building, we were invited to visit an aged priest who occupies an apartment here. In former times, he has visited Rome frequently. He considers himself in the light of a British subject; having made himself, at one time, useful to Sir Sydney Smith.

We had here a very long conversation, on various points concerning the state of religion in the east, and the opinions of the western churches. The Armenian ecclesiastic took the chief part in it, the other priests being very infirm. Particularly he defended the question of the monastic vows. I urged that there was no sufficient reason for them; and that they were contrary to nature and the design of Scripture: particularly I pressed the extreme improbability that the young men should be able to know themselves sufficiently, when they make the vow of celibacy. "To this end," he said, "surely in a probation of two years, kept under strict rule, they would be able to judge of their ability to continue in the observance of that rule." "Far from it," I said: "their nature is not developed in so short a space of time: the extraneous restraints, under which they are placed, may give them an artificial opinion of themselves and of the world; and, when they come into real life and its snares, two years' probation will be found to have done very little for them. And for what object, which could not as well be attained by them as married men?" He turned to St. Paul's argument in 1 Cor. vii; in discussing which, we pointed out the consideration that the apostle's view applied more particularly to times of persecution and distress, when the office of preaching the gospel might be embarrassed by the preachers' having families; as well as the converts themselves hindered, by the same circumstance, in their flight from the persecutor. We then asked, how far this applied to their case: he would have evaded the question, by asking if there were not other useful objects to be attained by study, and seclusion, and celibacy: we pressed upon him, that St. Paul gives no other reasons for the expediency of the state of celibacy, than that it gives more freedom from worldly distraction, and thus affords more leisure for the active service of God; and now, "in what way," we asked, "do these convents promote the active service of God? Do the priests here preach the gospel, at the hazard of their lives? Is it to this, that their young men are trained? Does their unmarried state, which would give them an opportunity of more easily escaping if their life were sought for, encourage them to stand out boldly on behalf of the gospel? What for example, is the state of the convents in Mount Lebanon? What converts are they in the habit of making among the Mohammedans?" "Are you, then, he asked," "come to preach to the Mohammedans?" I replied, "I will go with you, and preach to them:" but from this answer he manifestly drew back. He asked what ground we had for supposing that all countries would become Christian—expressing it as his opinion, that the promises of sacred Scripture do not go to prove that all the world will be Christian, but that there will be some Christians in all countries; a sufficient number to stand as witnesses of the truth, and examples to their heathen or Mohammedan neighbors. "Is there then," I asked "a sufficient number of converts to Christianity in Mount Lebanon and Syrian?" To this he principally answered, that he thought the call to preach the gospel applied fully to Pagan nations; but that, in these countries, nothing could be done without protection—that the moment any one should begin to preach generally, out of the line which he was known to occupy, he would be put down by the government. Here he, at once, came to their *magnum gravamen*. We dwelt on the obstacles opposed to the first entrance of Christianity, and its triumphant success in spite of them; endeavoring to show how much we all need the revival of the faith and zeal of the primitive times. The expression was used by me, incidentally, that they needed new opinions—at which they started: I immediately explained, pointing to a Bible on the shelf, that that book contained all my opinions; and that what I meant to express, was, NEW FEELING of the opinions there laid down for Christians. Mr. Fisk emphatically added, "A NEW HEART!"

The two priests, in conclusion, asked me, whether there were many in England who thought on this subject as I had expressed myself. Remembering the scenes which I had witnessed at the anniversaries of the different religious societies in May 1821, I ventured to say, that we have both bishops and noblemen, as well as many others of the nation,

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who earnestly desire to see the preaching of the pure gospel in the Turkish empire. I am not sure that his question was not intended to elicit a feeling of sympathy for their political circumstances. I limited my answer to the religious view of the question.

They, likewise, inquired whether our religious societies would encourage their young men in their studies, and give them help if they went to England. To this, considering the sense in which the question was put, I did not give any very encouraging reply. Indeed I am more than ever convinced, that, although it would be less gratifying to our feelings to teach them in their own native soil, than to invite them to ours; yet more good incomparably will be done, by one faithful missionary's going among them, than by a plan for receiving twenty or any number of them among ourselves. Should any of them visit England, mere courtesy would lead them to accommodate themselves, as far as possible, to our habits: but, should they change their manners in their own land, the change may be more fairly set down to the account of real conversion of heart. And is not this change more likely to be effected by the example and instructions of one pious and zealous man stationed among them, that by their viewing us "en masse," and acquiring what at best might be only a general good impression in favor of our national character?

RETURN TO ANTOURA.

At the close of this conversation we prepared to depart. The first part of our ride was as hot as it had been in the morning; but, during the latter part of it, we enjoyed the coolness of evening, and the descent of the dew after sunset upon the fragrant herbs—*the smell of Lebanon.* (Canticles iv. 11.) It is not, indeed, very easy to converse in these single parties, where one follows another; but, although conversation cannot thus be rapid, or among several persons at once, yet when it is between two individuals it assumes a much more meditative cast. In this manner, wearied with the day, but refreshed by the last half-hour, we reached Antoura.

Tuesday, Oct. 21, 1823.—The early part of the morning was engaged in preparing finally to quit Antoura, where I had been so kindly welcomed by Mr. Lewis; and where, with the rest of the missionary brethren, I had unexpectedly derived, from our united prayers and conversations a greater measure of spiritual edification, than, in my former solitary travels, I had ever had the opportunity to enjoy. After we had breakfasted, the Latin friar of Hareesa, Padre Carlo, came in from Beirout: to him I gave an Italian Testament. The number of rooms in his convent he states at thirty, now occupied by himself alone.

CONVENT OF MAR MICHAEL.

On quitting Antoura, I proceeded to the convent of Mar Michael, about three quarters of an hour distant, where dwells Ignatius, the Catholic Greek Patriarch. He is a very infirm old man, blind and bed-ridden. About fifteen or twenty priests are in the convent; and, at a small room near the entrance is a school, where I noted about fifteen boys noisily saying their lessons to the master. The service of these Greek Catholics is chiefly in Arabic, with a few doxologies in Greek. They call themselves Melchites. The aspect of this establishment was very far from comfortable or clean; and the ecclesiastics whom we saw had a very indolent appearance.

RETURN TO BEIROUT.

I reached Beirout in the afternoon. Here I found Mr. King, and learned that Mr. Wolff had set off for Damascus.

Wednesday, Oct. 22.—This afternoon Mr. Fisk arrived from Antoura. We remained in Beirout a week: during which many copies of the sacred Scriptures were sold, while we also made our arrangements for departing for Jerusalem; Mr. Fisk having kindly consented to be my companion on this journey.

Saturday, Oct. 25.—This evening Mr. Lewis also arrived from Antoura, with the intention of making a tour of some length to Damascus, and from thence to Jerusalem. I had, also, this evening an interview with the Greek procurator, who acts for the Greek bishop of Beirout, of the orthodox oriental church. We wished to sell the Greek sacred Scriptures to him; but he complains of the great distresses which have fallen upon his nation since the revolution. The bishop has retired from the city to the mountains: the people are scattered; and are in continual alarm.

The procurator reads ancient Greek very well: his uncle was a Greek bishop; and, perceiving in him a turn for study, educated him. How many of this people are now continually being sacrificed —men who have made a far greater progress, than any others of the east, in useful knowledge! —men truly distinguished for having blended commercial and literary enterprise! Were *they* to be exterminated, the Levant would be thrown back some ages into barbarism, and the instrumentality of learning in the propagation of Christianity nearly lost. And yet if the sword has a charge against these countries, to destroy the accumulated errors and superstitions of so many ages—corruptions which seem likely to yield to no other discipline— it may yet be long, very long, ere that sword be quiet.

Sunday, Oct. 26, 1823.—This morning, notice having been previously given to the Frank consuls and residents in Beirout, that there would be divine service in Italian at the British consul's garden-house, we assembled to the number of twenty. Mr. Fisk read portions of the sacred Scripture; and prayed; after which I preached from Matthew xviii. 20. *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF BEIROUT.

The following day closed my residence for the present, in Mount Lebanon.

In order to give, at one view, the whole of my observations in this part of the country, in this place may very properly be subjoined the few additional

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remarks which I made on my return hither at the close of the year.

The population of Beirout I endeavored to estimate as nearly as possible, by the enumeration of houses. Within the walls of the city, there may be about three thousand souls. Without the walls, to a distance of half a mile in various directions, are many country houses, some of which consist of but one or two rooms: yet such a dwelling often suffices for the residence of a whole rustic family. In summer, they scarcely seem to need the covering of a house; and, in winter, their only plan to keep themselves warm, is to crowd many into a small space. These country-houses I as nearly as possible counted; they may be in number about three hundred, and probably contain a population of two thousand souls. Thus the whole of Beirout would give a population of five thousand. The houses in the city are exceedingly close, dirty, and ruinous; and the streets very offensive.

Besides the English consul, there are vice consuls, or agents, representing the French, Austrian, Russian, Neapolitan, and Prussian governments.

They have a curious method of tanning leather here, making every passenger contribute to the operation. The skins of animals are first stretched, and then laid flat upon the bare ground or rude pavement. Thus the rain, the mire, and the feet of the passenger, of the camel, of the horse, and of the ass, all contribute to cure them. It becomes necessary to step with caution; and, indeed, notwithstanding the utmost care, a few slips, and even falls, are the consequence of this public nuisance. After this seasoning, the skin becomes a rude kind of leather, fit for ordinary uses.

The houses in the suburbs are, in general, more slightly built, than those in the city. In summer, the inconvenience of this is not felt; and their airyness is extremely grateful. I occupied a room, the dimensions of which were about ten feet by seven, and which had six windows, and was entered by a trap-door. In winter, however, I found, by bitter experience how much these flimsy structures must contribute to fever, ague, and rheumatism. Being constructed of only one thickness of stone, and that of a very porous quality, and very thinly if at all stuccoed within, they absorb the moisture greatly. When the heavy rains from the south set in, the whole of the south side of the house in which we were living became, in the course of three tempestuous days, soaked through like a sheet of blotting paper.

STATE OF THE WINDS AT BEIROUT.

In this country, the same general rule holds, as was declared more than three thousand years ago—*The north wind driveth away rain.* (Prov. xxv. 23.) Tempestuous weather, on the contrary, is from the south and west. The south-west wind seems here to have the same effect, as, in Malta, the south-east; so well known to every resident in the Mediterranean by the name of the Sciroc wind. Whether it may be that the African continent mainly contributes to this hazy and dispiriting wind, and therefore in Syria it comes from a direction westward of south, is doubtful; for there seems good reason to expect a similar effect from the deserts of Arabia, which are to the south-east: but it is most probable, that Beirout and the whole of this line of coast is screened from such a quality of south-east wind by the high range of Lebanon, now (January 1824) covered with snow. And thus the direction of the Sciroc influence veers a few points, coming from south, and even south-west. It has here precisely the same effect as in Malta, moistening and softening every thing, rendering the spirits languid, and detecting every weak point in the body. I am now speaking of its operation in the winter months. I do not remember to have noticed it in autumn.

STATE OF THE CHRISTIANS OF BEIROUT.

During the former part of my residence of fifty days, from December 22d, to the following February 9th, in Beirout, which was spent in the house of the friendly American missionaries we had a visit of many days from Hanna Doomani, from Deir el Kamr. It was our daily practice to read the Arabic. Scriptures in the family circle. In the evening, frequently, some neighbors would drop in; and, on what we read, much interesting conversation ensued. Yet it was affecting to see among professing Christians, who were otherwise intelligent enough, a great deal of ignorance on most essential points of Christian theology. Sometimes, the prevailing superstitions of the country fell under the censure of the passage which we read; or these native Christians, of their own accord, brought them into discussion. It was not always easy to keep them calm, for they disputed against one another. The only method which ever succeeded, and indeed it would be difficult to find any other which would succeed, was to bring them round again to Scripture.

One of our visiters was father Simeon, an aged Maronite priest, who lived in a neighboring house. His account of the state of the Christians in this place was, that there are about a hundred families of Maronites in Beirout; of whom thirty or forty reside in the city, and the remainder in the country-houses without the walls: for these, there are four priests, three of whom (himself being one of them) are married; one lives in the city; the rest in the suburbs. He has three sons and one daughter; this last is entered at the nunnery at Antoura. This priest was, for many days, very friendly—read in the sacred Scriptures with us—and received copies for the purpose of selling them; but a painful circumstance, at length, interrupted the distribution of these books, although not his friendliness.

This was an order which was read, under the authority of the Maronite patriarch, on the 6th of January, prohibiting his flock from purchasing or using the Arabic Bibles or Testaments, printed in London. This has embarrassed the priest, and many others; who are favorable, in the main, to the distribution of the sacred Scriptures: and, for a season, it may retard their circulation; only, however, for a season. It seemed to me not a little remarkable, that the festival, on which this patriarchal order was appointed to be read in the churches, should be that which celebrates in their church, as in ours, the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

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What connection there may have been between this public order and a visit which we had the next day, I know not; but, in the afternoon of January the 7th, three Maronites, one of them a youth, came and sat in the court of the house two hours; the chief part of which time they spent in reading aloud to themselves, all together—one in the Arabic Old Testament, the other in the New Testament, and the boy in the Psalter. They came several times afterward, being neighbors; and, in this way, neighbors often are willing to come. They said that they possessed the Testament at home: the entire Bible they occasionally begged leave to borrow for an evening.

MANNER OF READING IN SYRIA.

Their way of reading aloud brings to my mind some remarks which I have often made on the customs of the Levant. Generally speaking, people in these countries seem not to understand a book, till they have made it vocal. They usually go on reading aloud, with a kind of singing voice; moving their heads and bodies in time, and making a monotonous cadence at regular intervals—thus giving emphasis; although not such an emphasis, pliant to the sense, as would please an English ear. Very often they seem to read without perceiving the sense; and to be pleased with themselves, merely because they can go through the mechanical act of reading in any way. They run over a full period, as if they had no perception of it; and stop in the middle of a sentence, wherever they may happen to want to take breath. On one occasion, when I was showing some persons from an English book how we read, inartificially and naturally, they laughed, and said, "You are not reading: you are talking." I might retort upon an oriental reader—"You are not reading; you are chanting." I can very well understand how it was that Philip should hear at what passage in Isaiah the Ethiopian Eunuch was reading, before he was invited to come up and sit with him in the chariot. (Acts viii. 30, 31.) The Eunuch, though probably reading to himself, and not particularly designing to be heard by his attendants, would read loud enough to be understood by a person at some distance.

FRANK ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

It may be well here to notice, in detail, the state of the Roman Catholic missions from Europe.

Beirout, Jerusalem, and Aleppo appear to be the central stations, with which the Latin convents correspond. The Superior in Beirout is of the Franciscan order; and has under him Beirout, Saide, Hareesa, Abiene, Selimi, and one of the two convents at Damascus; with one or two more in Mount Lebanon, the names of which I have not correctly taken down; on subjects of religion, they refer directly to Rome; but, for civil protection, look to the French consuls. The convent in Jerusalem has under its jurisdiction Bethlehem, Nazareth, Ramla, Acre, and the other of the two Frank convents at Damascus: these, also, on religious subjects correspond directly with Rome; but, for civil matters, are under Spanish protection. There is also a Latin establishment in Cyprus. At Aleppo, I was informed, are four Frank convents, belonging to as many different orders, viz. Franciscans, Capuchins, Carmelites, and Jesuits: these last—the order of Jesuits having, at its dissolution, changed its title to that of Lazzarists—are under the immediate cognisance of Monseignior Gandolfi.

DECAYED STATE OF THESE MISSIONS.

Although it is somewhat an anticipation of remarks subsequently made in various parts of the Holy Land, I cannot forbear noticing, in this place, the surprising decay of missionary spirit and learning in these establishments.

I met with one of the Latin friars, who has resided between twenty and thirty years in these countries, and yet knows only sufficient of Arabic to converse on common topics, but can neither read nor write the language: and this, more or less, is the actual state of nearly all.

But that which is to be noticed with the greatest concern, is the spirit of worldliness, and even of infidelity, manifested by some of them. They sometimes also speak so freely against their own church, that I have instantly checked myself with the thought—"What encouragement can we have given to them to speak thus? Indifference to the religion which they profess is surely at least as blameable as bigotry." They appear to be far less supported than formerly by the countries which they have left, and yet not much attached to the foreign country in which they reside—occupying convents, built in other times and by men of a different stamp.

How many temptations to sloth, trifling, and sin, does this monastic system furnish! In the performance of their multiplied rites, it is to be feared, the mind can enjoy very little pure and heavenly delight: from the genial influence of friendly and social prayer they are in a manner debarred; for every thing must be done by rule and form, and according to book: the office of preaching not being practised by them, or at the most very rarely, they are deprived of that powerful impulse to cultivate habits of furnishing and improving their minds, and of cherishing and pouring forth their best affections toward all around them. On those festivals which lead them more peculiarly into contact with the Frank residents of the principal towns, an easy convivial temper is found to be a greater recommendation, than spirituality of mind and conversation. The holy rest of the Sabbath is, moreover, universally profaned to purposes of visiting, and amusements of every description. If to all this it be added, that the spirit of infidelity, in its gradual course from the west and south of Europe into the Levant, finds not much purity of manners to discountenance, or power of learning to refute it, we shall have a tolerably complete picture of the melancholy condition of this region.

The decay of the Romish missions is certainly opening the way for the labors of Protestant Christians: but how loudly does it teach the members of all our rising institutions to fear, lest they, in their turn, should become secular, corrupt, and inefficient! It is, indeed, a solemn call upon us, to look well to our motives and our measures—to

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endeavor "To approve ourselves in all things as the ministers of God; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the Word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left."

DEPARTURE FROM BEIROUT FOR JERUSALEM.

Tuesday, Oct. 28, 1823.—After having furnished ourselves with a supply of the Scriptures to distribute on our way to Jerusalem, four heavy boxes of them having been sent forward by sea to Acre, Mr. Fisk and myself took our departure from Beirout this morning. Our road lay over the hills south of Beirout, which, running to the westward, form a promontory by which this part of the coast is distinguished by mariners, as their guide to the harbor of Beirout. Our passage over these hills, which are of red colored sand, was to me very oppressive; and, as soon as we reached a small miserable khan on the sea-coast, I gladly threw myself down to rest while some provisions were prepared.

NABYOONAS.

We then coasted all the way to Nabyoonas, or Nabi Yunas, a very commodious khan, kept by a dervish, who entertained us hospitably for our money. We observed at sea, not above two miles from us, a Greek cruiser, which had picked up four small vessels as prizes, and was keeping them together till the next morning.

The spot called Nabi Yunas is a pleasant retired beach; where, as the tradition of the country says, the prophet Jonas was cast upon dry land, after being three days and three nights in the belly of the whale. The dervish, a Mohammedan, who received us, owns this tradition, as well as the Christians. In the evening he sat with us half an hour, while we produced our Arabic Bible and read, partly we to him and partly he to us, the story of Jonah, out of the book of that prophet. He kissed the book, and exclaimed, "The English know more about their religion, than we do about ours!" On his leaving our room, we had prayers with our servant; reading the second chapter of Jonah in Italian. We did not omit to pray that we might be preserved from Jonah's unfaithfulness, and have grace to go whithersoever it might please God to send us.

SAIDE.

Wednesday, Oct. 29.—We arrived at Saide about ten o'clock in the morning.* This city has a very noble and picturesque aspect at the distance of about two miles; standing boldly out into the sea, on rather high ground, and embosomed in trees. Saide is very nearly the boundary, to the north of the Holy Land. (See Joshua xix, 28.) A mile before we reached it, we had to cross a river, which at this season was fordable; but in the winter is not so, being passed by a bridge a little higher up.

We lodged at the house of the English agent, Yagoub Aga, who was formerly an Armenian bishop in the convent at Jerusalem, but having chosen to marry, and having thus violated ecclesiastical rules, he was severed from that body, and is now living more after the manner of a layman than of an ecclesiastic. I had already seen him at Beirout. He professes much friendship for the Bible Society, and is very ready in turning to the passage in 1 Timothy, iii. 2, which condemns the celibacy of his church, and justifies his own conduct. On the strength of this he says, that the English church and he are in accordance. But his language is not that of an humble and pious man; and not every professed change of party, opinion, or custom, is conversion. He has, at present, in his house a French gentleman, who was proceeding about two years ago, with the French Charge d'Affaires to Bagdad: he is an ecclesiastic, but he so little liked his enterprise, that, when he had reached Aleppo, he gave it up.

We visited also the French vice consul, M. Regnaud; and in his khan called also on Namet Alla, (the name signifies the grace or favor of God,) a Greek Catholic priest, very simple in his manner, and intelligent. While we were making these visits, the Greek cruiser which we had seen the day before, sent on shore the four small vessels which she had captured, after having taken from them all that was valuable; adding a message that they had on board a Turk, for whose ransom they would accept six hundred piastres, (about fifteen pounds sterling;) but there was little probability that the Turks in Saide would give that sum for the liberty of their countryman. Such is the miserable warfare now going on in the Levant! a widely extended civil war, embittered by religious animosity.

We had not much encouragement here for the sale of the Scriptures.

Some of the houses in Saide, and especially the great khan which formerly was occupied by the French factory, still serve to remind us of the flourishing state in which their commerce was about a hundred years ago, and even still later. Together with their commerce was united a very effective Jesuit mission, of which the following account will not be unacceptable to the reader.

After mentioning various circumstances which led them to establish their mission at Saide, the writer, who was the Superior General of the Jesuit missions in Syria and Egypt, proceeds to describe the formation of a French congregation, among whom one of their missionaries exercised the office of chaplain, in the following terms:—

"The gentlemen of the French nation, who had been the assiduous hearers of Father Rigordy during advent and lent, were so much touched by his discourses, that they formed the resolution of retaining him for the purpose of establishing at Saide a mission, similar to that at Damascus. They gave him an apartment in the vast house which several of them occupied; and provided for

* "The Christians lost the city of Saide in 1111. They took it again from the Saracens, and St. Louis repaired it, in the year 1250; but the Saracens made themselves masters of it, a second time, in the year 1289; and the Emir Fakredin judged fit to block up the harbor, and that he might for ever keep at a distance his enemies."—*Lettres Edif. et Curieuses*, vol. I. p. 214.

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his maintenance and that of two other missionaries, whom he was to obtain to share with him the labors of the mission.

"This father, who knew by experience how much good or evil is done among foreigners by the good or bad example of the French out of their own country, judged fit to commence his mission, by laboring for the religious benefit of those French who were collected for purposes of commerce at Saide. The method most proper for succeeding in this was the establishment of a congregation, on the model of those which our society has always taken pains to establish in all our houses, in order to bring persons of different conditions and ages to the practice of the duties and virtues of their state.

"He proposed this to the most ancient and distinguished of the merchants; assuring them, at the same time, that the erection of a congregation in honor of the Holy Virgin would give them, in this august mother of God, a powerful protectress, who would draw upon them, their families, and their commerce, abundant benedictions.

"These assurances from a man who had gained their esteem and confidence, produced the effect desired by father Rigordy. They not only consented to this establishment, but they co-operated with the father, in preparing a commodious chapel, and in associating with themselves other French merchants to begin with them the exercises of the congregation.

"The principals were M. Andre (afterward elected Patriarch of the Syrian nation,) Messrs. Stoupans, Audifroy, Lambert, and Piquet. These first Congregationists did infinite honor to the new establishment. All the leisure, which they had from the occupations of commerce, they employed in good works. They took, especially, great care in assisting poor Christians; seeking them out in those obscure places where their poverty lay concealed. God put such honor on their good example, that several other considerable French merchants desired to be admitted into the number of the Congregationists. They were known in the city for their modesty, piety, and charity. Strangers were edified by the sight; and were the first to praise the good effects produced by the establishment.—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses: Vol. I. pp.* 217—219.

FROM SAIDE TO SOUR.

Thursday, Oct. 30, 1823.—We departed for Sour. The scenery, through the chief part of this day's ride, is remarkably simple. On the right hand is the sea; on the left, a low modest line of mountains: the intervening country is quite flat, varying in width generally from a hundred and fifty to three hundred yards; though, nearer Sour, it is occasionally a thousand yards, or even a mile in width. About three hours from Saide is shown, a little way up the contiguous mountains, a small village now called Zarfa, and supposed to be the Zarephath or Sarepta, where the widow dwelt to whom Elisha the prophet was sent: (1 Kings xvii. 9. Luke iv. 26.) The path on which we are riding is a pleasant turf; a very agreeable contrast to the sand and rock, to which we have hitherto been accustomed.

The remarkably simple air of this level tract of land suits with that touching portion of the gospel, which records the interview of our Saviour on this very spot, *the coasts of Tyre and Sidon*, with the Syro-Phenician woman. This is, indeed, the first place, in which we have had occasion to draw out our New Testaments to trace the course of our Saviour's history.

About half-way between Saide and Sour (Sidon and Tyre) are very extensive ruins of towns, which once connected these two cities: but, of these ruins, there is now scarcely one stone left upon another. They consist chiefly of lines which show, raised even with the soil, the foundations of houses—many stones irregularly scattered—a few cisterns with half-defaced sculpture on them; and, at a considerable distance from the path, there are at one spot several low columns, either mutilated or considerably sunk in the earth. The animal on which I rode set his foot on a very small piece of Mosaic work, but it was too paltry to deserve the pains of stooping down to pick it up. These relics show, what it needed indeed no such evidence to prove, that, in peaceable and flourishing times, on this road between two such considerable cities as Tyre and Sidon, there must have been many smaller towns, for pleasure, business, and agriculture, delightfully situated by the seaside: but peaceful security has long been a blessing unknown to these regions; and we may apply to them the language of Judges v. 7. "The villages ceased: they ceased in Israel." Hence it is, that, instead of resting pleasantly at shorter intervals on our journey, we are obliged to make stretches of a day's length, that we may reach the different cities by night; a method for us, far preferable to travelling with a tent and arms.

CONVENT OF DEIR MHALLES.

Shortly before we arrived in Sour, we were overtaken by a party of Turks and Christians. One of the Christians was a young priest, from the celebrated convent in the neighborhood, Deir Mhalles. I joined conversation with him. He spoke only Arabic. They have a bishop from Rome, who is a learned man. The number of monks belonging to the convent, is, he says, a hundred and one: but of these, about fifty are distributed in various parts of the country, performing the parochial duty of the different towns. I have already noted that there are three of these at Deir el Kamr. They are all Greek Catholics, or Melchites.

SOUR.

On reaching Sour, we took a room in the Greek Catholic convent, the state of which we were surprised to see; for only the upper rooms were occupied by a few monks, while all the lower rooms round the court-yard were occupied by families. In a schoolroom here, we counted seventy boys; they were, for the most part, learning in the psalter: we sold several Arabic psalters to them, but the price of the New Testament was above their means. The Greek Catholic bishop, formerly here, is dead.

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Friday, Oct. 31, 1823.—Early in the morning we walked out, to survey a little the aspect of this once far-famed city. Turning to our right, we came to the western part of it, and found a very large tract totally unoccupied by houses, where animals were grazing. It was skirted to the west by a wall: on looking over this to the sea beneath, we saw the breakers freely dashing over many a column prostrate among the rocks. This was the first memento of Tyrian story which we beheld.

Going round to the left, we arrived at the ruins of the Greek church noticed by Maundrell; and, climbing up the broken steps of the winding staircase in the turret to the top, we took a full view of the city and its neighborhood. We first endeavored to count the houses; which we estimated at about two hundred, but most of these consist of only one or two rooms: they are like huts, rather than houses; and very few had a second story. Interspersed among them are a few small gardens. The houses appear to be rather new—a circumstance which accounts for the apparent discrepancy between this statement and that of Maundrell. He describes Tyre in his time, as containing "nothing but a mere Babel of broken walls, pillars, vaults, &c.; there being not so much as one entire house left. Its present inhabitants are only a few poor wretches, harboring themselves in the vaults"—all which might very well be the case then, and yet it may have a different appearance now. It may be remarked, also, that the state of the season exceedingly influences our apprehensions of the condition of the poor towns of the Levant: if seen in bright dry weather like the present, their meanness is disguised; if viewed when wet, dirty, and cold, the rain often dripping through the roofs of the houses—the want of sensible comfort aggravates all the other disgusts of a European traveller. It was in the month of March, A. D. 1696, that Maundrell visited Tyre. The narrow neck of land, eastward, by which the labors of Alexander connected insular Tyre with the main land, appears to be about a mile in width, from north to south: it is covered with sand. No trace appears of the line of the ancient channel. I have heard the wish expressed by a lover of antiquarian research, that he might have the privilege of digging in the sand here, to find helmets, spears, and other warlike memorials of Alexander: whether such an attempt has ever yet been made, I am unacquainted. Looking toward the sea, on the other side of the peninsular city, westward, we see a line of broken ledges of rocks running nearly north and south, as a kind of tangent to the projecting western extremity of Tyre: this line extends on the northern side about a mile, on the southern about a quarter of a mile. The harbor of modern Tyre is formed by the ledges on the north, through the intervals of which there are two or three passages for vessels of small size, as also an open passage to the north; from which quarter the harbor is, however, much exposed. The small space, partially sheltered by the ledges to the south of the city, does not appear to be used by vessels, but it occurred to me, as a point to be ascertained by those who shall hereafter have more leisure to explore the state of the place, whether, when Tyre was an island, ships might not, through the channel afterwards filled up by Alexander, shift from one side to the other of the city, so as to have a secure birth in every state of the wind, and sea; which, at present, they cannot have. It is difficult to perceive in what way, otherwise, the great maritime concerns of this place could, in ancient times, have been maintained.

On leaving this Greek church, we went to the water-side, accompanied by a Christian, an intelligent man, a native of Tyre; who had not dared to ascend with us the highest part of the ruined stair-case, lest he should incur some penalty from the Turks. We took a boat for the purpose of observing the northern line of rocks; and of examining what traces of antiquity were to be discovered, in that which now constitutes the harbor. There is, first, a very small inner cove, fit only for the admission of boats or small craft. Out of it we passed into the general harbor, by a narrow channel. On the eastern or land side of the harbor, is a small ruined tower; surrounded, at its foot, by a great number of columns, scattered and thrown in every position: I counted them, and found their number to be about a hundred. The frequent expression of the prophet—*in the midst of the seas*—or, as the original has it, *in the heart of the seas*, (Ezekiel xxvii. 4, 26, 32, and xxviii. 2,)—led me to suspect that buildings might once have existed even on these rocks; but, on going further out, and examining the first of these ledges of rocks, we were quite satisfied that no traces of antiquities are to be seen here. It was not possible, on account of the breakers, to go out to sea and explore the scattered columns, which we had before seen, over the city wall, at the western side. We consequently returned; and the boatman, now understanding that we were in search of columns, pointed out, at the bottom of the first-mentioned small cove, a great number of very large size. It is said that the natives of the country have in modern times, collected these columns and sunk them—not at Tyre only, but in other parts of Syria; with the desire of destroying the harbors, and thus impeding the approach of maritime nations to the mountainous and independent country of Lebanon.

From the guide above mentioned, who seemed to know well the state of his native city, we received the following census of the population; one thousand Metawalies, principally soldiers—one hundred Turks—one hundred Maronites—of the orthodox Greeks, only four or five: there were more formerly, but during the present troubles, they have removed. The principal body of Christians, he says, are Greek Catholics, but he did not assign their number. His account would lead me to suppose the population to be fourteen or fifteen hundred souls. From the estimate which we made of the number of houses, namely two hundred, each of which, though meanly built, may be computed to hold five persons at least, there should result a population of full one thousand souls. I should rather have given seven to each house, both for the reasons specified in estimating the population of Beirout, and because, as there are next to no villages near to Tyre, this city is the more likely to be densely peopled. The real number may therefore be fourteen hundred.

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RUINS OF ANCIENT TYRE.

At 12 o'clock, we took our departure from this interesting spot, and followed our route southward. But, before we finally leave this topic, it may be expedient to refer, somewhat at large, to the prophecies of Ezekiel and Isaiah, and to point out that this is not the old city, *whose antiquity was of ancient days*, (Is. xxiii. 7;) and the total destruction of which is foretold by Ezekiel. We were yet to pass over the site of that proud ancient Tyre, situated, as Strabo relates, about eight miles southward of the then insular but now peninsular, Tyre. Not distinguishing between the ancient and present Tyre, and supposing the modern city to be a rebuilding of the old, the mind might be scandalized by the apparent want of completion of some part of Ezekiel's prophecy; particularly the following—*I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more: though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again:* (ch. xxvi. 21.) How exactly this has been accomplished to the very letter will, however, appear to every one passing southward, as we did this evening, from modern Tyre toward Acre.

Somewhere upon this ground, and further on than Ras el Ain, must have been the site of the first Tyre; but not a single vestige of an ancient city appears. We had read, in our social devotions, with the most lively interest, the twenty-third chapter of Isaiah, and the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth chapters of Ezekiel; tracing—so far as we knew the different countries therein mentioned, and the produce of each—the sources of Tyrian wealth and glory; especially the twenty-seventh chapter. What a minute, and varied, and splendid record of earthly prosperity, concentrated in this vast emporium! But, on this deserted shore, not one sight, not one sound remains, to bear witness to her former joyousness and pride! I have seen the ruins of Athens, and the innumerable memorials of Egyptian glory in Thebes. There, enough survives to lead the mind to expand with wonder, or to sadden with regret: but of antient Tyre, there just remains that utter NOTHING, which seems best suited to prepare the Christian for imbibing the spirit of the prophetic language—"The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, say unto the prince of Tyrus, Thus saith the Lord God: Because thine heart is lifted up, and thou last said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas; yet thou art a man, and not God, though thou set thine heart as the heart of God. Behold, thou art wiser than Daniel: there is no secret that they can hide from thee: with thy wisdom and with thine understanding, thou hast gotten thee riches, and hast gotten gold and silver into thy treasures: by thy great wisdom and by thy traffic, hast thou increased thy riches, and thine heart is lifted up because of thy riches; therefore thus saith the Lord God; Because thou hast set thine heart as the heart of God, behold, therefore I will bring strangers upon thee, the terrible of the nations; and they shall draw their swords against the beauty of thy wisdom, and they shall defile thy brightness: they shall bring thee down to the pit, and thou shalt die the death of them that are slain in the midst of the seas. Wilt thou yet say before him that slayeth thee, I am God? but thou shalt be a man, and no God, in the hand of him that slayeth thee. Thou shalt die the deaths of the uncircumcised, by the hand of strangers; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God. Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, take up a lamentation upon the king of Tyrus, and say unto him, Thus saith the Lord God: Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty! Thou hast been in Edén the garden of God: every precious stone was thy covering; the sardius, topaz, and the diamond; the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper; the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold; the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee, in the day that thou wast created. Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God: thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire: thou wast perfect in thy ways, from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee: by the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned. Therefore I will cast thee, as profane, out of the mountain of God; and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire. Thine heart was lifted up, because of thy beauty: thou hast corrupted thy wisdom, by reason of thy brightness: I will cast thee to the ground: I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee. Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries, by the multitude of thine iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffic: therefore will I bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee; and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth, in the sight of all them that behold thee. All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee; thou shall be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more." (Ezek. xxviii. 1—19.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN TYRE.

The inquisitive reader may see fully discussed, in Reland's Palestine, pp. 1049—1054, the different facts and arguments relative to ancient and modern Tyre. The result of the impression left on my mind, after having seen the spot, is this—that ancient Tyre, which was situated about eight miles to the south of the present peninsular Tyre, having been utterly destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 573, the prophecy of Ezekiel, xxvi. 21, may be considered to have had its literal and complete accomplishment. That there might even then be some city in existence upon the peninsular spot now bearing the name of Tyre at that time insular, may be inferred, not solely, perhaps not principally, from the various historical notices and illustrations given by Reland; but, most naturally, from the following simple considerations. It was impossible for Tyre ever to have been a great commercial power, without the harbor which adjoins the island: and it is not likely that this harbor should have been used, and the island not have been built upon. But, admitting that the island was then inhabited, still the insular town was not necessarily to be considered as identical with the old city, but merely an appendage of it. The wealthy men might live in old Tyre, *all whose merchants were*

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princes; but the laboring mariner, and others of humble rank, would fix their dwelling upon insular Tyre, near to the shipping. And it is this class of persons which is described as peculiarly in commotion and activity, on occasion of the success of Nebuchadnezzar's arms against the ancient parent city: "The suburbs—(insular Tyre, and the parts adjacent to it and to the sea-side)—shall shake at the sound of the cry of thy pilots. And all that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea, shall come down from their ships: they shall stand upon the land; and shall cause their voice to be heard against thee, and shall cry bitterly and shall cast up dust upon their heads: they shall wallow themselves in the ashes; and they shall make themselves utterly bald for thee, and gird them with sackcloth, and they shall weep for thee with bitterness of heart and bitter wailing: and, in their wailing, they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and lament over thee, saying, what city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the sea?" (Ezek. xxvii. 28—32.)

This view of the divisions of this once extensive city may serve also to reconcile the apparent contrariety in the words of Ezekiel and Isaiah.—Ezekiel, having predicted the destruction by Nebuchadnezzar, four times declares this destruction to be final: "Thou shalt be built no more:" chap. xxvi. 14.—"Thou shalt be no more: thou shalt never be found again:" v. 21.—"Thou never shalt be any more:" chap. xxvii. 36.—"Never shalt thou be any more:" chap. xxviii. 19. But Isaiah, having also predicted the same event of the destruction of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar, proceeds to declare that it SHALL BE RESTORED: chap. xxiii. 15—18. "It shall come to pass in that day, that Tyre shall be forgotten seventy years," &c.: but —"after the end of seventy years, the Lord will visit Tyre, and she shall turn to her hire," &c. The first part of Isaiah's prophecy, coinciding with that of Ezekiel, was accomplished, as has already been noticed, by the total destruction and razing to the ground of the ancient city by Nebuchadnezzar in the 32d year of his reign, B. C. 573. After full seventy years, B. C. 503, the second part of the prophecy of Isaiah became fulfilled, by the rebuilding of INSULAR not ANCIENT, Tyre, under Darius Hystaspes, in the 19th year of his reign. We must, consequently, understand Isaiah, in his twenty-third chapter, to be speaking of two different cities, bearing successively the same name; the name of the parent city having been transferred to that which seventy years afterward sprung as it were from its ashes. The new city, built upon a contiguous site, was to revive the memory of the first: "Make sweet melody, sing many songs, that thou mayest be remembered." (Isaiah xxiii. 16.)

The vicissitudes experienced by Tyre, subsequently to the events predicted by Isaiah and Ezekiel, are of a very interesting nature. The extensive line of aqueducts, yet seen here in ruins, was the work of Alexander. The siege of the island by him, and the success of his astonishing project to join it to the main land, filling up a channel of about half a mile in width, took place B. C. 332; that is, 171 years after the latest circumstance noticed in prophecy, and accomplished under Darius Hystaspes. (Isaiah xxiii. 15.) The commodiousness of this harbor was thus effectually impaired by the founder of Alexandria; and the commercial celebrity of Tyre gradually dwindled away.

There is something peculiarly sharp in the contrast drawn by Pliny; who, while he does homage to the nobility of ancient Tyre, casts the scornful glance of a proud Roman at its vain and sole surviving distinction in his time. "Tyre," he observes, "was formerly illustrious for having given birth to colonies—for being the parent of Leptis, of Attica, and of that rival of the Roman Empire, grasping at the whole earth, Carthage—illustrious for the building of a city beyond the limits of our Roman world, Cadiz: now, all her nobility consists in her shell and purple dye!"

In a far purer and sublimer strain, designed to humble, not to flatter, the evil passions of our nature, the inspired prophet declares the instructive design of this dispensation: THE LORD HATH PURPOSED IT, TO STAIN THE PRIDE OF ALL GLORY!—Surely if there be on the face of the earth at this moment one nation pre-eminent above the rest "in ships, in colonies, in commerce, this is the spot from which the voice of the Judge of nations should be heard by her—warning her not to be lifted up with pride, or debased by luxury and selfishness; but to devote her merchandise as HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD—liberally embarking her wealth and powerful influence in every benevolent and religious enterprise. Gratitude demands it; and this will be her surest protection!

KHAN NAHOURA.

Having passed over the beautiful stream and meadows of Ras el Ain, we entered a more rocky road, and came to the foot of the line of mountains, ending in a promontory, called Capo Blanco, or the White Cliff; which forms a mid-way barrier betwixt Tyre and Acre. After ascending it a little way, we reached, just after sunset, a poor hovel, called Khan Nahoura; the owner of which, having several guests already arrived, made many difficulties about receiving us; a little money, however, changed his heart towards us. Happily, just before our arrival, we were hailed by some fishermen on the water side—men, who probably at this day are unconsciously fulfilling the prophecy of Ezekiel, chap. xxvi. 5, 14.—from whom we bought some excellent fish. With no other preparation than that of putting them whole into the burning embers, they furnished us with a very seasonable and refreshing supper.

FINE VIEW OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1823.—Very early before sunrise, we set off from this poor Khan, designing to reach Acre before noon, which, at the slow rate that we travelled, would not be easy. Contrary to their usual custom the guides were as eager now to depart as ourselves: the reason was, that, as the Pacha dines at noon and retires immediately after to sleep, and no traveller is permitted to enter the gate of the city till his name and business are announced personally to the Pacha, he who should arrive between twelve and three

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o'clock incurs the risk of waiting all that time, be the weather, what it may, almost without shelter.*

The first hour of our journey we spent nearly in darkness—wanderers, as it seemed to me, among the mountains; both guides and animals, however, with intuitive sagacity keeping the track. At length the pleasant light covered the sky; and, not long after, we arrived at the height which commands the ample plain of Acre. The elegant and lofty minaret of the city appeared at a distance of seven or eight miles, directly before us: in the back ground, far off, twice as distant as the city, was a noble scene—Mount Carmel dipping its feet in the western sea; and to the east, running considerably inland; entirely locking up from our view the vale of Sharon, which lies to the south of it. In the horizon on the left, the sun was rising over the milder mountain scenery, which lies on the road to Nazareth.

Here, though already three days within the confines of Palestine, I first felt myself on holy ground. We were leaving *the glory of Lebanon;* and, before us, was *the excellency of Carmel.* As I descended the mountain and entered on the plain, I was often constrained to give utterance to my feelings, in singing a favorite air, of which the words are *Emitte Spiritum tuum—et creabuntur —et renovabis faciem terræ!* It was the anniversary of my first landing in Malta: eight years have I now been on the Mediterranean mission; and I can truly say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and preserved my going out and my coming in." Then, I and my family were alone in the Mediterranean: since that time, more than twenty missionaries have entered on the field; of whom the greater part yet continue in it.

ACRE.

After a most pleasant ride, we reached the gate of the city; and, in about a quarter of an hour, our names having been carried to the palace, we were admitted, and took our way to the house of the English Vice Consul, Mr. Mac Michael: who hospitably entertained us four days.

In the evening, after various conversations on our objects and plans, we proposed to perform divine service, the next day, to such as could be brought together. The notice was inevitably short; but it was given out immediately.

Sunday, Nov. 2, 1823.—This morning, in the consul's room, we held divine service, with a congregation of ten souls—as promiscuous an assembly as could well be expected within the compass of so small a number. The individuals who composed it were, a British consul—his dragoman, a native of the country—a Maronite priest—a Roman physician—one Greek—one Jew—an English captain of a merchant vessel then in port—my servant, who is under French protection—an American brother missionary—and myself, of the church of England. Mr. Fisk conducted the prayers; and I afterwards preached from 2 Cor. v. 17. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new." The whole service was in Italian. Toward the close of my sermon, quoting the verses following the text, I dwelt briefly on the importance of the right exercise of the Christian ministry; pointing out, "*that, till the work of preaching is revived, there is no hope that these countries will be raised from their present degradation and misery, and that this is manifestly the calling and office of the ordained ministers of the country.*"

This was particularly intended for the ear of the Maronite priest, Don Giuseppe; and it was well taken, I believe, by him: he remained after the service, and conversed very affably. He bears a very respectable character; and has had a superior education to many, having spent several years in early life in study in the college at Rome. He appears now to be nearly fifty years old. He has under his pastoral care all the Maronite houses in Acre; but they are not numerous.

SCENE IN THE KHAN AT ACRE.

Monday, Nov. 3, 1823.—Looking out of our window upon the large open quadrangular court of the Khan, we behold very much such a scene as would illustrate the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." In the centre, is a spacious fountain, or reservoir—the first care of every builder of great houses or cities in the east. On one side, is a row of camels, each tied by the slenderest cord to a long string; to which a small bell is appended, so that by the slightest motion they keep up one another's attention, and the attention also of all the inmates of the khan, that of weary travellers especially, by a constant jingle. On another side, horses and mules are waiting for orders; while asses breaking loose, biting one another, and throwing up their heels, give variety to the scene. Goats, geese, poultry, &c. are on free quarters. In the midst of all these sights and sounds, the groom, the muleteer, the merchant, the pedlar, the passers-by, and the by-standers, most of them wretchedly dressed, though in coats of many colors, all looking like idlers whatever they may have to do, contrive to make themselves audible; generally lifting up their voices to the pitch of high debate, and very often much higher.

Noise, indeed, at all times seems to be the proper element of the people of these countries: their throats are formed for it—their ears are used to it—neither the men nor the females, grown-up persons nor children, the rich nor the poor, seem to have any exclusive privilege in making it—and, what is very annoying to a Frank traveller, the party with whom he is treating, and who wishes most probably to impose on him, will turn round to make an appeal to all the by-standers, who are no less ready with one voice to strike in with their opinion on all matters that come before them.

The bustle has been increased this morning, by the departure of the wives of the governor of Jaffa. They set off in two coaches, of a curious construction, common in this country: the body of the coach was raised on two parallel poles;

* On his return this way, the author, with about thirty others, who gradually collected at the gate, had to wait in this manner nearly three hours, in the rain; a few of the party being miserably sheltered under the arch-way.

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somewhat similar to those used for sedan chairs, only that in these the poles were attached to the lower part of the coach—throwing, consequently, the centre of gravity much higher; and apparently exposing the vehicle, with its veiled tenant, to an easy overthrow, or at the least to a very active jolt. Between the poles, strong mules were harnessed, one before and one behind; who, if they should prove capricious, or have very uneven and mountainous ground to pass, would render the situation of the ladies still more critical. But there is nothing to which use may not reconcile us; and they who can be brought to endure the trot of the camel, may consider themselves as franked for every other kind of conveyance.

The immense khan, of which the consul's rooms form a small part, is inhabited by a great variety of families. It is three stories high; and in so dilapidated a state, that it seems to me to wait only for a gentle shock of an earthquake—no improbable event—to bring it all down. In one part reside the Roman Catholic missionaries from Europe, under the "Terra Santa;" four or five in number, at present: but, of these establishments, the more I see, the less pleasant I feel it to make mention.

On Mount Carmel was a beautiful Latin convent, under French protection; but, a short time since, the Pacha of Acre razed it to the ground, under the plea of its being calculated to give advantage to the Greeks if they should land. The insult occasioned a rupture between the Pacha and the French consul; who not receiving satisfaction, struck his flag, and retired to Saide, where he is now living. The houseless friars came to Acre.

PROPHETICAL PICTURE OF THE HOLY LAND.

In the course of this day, we began to sell the Arabic sacred Scriptures, with more success than we had experienced at Saide and Sour, which encouraged us to stop a little longer. I also wrote many letters; from one of which, as it expressed exactly the feelings which the state of these countries is calculated to excite, I make no apology for giving the following extract:—

"I feel myself in this country so much affected with the two prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and I have so long in this and all my former journeys felt them come to my very inmost soul, that I cannot but think that there would be a peculiar advantage in printing them in Arabic, in Greek, and in Italian, for distribution, in a separate form, from the rest of the Old Testament. The prophecy of Jeremiah describes, with a minuteness of fidelity, surpassing all human power of description, the real state, both as to principles and facts, of the fallen Christian churches; and, generally, of the whole population of these regions, at the present moment: while the prophecy of Isaiah portrays, under the most animating figures, chiefly drawn from the natural scenery of this very land, the glorious state to which the whole church of God will hereafter be exalted. I cannot but feel, that, were I a missionary constantly travelling in this country, I should wish to have these two prophecies in such a form, that I might continually make reference to them—as a manual, eminently *profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.*"

MOSQUE OF DJEZZAR, IN ACRE.

Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1823.—This morning the consul and Mr. Fisk waited on the Pacha. I was much indisposed, and could not accompany them. They obtained written orders for our safe travelling to all parts of this pachalic; and, at the same time, a permission to pay a visit to the mosque, called Djezzar's, having been built by him in Acre. The chaous came to us an hour after; and, as I was somewhat better, I joined them in this visit.

On entering the precincts of the mosque, we were required to take off our outer shoes. We entered a beautiful court, the pavement of which was cold marble: fountains played their streams, and the trees waved their branches with a softness and coolness most congenial to religious thought; forming a perfect contrast to the noise, filthiness, and meanness of the streets which we had just left in our passage hither. Turks and Arabs, with most venerable silvery beards, were performing their ablutions, with such an air of sober enjoyment and religious nicety, as would inspire any one with the idea that they were transported with the luxury of cleanliness—a scene, this, well calculated to make the mind forget that there is, throughout all Turkey, more offensive filthiness than can be expressed. I can well conceive how a traveller, just introduced to this spot, yielding for the moment to the partial impression and committing his feelings immediately to writing, would convey to his reader a most enchanting idea of the purity of Mohammedan ablutions. It is in this way, probably, that incorrect notions may have been sometimes formed in England, altogether too favorable to the living mass of Orientals. For the moment, it must be confessed, it is a most imposing spectacle: and, did we not know the abominations of the east, the lines of Thomson would carry the imagination far toward a good opinion of the morals inspired by these Mohammedan ceremonies—

> E'en from the body's purity, the mind
> Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.

On our right hand as we entered the court, are two splendid monuments, beneath which repose the ashes of the last two Pachas—Suleyman, and his predecessor, the builder of this mosque, the ferocious Djezzar. His character is portrayed by Dr. Clarke, who was here during the life time of that Pacha. He has left among the inhabitants of Acre another, and a very different, monument of his administration. Even before we entered the gates, we met with persons, now aged, whose noses had been cut off by order of Djezzar; and, in the streets or in the shops there are seen many such victims of his cruelty. It was a common method with him of punishing offences, or of enforcing his exactions.

His prime minister, Haiim, a Jew, had suffered from him, not only the loss of his nose, but of one of his eyes. This minister survived him, and conducted also the affairs of the government under

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his successor Suleyman. The present Pacha, Abdallah, has however put an end to his career, by ordering him to be killed: the manner of his death we did not exactly learn: some say that he was treacherously seized in the presence of the Pacha, and suddenly strangled, and his body then put into a sack and thrown into the sea. His family, with the vast wealth which he had accumulated, or more probably with only a part of it, removed to Damascus: and it is here reported, that, upon this circumstance, turns the persecution which the Jews are at this moment suffering in Damascus; the richest of them having been cast into prison, and a most exorbitant sum of money demanded of these people.

While revolving in the mind such deeds of guilt, and reflecting that we are in the very country and near the very persons who have inflicted or suffered such inhumanities, the heart feels only pain at the view of this splendid tomb—beneath which, the body, indeed, at this moment lies buried in peace; but the spirit is separated, and gone to give its fearful *account of the things done in the body*.

We entered the mosque itself, and found several persons, with volumes of the Koran before them, studying. The building is not large; but very elegant, and handsomely carpeted. It has, on one side, a pulpit, with five or six marble steps leading up to it; from which the doctors address the people. It seems strange to contemplate the day—how far future, who can tell?—when some evangelist may here be permitted to stand, and proclaim, *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God!* Yet that day will arrive—when the prayer of faith shall have prevailed with God. The dome above is surrounded by circular galleries; similar, though in merest miniature, to the whispering gallery at St. Paul's cathedral. We went to the top of the dome, but were not permitted to ascend the minaret, which is very lofty, lest the eyes "of the faithful" should be scandalized.

On descending again from the mosque into the court, we walked through the cloisters which surround it. Here we remarked many small, convenient rooms, occupied, as we were told, partly by the servants of the mosque, and partly by visiters or pilgrims from various parts of Turkey. Two or three of these rooms contain the library. We looked through the wire-grating which covered the windows, and could perceive a large collection of books within, marked on the edges with their titles, in Arabic characters; but we were not allowed to go in.

The effects of the late siege are sufficiently visible in different parts of this building, the cannon-balls having fallen sometimes on a window and dashed it to pieces: at other times, a column of the cloisters has been fairly carried away, and its place has been temporarily supplied by a beam of timber: in other spots, the balls have either disfigured the walls by a bruise, or else gone clean through the more flimsy parts of the structure: nor has the Pacha as yet sufficiently recovered from the expenses of the war to make the requisite repairs. He is bestowing what money he can raise, to repair the damage which was done to the outer walls of the city.

The probable estimate given us of the population, was about five thousand souls: of which there may be Turks and Arabs, three thousand —Jews, eight hundred—Christians, twelve hundred. Of this number, about one thousand constitute the Pacha's court and troops. These, whenever he may move out of the city to visit any quarter of his pachalic, would for the most part, move with him.

ABILENE.

Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1823.—After much delay, occasioned by the mule-drivers, we set out for Nazareth. When we had gone about two miles from the city gates, we met on the plain half a dozen of Arabs, preceded by a sort of Zany (*one of the vain fellows:* 2 Sam. vi. 20.) fantastically dressed, with a wretched instrument of three strings, to which he sang, throwing himself from side to side of the path. As we approached, they all gathered round us, exclaiming "Adet, adet"—*i.e.* "Custom, custom." We were informed that they were celebrating the marriage of one of the party, whom they pointed out; and expected a present on the occasion. The bridegroom, with his face patched with gold leaf, had the most stupid air of all; though all looked very dull, and the whole office of mirth seemed to have been devolved upon the buffoon. They were not so dull, however, as to forget their usual pilfering vocation: for, leaving us to pass whom they perceived to be Franks, they thronged round our principal guide; and, having hustled him from the beast which he rode, held him a long time in conference, while we were going on; concluding by emptying his saddle-bags of that day's provisions.

On leaving the plain of Acre, our guides, who had confidently assured us that they knew the way, began to waver. We, however, reached Abilene; and, perceiving still that there was reason to be dissatisfied with them, I rode up the hill on which the town is built to find a new guide, but did not succeed. I had, however, just an opportunity to observe the place. This is NOT the Abilene of Scripture: (Luke iii. 1.) It appeared to me to contain probably five hundred souls: the houses were of very mean construction, and the whole place looked like a heap of rubbish. It is on the summit of the hill: a ruined arch-way of stone, and some other marks of ancient buildings, denote its having formerly been a place of consequence, and perhaps of strength. We observed, at the foot of the hill, a Christian priest superintending the olive-gathering; from which it may be inferred, that there are here some Christian inhabitants.

Our road then lay between low mountains covered with small trees: after which it opens on the western extremity of what appears to be the Plain of Galilee, or at least what runs into it.

SEPHOURY.

Crossing an angle of this plain to the right, we came to the ancient town of Sephoury; mentioned in Josephus, as being in his time a military station of consequence. On the summit of the

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hill on which it stands is a ruined tower; and, in the south side, we passed some ruined arches. The population—speaking from conjecture—may be rather more than that of Abilene, say six or seven hundred souls.

NAZARETH.

The sun was now fast declining: and, as we were well persuaded of the ignorance of our guides by the frequent questions which they asked on the road, we hastened on; and, at length, when it was nearly dark, having entered the streets of Nazareth, proceeded to the Latin convent, where we had an interview with the monks, who were all collected together in the room of the Superior. In this room is an order, fixed in a conspicuous place, directing that the pilgrims shall enjoy hospitable entertainment for three days; after which they are expected to move forward on their visit to the different scenes of devotion in this Holy Land. This direction did not, however, apply to us; it being designed for those who pay nothing. Having, therefore, entered the apartment allotted to us, we began to revolve in our minds how we might do some good in this place, and extend our excursion to the interesting spots in its neighborhood, before we should turn our faces toward Jerusalem.

There are many passages in the history of our divine Redeemer, which glance, with such simplicity and pathos, on the circumstances of His condescending and endearing intercourse with those whom He came to save, that it would require a more than ordinary degree of moral insensibility, not to be touched with their beauty. Who can read St. Luke's account of them, when he was at the tender age of twelve years, and not be attracted toward Him by an irresistible affection? After He had been found by His disconsolate parents, and had gently reproved their misapprehension of His conduct, which to them had appeared undutiful, it is added—proving, that undutifulness was no part of his character—"And he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." From my earliest childhood, I have learned to admire that passage: and, now that I am on the very spot to which it refers, it comes over my mind with a new freshness and delight. Here I am, resting, where my Redeemer, perfect God and perfect Man, deigned to pass His youth; and was even subject to those, of whom He, as God, was the Creator and Lord! Here, the devoted Mary, with a mother's fondness, and doubtless with a secret awe of His perfect wisdom, kept all his sayings in her heart. Few, very few of these His youthful expressions are recorded; the evangelists relating, almost exclusively, the actions and discourses of His manhood and public ministry. But, here, those sayings were by Him uttered; and, here, by Mary, and possibly by a few others,* they would be treasured up as matter for affectionate and adoring meditation.

Thursday, Nov. 6, 1823.—Rising very early—for the interesting scenes around greatly excite me, and often take sleep from my eyes—I went down into the court of the convent, and found the morning congregation already assembling at the chapel. By the faint light, I observed particularly some females, dressed in complete white, gliding along the court to attend the service. The occasional sound of the organ accompanying the voice of the choristers was very touching. I did not, however, enter; it seems to me, that, as Christian missionaries, it becomes us to be reserved in our communications with a system of worship which cannot be considered as pure from idolatry.

In the course of the morning, we visited the school of the convent. A native Roman Catholic is the master, and teaches the children Arabic. We counted forty scholars, but the master says that he has fifty. They were chiefly reading, or learning to repeat, the Arabic Psalter. This is the great school-book to all the native Christians: yet it is in a style considerably elevated above the vernacular, modern language.

We entered the chapel, at an hour when there was no service. It is a fine large building: and remarkably well adapted for display, there being three separate floors, tastefully arranged. 1. There is an elevated platform of ample dimensions, on which stands the high altar; and from which the priests command a view of the congregation. 2. By a flight of steps on either side, you descend from this platform to the longest floor; which comprehends, in fact, three-fourths of the total area of the building, and reaches to the lower end of the chapel: here the congregation assembles. 3. From this floor, a broad flight of steps, between the two flights before mentioned, leads down to a small chapel and altar, directly beneath the platform of the high altar. Standing, therefore, in the middle of the principal floor, and looking toward the other two floors, the eye is caught, below, by the altar of the salutation—above, by the solemnities of high mass—and, higher still, by the organs in the galleries on the other side. The work is costly; and all around are large pictures in tapestry, exhibiting the different parts of evangelical history, especially those belonging to Nazareth. We descended the steps to the lower altar, and had a priest to explain the particulars of the place—such as the miraculous column, which still points out, it is said, where the angel Gabriel stood; the house (or cavern rather) behind the altar, in which the Blessed Virgin lived; the very spot where she lighted her fire to dress her food—and many such like things, to hear which excites one's pity.

In the afternoon, from the terrace of the con-

* I venture to say, "few others." It might, perhaps, not unfairly be inferred, that our Saviour's youth was very retired, from the circumstance that Nathanael, who lived so near to Nazareth, and was so eminent a saint, yet speaks as a man ignorant of the conversation of Christ, and as one who supposed himself to be personally unknown to our Lord. If he had heard of the extraordinary discourses of Him, *in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge*, he would scarcely have broken out into that exclamation, *Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?* And when accosted familiarly by Jesus, he asks, *Whence knowest thou me?* Nazareth is distant from Cana only about five or six miles.

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vent, we had a very good view of the town. From repeated estimates of the number of houses, which rise like an amphitheatre up the slope of the hill on which modern Nazareth is built, I should judge that there are five hundred. This would, in this country, give a population certainly of as many as three thousand souls. One room is sometimes occupied by from five to ten persons: and one room of this sort frequently constitutes a house; as has already been noticed in the account of Beirout and Tyre.

In the centre of the town, stands one mosque; the minaret of which daily proclaims, that Jesus of Nazareth is not here the exclusive, or the dominant, master. In no place which I have hitherto visited, does that sight diffuse such a sensible melancholy over the scene.

The convent is surrounded by well-walled gardens, with a good variety of fruit trees and vines. For want of money, however, the number of friars is small, and the cultivation of the gardens is rather neglected.

We commenced the sale of sacred Scriptures to-day. Mr. Fisk went out to reconnoitre the different bodies of Christians, while I remained at home, indisposed.

Friday, Nov. 7, 1823.—The sale of the sacred Scriptures continues with good success. Our servant is active in this work, as we found him to be also at Acre.

Saturday, Nov. 8.—The distribution of Scriptures, which is our principal work at present as missionaries, continues; not, however, without much inquiry and some opposition.

The Greeks make no objection. Of the two Maronite priests, one bought a copy from us, and paid promptly for it; but, in two minutes, came to return it, and desired his money back, which we gave him. The Latins are the principal objectors; and, I have no doubt, the instigators of all the opposition that is made. We have, however, met their objections, one by one; and some even of their own people come to purchase.

One of the priests plainly said, that they saw through the design of the English in bringing these books into the country—that it was, to form an ENGLISH PARTY; adding, that the money thus spent might, with far better success, be given away by us, "sotto mano," as he expressed it: "underhand," for the promotion of our design. An ENGLISH PARTY! What a grovelling idea! Oh that missionaries may ever rise, and may they raise others also, above such an unholy mingling of secular glory, or national or party interest, with holy things! True, we have often heard of the Bible Society as constituting the chief glory of our nation; and, in a certain sense, it is so. But what is the glory of a redeemed sinner?—Humility and love to his Redeemer. And what the best spirit of a Christian nation?—The same—genuine humility, confessing that we are not worthy to present a hundred thousand talents as an offering for the service of the Lord; and fervent love, persevering till it makes that sum a million, and yet deems such a gift too low a measure of its affection.

It is, however, natural for men to judge others according to the standard of their own feelings: and, on this ground, it may very well be understood how agents of pontifical supremacy should impute party spirited motives to missionaries of another creed. May God grant, that the spirit of the Bible may so prevail, as that all shall desire only the winning of souls to Christ!

The superior of the convent having told our servant not to sell any more sacred Scriptures: the youth acquainted us with this command: adding, that the Superior had said, that the books would all be burnt when we were gone, and that the Greeks troubled him on the subject. I replied, "Giuseppe, there have been MEN put into the fire; who, nevertheless, came out unharmed; and so it will be with the Scriptures: some may be burned; yet good will arise out of it, on the whole. We mean no disrespect to the Superior, under whose roof we are living; but this book, you know, is the master of us all." "Very true," he replied, "and all buy it." "Then," I said, "continue to sell, and fear nothing; for it is the will of God." He did so; and no evil came of it: so that he was much encouraged.

In the afternoon, I went with Mr. Fisk to visit the Greek church. It is a little out of the town, to the north-east; a hundred steps or more beyond a well, to which the inhabitants of Nazareth go to draw water. In the church is a separate oratory, in the centre of which is a deep hole, communicating with the stream of water which supplies the above mentioned well. The Greeks have their tradition, that the Virgin Mary was at this spot drawing water, when the angel Gabriel saluted her. They do not deny that the Latin convent is built on the spot where her house stood; but they claim, for their part, the well of the salutation. These distinctions furnish, to ignorant minds, matter for high controversy; and serve, after men have differed from one another on weightier matters, to keep up those petty irritations, by which our great enemy prolongs among us the note of religious strife. The people were collecting together to attend the vespers; and the priest encouraged them to buy our Arabic Scriptures; all of them speak Arabic, and some of them can read. We left a small supply for sale, during our absence of next week: these, we afterward found, were sold. The Greeks are the most numerous body of Christians in Nazareth, both by their own account and the admission of the others. They have three priests.

The Maronites here are few in number; not above twenty or thirty houses. They seem to be the outposts of Mount Lebanon; for we found no more of them after this place, further south. They have a church here; and two priests, brothers, from Ain el Warka. They asked for Syriac Scriptures; which, on a subsequent occasion, I was enabled to send them.

The Latin convent, occupied by Franciscan friars, is by far the most conspicuous and commodious building in Nazareth. It is entirely of stone, and very substantial; and is surrounded by high walls. Adjoining it, but on the opposite side of the road, is another house of stone, belonging to the "Terra Santa;" occupied, at present, by the family of the Austrian vice consul, Seignior Catafago, whom we left at Acre. This convent consists of an old and a new part. The old is not used at present, in consequence of the fewness

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of the residents. The new part was built between sixty and seventy years ago; and consists of about twenty-three rooms, on each side of three long corridors, forming this figure =‖= but, together with the old part, there must be at least fifty habitable rooms in the establishment, besides out offices. The mode in which the chambers are built may be understood by describing ours: it is square; the walls of massive thickness, so as to support its own roof, which is concave, and built of stone, without any wood. The corridors are arched. Thus, when walking on the top of the roof, there are as many convex sections of a globe upon its surface, as there are chambers. This is a mode of building much more ornamental than the flat roofs of Malta, which from their sameness weary the eye: these, on the contrary, are somewhat picturesque at a distance, having the appearance of many small domes. The tenants of this splendid establishment are, at present, only eight or nine, of whom five or six are priests: four are Spanish; the rest are Neapolitans and Italians. Excepting the curate, who, as confessor, is under the necessity of speaking a little Arabic, the rest are ignorant of that language; and some of them seemed quite to laugh at the idea of knowing it. Of course, they do not preach; but Latin services of various kinds are almost constantly, day and night, performing in their splendid church. How often, when taking my evening walk upon the terrace, has the reflection forced itself upon me—"This is a grand experiment, and it has failed!" Two things have cost the Latins dear in this land—buildings and firmans: the prime cost of the building of this convent must have been immense; and, when once settled in their various stations, the friars are still under the necessity of drawing out from their purses continually large sums of money, to satisfy the rapacity of the Turks, and purchase—what, it appears, could be had only by purchase—civil protection. And in what has it ended? Is Jesus of Nazareth worshipped more extensively in these countries, than he was before the Roman Catholic missions were sent hither? Has Mohammedanism yielded one jot or tittle to their influence? In reading the *Lettres Edifinates et Curieuses*, nothing is more surprising, than to perceive how little the Jesuits have to say of their success in this respect: as little have the other orders to say: and, at the present moment, they scarcely pretend to have any thing to do with the conversion of the Mussulmans: they regard themselves as sent out principally to hold together the Romish interest in the east; so that, after so large an expense, it may be asserted, as the author has elsewhere expressed it, that "the Romish missions have left to us the Mohammedan world, unbroken and entire."

Sunday, Nov. 9, 1823.—We had divine service with our servant, and preached in Italian.—In the evening, we had brotherly conversation and prayer. Our subject was the Christian's *first love.* (Rev. ii. 4.)

REMARKS ON THE SITE OF NAZARETH, ILLUSTRATIVE OF LUKE iv. 29, AND JOHN i. 46.

The following morning we took our departure for Tiberias; but, before quitting the account of Nazareth, the author will add two observations, relative to its situation, which may tend to throw some light on passages of Scripture.

Nazareth is situated on the side, and extends nearly to the foot of a hill, which, though not very high, is rather steep and overhanging. The eye naturally wanders over its summit, in quest of some point from which it might probably be that the men of this place endeavored to cast our Saviour down: (Luke iv. 29) but in vain: no rock adapted to such an object appears. At the foot of the hill is a modest simple plain, surrounded by low hills, reaching in length nearly a mile; in breadth, near the city, a hundred and fifty yards; but, further on, about four hundred yards. On this plain there are a few olive trees, and fig trees, sufficient, or rather scarcely sufficient, to make the spot picturesque. Then follows a ravine, which gradually grows deeper and narrower; till, after walking about another mile, you find yourself in an immense chasm with steep rocks on either side, from whence you behold, as it were beneath your feet, and before you, the noble plain of Esdraelon. Nothing can be finer than the apparently immeasurable prospect of this plain, bounded to the south by the mountains of Samaria. The elevation of the hills on which the spectator stands in this ravine is very great; and the whole scene, when we saw it, was clothed in the most rich mountain blue color that can be conceived. At this spot, on the right hand of the ravine, is shown the rock to which the men of Nazareth are supposed to have conducted our Lord, for the purpose of throwing him down. With the Testament in our hands, we endeavored to examine the probabilities of the spot; and I confess there is nothing in it which excites a scruple of incredulity in my mind. The rock here is perpendicular for about fifty feet, down which space it would be easy to hurl a person who should be unawares brought to the summit; and his perishing would be a very certain consequence. That the spot might be at a considerable distance from the city, is an idea not inconsistent with St. Luke's account; for the expression, *thrusting* Jesus *out of the city, and leading him to the brow of the hill on which their city was built*, gives fair scope for imagining, that, in their rage and debate, the Nazarenes might, without originally intending his murder, press upon him for a considerable distance after they had quitted the synagogue. The distance, as already noticed, from modern Nazareth to this spot is scarcely two miles—a space, which, in the fury of persecution, might soon be passed over. Or should this appear too considerable, it is by no means certain but that Nazareth may at that time have extended through the principal part of the plain, which I have described as lying before the modern town: in this case, the distance passed over might not exceed a mile. It remains only to note the expression—*the brow of the hill, on which their city was built:* this, according to the modern aspect of the spot, would seem to be the hill north of the town, on the lower slope of which the town is built: but I apprehend the word *hill* to have in this, as it has in very many other passages of Scripture, a much larger sense; denoting sometimes a range of mountains, and in some instances a whole mountainous district. In all

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these cases the singular word "*hill*," "*gebel*," is used, according to the idiom of the language of this country. Thus, *Gebel Carmyl*, or Mount Carmel, is a range of mountains: *Gebel Libnan*, or Mount Lebanon, is a mountainous district of more than fifty miles in length; *Gebel ez-Zeitun*, the Mount of Olives, is certainly, as will be hereafter noted, a considerable tract of mountainous country. And thus any person, coming from Jerusalem and entering on the Plain of Esdraelon, would, if asking the name of that bold line of mountains which bounds the north side of the plain, be informed that it was *Gebel Nasra*, the hill of Nazareth; though, in English, we should call them the mountains of Nazareth. Now the spot shown as illustrating Luke iv. 29, is, in fact, on the very brow of this lofty ridge of mountains; in comparison of which, the hill upon which the modern town is built is but a gentle eminence. I can see, therefore, no reason for thinking otherwise, than that this may be the real scene where our Divine Prophet, Jesus, experienced so great a dishonor from the men of his own country and of his own kindred.

Another passage relative to this place, namely, the question of Nathanael (John i. 46.)—*Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?*—which seems to have been almost proverbial, is not, to my mind, well accounted for by any expositor that I have seen. Some have attributed the phrase to that scorn, with which Galilee was viewed by the Jews; who held that *out of Galilee ariseth no prophet:* (John vii. 52.) but Nathanael, himself a Galilean, being of Cana, was not likely to have quoted this reproach: nor does there seem any propriety, even if he admitted and quoted the reproach, in the idea of his fixing it upon another contiguous town of his own district. Others refer to the base conduct of the men of Nazareth toward our Lord, as sufficiently proving that it must have been a place of very vile character. Still the question remains, Whence should Nazareth acquire this bad repute with its neighbors; and that to so high a degree, as to merit the severe question of Nathanael? Perhaps there may have been circumstances, to us unknown, in its history, the knowledge of which would at once clear up the point.* In the absence of such information, it has occurred to me as no unlikely conjecture, that the very position of this town might, in some measure, account for its ill character. It was a kind of frontier town. It was frontier in three directions—towards Samaria to the south; a region notorious for iniquity, and frequent revolts—toward the land of the Philistines on the south-west—and, on the west, toward the maritime city, peopled by heathens, Acre. Between these three regions and Nazareth, there is little more than the broad sweep of the plains of Esdraelon and Acre. These plains lie more or less at the feet of the mountains of Nazareth; although the plain of Acre does not so nearly approach them, as the plain of Esdraelon.

In the rear of Nazareth, northward and eastward, are the peaceful towns and plains of Galilee. Now in addition to the bad character of the Samaritans, the inhabitants of all the sea coast were notoriously flagitious. They were left, as we are expressly told (Judges iii. 1—6,) to prove the Israelites, and that the generations of the children of Israel might learn war. An evil neighborhood this for Nazareth! The men of Nazareth might, in such a vicinity, easily be ensnared into heathenish affinity. (Judges iii. 6.) Their worst characters, fleeing from justice or revenge, would easily find the nearest asylum, at a distance of from twenty to thirty miles, in Nazareth. In every quarrel or war, between Galilee on the one side, and, on the other side, either Samaria or the Philistines and the inhabitants of the coast, Nazareth would stand the foremost. In commerce with the maritime towns, Nazareth would lie constantly exposed to the temptations to break the Sabbath, mentioned in Nehemiah xiii. 16. Thus, by degrees, might this frontier town become a nest of the very worst characters, and addicted to the worst sins; and its condition would probably be the more notorious, from the contrast which it would form to the better protected and more peaceable inhabitants of the interior of Galilee.

TIBERIAS.

Monday, Nov. 10, 1823.—Set off for Tiberias. On the way, at about two hours and a half from Nazareth, we stopped at Khan-es-Sook, or the "Khan of the Fair," situated not far from the foot of Mount Tabor. Here are two or three nearly ruined khans.* The place derives its name from the circumstance of a fair being held here every Monday. We estimated that about a thousand souls were present; and there was much cattle. A caravan from Damascus arrived, and passed on. We had aimed at this spot in our journey, with a view to selling Arabic Scriptures; but could not succeed: the men of Nazareth were the principal merchants in the fair, and had already seen them in Nazareth.

At length, about the sultry hour of three o'clock, we arrived at the summit of the mountain, which commands a view of Tiberias; and of the lake, called variously in Scripture, *the Sea of Tiberias*, *the Sea of Galilee* and *the Lake of Gennesaret*; known also by the name of *Cinneroth*. The town of Tiberias is surrounded with walls and towers, such as to form a very imposing scene at first

* Whitby, in his Notes on Matthew ii. 23, illustrating also John i. 46, quotes from Buxtorff and Abazbinel, that "there was among the Jews a celebrated thief, called Ben Nezer; and, in allusion to him, they gave this name to Christ. So Abazbinel saith; 'The little horn mentioned Daniel vii. 8, is Ben Nezer, that is, Jesus of Nazareth.' And this title of Nazarean, both the Jews and the enemies of Christianity gave always, by way of contempt, to our Jesus." This single fact of one notorious thief, named from Nazareth, does not seem sufficient to have, alone, established the bad character of the town. It is observable, however, that it accords with the view taken by the author of the probable manner in which Nazareth obtained its pre-eminence in infamy. This celebrated thief was, no doubt, one among many of that character.

* I have been since informed, by a Maltese priest who has visited this spot, that these ruins were formerly castles belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, at the time when they possessed Acre.

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view. On nearer observation, however, their insignificance is apparent: a few cannon would put them down in an instant; though, to an assault from the natives, they would present, probably, a very long and effectual resistance. The town itself has many parts in a very ruinous and filthy condition. Making allowance for much space which is vacant, we judged the population might be one thousand souls: but, considering that a large portion is peopled by Jews, who crowd together in a very little space, possibly the number may be greater. We remarked two minarets. As we approached the gate of the city, we were met by two Polish Jews, whose costume and extremely filthy garb announced to us that we were entering upon Hebrew scenes.

We rode at once, as we had been recommended to do, to the house of Seignior Rafaele Piciotto, an aged Jewish gentleman, who formerly held the office of Austrian consul at Aleppo; and, being succeeded by his son, has retired hither to pass the remainder of his days peacefully, on ground considered by the Jews as holy. We had every reason to be grateful to him for his civil attentions to us. We were accommodated with a clean upper room, and entertained hospitably at his table.

Toward evening, we witnessed the scene of his whole household performing prayers. About thirty persons came at this hour into the court, and united in repeating the service; in conducting which, Rabbi Samuel, who has married his step-daughter, was the chief leader. It was very affecting, at one part, to view them turning their faces toward Jerusalem—bowing, and lifting up their voices in fervent petitions. It reminded us of Daniel's supplications when in Babylon; who had his windows open toward Jerusalem, and kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed. (Daniel vi. 10.) After sunset the table was prepared, and we sat down to a plentiful supper; at which it gratified us to see females joining the circle—a sight banished from Turkish and Christian houses in this country; but not from Jewish. These were, the consul's wife and step-daughter. The consul himself professes to know very little of his countrymen in this place. His son-in-law, however, is more communicative. The Mohammedans in this place are more numerous, he says, than the Jews: but when it comes to the question of actual numbers, you will rarely find two men agreeing in their account. Rabbi Samuel stated the Sephartim, or Spanish Jews, at seventy or eighty houses—say four hundred souls; and the Ashkenasim, or Polish Jews, at a hundred and fifty houses—say seven hundred and fifty souls; but another said that the Sephartim were ninety houses, and the Ashkenasim ninety-six. Rabbi Samuel also says that there are no Jews here of the sect of the Perushim, but that all are Hassidim.

Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1823.—Having a fever upon me, I was unable to move far to-day; and therefore limited my excursion to the baths of Tiberias, while Mr. Fisk rode to the south of the lake, where the river Jordan issues from it. The baths of Tiberias, so much celebrated by many authors, are just a mile south of the town, and about fifty feet from the margin of the lake. On the way thither we passed the Jewish burying-ground.

On every side, small ruins of walls, columns, and foundations indicate the former extent of Tiberias. The stone of these ruins is very black, so that there is nothing about them of the splendor of antiquity; nothing but an air of mourning and desolation: in this circumstance they differ so widely from the magnificent antiquities of Egypt and Greece, as to leave the most sombre impression on the fancy: they are perfectly funereal. Yet, even here, imperial splendor was once exhibited in the reign of Tiberias; and, three hundred years after, Jewish literature flourished in this spot and some of the most learned Hebrew commentators on sacred Scripture formed a kind of university in this city.

The earth all around the baths is bubbling up with streamlets of water, emitting a most powerful sulphureous smell. We placed the thermometer in different spots where the water gushes out; and found it rise to the various heights of 131, 132, 138, 139, of Fahrenheit. In the bath, where, from standing some time, it cools, its temperature was 110. An humble building is erected over the bath, containing mean apartments on one side for men, on the other for women; and many persons come from far, to be healed of their diseases in these waters. On our arrival, we found a moving assemblage of persons, in number about ten at a time: we immediately had an open window-seat cleared for our use, where we rested for a few minutes to take some refreshment. Mr. Fisk then set off with the principal guide, to see the junction of the lake with the river Jordan.

After spending some time in writing till my mind was weary, I left the bath, and sauntered two or three hundred paces to seek a little shade by the side of a small fragment of ruins. The other guide, knowing that I was indisposed, seemed to think it his duty to follow me step by step: he then sat down, much more quietly and respectfully than people of this country are often apt to do. I must, however, say, that although noise and rudeness are their general characteristics; yet there is, occasionally, in their way of treating strangers, a considerateness, which almost amounts to politeness.

The composure which came over my feverish spirits at this hour was inexpressibly refreshing. I laid myself down upon the ground; and resting my head upon a stone near me, drew a little coolness from the soil: while the simple train of reflections, which naturally sprung up from the scene around me, added much to my enjoyment. At a great distance to the north, was the mountainous horizon, on the summit of which stands Safet, glistening with its noble castle: it is not improbably supposed that our Saviour had this spot in His eye, and directed the attention of His disciples to it, when He said "A city, that is set on a hill, cannot be hid;" for it is in full view from the Mount of the Beatitudes, as well as from this place; and, indeed, seems to command all the country round to a great extent. Tracing, at a glance, the margin of this simple lake, on the opposite or eastern side, the eye rests on the inhospitable country of the Gadarenes—inhospitable to this day; for my guide, after long silence, per-

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ceiving my attention directed that way, begins a long tale about the dangers of that part, the untamed and savage character of the mountaineers, and the extreme hazard of attempts to visit them: few travellers, in fact, venture there: but, seeing that his account is not very congenial to my feelings at this moment, he has dropped his story. Close above my head, an Arab is come to spread upon the ruins his tattered clothes, which he has just washed in the lake, that they may dry in the sun: and, at a distance just perceivable, is another indolent peasant, sauntering by the water's edge, and singing at intervals a poor Arab song; which, though not "most musical," has nevertheless the charm of being "most melancholy." But that which awakens the tenderest emotions on viewing such a scene as this, is the remembrance of ONE, who formerly so often passed this way; and never passed without leaving, by His words and actions, some memorial of His divine wisdom and love. Here, or in this neighborhood, most of His mighty works were done: and, in our daily religious services, we have read, with the most intense interest, those passages of the gospel which refer to these regions. However uncertain other traditionary geographical notices may be, here no doubt interrupts our enjoyment, in tracing the Redeemer's footsteps. This, and no other, is the sea of Galilee—in its dimensions, as I should judge, resembling exactly the size of the isle of Malta, about twenty miles in length, twelve in breadth, and sixty in circumference. Here Jesus called the sons of Zebedee, from mending their nets, to become *fishers of men*. Here he preached to the multitudes crowding to the water's edge, himself putting off a little from the shore in Simon Peter's boat. But there is not a single boat now upon the lake, to remind us of its former use. Yonder, on the right, must have been the very spot, where, in the middle of their passage from this side toward Bethsaida and Capernaum, the disciples were affrighted at seeing Jesus walk upon the water—where He gently upbraided the sinking faith of Peter—where he said to the winds and waves; *Peace! be still:* and the sweet serenity which now rests upon the surface is the very same stillness, which then succeeded. Here, finally, it was that Jesus appeared, the third time after His resurrection, to His disciples, as is related by St. John (chap. xxi.) and put that question to the zealous, backslidden, but repentant Peter—*Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?*—one question, thrice repeated; plainly denoting what the Saviour requires of all, who profess to be His: and followed up by that solemn charge, *Feed my lambs—Feed my sheep!* While I gaze on the scene, and muse on the affecting records connected with it, faith in the gospel history seems almost realized to sight: and, though I cannot comprehend that *great mystery of Godliness—God manifest in the flesh;* yet, believing it, all my feelings of wonder and adoration are called into a more intimate exercise.

I was thus indulging in holy recollections, and expecting to prolong them fully another hour, my spirits being greatly relieved by the stillness and coolness of this short retirement; when the guide, who reclined near me all the time, signified, by the motion of his hand, that our companions were in view. I turned to look, and was pleased to find it so. They presently joined us, having ridden quick to their destination, and immediately returned. Though my meditations had been sweet, yet the sight of a friend and a brother, even after so short an absence, was to my weak spirits very animating; and we immediately talked over with much vivacity and cheerfulness, all that we had seen and felt.

We staid some time longer at the bath; and then, returning to Tiberias, sought out the Christian priest. He has under him from thirty to forty houses; and his church, which we visited, is by them supposed to be built on the site of St. Peter's house. They are Greek Catholics, and under the "Terra Santa." We furnished the priest with some sacred Scriptures; but there was little zeal in him to receive them.

At the house of the consul, we produced to the Jews the Hebrew New Testament; but neither was this very acceptable to them. I was especially struck to see the readiness with which one youth showed to another, at once, the twentieth verse of the first chapter of St. Matthew: he quickly found the passage, as one who had been early instructed to deny the Messiah: they were in our room: he read the passage with an air of scorn, made his companion understand his meaning, and then threw the book down; on which they both departed. It seemed to me no inapt illustration of the crime charged on the consciences of the Jewish people by Stephen (Acts vii. 51.)—"Ye stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye." Their will is, to have a man for their Messiah, not a divine person. Truly, indeed, has St. Paul said (1 Cor. xii. 3.)—"No man, speaking by the Spirit of God, calleth Jesus accursed; and no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

We feel ourselves greatly at a loss, in talking to these misguided people. At supper, we sat down with them, surrounded by Italian, Spanish, German, Hebrew, Rabbinical, and Arab tongues. Of these, the Italian was talked only by the aged consul; who is almost deaf, and apparently quite indifferent to religious topics. Evidently, a missionary to the Jews should have, not only a very peculiar line of education, but he must give himself almost wholly to them.

Wednesday, Nov. 12, 1823.—After a very feverish and wakeful night, I was quite unable to ride to the ruins of Capernaum: while Mr. Fisk did this, I staid within doors the whole morning. He brings back a very meagre account, indeed, of the remains of that city; once *exalted unto heaven*, but now barely leaving a relic sufficient to attest its former existence. He found Bethsaida, also, existing in little more than the name.

In the afternoon, we visited the synagogues of Tiberias, and found them to be as follows:—

The first which we visited was about fifty feet square, and belonged to the Sephartim: very few persons were in it, at the time of our visit. Close by its side is another, which is long, but very narrow: we went from the one direct to the other; and found this second one quite full, so that we had some difficulty in walking through it: the Polish fur cap distinguishes these Jews from the Spanish. The third synagogue, to which we were

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taken, was called a college; and is used also as a synagogue: behind it was a very small room, appropriated to the use of the women, having its entrance from a different street: above the college, the upper floor consisted of two rooms, in which we counted (by calculation) fifteen hundred Hebrew books: those who conducted us, said that they had a great many in boxes; as many, in all, as ten thousand. These three were all the synagogues shown to us. I should add, however, the domestic synagogue of the consul: in this, I calculated about a thousand volumes.

In the synagogue of the consul, his son-in-law, Rabbi Samuel, was teaching two youths of the family. The rapid and vehement manner, in which he communicated and they received his instruction, was very striking. All spoke at the same time, with a high pitch of voice; scarcely allowing space to catch their breath; with distortions of countenance, and flashes of the eye almost hysterical. It seemed to me, that, for the purpose of teaching absurd and false notions, this manner was very well adapted; as it gave no time for thinking on what was learning: and we know very well, that when persons have once, with much pains and self-sacrifice, learnt a great deal of trash, they rarely extricate their minds from its injurious influence. They seem, in fact, to lose the power of estimating the utility or inutility of different kinds of knowledge; and value their own literary board, not because it is practically useful, but because it has been dearly paid for, and because they possess a sort of property in it.

The Sephardim speak Spanish: the Ashkenasim speak German, Polish, and Russian. All intermingle a kind of Rabbinical jargon. Hebrew, Rabbinical Hebrew, and Arabic are, in various degrees, spoken by them. From these DATA, a missionary to the Jews may perceive what acquirements are expedient for his work. At the fewest, three languages appear to be essential —Spanish, German, and Hebrew; while, for a frequent traveller or stated resident in this country, Arabic is indispensable.

We were very much struck with the remarks of the consul, in the evening, on the subject of European protection. When he quitted his office at Aleppo, he procured a Firman from the Porte, giving him the strongest protection for himself and all his dependants. "I wish," said he, kindling with a degree of animation, which proved that the feebleness of age had not extinguished the love of life, "I wish you could read Turkish, that I might show you my Firman; it is so strong; it cuts like a sword." We could not but feel compassion for the man, who, living in this land of wrongs, clings to such a document as his sole security against extortions, oppression, insults, and violence; which would otherwise, be heaped upon him by every Turkish superior, wherever he might be. They, who breathe the air of liberty, and walk erect in open day, and at night retire to a home, which, however humble its dimensions, yet the common parlance of their country denominates their CASTLE—such persons can ill comprehend, how or why it is, that, in Turkey, the sole guarantee against the most unmerited imprisonments and exactions, is a piece of parchment sealed with the signet of the Grand Seignior. Yet thus it is.

SAFET.

Thursday, Nov. 13, 1823.—This morning we set off for Safet—*the city set on a hill.* Our road, for an hour, lay along the margin of the lake. To the north of Tiberias, there are likewise some ruins; which show the city anciently to have extended beyond its present bounds, northward as well as southward.

At length, having taken the last draught of water, which we were to taste for some hours, at a small streamlet which winds its way into the lake, we entered on a continued series of hills leading to Safet. As we ascended hill after hill, we had the scene of the lake fully beneath our view; its southern half occasionally obscured by black clouds, discharging tremendously heavy rain. We feared lest our excursion should be spoiled, as one minute's fall of such a storm would not have left us a dry thread; happily, however, it did not reach us.

Our journey from Tiberias to Safet was all on the ascent. When we were in the middle of it, a keen north wind met us full in the face; "a nipping, and an eager air," inspiring the lungs with new vigor, and making me for the time quite forget my late fever.

On reaching Safet, our guide, who is brother to the lay superior of the Latins at Nazareth, and a native, manifested the greatest repugnance to entering the quarter of the Jews: but as we had our object, we took our course thither; leaving him to find a place of rest elsewhere. After much delay, and many inquiries on both sides of the streets, we reached the house of Rabbi Israel, one of the Perushim, and chief of that sect in this place. He himself was gone to Jerusalem: but his wife and son, and Baruch the shemas or deacon, welcomed us, and gave us the best room in their house: it was, however, very wretched and cold.

In the evening, some of the Jews called upon us. One of them complained, most bitterly, of the treatment which he had received at the last festival of Succoth: he had brought it, indeed, on himself; having gone to some excess in wine: a Mohammedan laid to his charge the crime of blaspheming the Mohammedan religion; and, without further witness or investigation, the governor ordered him for punishment; when he suffered, or, (to use his own expressions, literally translated,) he ATE five hundred stripes of the bastinado: "Ho mangiato cinque cento bastonate." Another, more quiet, reminded him, that *a soft tongue breaketh the bone;* and that it was his own loquacity, which had brought him into mischief, and might do so again: but the injured man loudly maintained his right to have redress as a Russian subject; and asked us, how his right might be maintained: he has however, very little chance of this; the agent for Russian subjects being an Austrian vice-consul at Acre. They all complain of the severity to which they are liable from the ruling powers.

The number of Jewish families at this place, they stated at four hundred; of which the Ashkenasim and Sephartim are in about equal numbers; that is, two hundred families of each. Since the war in Turkey, few venture to come from

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Poland, so that the Hebrew population is rather on the decrease. They said there were sixteen synagogues in the place; but they are so contradictory in their accounts, that this, the highest account which they give, I suspect to be exaggerated.

We produced the Hebrew Testament, with which they seemed to be already acquainted, but for which they manifested little good inclination.

In the room which we occupied we counted five hundred books, all Hebrew; the library of Rabbi Samuel.

Friday, Nov. 14, 1823.—After a night of piercing cold, we rose to make some further examination of the state of the town: but as we had to depart at noon, and dine previously, our remarks were very rapid.

We called on a Christian, who was in a miserable shop, and asked about their numbers in this place. There are a few, a very few Christians here; not strictly resident, but rather refugees from Acre, Sour, and Saide. They are Greeks; and they move about from place to place, exercising different trades to gain a little money. Their number had been stated to us, by the Jews, at thirty or forty; but we afterward were induced, from what we saw, to think that the tenth part of that number might be nearer the truth. We sold and gave them two or three Arabic Psalters; to which, however, we found it difficult to induce them to pay much attention.

This is market-day; and we computed about five hundred persons, of different descriptions, stirring in the market.

We next ascended the castle-hill; and here, whatever disgust we had conceived from the narrowness and dirtiness of the streets and houses of Safet, all was obliterated, by the magnificent prospect from this spot. Although the castle is in ruins, yet part of it still affords a residence to the governor: the extent of the walls, the perfect condition of some parts of them, and the high glittering towers visible to all the region round about, show that this must have been a spot often contested in war. But that, which principally fills the mind, is a scene, which no puny powers of man can either create or demolish. The view to the south and on either side, comprehending about one-third of the circle, presents the most surprising assemblage of mountains, which can be conceived. It is, if such an expression may be allowed, one vast plain of hills. To a distance of twenty or thirty miles toward Nazareth, and nearly the same toward Mount Tabor and Mount Hermon, the farspreading country beneath is covered with ranges of mountains: which, having passed over them, we knew to be ascents and descents far from inconsiderable; but which, from the eminence of Safet, appear only as bold undulations of the surface of the earth. To the left, are the inhospitable and unvisited mountains eastward of the river Jordan. In the centre of the distant scene, appears the beautiful lake of Tiberias, fully seen from one extremity to the other; and, in the back-ground, stretching beyond the utmost power of vision, are the Mountains of Gilead. On a clear day the view, in that direction, must be more than forty miles.

We descended from this elevated spot, to pay a visit of ceremony to the governor. Thence we returned to the Jewish quarter, to examine as many of the synagogues as our time would allow. Of these, we visited five. Of the Hassidim, one synagogue, and one maddras, or college: for, with this title, do they dignify a room, which will scarcely contain twenty persons, and which is filthy beyond expression; but, certainly, a few appeared here to be in the very act of poring over Talmudical books. For the Perushim, there is one place, which is used both as synagogue and maddras; and one other place, which has at least some pretensions to its title of maddras, as it contains a thousand Hebrew volumes. Lastly, one synagogue of the Sephartim; this was by far the best and largest of the places which we saw. We were then under the necessity of closing our researches, as it was high time to prepare for departure.

From the view which we had of the town when on the castle, we judged, that if there are in the Jewish quarter the number of families which they state, namely, four hundred, there would be about one thousand Mohammedan houses: for, as they occupy distinct quarters, it is easy to compare their superficial area; the Jews, however, state them at fifteen hundred families. The population of Safet might be stated, in round numbers, at seven thousand souls. We observed four minarets.

Owing to the steepness of the hill, on the slope of which some parts of Safet are built, the roofs of the lower houses form, in a degree, the pathway of passengers. A story is told which illustrates the condition of such houses. A camel once passing over such a path, the roof gave way; and the camel falling into the house below, broke his leg. The owner of the house sued for damages against the owner of the camel; and, vice versa, the owner of the camel claimed from the other the value of his animal, whose services were entirely lost to him. The sentence of the Turkish Cadi was given in favor of the owner of the camel; on the plea, that the tenant of the house knew that his roof was a public path-way, and ought therefore to have kept it in proper repair to prevent the occurrence of such an accident. The story may be correct or not: it, however, sufficiently explains the state of many of the path ways in Safet.

HATTYN.

We departed at twelve o'clock; and, taking a road more westerly than that by which we came, bent our steps toward Nazareth. That evening, after six hours' ride, we reached Hattyn; a small village at the foot of the mountain, called the Mount of the Beatitudes—*Gebel et-Toobat*. It has one minaret. Here are about eighty houses; of which ten are Greek Catholics', and the rest Mussulmans'. We rested at the house of the principal Christian. He had only one room, in which he, his wife, their children, and some sick persons, were closely shut up; and in which he offered us a place where to lay our heads: but we preferred to occupy a little mud hut adjacent, the roof of which consisted of branches of trees, admitting the bright rays of the moon. We gave

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him some sacred Scriptures, as he said they were all too poor to pay for them.

MOUNT OF THE BEATITUDES.

Saturday, Nov. 15, 1823.—At early dawn we set off from Hattyn, to ascend the Mount of the Beatitudes. The road was steep, but very shady and refreshing; and, as we went, we read aloud the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, and the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. Our minds were raised to the enjoyment of those heavenly truths. We could not but feel how infinitely inferior all the maxims of sages and philosophers are, to those brief and simple descriptions of the graces of humility, meekness, gentleness, purity of heart, and patience of faith, hope, and love!

"Why is it," I asked, "that the very scenes become endeared to us, as we read the portions of sacred Scripture relating to them; so that they are rendered much more lovely than mere scenery could make them? My companion illustrated the feeling of religious association aptly, by putting the case of two amiable persons, "for both of whom," he said, "we might conceive a very warm affection; but if one were pious, and the other not, how far more congenial would our attachment be to him, whose heart was one with ours in the love of God! He is, in the truest sense, our FRIEND—a friend, in common, with us, of God—a friend for eternity! We may know him only for a short space of time on earth, but we shall know him hereafter for ever. So, to compare inanimate things with spiritual, our attachment to this spot is heightened by the remembrance of the divine discourses once uttered here; and which seem to make it hallowed ground; there are other scenes equally or more lovely, in the various countries which we have visited; but, to this, we are united by a kind of religious endearment."

With such reflections we entered the plain of Galilee, at its east end. Being arrived at this elevated plain, we find that the Mount of Beatitudes, which closes as it were a kind of barrier on the east, is not on this side so high as on the other side it appeared to be. The plain, in fact, rises at the end by a gentle slope into two small hills, on either of which it is probable enough that our Saviour sat when He delivered the sermon on the Mount. They are nearly close together, and would take a person not more than five minutes to ascend them. The plain itself abounded in flowers; and, although we were not able to say, that, among these, we could discern *the lilies of the field* to which our Saviour directed the thoughts of his hearers, yet my eye was particularly delighted by the sight of a flower not very common in England, the purple autumnal crocus. I have observed it flourishing, at this season, in every part of Mount Lebanon: and here, at this moment, it was expanding its beautiful petals to as bright a sun as ever lighted up the blue firmament. And if our Heavenly Father so clothe the grass of the field, will He not much more clothe us? Have not we that same evidence of His care, exhibited to our senses on this unexhausted soil, which the apostles themselves had? It was impossible, supposing this to be the spot, or near to it, where these words were uttered, not to seek some collateral proof, which, however faint, might serve to illustrate the topography of the scene.

I have already alluded to the striking view from this place, of Safet, the *city set on a hill*. But my mind was more particularly led to trace the course which our Saviour took after delivering this sermon. If we compare the accounts given in Matthew viii. 1—13, Mark iii. 13—19, and Luke vi. throughout, and vii. 1—10, we shall be led to judge that our Lord had been already preaching at various towns in the region between Nazareth and Capernaum, the very region, which we are now traversing. On the night previous to delivering the sermon on the Mount, He retired to a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God: at day-break, He chooses His twelve disciples: He then descends into the plain, and is surrounded by a great multitude of people, who were continually thronging after Him: then lifting up his eyes on His disciples, He commences His discourse, with *Blessed are ye poor, &c.* This is St. Luke's account, who does not mention our Lord's re-ascending a mountain previously to His beginning His discourse: which, nevertheless, from St. Matthew v. 1, we are led to infer that He did. "When he had ended all his sayings—he entered into Capernaum." (Luke vii. 1.) He descended, therefore, from the Mount of the Beatitudes, toward the Lake of Tiberias. Now from this very spot, there is a road, passing through a ravine, direct to the Lake of Tiberias; and, from thence to the present site of Capernaum, the distance hence to the lake being about two hours and a half. This ravine is the caravan road from Damascus to the south. Although no absolutely certain evidence is deducible from this sketch, yet we felt it heighten our interest in the scene, to trace, as nearly as might be, with the gospels in our hand and the very country before us, every step of our Lord's course.

Considerably further on, we arrived at the spot, where the Christian guides point out the cornfield, in which the disciples rubbed the ears of corn and ate of them on the Sabbath day. But here I felt, that, to particularize the precise position of a single field after a period of eighteen hundred years, by exacting rather too much from my powers of belief, tends rather to weaken the local enchantment. Here, however, the pilgrims, in their sacred route, are wont to halt, and read the appropriate portion of the gospel: to which, though we did it not, I make no objection, provided they will allow me, as well as themselves, the title and rank of pilgrim. From a distance the tower of Sephoury was now distinguishable; and, soon after, we reached Cana of Galilee.

CANA OF GALILEE.

Cana is, at present, a very small and poor village. With some difficulty we found out the Christian priest. We went with him to his church, in which he showed us, fixed in the wall, one (as he assured us) of those water-pots referred to in St. John, ii. 6. This I relate because he said so, not because I believed in it. On the walls are several Greek and Arabic inscriptions, recording the names of devout pilgrims to this place. But

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my eye was suddenly attracted by the sight of Abyssinian characters, to the same effect: the priest stated that this was written by an Abyssinian priest about four years ago, who remained here twenty days: his name was Baba Moose: in the day time, he was constantly in the church, reading; and, at night, he slept in the churchyard, beneath a tree, under the shade of which we rested to take some refreshment.

A small number of Christians gathered round us, with whom we conversed, and to whom we sold and gave a few copies of the Scriptures. The population they stated to be about thirty houses Mussulman, and thirty houses Christian, of the Oriental Greek church. The total number accords with the appearance of the village. Evidence of the rite to which they belonged, we had in a printed Greek paper, hanging up in the church, signed by Polycarp, patriarch of Jerusalem, dated 1816.

RETURN TO NAZARETH.

With this village, now so inconsiderable, but where once the glory of the divine person of Christ was manifested forth to his disciples, by the first miracle which he wrought, we closed our present excursion; arriving at Nazareth, which seemed to us, for a moment, like a home, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.

Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1823.—We left Nazareth for Jerusalem.

Our road, for the first three quarters of an hour, lay among the hills which lead to the plain of Esdraelon; upon which, when we were once descended, we had no more inconvenience, but rode for the most part on level ground, interrupted by only gentle ascents and descents. This is that "mighty plain"—*μεγα πεδιον*, as it is called by ancient writers—which, in every age, has been celebrated for so many battles. It was across this plain, that the hosts of Barak chased Sisera and his nine hundred chariots of iron: from Mount Tabor to *that ancient river, the river Kishon*, would be directly through the middle of it. At present, there is peace; but not that most visible evidence of enduring peace and civil protection, a thriving population. We counted, in our road across the plain, only five very small villages, consisting of wretched mud-hovels, chiefly in ruins; and very few persons moving on the road. We might again truly apply to this scene the words of Deborah (Judges v. 6, 7.)—*The highways were unoccupied: the inhabitants of the villages ceased—they ceased in Israel.* The soil is extremely rich; and, in every direction, are the most picturesque views—the hills of Nazareth to the north—those of Samaria, to the south—to the east, the mountains of Tabor and Hermon—and Carmel, to the south-west.

GENNYN.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at the village of Gennyn, which is situated at the entrance of one of the numerous vales which lead out of the plain of Esdraelon to the mountainous regions of Ephraim. One of these passages would be the valley of Jezreel; and from the window of the khan where we are lodging, we have a clear view of the tract over which the prophet Elijah must have passed, when he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel. But, in the present day, no chariots of Ahab or of Sisera are to be seen—not even a single wheel-carriage, of any description whatever. The public wells by the road-side have no pulleys on wheels to assist in drawing water: for who would expose for public use, what his neighbor would have not the least scruple in secretly stealing away? The roads among the mountains are, indeed, so neglected—such mere single foot-paths—that it is difficult to imagine in what way chariots could now convey the traveller to Jerusalem, or over the chief part of the Holy Land.

Arriving at Gennyn, we sought out the small body of Christians here. They have a priest, and are of the Greek communion; in number, seven or eight houses. Their quarters are extremely mean; and we found much difficulty in gaining attention to our Arabic Scriptures. The two principal Christians were sitting on the ground with a gaming-board between them, playing at a favorite game of chance, with shells in the holes of the board; and seemed to regard our visit as a troublesome intrusion.

NABLOUS, OR NAPOLOSE.

Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1823.—We set off considerably before day-light, for Nablous. The air was extremely keen for the first two hours; and, gradually, when the sun had risen, its burning heat came upon us, with a doubly-exhausting effect.

It was about an hour after mid-day that we had our first view of the city of Nablous, romantically situated in a deep valley, between the mountains of Ebal on our left and Gerizim on the right. There is a kind of sublime horror in the lofty, craggy, and barren aspect of these two mountains, which seem to face each other with an air of defiance; especially as they stand contrasted with the rich valley beneath, where the city appears to be embedded on either side in green gardens and extensive olive-grounds—rendered more verdant, by the lengthened periods of shade which they enjoy from the mountains on each side. Of the two, Gerizim is not wholly without cultivation.

We had always been informed, that the facility of passing by way of Nablous depended very much on the character of the governor of the city. Our case was singular: for we had to learn, what kind of reception a city without a governor would give us; the governor having died this very morning. On coming within sight of the gate, we perceived a numerous company of females, who were singing in a kind of recitative, far from melancholy, and beating time with their hands. If this be mourning, I thought, it is of a strange kind. It had indeed, sometimes, more the air of angry defiance. But on our reaching the gate, it was suddenly exchanged for most hideous plaints and shrieks, which, with the feeling that we were

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entering a city at no time celebrated for its hospitality, struck a very dismal impression upon my mind. They accompanied us a few paces: but it soon appeared that the gate was their station; to which, having received nothing from us, they returned. We learnt, in the course of the evening, that these were only a small detachment of a very numerous body of *cunning women*, who were filling the whole city with their cries—*taking up a wailing*, with the design, as of old, to make the eyes of all the inhabitants *run down with tears, and their eyelids gush out with waters*. (Jerem. ix. 17, 18.) For this good service, they would, the next morning, wait upon the government and principal persons, to receive some trifling fee.

On entering the city, we reached, in a short space, the quarters of the Greek priests; where we obtained a room, a very dirty one indeed, but the best that was to be had.

The Christians in this city are all of the Greek communion. The priest's name is Baba Ysa. They are, in number, between twenty and thirty families: there are between seventy and eighty males who pay the capitation-tax. We found them to be in mean circumstances, but very friendly. They purchased a few Arabic Testaments.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE SAMARITANS.

In the evening we visited the Samaritan priest, Shalmor Ben Tobiah. He seemed surprised that we should know his name, and asked us how we had heard of him. When we informed him that we knew him through previous travellers, he showed us the letter of a French gentleman, who had travelled three or four years ago this way, and had sent to make certain inquiries of him.

In a little time, we were joined by various others of his people, in number about twelve. I was struck to observe that the character of the priest's physiognomy was far from Jewish: that of some of the party was Jewish. He informed us, that, among their people here, some were of the tribe of Levi; namely, his own family, consisting of four boys and a girl: only this family, however, as he is the only man of that tribe. He said that there are four or five families of the tribe of Manasseh, and that all the rest are of Ephraim; excepting one of the tribe of Benjamin, who, while we were speaking, came in. In all, they are between twenty and thirty houses. About sixty males pay the capitation-tax. We asked him, how they would supply the priesthood, in case his family should fail: several replied, together, "It never fails." The priest, and his sons, alone, have the privilege of standing on the raised step before the Torah in their synagogue.

They said there were in Nablous a few Jewish houses fewer than their own. To our inquiries, whether there were any other Samaritans in the world, he replied there were—some in England, some in America, some in Benderbeshire* near India: there had been very many in France; but they were now reduced to three or four: and, finally, there were some at Sabbation. His replies were given in a manner, which implied a desire to represent the numbers of his people as considerable; rather than in a way, which at all convinced us of his knowing the condition, or even the existence, of his brethren in other countries, concerning whom he offered this information. He stated the fact of the Babylonish captivity; and said that they were of the remnant which remained in the land, and of those who subsequently returned; but the narrative in 2 Kings xvii. 24. &c. they reject as a fabrication.

On producing the Hebrew New Testament, we asked if it was lawful for them to read it; the priest said that there was no restraint upon their reading any books whatever, and accepted the copy which we offered. We also gave him an Arabic New Testament.

He said they were all in expectation of the Messiah—that the Messiah would be a man, not the Son of God—and that this was the place, which he would make the metropolis of his kingdom; this was the place, of which the Lord had promised, He would place his name there. We asked what passages of the Pentateuch, according to their views, spoke of the Messiah. He quoted, *A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up like unto me, &c.* This promise of the Messiah was not fulfilled in Joshua, for he was not a prophet.

We begged to see the celebrated manuscript. He made many difficulties, though he readily allowed us to see the synagogue. We pressed our wishes, however; when he said there were many things previously requisite: he must go first to the bath—he must light up many candles, &c. We knew what this meant, and said that he would pay for all the candles;* on which he consented to show us the manuscript the next morning.

We then went down into the synagogue with his son and many of the company; but he did not accompany us. They made us take off more of our dress, than I had ever been despoiled of before—both my outer and inner shoes; and my "ferwi," a warm dress lined with fur. We saw several Samaritan manuscripts on a shelf, wrapped up in cloth: they were written on skin. On our asking their price, a young man said that they were not to be sold; that to sell them was "Haram" "prohibited;" and that every letter was worth a sequin. The Samaritan character they call Ebrani; and refuse the type which we call Hebrew, as an innovation.

Thursday, Nov. 20, 1823—Early this morning, according to appointment, we visited the Samaritan priest. We waited for him some time; during which we placed in order our Bibles, and selected some texts on which we desired to converse with him. At length he made his appearance, and accompanied us into the synagogue. With great reverence, he produced the venerable manuscript, which he said was written by Abi-

* I suppose him to mean Bushire, in the Persian Gulf, west-south-west, about 100 miles, from Shiraz. Bender is a Persian word, signifying a mart or emporium.

* Candles being very much used in places of worship in the east, are almost a standard of ecclesiastical fees.

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she,* grandson of Aaron thirteen years after the death of Moses, now three thousand, four hundred and sixty years ago.† We were not permitted to touch the sacred book, but only to look at it, at about a foot distance: the page at which he opened showed, certainly, a very ancient manuscript, with the characters yet sufficiently distinct. He then showed us another of a similar form—apparently an exact copy—which he said was eight hundred years old. He also produced a few tattered leaves of Walton's Polyglott—part of Genesis. We asked if they did not consider the Books of Joshua and Judges as sacred, in the same manner as the Torah: he replied, "By no means: these two books we have, and we reverence them; but the Torah is our only sacred book. Joshua was not a prophet, but the disciple of a prophet, that is, of Moses."

We inquired in which direction they turn their faces, when they pray: he waved his hand in the direction a little right of the angle behind the altar that is nearly southward. In this direction is the city of Luz, which afterwards was called Bethel; the place which the Lord appointed to set His name there.

We went out, and he directed his hand toward the hill Gerizim, to a point, a little beyond which is the spot whither they go "to bless." It may be observed, that the Samaritans here, according to the account which the priest gave of their tribes, are all within the enumeration of those six tribes mentioned Deut. xxvii. 12, 13, whose lot it was to repeat the blessings; the other six being appointed to curse on Mount Ebal. He also directed his hand toward the spot, where those were to stand who were appointed to curse.

We asked if the report was true, that, in any way, they worshipped the symbol of a dove—looking, at the same time, to see if the emblem of the dove was any where to be seen on the curtain, which screens the altar, as some had said. He replied, "It is a falsehood of the Jews, who endeavor to calumniate us."

As to Jerusalem, they have no respect for it as a holy city; regarding the Jews as their rivals, and speaking entirely in the spirit of the woman of Samaria (John iv. 20:) *Our fathers worshipped in this mountain.*

We then produced a few passages in the Pentateuch, concerning which we desired to know his opinion, whether or no they referred to the Messiah. Genesis iii. 15, (*I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel*) he said did NOT refer to the Messiah. Genesis xlix. 10, (*The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come*) they consider as a prophecy of the Messiah, who is Shiloh: and, when pressed on the circumstance, that the sceptre was already departed from Judah, he gave the explanation which many of the Jews give, that Judah has always hitherto existed and still exists somewhere in the world, exercising regal authority; although he acknowledged that he did not know where. We asked if there were any other passages: he quoted no other this morning; but, yesterday, he had already cited Deut. xviii. 15.

On coming out, we asked how long this synagogue had been occupied by them: he pointed to a small marble slab inserted in the wall, engraven with Samaritan characters; which, he said, recorded the period of their occupying this building—now four hundred and ninety years. There were two or three other slabs with Samaritan characters, inserted in like manner in the wall. That which records the date of their possession of the synagogue is in a small recess, on the left side of the door.

Three times a year they go up Mount Gerizim: but we did not understand what their services were on these occasions; not he said, to sacrifice, for fear of the Turks. When they do sacrifice, it is done in some private place, and in the city, that they may not be molested. We understood them to say that they had not a daily sacrifice.*

The house of this priest, and the synagogue which adjoins it, are very clean—a perfect contrast to the inveterate filth of the Jewish houses and synagogues, which we had seen at Tiberias and Safet; one only excepted, that of the Austrian consul at Tiberias. Whether this is owing to the national character of the Samaritans—if NATIONAL be a term applicable to a hundred persons—or whether it is owing to their being in tolerably easy circumstances, or whether it is the case with the priest's house alone, which was the only one we visited, it is not in my power to judge.

The priest, in a very friendly manner, asked us to take up our lodging with him for the night; as he had done on the evening before: but we designed to leave at noon; and, therefore, bid him farewell. He desired us to join our fingers together with his, in token, as he said, that the English were his friends; adding, that he wished to be considered as under English protection.†

* We understood him to say grandson; but Abishua was great grandson. See 1 Chron. vi. 4.

† According to our computation, it should be 3261 years ago. Probably the mistake was ours in hearing him.

* When, on a subsequent occasion, I passed through Nablous, the chief layman of the Samaritans told me, that, at the passover, they still sacrifice and eat the Paschal Lamb.

† On the subject of the Samaritans, the reader may consult Basnage's history of the Jews; and also Prideaux's Connexion, Part 1. Book 2. The following extract is from Prideaux:—

"There is an old copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch now shown at Shechem, (or Nablous, as they now call it,) the head seat of that sect, which would put this matter beyond all dispute, were that true which is said of it. For they tell us, that therein are written these words:—"I Abishua, the son of Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron, the High Priest, have transcribed this copy at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, in the 13th year of the children of Israel's entrance into the Holy Land." But Dr. Huntington, late bishop of Rapho in Ireland, having, while chaplain to the Turkey Company at Aleppo, been at Shechem, and there examined this copy upon the spot, found no such words on the manuscript, nor thought the copy ancient. Whether the Samaritans did, in ancient times, absolutely reject all the other Scriptures besides the Pentateuch, some do doubt; because it is certain, from the discourse of the woman of Samaria with our Saviour, that they had the same expectations of a Messiah that the Jews had; and this they

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REMARKS ON THE SAMARITANS.

The character, and indeed the existence to the present day, of this now-diminished people, must appear a very singular fact. They seem to have made Nablous, what it anciently was to the Israelites when its name was Shechem, *their City of Refuge*;* and here, in some faint sense, to have found security. Were their own account of their genealogy to be admitted, they might almost be regarded—according to our view of the division of the twelve tribes between Rehoboam and Jeroboam—as representing the most ancient schism in the Church of God. This would place them on a footing of greater antiquity than even the Karaim; who claim for their date the return from the Babylonish captivity.

Of the true origin of the Samaritans, however, we shall naturally judge from those Scriptures, which are by us received as canonical. A mingled race—principally Cuthæan, though partly, perhaps, of Israelitish blood—they have, in the course of ages, vainly endeavored to claim as an hereditary right every privilege of Israel; and to identify themselves, almost in a more exclusive manner than the Jews themselves, with the great Hebrew Legislator. Their pretensions have never been, to this day, admitted by the Jews; and, by our Lord himself, they were repeatedly spoken of and treated as strangers.

It is easy to account, therefore, for their repugnance to receive a large portion of the books of our holy Scriptures.

The history of the Kings of Judah and Israel, (although they acknowledge the fact, there recorded, of the Babylonish captivity,) must be, above all, peculiarly obnoxious, as fixing upon them the stigma of a spurious and idolatrous origin. See 2 Kings xvii. 34—41.

The Psalms, designed for the spiritual edification of the church in every place and age, yet record their rejection, and declare the superior favor shown to their rival city Jerusalem:—"Moreover, he refused the tabernacle of Joseph, and chose not the tribe of Ephraim. But chose the tribe of Judah, the Mount Sion which he loved." (Psalm lxvii. 67, 68, with other similar passages.) This invaluable treasure of devotion is, therefore, in a manner lost to them.

Isaiah must offend them, as he everywhere uses the terms of Zion and Jerusalem, in describing the seat of the Messiah's kingdom. Jeremiah confirms the expressions quoted from the Psalms. (Jer. vii. 15, also iii. 17.) Micah gives to Bethlehem the honor of Messiah's birth. Daniel, in his prayer, declares Jerusalem to be *the holy mountain of God*. And thus it is with many other passages of the Old Testament.

Our Lord expressly charges them with worshipping they *knew not what*—an expression so similar to that in the Acts of the Apostles (xvii. 23,) that it seems to describe them, while partially enlightened, yet to be little better than heathens: and He accordingly directs His disciples, in the same verse, to decline going either to Gentiles or Samaritans; plainly intimating that the Samaritans were not to be accounted, any more than the Gentiles, as of the house of Israel. (Matt. x. 5, 6.) He, also, expressly denominated the Samaritan leper, *a stranger*. (Luke xvii. 18.)

Their existence to the present day, maintaining that very geographical post, to which, in consequence of their opinions, they must in every age have been most partial, demonstrates, in a high degree, the extreme tenaciousness of party spirit. Christianity—for this was once a Christian Bishopric—appears not to have dislodged these ancient tenants of the mountains of Ephraim. In what light their future conversion is to be regarded, whether as belonging to the operations of general Missionary Societies or of Societies for the Jews, might be a question of some nicety, were it requisite to speculate upon it. They are, however, too small a body—nearly confined, as there is reason to believe, to this one district—to be considered as peculiarly interesting to any one society more than another; unless (which is a mere conjecture) they should be in the secret possession of facts, which might serve as a clue to any discoveries relative to the ten tribes. In a historical point of view, they are certainly a kind of religious curiosity: in a practical view, they will probably be regarded alike by all missionaries as calling for prayer and exertion. May they be brought to flee to the sinner's only city of refuge, of whom this city was a type—even to Him, who here graciously announced himself to a sinful woman of Samaria, as *the Christ, the Saviour of the world!*

DEPARTURE FROM NABLOUS.

Having, with much difficulty, compelled our guides to prepare for departure from Nablous, they declaring that the whole city and country were in confusion on account of the death of the governor, we set off, at length, considerably after twelve o'clock. At the gate, our servants were long detained for a trifling exaction; which we desired them, for the sake of all future travellers, to resist as long, and reduce as low, as possible. For about two shillings, they at length escaped with a great deal of abuse of us as Franks and Christians.

SANGYL.

We, in the mean time, took our route through the extensive and picturesque olive-grounds which lie on the southern side of Nablous. These open, at length, upon a fine valley, which stretches to the right and left; and which from its fertility, may well be regarded as a worthy portion for Jacob to have given to his beloved son Joseph. It runs nearly north-east and south-west: the valley of Nablous, being at right angles to it, lies consequently about north-west and south-east.

Leaving the valley of Nablous, the high-towering rocks of Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim

say they could no where clearly have, but from the prophets. And it cannot be denied, but that there is some force in this argument. Perchance, although they did read the Pentateuch only in their synagogues, yet anciently they might not have been without a due regard to the other sacred writings, whatsoever their sentiments may be of them at present."

* Joshua xx. 7, and xxi. 21.

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seemed to assume a more than common awfulness; from the effect of a thick haze which was just gathering upon the air. Winding on the right hand round the base of Mount Gerizim, we gradually ascended for some distance; having the abovementioned valley of Joseph just beneath us on the left. We arrived only by sunset at the ruined khan, called Khan Leban; and had now to ascend a steep and rocky road, leading to the village of Sangyl, when the sky burst upon us with torrents of rain and furious blasts of wind, for half an hour. On arriving at our poor village, we went to the house of the only Christian family in the place; who kindly made us a blazing fire, at which we were glad to dry ourselves and take supper.

BETHEL.

Friday, Nov. 21, 1823.—We started a little after sunrise, and began to descend into the valley; somewhere in the neighborhood of which was Bethel—the spot where Jacob beheld the vision of angels; and received those encouraging assurances of the presence and protection of God, which were his support all his life long. Here, more than five and thirty centuries ago, this patriarch dedicated himself to the Lord, in terms, which are still well suited to express, what should be the moderate desire of every missionary—"If God will be with me and keep me in this way, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on . . . then shall the Lord be my God."

The road through which we passed was, in many parts, very picturesque; but a more particular allusion to it will appear in a subsequent page.

APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

On reaching the rocky heights of Beer, the country began to assume a more wild appearance. Uncultivated hilly tracts, in every direction, seemed to announce, that, not only Jerusalem, but its vicinity for some miles round, was destined to sadden the heart of every visiter. Even *the stranger that shall come from a far land*, it was predicted (Deut. xxix. 22,) should be amazed at the plagues laid upon this country: and this became, more than ever, literally fulfilled, in my feelings, as I drew near to the metropolis of this chosen nation. Expectation was, indeed, wrought up to a high pitch, as we ascended hill after hill, and beheld others yet more distant rising after each other.

Being apprehensive lest I should not reach the city gate before sunset, Mr. Fisk having gone on some way before me in order to prepare our rooms, I repeatedly desired the guides to ask the Arabs whom we met, how far, or according to the language of this country, "how many hours," it was to Jerusalem. The answer which we received from all was, "We have been at the prayers at the mosque of Omar, and we left at noon"—to-day being the Mohammedan Sabbath. We were thus left to calculate our distance. The reply sounded very foreign to the ears of one, who knew that, formerly, there were scenes of purer worship on this spot. "Thither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, to the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."

At length, while the sun was yet two hours high, my long and intensely interesting suspense was relieved. The view of the city burst upon me as in a moment; and the truly graphic language of the Psalmist was verified, in a degree of which I could have formed no previous conception. Continually, the expressions were bursting from my lips—"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion!—They, that trust in the Lord, shall be as Mount Zion; which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever!—As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever!"

Among the vast assemblage of domes which adorn the roofs of the convents, churches, and houses, and give to this forlorn city an air even of magnificence, none seemed more splendid than that which has usurped the place of Solomon's Temple. Not having my companion with me, I surveyed all in silence and rapture; and the elegant proportions, the glittering gilded cresent, and the beautiful green blue color of the mosque of Omar were peculiarly attractive. A more soothing part of the scenery was the lovely slope of the Mount of Olives on the left. As we drew nearer and nearer to *the city of the great King*, more and more manifest were the proofs of the displeasure of that great King resting upon his city.

JERUSALEM.

Like many other cities of the east, the distant view of Jerusalem is inexpressibly beautiful: but the distant view is all. On entering at the Damascus gate, meanness, and filth, and misery, not exceeded, if equalled, by any thing which I had before seen, soon told the tale of degradation. *How is the fine gold become dim!*

Thus I went onward, pitying every thing and every body that I saw—till, turning off to the right, and having passed up what is called the "Via Dolorosa," from its being the supposed path of our Lord when he bore his cross on the way to his crucifixion, we, at length, alighted at the Greek convent of Mar Michael.

FIRST FEELINGS AND REFLECTIONS IN JERUSALEM.

During the first few hours after our arrival in the holy city, there was little to stir up the heart to a lively feeling, that this is really that venerable and beloved place, renowned above all others in Scripture. Hunger, fatigue, and the cheerlessness of an eight hours' ride over a peculiarly desolate tract of country, with no other refreshment than a small jar of boiled rice and some bread, would have been agreeably relieved by the welcome of pleasant countenances, sufficient food, and a warm room: but our apartments, which had not been occupied for six months, were floored and vaulted with stone—fire-places are unknown in this land—our provisions were all to seek: and, at this late hour of the day, scarcely to be found—Hadjee Demetrius, the servant of the convent, in a sort of broken Turco-Grecian dialect, proffered his tedious and awkward services—the baggage was to be looked after—the mercenary and clamorous guides were to be (not satisfied: that was

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an impossibility; but) settled with and dismissed —and, lastly, as if to diffuse a perfect sadness over our arrival, the storm, which had threatened and slightly touched us during the latter part of our stage, now began to fall in torrents, similar to those which had buffeted us on the preceding evening near Sangyl. Every thing combined to inspire a feeling of melancholy—congenial enough to those emotions with which the actual civil and religious condition of Jerusalem deserves now to be contemplated; but, in no degree harmonizing with those sublimer and more glorious thoughts, which the very name of this city generally awakens in the bosom of the Christian.

When the evening had closed, however, and the hour for retirement, devotion, and repose arrived, all that I had ever anticipated as likely to be felt on reaching this place, gradually came into my mind, and filled me with the most lively consciousness of delight, at being in Jerusalem. "This"—I thought—"is no other than the city of David. Hither, the queen of the south came to hear the wisdom of Solomon. Isaiah here poured forth strains of evangelic rapture, which will glow with unspent warmth till the end of time. Here, the building of the second temple drew from the beholders mingled shouts and tears; and, here, was that very temple, made more glorious than the first, by the entrance of *the desire of all nations, the Messenger of the covenant!* Here, after He had rebuilt the temple of his own body, he began the wondrous work of raising a spiritual temple to his Father—shedding abundantly upon his disciples the gift of the Holy Ghost, for which they waited in this very city; and then sending them forth as his *witnesses to the uttermost parts of the earth.*"

Such were the principal thoughts, with which I had for some months associated this visit; and, now, all were gradually presented to my mind.

I felt, I confess, no particular anxiety to see what are called the "holy places." Many have hastened to offer their first devotions at the sepulchre of our Lord: so far from having this desire, I feel somewhat of repugnance at the idea: it is enough for me to know, that I am not far from that scene—that Gethsemane, and Calvary, and *the place where the Lord lay*, are all so near to me, that I can truly say, I am dwelling in the midst of them. All this, too, my heart can better conceive in the stillness of the night-season, than by the light of day. And He, who suffered here, still lives—*Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to day, and for ever!* Spiritually he is as near to me, as he would have been had I seen him, this very day, at the ninth hour expiring upon the cross: the blood then shed is still fresh in its efficacy, and *cleanseth us from all sin.* If to have come hither should prove the means of raising me one degree higher in love to this adorable Redeemer, I would be thankful: but let me remember, that he desires us chiefly to view him with the eye of faith; and that, although "we see Him not in the flesh, yet, believing, we may rejoice in Him with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Saturday, Nov. 22, 1823.—I was early awakened in the morning, by some person in the convent chapel striking a piece of wood. My room communicates with the upper part of the chapel, by a lattice, at which the smoke of the incense soon began to enter: the striking of the wood was instead of the ringing of a bell; and, in a few moments, I heard the voices of two or three ecclesiastics, commencing the drowsy monotonous chant of the Greek Liturgy. This service was observed by them every morning.

On rising, it was pleasant to view from my chamber window the mild scenery of the Mount of Olives. This mountain gradually increases in beauty, till about the second hour after sunrise; when the swells and slopes upon its side present a very soft variation of light and shade, at this season of the year.

In the course of the day, one of the monks of the principal Greek convent called to bring the salutations of the Epitropi, or superintendents. Many others, also, who knew Mr. Fisk and his brethren in their former visits, came with presents in their hands, and inquired what Bibles and Testaments we had brought.

GREEK MONKS.

Sunday, Nov. 23.—In the morning we had divine service in our room; together with an English gentleman, now in Jerusalem.

After dinner several monks from the principal Greek convent called upon us; and conversed, as they may naturally be expected to do, concerning the calamities of their church. One of them stated the case thus: "Why do not the European Christian powers unite in putting down our enemies? We are your brethren: when Abraham heard that Lot was taken by the five kings, he immediately set off with his company, and overtook them, and rescued his nephew." I need not repeat, that, upon this topic, which we inevitably hear frequently discussed, we find it best to be silent—our office being rather to draw religious uses from the melancholy state of things; and to apply the remedy to the heart, out of which proceed wars and fightings.

ABYSSINIAN PRIEST.

Shortly after this party had left us, another person entered. The moment he opened the door, I exclaimed, "You need not tell me of what country that man is. This is an Abyssinian." His resemblance to the few Abyssinians whom I have seen, and to the living picture given by Ludolf of Abba Gregorius, in complexion, form, and expression of countenance, his dress, his manner, all bespoke his nation. He bowed, or rather crouched and fawned, toward us; repeating the word "Salamat"—I will not say a thousand, or even a hundred times—but certainly so often, and with such profuse servility, that we knew not whether to be more amused or wearied: and as this was his uniform custom at all future interviews, we as uniformly used to sum up our reply to him, in plain English, "*Salamat a thousand times!*"—"A thousand healths or compliments to you!" Not that this brevity on our part caused him to intermit his reiterated Salamats: for whatever powerful effects western nations may attribute to a direct, brief, and blunt method of accosting both friends and foes, the men of the east are well acquainted

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with the maxim, that *a soft tongue breaketh the bone*. Oppression has taught them to carry gentleness to an excess. They are born and bred to the practice of refined insinuation or gross flattery, and it seems impossible to beat them off from that ground, since they expect to succeed on no other.

Both the Abyssinian priest and myself speak Arabic too imperfectly, to make ourselves well understood by each other. I learn from him, however, that he has been in this city seven years; that there are about twenty Abyssinians in his convent, and that he is the chief among them. Last year he says that seven pilgrims set out from Abyssinia; of whom three were priests and four deacons. By the term deacon may be meant merely persons who have taken the first degree in the church, and read the lessons in divine service: it is usual, in the east, for young men to do this, while they remain laymen; and this corresponds with the *prima tonsura* of the church of Rome. One of these pilgrims did not live to reach Jerusalem, but died at Damietta. The priest informs me, likewise, that the daughter of the king of Abyssinia, mentioned by Mr. Connor, is dead. The political news which they hear from Abyssinia is, that Subyadis is increasing in strength, and likely to fix himself in the situation of the late Ras Welled Selasse as governor of Tigré: if he should finally succeed, it may be of considerable advantage; as he is under personal obligation to Mr. Salt, and consequently a friend to the English.

GREEK CONVENT.

Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1823.—We visited the principal Greek convent, and had an interview with Daniel, the bishop of Nazareth; a man of acuteness and learning; very placid, but apparently much worn with anxiety on account of the oppressions suffered by the Greek convents—*And on the side of the oppressors there is power*. To him, conjointly with the bishop of Petra, is committed the charge of the affairs of this patriarchate. The Patriarch himself, Polycarp, never visits Jerusalem. For more than a century this has been the custom; and indeed those of whom I inquired scarcely knew from how far back the Patriarch had been in the habit of taking up his residence at Constantinople. This he does, because a very large sum of money would be required by the Turks, on such an occasion as the entrance of a Patriarch within the walls of Jerusalem. The head dragoman of the convent was present, as also the librarian. The dragoman cried out, repeatedly, and with an earnestness which seemed almost like an appeal to our purses, "We want help! We need some assistance!" The bishop himself speaks with much more pathos: when we condoled with him on their present afflictions he briefly replied, "It is for our sins: the measure of the chastisement of our sins is not yet filled up!" And these are the expressions which he often uses with us. In allusion to the new governor, who arrived only two days before us, I was saying that probably they had not yet had much acquaintance with him: they answered, with a sad smile, "Our governors soon make themselves known." Coming, in fact, as often as once a year, and sometimes oftener, they make a speedy, unceremonious approach to the purses of the different communities: and then give place to a new, and equally hungry successor. As I was mentioned as Secretary of the Bible Society in Malta, the bishop expressed his interest in the welfare of the Society—saying, "Your heart is set upon a good work"—or words to that effect. His colleague is, at present, ill of a fever.

The librarian accompanied us to the library. There are some books in Latin, French, and Italian; but not many—none in Ethiopic: the chief part are Greek. In the small inner rooms, several Greek manuscripts, principally Scriptural, were shown us: they did not appear to be of great antiquity. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, he tells us, is settled by the will of his predecessor, not by election—the Patriarch of Constantinople, by election of the Holy Synod; and the Patriarch of Antioch, also, by the same Synod of Constantinople. The Patriarch of Antioch takes up his residence at Damascus. The Patriarch of Alexandria he represented also as chosen at Constantinople. These are all of the Oriental Greek church.

It is one of the canons of the Greek convents of Jerusalem, that NO NATIVES CAN BELONG TO THEM. The Christians of this communion are numerous in Palestine and Syria; but they rise to none of the dignities of this patriarchate, nor are they admitted members of the monasteries. Most generally they are married priests. Their language is Arabic. In the convents here, Greek chiefly is spoken, and also Turkish; the monks being all from Greece, Asia Minor, or the Archipelago.

Daniel takes his episcopal title from Nazareth: his colleague is styled Αγιος Πετρας, "the saint of Petra," or "the holy [bishop] of Petra." Petra (the metropolis of which is Karrac, three or four days' distant from Jerusalem, on the east of the Dead Sea, in which region are yet many Christians) is his diocese. The title "holy" is very commonly given, in this manner, to the bishops; although, strictly, they do not allow the title "saint" to any except those who work miracles. This bishop is the one who, annually at Easter, performs the reputed miracle of the Holy Fire: concerning which it is difficult to reflect without mingled emotions of horror and indignation.

We visited some of the monks; and went over the whole of the convent, which is a very extensive but irregular building. The number of monks whom it would well accommodate was stated at seventy: and here nearly all the resident monks of Jerusalem abide. The other Greek convents, in number about ten, are of far smaller dimensions; designed only for the reception of the pilgrims, and merely occupied by a Superior and one or two monks during the absence of pilgrims.—They are, at present, nearly a solitude; no Greek pilgrims having arrived for two years: formerly, this communion could boast a much larger number of pilgrims than any other. The number of ecclesiastics, in the whole of the Greek patriarchate of Jerusalem, was stated to me at 200: but I have no means of verifying the statement.

From the terrace of the principal convent, the court of the Abyssinians is overlooked. At the

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hour we were there (about mid-day) we saw the poor Abyssinians receiving their daily bread: it is given them as charity by the Armenians.

ABYSSINIAN CONVENT.

Thursday, Nov. 27, 1823.—Went to the Abyssinian convent. The road by which the priest led us, which was not the direct way, was through the place where they slaughter animals. Hovels and streets so offensively abounding with noisome sights and pestilential smells, I never before witnessed. In the court-yard, and in a small adjacent garden belonging to the convent of this people, we saw twelve Abyssinians; of whom five were females and seven were men. One of them was pointed out to us as a priest; but he could speak no other than his native language. In the garden was a wretched hovel, which was the abode of part of this company. Some of them appeared very old; one or two rather young.—They all seemed very idle, and indeed their whole object appears to be, to spend their last days in Jerusalem, doing almost nothing. Nor do we see, indeed, any thing in the society by which they are surrounded, which would stimulate them to a higher purpose. We were not able to converse with them, and our accompanying priest was but an imperfect, and somewhat unwilling, interpreter. He took us into his own room; and here we sat, for a long time, occupied with his manuscripts. Among other books, we found copies of the Psalter published by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

This city may be an excellent station for learning the Abyssinian language; as here is a company of twenty, who, although ignorant, indolent, and utterly inapt to the art of teaching, would, nevertheless, to a man who could teach himself from books, furnish pronunciation and practice. As a station for distributing the Abyssinian Scriptures, I imagine it would not answer; for they, who come hither, generally never return to their native country. The motive which brought them hither—blind devotion—and the difficulties which they met with on their way, added to their extreme poverty, operate to fix them in Jerusalem, when once fairly arrived. Yet, possibly, an Englishman, intending to visit Abyssinia, might here find an individual among them willing, for a suitable pecuniary consideration, to accompany him; and he would serve, though on many accounts imperfectly, as a guide and interpreter. My conviction is here confirmed, that whoever visits Abyssinia must go relying, under Providence, on his own resources, and not on any companion. Were it my destination, however, I should certainly, after acquiring a competent knowledge of Arabic, aim at giving twelve or eighteen months to the study and practice of the ancient and modern Abyssinian languages in Jerusalem, rather than any other spot which I have yet seen. There are these additional advantages: the mind would thus become inured to the misery of the circumstances of that people; and, further, a traveller, passing from Jerusalem to Abyssinia, would carry with him, as a visiter from that holy city, a peculiar recommendation.

I examined several of the manuscripts in this convent; and subsequently purchased the whole of the Ethiopic New Testament, in two manuscript volumes. There was, among the manuscripts, one great folio, written in large characters. The priest had told others, and he wished to persuade me, that it was the whole of the Old Testament. From the simplest calculation it evidently could not be above the fifth part of it; but when I turned the leaves over, and showed him that it was only a Lectionary containing extracts from Isaiah, Daniel, Hosea, and other books of the Old Testament, he began to be half angry. He said that they read this book through in the offices of the passion week.

I will here add the remainder of that scanty information, which I subsequently obtained in this quarter concerning the Abyssinians. Three or four of them have joined the Greek communion: so far as I could learn, this conversion has arisen from the hope of improving their condition a little, and eating more bread. They are, at present, residing at the Greek monastery of Mar Saba, three hours to the east of Jerusalem, on the way to the Dead Sea. There are, likewise, two at the Armenian convent: I did not see them: but the Abyssinian priest, who is on friendly terms with the Armenians, said that one was elderly, the other a youth. Of those whom I have to-day seen, one was quite young; not more, probably, than twenty years of age. The person pointed out as a priest seemed to me not more than thirty-five. The chief priest appears upward of forty years of age.

YSA PETROS, A GREEK PRIEST.

The breaking up of the weather here, in the close of this week, interrupted our excursions. I have just made the acquaintance, however, of one of the most interesting characters in this place—Pappas Ysa Petros. He is a priest of the Greek communion: being a native, Arabic is his language. He is married, and has several children. He has already been employed as a translator into Arabic by Mr. Fisk; through whose kindness, two or three tracts have been put into my possession for printing. During a residence of many years at Damietta, he translated, for an opulent Arab merchant at Damietta, the whole of Rollin's Ancient History into Arabic, which it is to be hoped may one day see the light: of this work, he has a small part in his possession, which he showed us: it is the first rough translation, containing the history of Egypt and Carthage: the whole work occupied him six years. He understands, besides his native language, Greek, Italian, and French, and he has studied Syriac, Ethiopic, and Armenian from his natural love of languages. I have seen no one in Syria, who unites so much simplicity and goodness of disposition, with such a compass of literary acquirements.

It is a curious circumstance with regard to names, that not only is the influence of Mohammedanism manifested in the adoption, by Christians, of names not common among their brethren in other countries; but, further, in the name Ysa they have adopted the orthography of the Koran: it is the Mohammedan reading for Jesus.

Sunday, Nov. 30, 1823.—We again united with our countryman, in performing divine service in English.

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Monday, Dec. 1, 1823.—As I was this morning on my way to wait on the Armenian patriarch, I met a courier just come in with letters from Malta. They announce the arrival in Beirout of two more American missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Bird and Goodell, with their families. We were already apprized of their intention to proceed either to Smyrna or Alexandria: but this decisive step has rejoiced our hearts more abundantly than we had anticipated. To Mr. Fisk and myself, they appear to have done exactly the right thing; and the kindness with which they have been received on their landing, by our consul and his family, has not a little gratified us.

REFLECTIONS ON HOLY PLACES.

In the afternoon I went out of the city, and walked round a considerable part of the walls, so as to obtain a general view of the principal objects.

Educated in an early love of Scripture, I cannot describe the emotions excited by beholding the very scene of the most important events recorded in the Old and New Testaments. I have, designedly, kept myself from attending to the traditionary minutæ which are imposed upon the thousands of annual pilgrims. I envy not those, who, from ignorance and superstitious subjection, are obliged to receive from the lips of hackneyed guides the trifles of tradition; who can fall down prostrate, and embrace with rapture, the very spot measured to an inch, or the very stone wall of a house preserved for ten or twenty or thirty centuries, at which some event of Scripture history is said to have taken place. Good taste and the love of truth alike revolt from the details, which may be collected from many books of travels.—This system tends to bring down the mind to trifles: it more often perplexes than throws open the fair path of antiquarian research: and (which is the most painful) it confounds the belief built on sound historical evidence, with that credulity which clings to uncertain tradition; and draws aside the hearts of the multitude of superstitious devotees, from great, essential, and affecting doctrines, to dubious and insignificant localities. I feel it enough to know, that, here, is the hill of Zion—beneath, and all around, are the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the brook Cedron—yonder, the Mount of Olives, and the road to Bethany. The rest must be supplied by a spiritual sense of an ever present Saviour.

CONVERSATIONS WITH YSA PETROS.

In the evening, we had our friend Pappas Ysa to tea; and conversed concerning his translations into Arabic. He was long employed in this capacity, by Seignior Basil Fakr of Damietta; who, to his extensive commercial engagements, added a very laudable ambition to furnish his library with useful books, translated from European languages into his own. Rollin has been translated into modern Greek; and, from this version, the Arabic translation was made. Another work which Ysa Petros translated was an answer to various infidel objections by Voltaire: I have not heard that any part of the works of Voltaire was ever translated into Arabic; so that a refutation of his opinions, in that language, might seem premature: it may, doubtless, be expected, however, to occupy one day a useful post in the field of religious inquiry—a field which is gradually becoming more and more open to people of every nation.

I was particularly struck with one remark of Ysa Petros on the style of some short sermons which we put into his hands to translate into Arabic. "They are," he observed, "too much in the second person. Thus 'You are a sinner—you must repent or perish!' Now the reader," he said, "will naturally ask, 'Who is this, that tells me I am a sinner? Is he not a sinner himself?'" This criticism, intended as a censure, appears to me to be, in some sense, a commendation of the sermons: it shows that they are pointed and awakening; and it amounts, at the same time, to a tacit acknowledgment, that pointed and awakening addresses to the conscience are not in the style of the east. Sermons, in fact, are very rarely preached here; and those are little more than moral treatises, or panegyrics of some saint, or stories of miracles. Ysa Petros, himself, does not preach. He would be astonished to witness the earnestness of multitudes of our English preachers, stirring up sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and urging them to come to Christ for salvation. Perhaps he would say to himself—"They preach as if they thought they were speaking to men who are not Christians!"

There are, in Jerusalem, about ten native Greek priests who are married and have families. No one of them comes up to Ysa Petros in acquirements, or in intelligent and philanthropic views. They are far behind. He is much respected by the Superiors of the Greek convent; and is appointed by them to accompany us to-morrow to examine the library of the monastery of the Holy Cross.

MONASTERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1823.—We proceeded, this morning, with our friend, to the monastery of the Holy Cross, which is romantically situated in a valley on the west of the city, between the two roads—that, on the one side, to Jaffa; and that, on the other, to Bethlehem. By leisurely walking, we arrived there in forty minutes. We had to knock loud and long, before we gained attention. The Superior having scanned our appearance from the lattice of an upper window, at length put forth his head, and inquired our errand; after which an order was given for our admission, and we entered, door after door closing with bars and locks behind us. It is in a solitary situation; and is exposed, particularly during the present disturbances in Bethlehem, to the rude demands of the Arabs, who, could they force an entrance, would prove not very courteous guests.

It is a wearisome ceremony, especially when any business presses, to have to receive pipes, sweet-meats, and coffee. Such, however, is the usage; and he would be thought a barbarian, who should decline, in certain circumstances, to receive the compliment. Such discourtesy would have been particularly felt by the Superior of this convent, to whom we were introduced by a letter from the bishop of Nazareth, and who in this solitude seems to have nearly nothing to do.

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We were taken over the whole building, which, with several courts to it, may contain sixty or seventy rooms, for the reception of pilgrims. It is at present occupied by this monk, a native of Larissa; and three or four nearly superannuated men, who are employed as domestics, but who seem not to have one idea beyond the walls of the monastery. I remarked, particularly, one of these inmates, who seems, either from want of society or want of employment, to have sunk into a state of almost ideotic vacancy.

This was, originally, an Iberean convent; and, in the spacious but dilapidated church, there is a great number of portraits of Georgian kings and queens, executed in the rudest style on the walls, with inscriptions in the Georgian character. In a recess behind the altar, they show the ground wherein, as they pretend, grew the tree from which the cross was made on which Christ was crucified: and, that credulity may not want her show of evidence, or at least her outward visible sign, a small circular hole, of a few inches diameter is exhibited, before which a lighted lamp is suspended; and here the original tree is said to have stood.

In various parts of this extensive, but now deserted establishment, considerable expense has very recently been bestowed, in suitably furnishing iron railings and other accommodations. This was the work of the late Procopius, superintendent of this patriarchate. He was a man of great ability and spirit; and he flourished at a time when prosperity filled the Greek coffers with opulent resources. His death, about two years ago, was a serious loss to the Bible Society, whose cause he had heartily espoused.

The library, into which we were after some time introduced, proved to be a small room, full of dust; and so dark, that we were obliged to hold, every one of us, a candle in his hand: the books lay in heaps, some on the floor, the rest on bending shelves. At the beginning of this year, the American missionaries classed them according to languages; and this circumstance has facilitated my researches. There may be four or five hundred volumes of different kinds: the principal part of these are in the Georgian language, thick folios in manuscript. As I was given to understand that a person from St. Petersburgh had visited this convent, and made a selection of such volumes as might be useful to the Bible Society, and as there is not at present in Jerusalem any person who understands this language, I contented myself with obtaining one folio and one quarto. The rest are in Ethiopic, Armenian, Syrian, Arabic, Greek, and Latin. Of the Ethiopic, I made a more copious selection: but, unhappily, these manuscripts are in a mutilated condition; and, excepting psalters, do not contain much of the Scriptures. The Greek and Latin are few in number, and chiefly printed books.

Just before our leaving the convent, a peasant of the neighborhood called for a pledge which had been left by him. It was a woman's head-dress, made, according to the fashion of the country, of pieces of money; and fitting the head like a close helmet, strapped under the chin by a band of similar texture of coins. As these pieces of money were of the lowest value in circulation, this head-dress might be of the value of 20 or 30 shillings only: but, when of gold, a lady will carry from five to ten pounds' worth upon her head; sometimes much more: and even dirty children, playing in the streets, will be seen with gold pieces about their head-dress, to the value of five or ten shillings.

After the pledge was given, and the man gone, the superior begged us, on our departure, to take a particular road on the other side of the monastery, lest our visit should be observed; as it might, probably, occasion him to be troubled with questions: such is the state of apprehension and precaution in which they are obliged to live.

ARMENIANS.

Monday, Dec. 4, 1823.—Having, a few days ago, sent to the Armenian patriarch a letter of introduction which I had for him, I went, this morning, and had an interview with him. This convent is far more splendid than any other building in Jerusalem; and declares at once the opulence of its possessors. The patriarch himself sits on a divan which is quite princely, and speaks in a slow and dignified manner. He complained of being indisposed; and left his two bishops, who were sitting on the opposite side of the divan, to support the conversation. Many inquiries and replies of ceremony occupied the first minutes; as also the introduction of coffee, sweet-meats, and wine—the wine of a very great age.

I endeavored, as well as I could, to touch, in geographical order, on those places with which the Armenians have most connection. They have four patriarchates at present—Echmiazin, Jerusalem, Constantinople and Sis: of these, Echmiazin, in Persia, is the first. To my inquiry, if they enjoyed protection there, they expressed themselves as being in a better state under the Persians than under the Turks. In Calcutta, under British government, they acknowledge, with pleasure, that they have perfect protection. On my prosecuting that topic, one of the bishops sitting opposite to me, whose name I was afterward told is Garabee, said that he had visited Calcutta, about eleven years ago: as this was previous to the arrival of bishop Middleton in India, I gave them some account of the ecclesiastical establishment now existing there, and the name of the present bishop; and expressed a hope that their churches and ours would become acquainted upon Indian ground.

Printing presses for the Armenian language they have at Constantinople, in Russia, and in Venice. On my mentioning what modern Armenian books I had found in Paris, such as Rollin, Robinson Crusoe, &c. they informed me, that the style of those translations is good. Of the modern version of the New Testament executing in Paris, they had not seen a specimen. With regard to the style of modern Armenian, they recommended the neighborhood of Erivan, rather than Erzerum, where the Armenian is vulgar.

I was particularly desirous to know if they had any communications with Samarcand, or Buckharia; but, after pronouncing these names in every possible way, they could give me no information about the places; and bishop Garabee

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said that they travelled to India by way of the Persian gulf. As they were equally curious to know my motive for asking about those places, I directed their attention to the opinion that many Jews, and probably the ten tribes, exist there; which brought up the mention of Mr. Wolff, of whose movements they were much interested to hear.

I was anxious to bring the subject of Abyssinia before them; and inquired if they still kept up the communion with that country, which formerly they had been in the habit of doing; and for which they enjoy a peculiar degree of facility, from their church holding the same doctrines with the Abyssinian church. They gave little satisfaction on this head: indeed they said, that, at present, they have no intercourse with Abyssinia. I explained my views as well as I could through the interpreter; stating, that, as both England and the Armenians were friends to Abyssinia, and the Armenians peculiarly so, it would give us pleasure if the Armenians, when voyaging to the Red Sea, would assist us in our endeavors to convey the Scriptures to Abyssinia.

I intimated a wish to see their library; but they stated that they had no old or very curious books to show; and on my more particularly specifying the acts of their councils, the proposal was turned off in a manner that evinced a decided unwillingness to enter on such subjects. Their opinions are, indeed, thus far known—that they admit only the first three general councils, and break off from the Greek church at the fourth; but the subsequent national councils of the Armenians I have not seen. I had a particular wish to see those which relate to the celibacy of the clergy.

The Patriarch offered me a room in the convent, which I said that I should gladly have accepted, had I not found one already prepared for me by a friend in Mar Michael. He asked if I wished to see their church: this question, as the servant at the same time came to sprinkle rose-water upon my hands, I took as a polite hint that the conversation had been sufficiently protracted; and, therefore, after an interchange of compliments similar to that at entering, I withdrew.

CHURCH OF THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.

The Patriarch's secretary then took me to see the church. It is more splendid than any thing else in Jerusalem, not excepting the church of the Holy Sepulchre, although this latter is considerably larger. The walls of the Armenian church are lined with a kind of glazed Dutch pottery, with pictures of sacred story and Armenian inscriptions upon them. On one side is a small chapel, brilliantly adorned and lighted up, with a picture of St. James's head: the head itself, they say, is in Spain. The convent is dedicated to this apostle, and is built, they say, upon and around the very spot where he was beheaded by order of Herod. On the opposite side is a very large chapel for the females: adjoining to this convent is an Armenian nunnery. On the left hand, as you face the great altar of the church, is a splendid spacious pulpit; but sermons are not preached here: it is used for the purpose of the customary procession, in which one of the priests or deacons, gorgeously arrayed, and surrounded with many lighted tapers, solemnly ascends the pulpit, and reads, or rather chants, a portion of the gospel. From the lofty ceiling are suspended many lamps, and also numerous ostrich eggs, which several servants were keeping clean with long bunches of soft feathers. Every thing has an air of oriental splendor, too glittering and gaudy for our simpler occidental taste.

While we were wandering here, another bishop entered the church from a side door. These, with two more whom I subsequently saw in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, make, in addition to the Patriarch, five bishops. I had been informed that there are fourteen in all. They are not constantly residing here, but occasionally vis the other monasteries; of which, in the H Land, there are four—namely, this one within the city, one just without the walls, one at Bethlehem, and one at Rama; besides the adjoining nunnery in the city.

JEWS.

Friday, Dec. 5, 1823.—A little before noon, we called on Rabbi Mendel, a Jewish rabbi, of some consideration on account of his talmudical learning. There is frequent mention of him in Mr. Wolff's Journals. He had, at his side, a volume of the Talmud; and he is greatly in repute for his skill in these works.

It is, in myself, a mixed feeling of inability and disinclination to enter upon such studies, which restrain me from taking up the question with the Jews on that ground. Mr. Wolff, who is not destitute of the ability, yet latterly has grown—and I think it a more likely way for success—disinclined to argue with them from the Talmud; but presses on them the law, the prophets and the gospel. He did, indeed, procure a Jew to sift out of the Talmud all passages in favor of Christianity; and, in the course of their research, they also found, among these writings, many passages so absurd, that the Jews themselves do not like to have them produced. But the detection of these absurdities does not much aid the cause of truth: men can bear a great deal of absurdity to be proved against them, and against their party or system, without changing sides; and, frequently, the more we point out partial weaknesses or errors, the more tenaciously do they cling to their own opinion. Mr. Wolff has latterly told them, that is, during his second visit to Jerusalem, that, unless they quit the Talmud, it is impossible that they should "think straight." *Thinking straight* has evident reference to some straight rule of opinion; and this rule is *the law and the testimony*. From what I can learn concerning the disputes and studies of the rabbies of Jerusalem—with whom I am unable to converse much, from not knowing German—they seem to be men *ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.*

OPPRESSIONS SUFFERED BY THE JEWS.

In addition to a certain wild abstracted gaze, which nature and talmudical studies have given to the countenance of Rabbi Mendel, he was further suffering from terror, the impression of which

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was not yet effaced from his mind; he having been, about a week before, forcibly seized in the night, and carried off to prison by order of the new governor. The pretext alleged was, that his street door had been left open in the night: for this he was compelled to pay a heavy fine of three purses; about 37*l.* sterling. The officer, who apprehended him, burst with violence into his inner chamber—waked him—spurned all his protestations of his having European protection—he having an Austrian firman; and, forthwith, took him, his disciple Rabbi Isaac, and two others to the prison, from which, after twenty-four hours' confinement and the payment of the fine, they were set at liberty. He was proposing to go for relief to the consul at Acre: from the Austrian consul at Tiberias he expected nothing, as that gentleman, himself a Jew, probably finds it as much as he can do to secure protection for his own declining old age. Rabbi Mendel preferred going, in person, to writing: for if it were known in Jerusalem that he had written, it would subject him to fresh insults or exactions. How truly is that threat accomplished—"Thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life!" (Deut. xxviii. 66.) The money was, clearly, the sole motive for this proceeding—a new governor, in this devoted city, generally making his advances, by rapid steps, first to the Jews, next to the Greeks and Armenians, and finally to the Latins. Nor have these any appeal: their only relief is, by cunning and intrigue, to throw the burden as much as possible upon the shoulders of their neighbors; or to plead their inability to meet the demands of the governor, who always begins by bidding high. The parties from whom the demand is made being either put in prison or otherwise annoyed, part of their policy is to endure as long as nature can bear the unjust infliction; thus proving, by their willingness to suffer, their inability to pay.

The other party of the Jews, the Sephartim, being much more numerous, were soon obliged to pay a much larger sum. Four of their principal men were, during these days, thrown into prison; from which they were not released till the bargain was adjusted. Some, whom we inquired after, had secreted themselves in their neighbors' houses.

JEWISH PLACE OF WEEPING.

Rabbi Isaac conducted us to see an interesting spot, to which the Jews frequently resort on the afternoon of Friday. It is on the outer side of the wall of the mosque of Omar. Within the area which surrounds the mosque none may enter, under pain of death, unless he becomes a Mohammedan: but at a particular part of the outside of the surrounding buildings, the Jews have the permission, for which they pay money, to assemble every Friday, to pray. There were only eight while we were there; but at a later hour, probably, there would be more. On other occasions, they are numerous: but the measures of the new governor have thrown them into consternation, so that they are not so forward to show themselves. I observed, as we passed through the Jew quarter—and upon many faces, in most parts of Jerusalem—a timid expression of countenance, called in Scripture *a pining away:* with a curiosity that desires to know every thing concerning a stranger, there is, at the same time, a slinking away from the curiosity of others. We stood awhile with the worshippers at this spot; which they regard as close to the place, where, in ancient times, the Shechinah was: and, though the glory of the Lord has departed, they still venerate the place where He once manifested His presence. To worship here must be the summit of their desires: it seems to be somewhat in the spirit of David's vow, "In thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple."

We particularly observed the strength of this part of the wall. It is built of large and well hewn stones: one of the largest of these I measured, and found it to be eight and a half feet English by three and a half. Of these, there are nine tiers; out of which seven seemed to be of the abovementioned thickness of three feet and a half, the uppermost two being a little narrower. The wall runs up still further about twenty feet: but this upper part is built of smaller stones; giving, as the whole height, about fifty feet. It is not to be supposed that these larger stones are of the date of Solomon's temple: but it seems by no means unlikely, that they should have composed part of the second temple: and that, after having been thrown down, so that not one of them stood upon another, they have been subsequently collected as fit for building. They are in fact far more superb than what any other part of the city can boast; excepting those portions of the wall which face toward the east, and which are built of similar large stones. It was concerning some of these, probably, that the disciples remarked, "Master, see what manner of stones, and what buildings are here!" They are, independently of the contrast with the meaner buildings of the city, such as in any spot would excite admiration, at the skill and labor which must have been bestowed on them.

OPPRESSIONS SUFFERED BY THE GREEKS.

Having mentioned the oppressions suffered by the Jews, I will add an instance of a similar kind inflicted on the Greeks; premising that it is only a specimen of what they are continually liable to suffer, and actually do suffer.

A few days after our arrival, a Greek, who occupied the next room to ours in the convent, suddenly disappeared: so also did another young man belonging to the convent; and likewise a Greek, who passes for a physician in the city. In a few days, we learnt that they were in prison: from whence, after remaining there eight days, they were released on the payment of money; and we heard the story from themselves when at liberty. The charge, on which they were committed, was, their having aided in ransoming a Greek girl of Crete from a Turk in whose possession she was: on the arrival of the new governor this was laid hold of as a pretext for imprisonment and further exaction. The one who lived next to us was persecuted even after his liberation, by the officers, three of whom beset his door for the payment of 60 piastres (about 1*l.* 10*s.* sterling) alleged to be due to them—the first for putting on his irons, the

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second for taking them off, and the third for bringing him his food in the prison. These claims he endeavored to elude, by retiring, in the day-time, to another house. He was preparing, also, to escape, as soon as possible into Egypt.

TRACT, BY THE AUTHOR ON THE HOLY SPIRIT.

This evening Pappas Ysa sat with me some time while I described to him the plan of a tract which I am writing on the subject of the Holy Spirit. I read parts of it to him, and requested his opinion. He seemed surprised, I thought, that I should be writing such a tract. Probably few persons in the Levant apprehend, as yet, how well their condition is understood in England, or how much we feel interested in their opinions and customs; especially how much we take to heart the corruptions which the great enemy has succeeded in introducing into their churches. On the other hand, possibly, some of my friends also at home might be surprised, did they know that a large part of my time is spent in Jerusalem in the writing of this tract. They would say, "leave sedentary composition for your return to Malta: abroad, be in constant motion:" Every one must, in these things, be, in a considerable degree, a rule to himself. I have already made the attempt, but without success, in Malta. One of the objects which I proposed, therefore, to execute during my present tour, was to write this tract, while surrounded by the scenes to which it has reference. I have, in the course of its preparation, availed myself of the friendly suggestions and criticisms of all my missionary brethren on the spot: and they are not a few.* I have also communicated various ideas on the subject to natives, and have watched the course of their remarks; it is interesting to observe what ideas chiefly affect their imagination: one topic most caught the attention of my present auditor—"Kings will rule in righteousness and subjects obey with cheerfulness." "Ah!" he said, "if there were a good government to protect Christianity, something might be hoped!" He also expressed his apprehensions that the great efforts now making for the dissemination of religious knowledge might last for only a time; and, after having done some good, languish—leaving the world to relapse into its old course. He was perfectly open and ingenuous in his expressions and manner. He deeply impressed me with the conviction, that there must be something higher than human wisdom and resolution to sustain here the hopes and measures of Christian men.

POPULATION OF JERUSALEM.

Rabbi Mendel is a principal rabbi among the sect of the Ashkenasim, or Polish Jews; who, at present, are but very few in number in Jerusalem. The Sephartim, or Spanish Jews, have long been established here; and are said to have six or seven hundred houses. It is difficult, from this statement, to suppose that the Jews should amount to more than five thousand: but it is no part of their system, or of the system of the other religious bodies, to show their numbers. Admitting this, however, to be near the truth, if then, somewhat more than five thousand should be given to the Mussulmans, and somewhat less than five thousand to the Christians, it would give fifteen thousand for the population of Jerusalem; which is the very greatest amount of population that I should be inclined to give to this city, from observing its area from the Mount of Olives. It has indeed, been rated at twenty thousand, and even higher. I should think that fifteen thousand was too high; and should not be very unwilling to rate it at twelve thousand. In this calculation, of course the pilgrims are omitted—who are crowded into the convents, and fill up many spaces which are vacant nine months in the year, augmenting the population by some few thousands.

CÆSARIUS, A GREEK ECCLESIASTIC.

Sunday, Dec. 7, 1823.—In the afternoon, we had a long and interesting conversation with a Greek ecclesiastic, named Cæsarius. He is very intelligent, and very desirous of general knowledge. The conversation was entirely on religion; and gradually came to subjects concerning which the Romish and the Oriental churches are accustomed to speak very positively—the washing away of original sin in baptism; and the identity of baptism and regeneration. Scripture was the standard to which we constantly appealed. Of each proposition we carefully inquired, "Where does God, in his word, declare this?" The effect produced on the mind of our visiter was, apparently, an abatement of the self-confident, and an increase of the inquiring, spirit. The passage at which he principally seemed to be at check was 1 Pet. iii. 21. After watching and assisting the turn of the discussion for about an hour, I left him with Mr. Fisk, who was holding him close to Scripture—the only method likely to succeed; for should we wander on the ground of the authority of the Fathers, it would probably be only to prove these fallible writers guilty of mutual contradictions, and sometimes of inconsistency even with themselves.

CONVERSATION WITH THE BISHOP OF NAZARETH.

Monday, Dec. 8.—I went, in the course of the afternoon, to see the bishop of Nazareth, Daniel, on the subject of the manuscripts at the convent of the Holy Cross. The books which I selected for more particular examination are brought into the city, and will be delivered on my sending for them.

The bishop was inquisitive to know of what rite my servant was. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of explaining to him in what light I regarded these differences. The youth, I told him, is by profession, of the Latin church; but I did not, on taking him into my service, inquire into that matter; but merely desired him, in the morning and evening, to come to us, when we read the Bible and pray together: to which he never made

* The number of missionaries, who have visited this land within the compass of less than one year, has been eight. Of these, I have had the benefit of free and full conversation with all, except one.

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the least objection; but, on the contrary, seems to be pleased with it.

The bishop was very attentive, and spoke little, so that, as I feared to appear to trespass on his feelings, the conversation was often suspended. Indeed I thought I perceived a great degree of dejection on his countenance.

Presently, it being three o'clock, our attention was roused by the voice of the mowedden from one of the minarets, calling the Mohammedans to their usual prayers of that hour. The bishop mournfully turned to me, and exclaimed, Εως ποτε; "How long?" His few and simple words quite sunk into my heart. I said it was truly painful to hear that voice in the holy city; and that I viewed with sincere sympathy the present distresses which they suffer. "Our sins!" he slowly replied, "The measure of our punishment is not yet filled up!" I could only assent by the motion of my head.

I then acquainted him that I was writing a tract, in which I wished to address his nation in as consolatory a manner as I could; but added, "it will not all of it be consolatory." He plainly took my meaning, as one who saw that it was impossible to speak, agreeably to truth, of a suffering nation, without also saying something concerning their sins. Yet I never felt more, than I did at this interview, a desire to address them with tenderness; and that verse (Isaiah l. 4,) was brought with fresh feeling into my memory, "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I might speak a word in season to him that is weary." How difficult to do this! It is easy to chide, with justice; but it is a high attainment, learned only in the school of suffering, to reprove with a merciful spirit. Neither may we rebuke an elder; and the tract must speak to many bishops and dignitaries, whom I am bound rather to entreat as fathers.

To his expression, which he would ever and anon sigh forth—"How long! Lord, how long!" I, at length, made some reply, drawn from the interpretation of prophecy. He listened with great interest; for on no topic is it more easy to gain an eager ear in the east, than on the mysterious and unknown future. I limited myself, however, to general allusions to the period of 1260 years, now apparently drawing to its close; and endeavored to exhibit, also, some of those *signs of the times*, which indicate the approach of an important crisis—particularly mentioning the Bible Society, and the system of general education. As I described the convulsions which shake the continent of Europe from the west to the east, he mentioned the affairs of Spain as being settled; and seemed, therefore, to infer, that no good had resulted from that movement. After noticing that the revolutions in the west had been conducted very much by men who disbelieve the Christian religion, I asked whether it might not be part of a merciful dispensation, not to suffer such men to attain all that they grasp at, lest they should overthrow Christianity. He entered into this view; and seemed fully sensible, that change, without Christian principle, was always to be mistrusted. I seized the moment to press again the unspeakable advantage of the labors of the Bible Society—filling the world with divine light at the moment when the nations appear restless for innovation. On this topic, it is peculiarly grateful to find the Greek church favorable.

I retired from this interview with spirits unusually depressed. I had felt, throughout the whole conversation, that my heart was drawn in contrary directions—on the one hand, by emotions of pity for these suffering Orientals; and, on the other, by a view, every day augmenting, of their sinful blindness and unchristian superstitions. While humanity pleads for them; Christian faithfulness cannot acquit them as innocent.

REFLECTIONS ON THE STATE OF THE CHRISTIANS.

On reaching home, I unburdened my heart; and could not help exclaiming, "I have not spent one happy day in Jerusalem!" My missionary brother readily sympathized with me.

How can it be otherwise than a matter of constant sorrow, to contemplate the state of things here?

The convents are either suffering, or expecting to suffer, continual extortions. Were some maddening intelligence of successful operations of the Greeks to arrive here, it is not unlikely that the Turks might be exasperated to such a degree, as to rise and massacre numbers of Christians.

The Christians themselves, instead of being in any sense united, seem to watch for one another's halting: and the centre, round which their petty politics revolve, is the possession of some holy place. Under color of reverence for the great mysteries of redemption, they have here established a metropolis, as it were, of lucrative will-worship, and of most plausible tyranny over the minds of devotees. It is in this that the spiritual Christian discerns the secret cause of the divine judgments upon them.

The doctrine of the merit of pilgrimages has, for nearly fifteen hundred years, been the standing order of the Christians of Jerusalem. Yet of the deep-rooted error of this system, who are so insensible as the ecclesiastics themselves? Probably in reading the Lamentations—still, in many points, most pathetically applicable to Jerusalem: they would appropriate this verse as depicting their state—"The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts." This, in a literal sense, is exactly the case at present. During the last years, since the Greek revolution, the Greeks have had no pilgrims; they dare not, cannot come; of those who came in 1821, when the late Mr. Parsons was at Jerusalem, many, on their return homeward, perished in consequence of the general massacres; and there were probably very few, who were able to find a safe asylum from the Turks. To the Latin convent, also, not many individuals now make pilgrimages; and pecuniary remittances seldom come from Europe, in consequence of the troubles in Spain and Naples. The Armenians alone, at present, prosper.

These are the afflictions of the convents; and they see not, that, by these judgments, God is marking his displeasure against the whole system of monasticism and the whole traffic of pilgrimages. From none should we have so reluctant an acknowledgment of this, as from the ecclesiastics, who manage the springs of these systems; they

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would probably confess any thing or every thing about them to be sinful, rather than monasticism and pilgrimages; and, to give up the sanctity of Jerusalem, would be to them like renouncing the faith of the gospel.

While these fundamental and long standing corruptions of the Romish and Oriental churches remain in force, they will never discern what is the voice of God against them; their very sufferings (it is melancholy to think) will harden, rather than soften them; for they will not attain to an enlightened, unfeigned, and unreserved humiliation. No verse in the Lamentations has affected me so much as this—"Thy prophets have seen vain and foolish things for thee: and they have not discovered their iniquity to turn away thy captivity; but have seen for thee FALSE BURDENS and CAUSES OF BANISHMENT." When and how will the prophets, themselves, be brought to acknowledge their iniquity, and their fraud? Or how will they be induced to abdicate that illegitimate power, which they possess over ignorant minds?

The more the circumstances of Jerusalem are reflected upon, the more they wound the heart. They may be well represented thus: The Latins live by remittances from Spain and other Roman Catholic powers—the Greeks and Armenians, by the contributions of the pilgrims—the Jews, by collections made in all the world, and by alms brought by devotees of their religion—the Turk, in the midst of them, by exacting money from all. There is a little common traffic in the city and neighborhood, but very little stir or activity. Foreign purses are the resource to which they principally look; when these fail, they pine and murmur.*

If any should doubt on what their hearts are principally set, he might ask within himself—"On what account would these people chiefly desire the restoration of the Levant to peace and order? or for what reason would they wish to see the Christians gain the upper hand? Would it be, that they might extend the faithful preaching of the pure gospel? Or would it not be, that the numerous pilgrims might flock, with augmented enthusiasm, to repair the pecuniary desolations inflicted by the present war?"

It is, in fact, a most remarkable feature in the present distresses, that the current of extortion sets in with especial violence on the convents,—and, consequently, on the whole monastic system. The monasteries, supposed to be the depositories of treasure, attract the cupidity of the Turks. And, should the present system of exaction be long protracted, it must inevitably prove the extinction of the resources of the convents; and consequently, in the end, the ruin of the monastic system. Rapacious tyranny merits our indignation, and individual sufferings claim our pity; but, in such an event—the extinction, I mean, of the monastic system—reason, decorum, nature, Christianity, would all exult. Nor does it appear to human calculation in any way probable, that such a system will be relinquished, except from the severe and compulsory chastisements of a divine hand.

An expression, which, a few days ago, I met with in a work of the learned Assemann, not a little excited my feelings on this subject. His words to which I allude are—"But when the monastic system had been propagated throughout all the east—." He is, in that paragraph, extolling the benefit of monasticism: but no complacency passed over my mind while I perused his remarks: indignation rather, to think that so unnatural a system has been so extensively and for so many ages propagated in the world.

Such was the train of my feelings, as I took my evening walk upon the terrace of the convent, with my face often turned toward the Mount of Olives. Many conflicting emotions passed through my breast, excited by what I perpetually see and hear in these countries and in this city. And Oh! if in the midst of these people we could find some who might, spiritually, be said *to mourn in Zion*, with what delight should we rather speak of that *garment of praise*, which should be given them in place of *the spirit of heaviness!* But when, so far as we see, there is none *that stirreth up himself to lay hold on God*, what rescue is left? The heart is ready to sink under the awful apprehension, that, where truth has so long failed of obtaining admission, judgment must enter; and, where men will not tear up their rooted errors of more than a thousand years' standing, probably the desolations of war may be sent, as the only effectual instrument to abolish inveterate and beloved evils.

JEWS IN ABYSSINIA.

Monday, Dec. 10, 1823.—In the course of the evening, Rabbi Isaac called; with another young Jew, who has travelled as far as London. They assume this title "Rabbi," at so very early an age, that it surprises a person who has been accustomed to connect it with the idea of venerable years and learning. They marry also extremely young.

The Abyssinian priest coming in, we obtained a little information concerning the condition of the Jews in his country. He stated that there are many in Gondar—a few in Samen; and he had heard, but could not declare it from having been there, that, at Kuarka, the Jews are very numerous—that the inhabitants are nearly all Jews. I had hitherto understood, that, in Abyssinia, Jews were only to be found in Gondar, where they are known by the name of Falasha. He gave some account of the rigor with which they attend to certain ceremonial purifications, in a manner more severe than is practised even by the Jews of Jerusalem; this rigor was highly applauded by the Jews present; it had particular relation to the treatment of females.

We gave Rabbi Isaac a Hebrew and an Arabic New Testament. On my wishing to point out to him Stephen's sermon in Acts vii. and particularly the application of it at verse 51, he was so fearful of my taking the books from him, that he would not let me have them to show him the place. I therefore looked for another copy and referred him to the page.

* "The city is without trade, and consequently exceedingly poor. Its principal revenue consists in the profit gained from the pilgrims."—*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses. Vol. I. p.* 420.

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Thursday, Dec. 11, 1823.—We called on Ysa Petros, and found him surrounded with papers, translations, &c. He evinces a general love of knowledge, and a desire to communicate knowledge. Besides several maps drawn by his own hand, and with the names of places in Arabic, he has made some small globes celestial and terrestrial, the workmanship being entirely his own.

MOSQUE OF OMAR.

We afterward waited on the governor. The approach to his residence, the residence itself, and the aspect of his court, are all so destitute of what would be expected from his station, that I forbear to describe them. He asked some questions, which were far from courteous: being answered with reserve and distance on our part, he suddenly became very complaisant, repeated the compliment of sherbet, pressed us not to hurry away, and spoke of the hospitality due to strangers. The only favor which we had to ask of him, was permission to go on the roof of his house, which overlooks the mosque of Omar, the Sakkara el Aksa, and the surrounding spacious area of which his house forms one side. As we were the first since his new government who have asked this, he had to inquire of his attendants whether it was *Adet* (custom.) Being answered in the affirmative, he gave us leave, and we went up.

Here we had a view of this very interesting spot; within which had we set our foot, the penalty must have been either death or the embracing of the Mohammedan faith. Can any thing be more absurd, unjust, or harshly oppressive? Let insult offered to any, even the most absurd religion, suffer condign punishment: but is it possible that the followers of Mohammed can be gratified by such an extorted conversion to their faith; or thirst for the blood of a man, who shall, in a moment of temerity, have touched the mere earthly precincts of one of their sanctuaries? We availed ourselves of the moment, attentively to survey the solemn scene before us—where, once, that wonder and praise of the whole earth, Solomon's temple stood. The ample area is, in some parts, covered with turf: in others, the bare rock shows itself; and a few scattered trees scarcely suffice to give it the title of picturesque. The dome of the mosque is a truly noble specimen of taste; but, pressing too low upon the subjacent part of the structure, it overwhelms the symmetry of the whole: it is, in fact, best viewed at a distance, when it is seen apart from the lower building with which it is connected, and standing pre-eminent for beauty among the buildings of the city—a pre-eminence, however, diminished by its mournful defect in moral beauty. Here, they of the captivity in Ezra's days, *priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men that had seen the first house, wept with a loud voice* on beholding the inferiority of the second. Here, the Hebrew and the Christian may now, also, mingle their tears over the violation of the true faith. Here, are neither the holy precepts of the law nor the inviting promises of the gospel, to dignify or to endear the place. This splendid edifice, surmounted with the cresent, serves only to exhibit to all the world this desecrated spot, as a central monument of divine vengeance. It may, spiritually, be called *an abomination of desolation standing in the holy place, where it ought not.*

In the afternoon of this day, we waited on the two Epitropi of the Greek convent, in order to speak with them on the subject of the Apocryphal books of Scripture. We had a very explicit conversation on this topic, in which Daniel chiefly engaged: his colleague, Agios Petras, being very feeble from the effects of his late fever, and not manifesting any particular turn for theological discussion. They will send to us, from their library, the acts of the seven general councils, which may assist us in our present inquiries.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Friday, Dec. 12, 1823.—We went, this morning, to see the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The sight which meets the eye immediately upon entering, as most incongruous to the idea of a Christian place of worship, is a party of Turks sitting on the left hand, taking their ease on the divan, smoking, and watching every pilgrim who passes, that they may not loose their fee.

The first sacred object to which the attention is attracted, is the stone of unction, as it is called; being a splendid slab, laid over the spot where the body of our Lord was washed and anointed and shrouded, previous to its interment: here, devotees were prostrating themselves, and kissing the stone.

On the right hand, having ascended a flight of stairs, we entered the chapel of the crucifixion: the spot where the cross stood is shown under the altar: and, in a chapel underneath, is shown, very dimly, the figure of the rock; concerning which, Maundrell and other travellers have related the tradition of Adam's scull having been found there, when the rock was miraculously rent.

On the east side of the church is the chapel of the Greeks; who, having borne the principal share of the expense (if not the whole) of repairing the church after a fire which, in 1808, broke out and consumed a considerable part of it, have repaid themselves by keeping possession of by far the largest and handsomest portion of the building. Their chapel and high altar are decked with very showy pictures of saints, after the oriental fashion; that is, almost without any regard to perspective.

Passing behind the screen which separates their high altar from the wall of the church, there is a wide semicircular passage; from which there is, on the right hand, a descent, by many steps, to St. Helena's chapel, and the chapel of the spot where she is related to have found the cross.

At the northern extremity of this passage is the portion assigned to the Latins. Their chapel is very far from splendid: it seems, indeed, dim and gloomy. One or two devotees I observed passing a cane through a grate, and touching with it some stone or other object out of their reach; then withdrawing the cane, and kissing the extremity which had touched the holy relic within: thus, virtue is transfused from the relic to the cane, and from the cane to the lips of the devotee!

Returning to the body of the church, we approached the holy sepulchre, which is placed a little north of the centre. It is covered by a small

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building, which has the appearance of a church in miniature. The entrance is by a small door, to pass through which it is necessary to stoop low; and, in an instant, the visiter finds himself in a small chamber, not seven feet long, and allowing just space for two persons to pass each other between the wall and the tomb. The tomb, as I measured it, is six feet and a quarter long, three wide, and two feet and a quarter high. Many splendid lamps, diffusing an oppressive heat, were hanging above this venerated spot. The tomb itself is white marble, and designates only *the* PLACE *where the Lord lay*. A priest stood at the upper part of this small chamber, continually sprinkling rose water upon the tomb, which shed a faint perfume around. While we were gazing on this spot, two or three devotees came in, knelt, kissed the marble, crossed themselves many times, and moved their lips as in prayer. Our singularity, no doubt, was remarked by them, as we remained standing: but while we have no desire to offend their feelings, we have also no objection to their knowing that Protestants regard these ceremonies, as being vain in the sight of God, and detrimental to the simplicity of the gospel. I feel, moreover, that it would be difficult for me to rise in this place to the spirit of devotion. The fulsome pageantry of the scene must be first removed: the ground of Mount Calvary, now encumbered with convents, churches, and houses, and disguised by splendid altars, gaudy pictures, and questionable relics, must be cleared, and left a simple unadorned spot of nature: less precision in pointing out the scene of each portion of sacred story must be assumed: and, above all, this bustle of ecclesiastical apparatus must utterly vanish; and the dishonoring remembrance be blotted out of the mind, that, to this spot, for so many centuries, ignorance and superstition have sent their millions of votaries, on an unwarranted message. It is this last mentioned circumstance, principally, which has rendered my view of this place often a source of the deepest melancholy.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

If, however, the heart desire the solace of some holy reminiscences, these may still be enjoyed, pure and native, as the eye turns toward Mount Olivet. There, no violence, or none that merits notice, has been done to the simplicity of the scene.

In pursuance of our plan, we took horses, immediately on leaving the church of the sepulchre, to visit all the neighborhood of the Mount of Olives. Leaving the city by the gate of Jaffa, we wound our course round by the north-west angle of the walls, passed the gate of Damascus which is on the north, and then began to descend into the vale of the brook Cedron. The aspect of all this spot has been already described. We crossed the brook, passed the garden of Gethsemane, and began to ascend the Mount of Olives somewhat to the left of the direct path to its summit. The advantage gained by this was, that, by reaching a point a little north-west of this summit, we had a more extensive view of the Dead Sea, of the immense irregular ravine which leads to it commencing at the valley of Jehoshaphat, and of the distant plains and mountains of Moab. As I glanced over these devoted waters, the passage of Scripture instantaneously came into my mind—*Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire!* In the midst of our enjoyment of scriptural antiquity, we may not screen from our view the awful memorials, which ever and anon present themselves: all the surrounding country seems endeared by the remembrance of innumerable acts of Divine mercy: but what we now see reminds me, that *God is a God of judgment;* and Scripture leaves the mind in no doubt, as to the present sufferings and the eternal doom of the inhabitants of this once fertile plain of Jordan. After gazing some minutes on the immense prospect, and vainly musing which point in the line of the mountains of Moab (for there are only a few very slightly elevated points) might be that Pisgah-top from which Moses was permitted to see this land of promise, we set forward to reach the top of Mount Olivet. Here is a small village, so inconsiderable as not to spoil the aspect of the mountain from Jerusalem. Among these poor buildings is a small oratory, in the centre of which is exhibited the spot, which, as they say, was the last touched by the foot of our Saviour before the moment of His ascension! Let that pass: and let us forget that meddling, microscopic tradition has thus intruded on the sublimest of all earthly scenes—the type of that more awful scene, to be unfolded in the last day, when every eye shall see the Redeemer coming again, in like manner as he was once seen, in yonder very sky above me, ascending into heaven.

VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Having alighted at this village, we advanced a little way into the adjacent fields; and, sheltering ourselves beside one of the olive trees from the west wind which blew sharply, we enjoyed a fuller prospect of the city, every part of which lies plain before the view from this eminence. The whole of Jerusalem seems like one continuous hill, standing out singly from the midst of the surrounding mountains. To the north, east, and south, it is surrounded by the deep valley, which, in its various parts, has, at different times, borne the names of the brook of Cedron, the valley of Jehoshaphat, Tophet, and Gehinnom. On the west, the ground adjacent to the walls is, comparatively speaking, level ground; but these walls, on the western part, take in a considerable number of habitations which did not belong to the city, and did not in fact exist, in the most ancient times. They include Bezetha and Mount Calvary. Bezetha was added in the time of Herod and Pilate; and Mount Calvary, which now groans beneath the weight of monastic piles, was probably open ground, cultivated for gardens, (John xix. 41,) at the time when He who *suffered* WITHOUT THE GATE (Heb. xiii. 12,) there *poured out his soul unto death*. It is not difficult to conceive, observing from this spot the various undulations and slopes of the ground, that, when Mount Zion, Acre, and Mount Moriah constituted the bulk of the city with a deep and steep valley surrounding the greater part of it, it must have been considered by the people of that age as nearly impregnable. It stands beau-

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tiful for situation!—words which have perpetually burst from my lips as I have surveyed all the surrounding scenery, and this unique, crowning centre of the whole. It is, indeed, *builded as a city, that is compact together.* (Ps. cxii. 3.) *The kings of the earth, and all the inhabitants of the world, would not have believed that the adversary and the enemy should have entered into the gates of Jerusalem!* (Lam. iv. 12. B. C. 588.) This was said nearly two thousand four hundred years ago.—And when, 650 years after, Titus besieged and took this devoted city, he exclaimed, on viewing the vast strength of the place, "We have certainly had God for our assistant in this war; and it was no other than God, who ejected the Jews out of these fortifications: for what could the hands of men, or any machines, do towards overthrowing these towers?" (Josephus: B. vi. ch. 9.)

PROBABLE SCENE OF THE ASCENSION.

We resumed our ride: descending by a rather steep declivity eastward, we lost sight of Jerusalem; and had, on our right, the slope of the mountain, beneath or on the sides of which the direct path leads from Jerusalem to Bethany. To this interesting village we were now directing our steps. It is somewhere on this retired side of Mount Olivet, out of view of the busy city, that I should be inclined to place the scene of the Ascension; for it is said (Luke xxiv. 50, 51,) that our Lord led His disciples out as far as to Bethany, and then was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. The previous conversation, as related in the beginning of the Acts of the Apostles (ch. i. 6—9,) would, probably, occupy some time while walking toward Bethany; for we must not judge of the length of our Lord's discourses by the brevity with which the evangelists record them. Here, the last sparks of earthly ambition were extinguished in the bosoms of the apostles; and they were prepared to expect that purer fire, which was ere long to burst forth upon the day of Pentecost. Here, their Head was taken from them; and two of the ministering spirits of his train, becoming visible to their eyes, interrupted their mute astonishment, and dismissed them to their proper stations.* Returning from this place to Jerusalem, the disciples would announce to Mary the mother of Jesus, and his brethren, and all the disciples—"*Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more!* It is to the promise of his Spirit that we must now look: that Spirit will be given not many days hence, and will abide with us for ever!"

In these reflections, and on this sequestered spot, I feel a more pure delight, than I could possibly attain in the tumultuous throng of worshippers, who crowd the church of the sepulchre.—Here, silence and retirement, and the dreary grandeur of the mountains before me, and the mild glory of the heavens above, all conspire to soften and elevate the affections. When I remember, in future days, my visit to this unadorned solitude, I would endeavor to associate with it the spirit of those words—"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." (Col. iii. 1—4.) Here, therefore, memory shall exhibit to my mind the scene of the ascension!*

BETHANY.

After a short half-hour's ride from the summit of the Mount of Olives, we arrived at the little village which bears the name of Bethany, now a miserable cluster of mud hovels. We were, first, shown the grave of Lazarus. We had to descend many steps to see it, as it is now considerably beneath the ground: it does not correspond with the idea formed in the mind from reading John xi. 38. On going round the village, one ruined house was pointed out, as the site of the house of Mary and Martha.

We thought to take our repast here; but as the wind was blowing keenly, and threatened rain, we went into the adjacent field, and spread our carpet under one of the most beautiful and luxuriant olive trees that I ever beheld. The field was full of such trees. I had never, from what I have seen of innumerable olive groves in various countries, conceived it possible for this tree to attain such richness and beauty. The soil all round must be peculiarly adapted to their growth; and their flourishing aspect bespeaks also the hand of careful culture. We were surrounded, during our repast, by the sheik, and other men with the children of the village, who kept a respectful silence while we ate, and afterward thankfully received what we spared for them. Our party was now suddenly broken up by a heavy fall of rain.

We set off to return to Jerusalem, by the nearest path; that, probably, described by St. Luke in the gospel, chapter xix. verses 28—44. The scene seems, in fact, to verify itself: as you wind round the side of the mountain, and come almost suddenly in view of the city, it needs no guide to say, "This must have been the spot, where, as

* Mount Olivet is a term which applies to an extensive region of eminences all round, and not to any one point only; on the same principle as that noticed under the head of Nazareth. The specified distance, therefore—*a Sabbath day's journey*—is applicable to many spots of this place.

* The remarks of bishop Hall, in his Contemplations on the Resurrection, may very properly be introduced in this place. "There may be a kind of carnality in spiritual actions. If, O Saviour, we have heretofore known thee after the flesh, henceforth know we thee so no more. That thou livedst here, in this shape, that color, this stature, that habit, I should be glad to know; nothing that concerns thee can be unuseful. Could I say 'Here thou satest; here thou layest; here, and thus, thou wert crucified; here, buried; here, settest thy last foot;' I should, with much contentment, see and recount these memorials of thy presence: but, if I shall so fasten my thoughts upon these, as not to look higher, to the spiritual part of thine achievements, to the power and issue of thy resurrection, I am never the better." *Bp. Hall's Works*, vol. II. p. 511.

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our Saviour came near to Jerusalem, he beheld the city, and wept over it!"

We were soon thoroughly wetted by the rain; but, as it began afterward to intermit a little, we were induced to pursue our original intention of going completely through the valley surrounding the city.

VINEYARDS AND FLOCKS NEAR JERUSALEM.

I only further noticed of the view eastward, that, though the rocky country toward the Dead Sea, both northward and southward of the valley of Jehoshaphat, must evidently have been at all times very unproductive of corn, yet it possesses the two qualities essential to the accomplishment of Jacob's benediction to Judah. I was led to this remark by passing through some well-cultivated vineyards, the produce of which furnishes Jerusalem with excellent wines. Along the sides of these hills, also, we continually see flocks and herds: the sheep and goats in the immediate vicinity of the city have a very picturesque appearance, as they are slowly driven into Jerusalem just before sunset, after which the gates are shut; and from their milk a great part of the support of the inhabitants is derived. Thus, when this seemingly unpromising soil was cultivated in perfection, it would answer exactly to the promise given to the tribe of Judah—"Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes: his eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk."* (Gen. xlix. 11, 12.)

Descending into the vale of Cedron, and crossing the brook, at this time dry, we made our course again westward, that we might pass by the east and south side of the city, and enter at the western or Jaffa gate, from which we had originally set out. We passed by the Jewish burying-ground, south-east of the city.

POOL OF SILOAM.

A little further we came to the Pool of Siloam, *whose waters go softly:* they have a current; but it is almost imperceptible. I alighted to descend more than twenty steps, and taste the waters of this fountain, at which, in ancient times, the Jews were wont to celebrate a festival, singing the twelfth chapter of Isaiah. May they, once again, sing aloud on this spot—"O Lord, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."*

On the other side of the projecting hill, after passing under ground two or three hundred feet or thereabouts, (for I do not pretend to speak with exactness,) these waters re-appear: and here they are drawn off to irrigate a lovely spot, consisting of gardens and small fields, reaching from this point of the acclivity down to the dell beneath; where the brook Cedron, from the north, and the valley of Hinnom, from the south, unite in one: forming from thence the valley of Jehoshaphat. These gardens are, in summer, often frequented by the Turks, whom cool streams and the sight of verdure invite hither to repose themselves; not without the soothing fumes of the pipe. The situation of this spot appears to be that alluded to in Nehemiah iii. 15, and in 2 Kings xxv. 4, 5.

Just over against the pool of Siloam, near the bottom of the valley, and on the slope of a lofty mountain on the opposite side is a village which they call Siloa; it has a miserable aspect; many of the habitations being no better than excavations from the rock, and the rest very meanly built houses. I counted, including both kinds, about fifty: the population inhabiting them could not exceed two hundred.

VALLEY OF HINNOM.

Continuing our route on the southern side of the city, we next entered the valley of Hinnom; a deep ravine, closed in on the right by the steep acclivity of Mount Zion, and on the left by a line of cliffs more or less elevated. From some point in these cliffs, tradition relates that the apostate betrayer of our Lord sought his desperate end: and the position of the trees, which, in various parts, overhang the brow of the cliff, accords with the common opinion of the manner of his death. In some parts of this ravine, the city is not visible: the reason is, that there is a considerable portion of Mount Zion toward the south-east, which is at present not inclosed within the walls of the city. This outer part is occupied, by the burying-place of the Christians, by an Armenian convent as abovementioned without the walls, and by a very small Turkish village: the rest of this portion of Mount Zion is arable land, laid out in fields; most remarkably exhibiting, at the present day, the fulfilment of the prophecy uttered first by Micah. (chap. iii. 12;) and afterward quoted by Jeremiah (chap. xxvi. 18.) *Zion shall be ploughed as a field.*

We returned, by the Jaffa gate, about three o'clock in the afternoon, to our convent. The view of the city on approaching it from the west,

* Jebus, afterward called Jerusalem, properly belonged to the tribe of Benjamin; and the lot of Judah began on the south side of the valley of Hinnom. (Joshua xv. 8, and xviii. 16, 28.) But as this character of the soil applies equally to the country south of Jerusalem, and consequently illustrates exactly the blessing pronounced on Judah, the author does not withhold it, although it was originally suggested by scenery strictly belonging to the tribe of Benjamin.

After the taking of the strong hold of Zion by David, who was of the tribe of Judah, and the removal of the Ark to Jerusalem, this city seems to have become, in some sense, the property of that tribe; although the right of Benjamin seems never to have been wholly lost sight of. (See 1 Chron. ix. 3. Nehem. xi. 1—4.)

* Bishop Lowth (Notes on Isaiah, chap. xii.) relates this custom. "On the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, the Jews fetched water, in a golden pitcher, from the fountain of Siloah, springing at the foot of Mount Zion, without the city: they brought it through the Water-Gate into the temple; and poured it, mixed with wine, on the sacrifice as it lay on the altar, with great rejoicing.—Our Saviour applied the ceremony, and the intention of it, to Himself; and to the effusion of the Holy Spirit, promised, and to be given, by Him."

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from Jaffa, is exceedingly poor. On coming within sight of it, nothing appears to the eye but a fore-ground, running nearly level up to the walls; and these walls are not distinguished by any appearance of boldness or elegance, but only serve to hide the city from the view. The country all around, at this part, is rocky and rugged.

This excursion, being in several respects perfectly new, was to me most refreshing and delightful; and amply compensated for the inconvenience which we had suffered during the latter part of it, from frequent and heavy showers of rain.

BURIAL GROUNDS.

I have not mentioned the different burial grounds which we have observed: they are all separate, and are as follows. The Christians bury their dead on Mount Zion: the Turks have a burying-ground between the Damascus gate, and the gate going out near the mosque of Omar; another also about a quarter of a mile from the Jaffa gate, on the wayside going to the monastery of the Holy Cross: the Jews have their burying-ground on the north side of the valley of Jehoshaphat, over against where the temple anciently stood. It is the idea of many, that the scene of the day of judgment will here take place, according to a well known interpretation of Joel iii. 11—17; and these children of Abraham seem to have chosen this spot for the repose of their mortal remains, to be ready to raise at the voice of the Judge, and receive the promised favor to their people. The scenery on this side of Jerusalem is peculiarly bold, and well suited to inspire feelings of sublimity and awe.

DISTURBANCES AT BETHLEHEM.

Saturday, Dec. 13, 1823.—The day being very stormy, we were obliged to keep at home; which I much regretted, as it abridged my opportunity of seeing the Jewish synagogues, as we had appointed to do to-day. I had intended moreover, at all events, going to Bethlehem to-day, if the weather should permit: but in this also, I was disappointed. The reason of this delay in visiting the place of the nativity, was, that for several days there has been a bad understanding between the government of Jerusalem and the men of Bethlehem. These men are remarkable for their high and independent spirit; and have manifested a resolution not to stoop to the oppressive measures of the new governor. The Turkish soldiers quartered upon them having probably behaved with insolence, the Bethlehemites expelled them; and these have been, we hear, sent back with no honor to Damascus: a reinforcement has arrived, and was yesterday sent to Bethlehem. In case of my going, I should have thrown aside my Oriental dress, and have dressed as an Englishman; which would have, at once declared me neutral in the existing quarrels of the country. I still cherish the thought of going thither on Monday.*

In the afternoon, we had a call from Ysa Petros. We arranged to have service, the next day, in Italian; that he might unite with us, before my departure, in religious worship.

In the evening the Reverend Mr. Lewis arrived, by way of Ramla. He has spent many days at Damascus, Safet, and Tiberias; and gives an interesting account of the distribution of the Scriptures among Jews and Christians in the various places on his tour.

ASPECT OF THE SABBATH IN JERUSALEM.

Sunday, Dec. 14, 1823.—In the morning, Mr. Fisk, Mr. Lewis, Pappas Ysa Petros, and myself united in divine service, in Italian. This is my last of four Sabbaths spent in the holy city.

There is something very peculiar in the aspect

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* One of the consequences of the present war, between the governor of Jerusalem and the men of Bethlehem is, that these men cannot come to the city to vend their trinkets. There is, at Bethlehem, a considerable manufacture of articles in mother-of-pearl, scollop-shells, &c. on which they engrave, in a rude style, pictures of Scripture history, especially the Crucifixion, and figures of the Virgin Mary and the saints. Beads, crosses, &c. are, or rather formerly have been, a great source of trade to these unpolished artisans: these articles, after having been duly blest by the bishops, and attested as coming from the holy city, were exported to Europe, where they brought, from superstitious devotees, *no small gain unto the craftsmen.* One or two poor women have, however, ventured by stealth, with these articles, into the city; from whom I purchased a few trifles, in consideration of their present poverty. One article which they exhibited was a model in wood, inlaid with ivory, of the chapel built over the holy sepulchre. Of the various trinkets which they showed, no one served better than this to illustrate the expression translated in our English version, *silver shrines for Diana.* (Acts xix. 24.) The original is ναους αργυρους and means silver models of the temple of Diana. Whether made very small, or entirely wrought in silver—or, if larger, inlaid or washed with silver—it is of little moment. In all the Levant, and in Roman Catholic countries, the pagan traffic, so inimitably described by the prophet Isaiah (See chapters xl. 19, 20, xli. 6, 7. xliv. 12—17. xlvi. 6,) continues in full activity: nor will they be persuaded that this is idolatrous, because the seventh general council has declared it to be lawful, and anathematized all those who think the contrary.

Very shortly after the author left Jerusalem, the matter at issue between the governor of Jerusalem and the men of Bethlehem came to a trial. The governor having interested in his service as many of the neighboring Arab sheiks as he could, went out with his forces, and was met in battle by the Bethlehemites. The men of Bethlehem obtained some advantages, which led to a temporary accommodation: they were to pay a sum of money to the governor; and he, on the other hand, was not to quarter soldiers on the town, which had been the principal point at issue. The Bethlehemites, however, fearing a surprise, still continued under arms; and the governor threatened them, that the Pacha himself of Damascus should come with all his forces and compel them to admit a Turkish garrison: but *the words of the men of* Bethlehem *were fiercer* than his. A wanton piece of barbarity preceded the battle. A few days before, the governor's party found a poor old man of Bethlehem laboring in the fields, and shot him; and fixed his head over the gate of Jerusalem, as if to whet their appetite for carnage.

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of this day in these parts. We have never as yet had, indeed, occasion to say, that *the adversaries mock at our Sabbaths:* but the sensation arising from seeing, that to the Mohammedans and Jews this is a day of work, and that to the bulk of professing Christians it is, alas! a day of more than usual mirth, visiting, and feasting, abates much of that spirit of sacred sympathy which David so touchingly describes—*I went up with the* MULTITUDE *of them that kept holy day, I was glad when they said, Let us go into the house of the Lord!* On this very spot, did David once delight in these Sabbatic hours! But what would he think, were his spirit to descend from its eternal rest, to see his strong hold of Zion dismantled; and his brethren, for whose peace he prayed, broken in pieces by the oppressor? Were Solomon again to walk this earth, and view his unrivalled temple supplanted by the mosque of Omar; or could Isaiah know that his evangelic raptures are still unrevealed to multitudes on this holy hill of Zion, and that the watchmen who should have kept their stand day and night upon the walls of Jerusalem have long since held their peace and sunk into almost pagan stupor; or could the first apostles look round, and ask in this place, Who are they that have kept the faith?—what would be the emotions of their re-embodied spirits! We, so greatly their inferiors—not so devout, nor fervent, nor conversant with divine mysteries as they—yet feel amazed and utterly down-cast, when we contemplate so many visible marks of departed glory.

If, however, the work now beginning here, be (as we would humbly trust it is) right in principle, and the workmen right in heart, we must not despise the day of small things. Two ministers of the church of England, one to the Jews and another to the Gentiles, and a minister from the distant shores of the new world, uniting in prayer with a native minister of the gospel in Jerusalem, form but a small assembly; but it is such a congregation as I once never thought to see. May our prayers for an increase of laborers be accepted and answered, by the Lord of the Sabbath, *exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think!*

Our worship, besides the devotional part, consisted in my discoursing on the closing verses of the fifth chapter of the second epistle to the Corinthians: after which Mr. Fisk took up the service; and, with much feeling, discoursed from the ninth chapter of Daniel; applying it, in a very striking manner, to the present circumstances of the suffering oriental churches.

In the evening, my American brother and myself spent an hour, as we had been used to do on the close of our Sabbaths, in mutually making such friendly remarks as might be personally useful to us in our common work. As this was our last conference, I am induced to put on record the topic concerning which we then conversed and prayed—"How best to secure the advantages, and avoid the evils, which may result from our studying the characters and consequently perceiving the faults of Christian brethren?"

DEPARTURE FROM JERUSALEM.

Monday, Dec. 15, 1823.—Yesterday, beyond all expectation, after two days of stormy weather apparently likely to last, the sky cleared up, and I had resolved, should this day prove equally fair, to take my departure. Accordingly, with one of the brightest mornings that ever greeted a pilgrim's eye, I gave the word to move. At an early hour, Pappas Ysa and the Abyssinian priest were with me to take leave, and staid some time. The Greek deacon, Cæsarius, called also in haste, to say farewell: he is, himself, under orders this day to go with a party of the monks to the convent of Mar Saba, there probably to spend the Christmas festival. Various delays arose: in fact, in this country a good departure is always worth half-a-day's journey. I had only, besides my own and my servant's horse, a mule's load of baggage, a guide on horseback, and a muleteer on an ass: yet, with this simple equipage, after having actually taken leave of my brethren and passed two or three streets, I discovered serious impositions which the guide wished to pass upon me, and was obliged to return and have, as usual, a conflict with that perverse thing—Arab temper. On these occasions, I have observed that it is only necessary to be in the right, and to show yourself decided and calm; upon which, after a few malignant evolutions, the evil spirit becomes submissive, and even tractable. Thus it was with my guide, on the present occasion: finding himself detected, he hastened to repair his error; and, with redoubled vehemence, laid both hands upon his green turban to assure me with their usual oath, "Upon my head," that he would serve me faithfully. (See Matthew v. 36.) This is the commonest oath of the country, "On my head."*

At length all parties being brought round to good humor, and Mohammed the guide the more so for having been completely conquered, we made a second more successful departure.

REFLECTIONS ON LEAVING JERUSALEM.

At half past eleven o'clock, we passed the Damascus gate of the city; and, in half an hour, reached the top of the hill, from which I had caught the first view of Jerusalem on my arrival,

* Another most common oath with the Arabs is *W'Allah*; an appeal to the Sacred Name. Occasionally they strengthen this by *W'en-Nabi*, "By the Prophet." The remark, *an oath for confirmation is an end of all strife*, is often curiously exemplified by the Arabs, in their most common transactions. After wrangling a long while, with a vehemence and a pertinacity, which seems to shut out all hope of conciliation, they will (if suffered by the traveller to take their own time) suddenly come to terms: their chief, who has watched the furious debate, and in good part fomented it, marks the auspicious moment, clenches the question: gives the signal *W'Allah*, and at once all is settled; every man proceeds to his post, whether it be loading or unloading animals, or setting off on a journey, &c. The man, who has a minute before defied and insulted the traveller to his face, will then come smiling and fawning about him, with an officiousness still more disgusting than his previous rudeness. It is best, on these occasions, not to contend; neither to *rage*, nor *laugh*, with them. (See Prov. xxix. 9.)

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and from which I was now to see it for the last time.

While the servants went on, I rode to a fair green spot, and turned my horse's head round, that I might enjoy a few moment's solitary meditation on the view before me! Surely no traveller would fail to snatch such a moment. With little bodily strength, and through a variety of scenes in which troubles had been anticipated, though none had been experienced, I have thus succeeded in accomplishing the pilgrimage to the holy city. "What good," I thought, "has my visit done here? Who will be the better for it? Here—where the Saviour bled—how have I requited His love?" These thoughts rapidly passed through my mind, raising such pensive feelings as I am no stranger to. "I feel that I have done almost nothing: and even if, humanly speaking, I had done much, yet I must before my Master acknowledge that I am an unprofitable servant. But it is now too late to amend this visit; for the time is past, and I must bid farewell to Jerusalem. The noon-day sun shines strong and bright upon the city, and seems to mock its base condition. What a contrast between its aspect at this distance, and its actual state! Here, the smaller objects not being minutely discernible, the glowing strains of David seem as true and lively as they were when they first answered to the touch of his instrument of ten strings—*Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.* Still, there seem to be her towers, her bulwarks, and her palaces challenging our admiration. But I have now, for more than twenty days, known that these are not the towers or the temple of ancient times. At every step, coming forth out of the city, the heart is reminded of that prophecy, accomplished to the letter, *Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles.** All the streets are wretchedness; and the houses of the Jews more especially (the people who once held a sceptre on this mountain of holiness) are as dunghills."

While I gazed, my eyes filled with tears till I could look no longer. The frequent ejaculation of the bishop of Nazareth came into my mind—"Lord, how long!" I thought, too, of those brethren, from whom I had just parted, and for whose sakes I had an additional motive to pray, *Peace be within thy walls!* I then suddenly broke off from this multitude of thoughts, which was growing too painful for me; and pursuing my journey, I felt by degrees as though my present mission was, in some sense, accomplished; and began to indulge, more warmly, the hope of returning to my family in peace.

AIN YABROUD.

In the evening, at sunset, we turned off from the road a little to the left, to sleep at Ain Yabroud; a poor village of about fifty houses, all Mohammedans. Our guide, Mohammed, immediately rode up to what he called the principal house: and such, indeed, it seemed to be; the centre part being built high, so as at a distance to give it the appearance of a tower: at the same time he sent some of the villagers to inquire for sheik Ibrahim, the head of the place. I found it difficult, however, to conceive myself entering the chief house of the village. I had, on dismounting, to pass through a wretched court yard; and, at the door, found the point of precedence disputed with me by asses, oxen, sheep, and goats, a very large company. As I paused for a moment to look into a residence which appeared within to be scarcely habitable, these irrational tenants, not at all standing upon ceremony, but knowing well their prescriptive title, herded downward into a sort of lower chamber; while my guide, behind me, pointed to four steps, which, if I would have the goodness to mount them, would raise me so many degrees above the brute creation. I very reluctantly complied; and, at once, found myself on a large mud floor; which, with a small recess on one side for the females of the family, presented at one view the whole interior of the best house in the village. The nether inhabitants of this dwelling were now lifting up such an inharmonious chorus, as gave presage of a very uncomfortable night. "What are we to do?" I said to my servant: "and when will this uproar cease!" "When the cattle have had their fodder," he replied; which happily proved true: for, in less than ten minutes, all this disturbance yielded to a profound sleep, which knew no interruption till the next morning light. The party below having thus supped and quieted themselves, the sheik and the men of the village began to assemble on the upper floor, where I had seated myself, near a large blazing fire; which, but for the immense amount of animal heat already accumulated in the house, would have been very seasonable. The sheik, by way of compliment and protection, sat by me, leaning on my baggage and bedding; an omen of unwelcome companions likely to be added to my party. A large assembly gradually collected in the room, not fewer than fifteen venerable, bearded men, all with huge dirks at their sides—which, as they sat down, they drew out and laid before them on the floor; but whether as a compliment, or merely for their own convenience, I could not divine. To prevent their troublesome curiosity in asking after my purposes, I made many inquiries into their affairs, and learned that this house is indeed the castle of the village, and has served that end many times in their quarrels with their neighbors. They described to me who were their friends, and who their enemies. As far, as Beer, a town which I had passed, about an hour and a half to the south of Ain Yabroud, they have friends: but, on the other side of Beer, to Jerusalem, and in all that region, enemies; their head sheik, Ishmael, being at war with the celebrated Abu Goosh, who lives between Jerusalem and Ramla. In consequence, they cannot go to Jerusalem: and having lately sold oil, the produce of their land, to persons living there, they cannot themselves carry it; but the purchasers are obliged to come from Jerusalem, to fetch it. On the other side, to the north, they are at war with Sangyl. Thus they are be-

* The author would here add, that he has, subsequently, very often meditated on that phrase: and he can with truth affirm, that no expression could have been invented more descriptive of the visible state of Jerusalem, than this single phrase, *trodden down*—furnished by the most lively and descriptive of all writings extant, the Bible.

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set on all quarters. I began to point out the unnatural troubles of war; reminding them that they were all of one blood, and that they themselves felt the inconveniences of this bad system: from all which the chief sheik, Ibrahim, drew back with evident marks of distaste. I could not help thinking, how much more readily do most men welcome a fomenter of quarrels, than a peacemaker! Had I brought them some evil news of their neighbors, something to rouse their bad passions, they would have been better pleased than they were with these abstract reasonings. The sheik, unable to withstand my remarks, retorted the *argumentum ad hominem*; asking whether the case was not the same exactly with the Christians at Jerusalem, and he supposed in other countries also. I said, "But such are not true Christians: for our religion commands us to love one another; and they who violate this rule, cease to be Christians." My servant, perceiving the sheik and his wide circle considerably dissatisfied with the turn of the conversation, would interpret for me no further. If my remarks should have left no good impression on the minds of these Arab peasants, may they convey a lesson to those who read these lines! *By our fruits* will men judge of our faith. Thus, in fact, have professing Christians been judged in Palestine; and thus will Protestant missionaries be judged who shall go thither. Having signified my desire of rest, the party broke up; but about ten remained, with whom I had to sleep upon the floor: so we all lay, stretched out, foot to foot, or head to head.

RETURN TO NABLOUS.

Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1823.—Left Ain Yabroud at eight o'clock in the morning, and passed Sangyl in two hours and a half; arriving at Khan Leban in one hour more: here I rested a while.

An hour after, on the way to Nablous, we met with the first insult, and indeed the only one, experienced by me in all this journey. A man ran after us, some distance, with a long staff in his hand, announcing another who soon followed, carrying a gun: he was the sheik of the district. We halted, to know his pleasure. His pleasure was, first, to know who and what we were, who presumed to pass without paying tribute: to which the answer was short—that I was an Englishman, and the bearer of two letters from the governor of Jerusalem to the governor of Nablous. He said, he acknowledged no governor; that his village had always been free and independent; that a man of Jerusalem had come to buy oxen of him, to the value of two hundred piastres, and by night had driven away the oxen without payment; that he should, therefore, take Mohammed into custody till the money was sent him from Jerusalem, unless I was willing to pay down the 200 piastres. As we were only three hours from Nablous, we agreed that Mohammed should be detained, and I go on to the governor with my letters. Upon this our assailant dropped his high pretensions, and finally suffered us to go, without gaining a single para, and with no other inconvenience to us than the delay.

A little further on, my servant directed my attention to a common circumstance, which aptly enough illustrates a verse of Scripture. It was a family returning from their work in the field, bringing wood home for fuel. Several of them were young girls; the youngest a child not above four years of age, which the others were continually scolding for not keeping up with them, although it was manifestly struggling under a very disproportionate share of the family burden. This might explain the latter clause of Lamentations v. 13—"They took the young men to grind, and the children fell under the wood."

Arriving fatigued in the evening at Nablous, I only sent my letters, without waiting on the governor; he immediately sent his secretary, who, it appeared, was the son of the chief of the Samaritans. The father, now in years, formerly filled the office. I was lodging, as before, at the house of the Greek priest. He insisted on serving up coffee, to which the Samaritan, with some reluctance, assented. I was not at all pleased with the ill compliment paid to him, and, through him, to the government of Nablous, by the Greek priest who sipped the coffee before he presented it to him, a ceremony which I have never before witnessed in any house that I have yet visited in the east; but which, if report speaks true, of foul deeds lately done in this city, was not a superfluous, or unmeaning act.

Close adjoining to the house of the priest, and in a manner part of it, was the church. It was the eve of Saint Saba, and the Christian people were assembling to divine service. I counted thirty-six men present, a large proportion of the male Christian population of this modern Sychem; but in the narrow anti-room, where females stand, there was but one woman—a perfect contrast to the occasional religious services of our own country! but easily to be accounted for. Here, public devotion being in an unknown language, assumes more the appearance of a mere task; and, consequently, men, are expected to attend it as if transacting some work of business, while their wives are enduring heavy drudgery at home. In England, our week day services, better adapted to touch the heart, are attractive to the more feeling sex; while the men excuse their non-attendance, on the plea of ever-urgent occupation.

FROM NABLOUS TO BEIROUT.

Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1823.—On leaving Nablous, we found that heavy rain had fallen in the night, and more was likely to fall: I had, therefore, good reason to press on without any delay to Beirout. I returned by the same stages as those by which we came: nothing remarkable occurring on the way; unless I were to notice that the Latin convent at Nazareth had been, in this interval, much deserted, there being only six friars left in it—the others were gone either to Bethlehem or Acre.

Between Acre and Tyre, I met a very respectable elderly person in black Frank clothes, who informed me that he was an Irish Roman Catholic priest, and had vowed, or as he expressed it, had made a promise to God, that he would go all the way on foot to Jerusalem; and, having thus far kept his promise, voyages of course excepted, he will probably hold on, till his feet stand within the

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gates of the holy city. I was in such urgent haste to escape the rain, and reach my destination before night-fall, that I could not stop to converse with him as I wished.* As it was, I was under the necessity of halting short of Tyre, and sleeping in a most miserable hut, not water-proof—the rain dropping through on my bed—at Ras el Ain. All the rest of the way to Beirout, I was occasionally incommoded by stormy weather; but happily nothing like illness detained me before my arrival in that city, which took place late on Monday night, the 22d of December.

Here, to my great joy, I found Mr. and Mrs. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Goodell, and Mr. King, occupying a house, and giving a new missionary attraction to the place. I have reason to record with especial gratitude, the many acts of Christian kindness which I experienced under the hospitable roof of our American friends. These offices of love were, indeed, most seasonable; as my stay in Beirout, which it was supposed would not exceed a week or two, was unexpectedly protracted to fifty days, during which anxious period the effect of my journeying developed itself in a painful illness which fell upon me, but which providentially spent its force before my departure.

An opportunity for Alexandria, at length, offered on the 9th of February, 1824; when I quitted Syria with such emotions of thankfulness, as might well arise in the breast of one who, after performing in past years several almost solitary journeys, had spent nearly all the last five months in the society of missionary brethren and sisters. With these, already become eight in number, I had often experienced the blessing spoken of in those expressive words—"We have fellowship one with another; and, truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ."

ITINERARY OF THE AUTHOR.

	Hours.
Beirout to Saide	10½
Saide to Sour	9
Sour to Nahoura	5½
Nahoura to Acre	6
Acre to Nazareth	9
Nazareth to Tiberias	5½
Tiberias to Safet	6½
Safet to Hattyn	6
Hattyn to Cana	2½
Cana to Nazareth	1½
Nazareth to Gennyn	6
Gennyn to Nablous	8½
Nablous to Sangyl	6
Sangyl to Ain Yabroud	2½
Ain Yabroub to Jerusalem	6½

The time from Acre to Nazareth was increased by perhaps two hours, from the guide not being well acquainted with the road.

A traveller, on horseback, and unincumbered with baggage, would perform most of these distances, especially in fine weather, in a shorter time.

* The account which we afterward heard of the progress of this pilgrim was as follows:—Having arrived at Nazareth, he heard that there were so many difficulties likely to be met with, if he proceeded on foot to Jerusalem, that he determined to return to Acre, and thence take a passage in a boat to Jaffa. In the mean time a rumor of the plague at Tiberias induced the pacha of Acre to establish a quarantine in that city. The Irish priest, while he remained in Nazareth, attended with the greatest humanity to a dying Italian, from whom every body else fled, supposing him to be infected with the plague. Unacquainted with the horror which that apprehension inspires in persons accustomed to the Levant, he seemed astonished at the selfishness of their fears, and himself alone supported the languishing patient many hours in his arms. The case was, however, of a consumptive nature; the life of his attendant would otherwise, in all probability, have been forfeited. He, after this, returned to Acre; but, quarantine having been established, was not permitted to enter; and himself suffered much from the inclemency of the season. He finally reached the holy city in safety—"his vow completed."

NOTES TO THE JOURNAL.

A.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

HOUSE OF THE DEAD.

While walking out, one evening, a few fields' distance from Deir el Kamr, with Hanna Doomani, the son of my host, to see a detached garden belonging to his father, he pointed out to me, near it, a small, solid, stone building, apparently a house; very solemnly adding, "*Kabber beity*,"—"the sepulchre of our family." It had neither door nor window. He then directed my attention to a considerable number of similar buildings, at a distance: which, to the eye, are exactly like houses; but which are, in fact, family mansions for the dead. They have a most melancholy appearance, which made him shudder while he explained their use. They seem, by their dead walls, which must be opened at each several interment of the members of a family, to say, "This is an unkindly house, to which visiters do not willingly throng: but, one by one, they will be forced to enter; and none who enter ever come out again."

Perhaps this custom, which prevails particularly at Deir el Kamr, and in the lonely neighboring parts of the mountain, may have been of great antiquity; and may serve to explain some Scripture phrases. The prophet Samuel was buried *in his house at Ramah*: 1 Sam. xxv. 1: it could hardly be in his dwelling-house. Joab "was buried in his own house in the wilderness:" 1 Kings ii. 34. This was "the house appointed for all living:" Job xxx. 23.

Carpzovius remarks, "Vix credendum est sepulchra in ipsis ædibus sub tecto fuisse . . . quapropter rectius intelligitur id omne quod ad domum pertinet, eidemque coheret; ac proin etiam area, vel hortus, in cujus forte angulo exteriori tale quoddam extruxerunt monumentum." The view of these sepulchral houses at Deir el Kamr puts the matter beyond conjecture.

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"Possibly, likewise, the passages in Proverbs ii. 18, 19, and vii. 27, and ix. 18, describing the house of a wanton woman, may have drawn their imagery from this custom. "He knoweth not that the dead are there.....her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her return again."

Gen. xviii. 6, 10, and xxvii. 14, 17.

When we had finished our meals, in the family in which I resided at Deir el Kamr, and were risen, the mother, daughter, and daughter-in-law, who had been waiting at the door, came in, and partook of what remained. Thus it is in Syria: and thus it has been, probably, ever since Abraham, *a Syrian ready to perish*, traversed these regions, dwelling in tents: when Sarah, having prepared an entertainment for three divine strangers, did not present it, that being Abraham's office; but stood at the tent-door, which was behind him. So Rebekah prepared food for her husband to eat, and sent it in by the hand of Jacob.

Prov. xi. 21.

The expression *though hand join in hand*, may bear a slight correction; conformable both to the original Hebrew, and also to the custom actually prevailing in Syria. The original simply signifies, *hand to hand*. And this is the custom of persons in the east, when they greet each other, or strike hands, in token of friendship and agreement. They touch their right hands respectively; and then raise them up to their lips and forehead. This is the universal eastern courtesy: the English version, and the devices grounded upon it, give the idea of *hand clasped in hand*, which is European, rather than oriental. The sense, therefore, is, *Though hand meet hand*—intimating, that heart assents to heart in the perpetration of wickedness—*yet shall not the wicked go unpunished.*

Isaiah xiv. 8.

As we passed through the extensive forest of fir-trees situated between Deir el Kamr and Ainep, we had already heard, at some distance, the stroke of one solitary axe, resounding from hill to hill. On reaching the spot, we found a peasant, whose labor had been so far successful, that he had felled his tree and lopped the branches. He was now hewing it in the middle, so as to balance the two halves upon his camel; which stood patiently by him, waiting for his load. In the days of Hiram, king of Tyre, and subsequently under the kings of Babylon, this romantic solitude was not so peaceful: that most poetic image in Isaiah, who makes these very trees vocal, exulting in the downfall of the destroyer of nations, seems now to be almost realized anew—"Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us."

Isaiah lii. 2, 10.

The use of the oriental dress, which I now wear, brings to the mind various Scriptural illustrations, of which I will only mention two.

The figure in Isaiah lii. 10, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm," is most lively: for the loose sleeve of the Arab shirt, as well as that of the outer garment, leaves the arm so completely free, that, in an instant, the left hand passing up the right arm makes it bare; and this is done when a person—a soldier, for example, about to strike with the sword—intends to give his right arm full play. The image represents Jehovah as suddenly prepared to inflict some tremendous, yet righteous judgment—so effectual, "that all the ends of the world shall see the salvation of God."

The other point illustrated occurs in the second verse of the same chapter: where the sense of the last expressions is, to an oriental, extremely natural—"Shake thyself from the dust—arise—sit down, O Jerusalem." It is no uncommon thing to see an individual, or a group of persons, even when very well-dressed, sitting, with their feet drawn under them, upon the bare earth, passing whole hours in idle conversation. Europeans would require a chair; but the natives here prefer the ground. In the heat of summer and autumn, it is pleasant to them to while away their time in this manner, under the shade of a tree. Richly-adorned females, as well as men, may often be seen thus amusing themselves. As may naturally be expected, with whatever care they may, at first sitting down, choose their place, yet the flowing dress by degrees gathers up the dust: as this occurs, they, from time to time, arise, adjust themselves, shake off the dust, and then sit down again. The captive daughter of Zion, therefore, brought down to the dust of suffering and oppression, is commanded to arise and shake herself from that dust; and then, with grace and dignity and composure and security, to *sit down;* to take, as it were, again, her seat and her rank amid the company of the nations of the earth, which had before afflicted her, and trampled her to the earth.

It may be proper to notice that bishop Lowth gives another rendering—*Arise, ascend thy lofty seat*—and quotes eastern customs, to justify the version: but I see no necessity for the alteration, although to English ears it may sound more appropriate. A person of rank in the east often sits down upon the ground, with his attendants about him.

Matt. vi. 3, and Prov. vi. 13.

The manner in which the Samaritan priest desired me, on parting, to express our mutual goodwill, was by an action, than which there is not one more common in all the Levant. He put the fore-finger of his right hand parallel to that of his left, and then rapidly rubbed them together, while I was expected to do the same, repeating the words, "right, right;" or, in common acceptation, "together, together." It is in this manner that persons express their consent on all occasions; on concluding a bargain, on engaging to bear one another company, and on every kind of friendly agreement or good understanding.

May not this serve to explain the phrase in Matt. vi. 3: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth?" that is, "Let not thy heart consent to its own good thoughts, with a

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sinful self-applause." So much is said, in the Old Testament, of speaking with the eyes, hands, and even feet, that it is scarcely understood by Englishmen. They should see the expressive and innumerable gesticulations of foreigners when they converse: many a question is answered, and many a significant remark conveyed, by even children, who learn this language much sooner than their mother tongue. Perhaps the expression of Solomon, that the wicked man *speaketh with his feet*, (Prov, vi. 13,) may appear more natural, when it is considered that the mode of sitting on the ground in the east brings the feet into view, nearly in the same direct line as the hands; the whole body crouching down together, and the hands, in fact, often resting upon the feet.

Matt. xxvi, 23, and John xiii. 25—27.

To witness the daily family habits, in the house in which I lived at Deir el Kamr, forcibly reminded me of Scripture scenes. The absence of the females at our meals has been already noticed. There is another custom, by no means agreeable to a European; to which, however, that I might not seem unfriendly, I would have willingly endeavored to submit, but it was impossible to learn it in the short compass of a twenty days' visit. There are set on the table, in the evening, two or three messes of stewed meat, vegetables, and sour milk. To me, the privilege of a knife and spoon and plate was granted: but the rest all helped themselves immediately from the dish; in which it was no uncommon thing to see more than five Arab fingers at one time. Their bread, which is extremely thin, tearing and folding up like a sheet of paper, is used for the purpose of rolling together a large mouthful, or sopping up the fluid and vegetables. But the practice which was most revolting to me was this: when the master of the house found in the dish any dainty morsel, he took it out with his fingers, and applied it to my mouth. This was true Syrian courtesy and hospitality; and, had I been sufficiently well-bred, my mouth would have opened to receive it. On my pointing to my plate, however, he had the goodness to deposit the choice morsel there. I would not have noticed so trivial a circumstance, if it did not exactly illustrate what the evangelists record of the last supper. St. Matthew relates that the traitor was described by our Lord in these terms—"He, that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me:" xxvi. 23. From this it may be inferred that Judas sat near to our Lord; perhaps on one side next to him. St. John, who was leaning on Jesus' bosom, describes the fact with an additional circumstance. Upon his asking, "Lord, who is it?" Jesus answered, "He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it. And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon. And after the sop, Satan entered into him:" xiii. 25—27.

B.

THE TANTOOR, A FEMALE HEAD DRESS IN SYRIA.

The most extraordinary oriental costume which I have yet seen, is the head-dress worn by many females at Deir el Kamr, and in all the adjacent region of Mount Lebanon. In the cities on the sea-coast it is not so frequently seen. It is called Tantoor; and is set on the forehead, projecting like a straight horn. It is from fifteen to twenty inches long; in its thickness gradually diminishing; having its diameter at one extremity about four inches, at the other about two. It is hollow, otherwise the weight would be insupportable to the stiffest neck; and it is tinselled over, so as to give it a silvery appearance. The end with the larger diameter rests on the forehead, where it is strapped to, by one strap passing behind the head, and another passing under the chin: the horn itself protrudes straight forward, inclining upward, at an angle of about twenty or thirty degrees. Over the farther extremity they throw the veil, which thus serves the double purpose of modesty and shade.

I could hear no account of the origin of this unicorn costume. In its style it differs materially from the horns described by Bruce in Abyssina, and by other travellers; which have been considered as illustrating those passages in Scripture, *Lift not up your horn on high.....Thine horn hast thou exalted, &c.* For, here it is the females that wear it; and not the men, as in Abyssinia: it has no appearance of strength, nor indeed to me of beauty; although, doubtless, among the females of Mount Lebanon there may be as much vanity in their mode of adjusting and bearing this article of dress, as is to be found at any European toilet. Some, indeed, though very few, wear this monstrous ornament, protruding from one side of the face instead of the front: but I could obtain no satisfactory account of this heretical fashion, any more than of the orthodox position of the Tantoor.

It is not worn by the Druse women only. The servant of the house where I lived at Deir el Kamr wore one: so also did a young woman whose marriage I there witnessed; several likewise of the virgins, that were her fellows, and bore her company, wore this head-dress. All these were Christians. Hanna Doomani told me that it is used chiefly by the lower orders; at least that those who have been brought up at Damascus, or at the principal cities, would not think of wearing it. In other words, probably, it is the true ancient female mountaineer's costume; but what is its degree of antiquity, it may be difficult to discover.

In examining various critics for the oriental sense of the word "horn," the following passages occurred, which may serve, in a collateral manner, to illustrate the costume of the Tantoor. These passages refer to a drawing, with which almost every child is familiar, who has seen the old picture books, representing the person of Moses. By a vulgar error, he is often depicted as having a horn projecting from his forehead, or a ray of glory beaming forth in that form. The origin of this is referred by the critics to a too servile rendering, in the Vulgate, of the original Hebrew. Glassius (*Philologia Sacra*, p. 819,) after giving various metaphorical senses of the word "horn," adds this signification, in conclusion: "*In modum cornuum radios diffundere, coruscare, radiare, splendere, significat. Exodus* xxxiv. 29, 30, 35. *Ubi de Mosis facie splendescente sermo est. Chald.*

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'*Multiplicatus erat splendor gloriæ faciei suæ.*' *LXX.* 'δεδοξασται η οψις τυ χρωτος τυ προσωπυ αυτυ" *ad quam versionem Paulus*, 2 Cor. iii. 7, *respexit. Vulgata:* '*Quod cornuta esset facies sua.*' *Ex qua versione Moses cornutus in picturis quibusdam prodiit.*"

The same is noted by Carpzovius, who refers to this source a similar picture of a heathen deity: *Ceterum inde fluxit insanus Gentilium error, qui Bacchum suum, maxime in expeditione Indica, cornutum tradiderunt; sub cujus nomine Mosen eos coluisse Vossius, Huetius, aliique demonstrarunt.*"

Ludovicus de Dieu, in his note on Exodus xxxiv. 35, further remarks, "*Sic in historia Saracenica Elmacini, ut et passim alibi Alexander Magnus cognominatur* '*habens quo cornua*;' i. e. *duplicem gloriam, ob imperium Orientis et Occidentis.*"

The Tantoor of Mount Lebanon is evidently intended for splendor, while the horn worn by the Abyssinian chiefs was significant of strength. Whether the version of St. Jerome—"*Quod cornuta esset facies ejus*"—first gave rise to the painting of Moses in that manner, and thus led to the adoption of the costume; or whether, on the other hand, the closeness of his rendering may indicate that such a costume already existed in Syria when he wrote, so that his allusion would, in that era and in that country, seem nothing forced or strange, may be left to conjecture. I should incline to the latter opinion; and, consequently, imagine that the costume is as ancient, at least, as his time.

C.

ON TYRE.

It might perhaps be thought that the aqueducts and Solomon's cisterns are an exception to the remark at p. 39, that not a vestige of an ancient city appears on the site of the first Tyre. These structures seem, however, to be fairly laid out of the question by the following criticism of Maundrell, (Journey, March 21, 1697)—who, noticing the TRADITION, that these cisterns were part of the recompense made by Solomon to King Hiram for the materials sent toward the building of the temple, shrewdly remarks—"They are, doubtless, very ancient; but yet of a much later date than what this tradition ascribes to them. That they could not be built till since Alexander's time, may be conjectured from this, among other arguments; because the aqueduct, which conveys the water from hence to Tyre, is carried over the neck of land, by which Alexander in his famous siege of this place joined the city to the continent. And as the cisterns cannot well be imagined to be ancienter than the aqueduct; so one may be sure the aqueduct cannot be older than the ground it stands upon."

To the denunciations of the prophet Ezekiel against Tyre, may be added the brief but energetic prediction of Zachariah, (ch. ix. 3, 4) of the ruin of that devoted city—*Tyrus did build herself a strong hold: and heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets. Behold, the Lord will cast her out, and he will smite her power in the sea, and she shall be devoured with fire.*—Possibly the expression of the prophet Isaiah (doubtless alluding to the most ancient Tyre,) might be thought to weaken the remark, that the insular town was not necessarily to be considered as identical with the old city—*Be still, ye inhabitants of* THE ISLE. (ch. xxxiii. 2, 6.) But Bishop Lowth translates this passage—*Ye inhabitants of the sea-coast.* This is very learnedly discussed by Reland. Poole and Vitringa both accord with this rendering. Ancient Tyre is by Strabo represented to be what would seem considerably south: this writer says, (Geography, Book xvi. under "Syria") "Tyre is distant from Sidon not more than two hundred stadia. Between them is a city named Ornithon; (πολιχνιον, Ορνιθων πολις λεγομενη *called the city of birds?*) After this, near Tyre, a river disembogues itself. After Tyre is Palæ-Tyrus, thirty stadia distant." Thirty stadia would be nearly four miles English. The impression made on my mind, after consulting various authorities, is one which entirely concurs with both the prophetic writings and the actual view of the spot—namely, that between Modern Tyre, and Khan Nahoura, (though much nearer to the former,) existed Palæ-Tyrus; being built to the water's edge: which would explain Ezekiel xxvii. 3.

D.

STATE OF THE JEWS AT SAFET.

From what we learned at Safet, it is evident that affairs are there much worse with the Jews, than they were at the time when Basnage described them. The reader may compare with the statements given at pp. 50, 51, the following account of Safet, in book vii. chapter 24, section 1, of Basnage's History of the Jews. Having remarked that the zeal of the Jews toward the Holy Land is much cooled, he adds, that, of the cities to which they resort, "Safet is the most peopled, and the most celebrated among them. They there enjoy many advantages. For first, this city, situated in the tribe of Naphtali, at a distance of nine miles from Bethsaida, upon a mountain with a tripple ridge or sumufit, is extremely difficult of access. It is thus protected from the incursions of the roving Arabs, who pillage and desolate whatever cities they can enter. Secondly, I know not whether it be that the Turks are unwilling, by ill-treating the Jews, to occasion the depopulation of the town, or whether it is the mildness of the Ottomans that attracts the Jews thither; certain it is that they are more numerous at Safet, and that they are more kindly treated here, than in all the rest of the Ottoman empire.....A third of the inhabitants are Turks: the other two-thirds are Jews."

E.

ENMITY OF SAMARITANS TO JEWS AND CHRISTIANS.

Mill, in his "Dissertationes Selectæ," has one entire Dissertation, (the xivth) "On the Causes of the Enmity between the Jews and the Samaritans." In reference to the exclusive regard of

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the Samaritans to their Pentateuch, noticed in the preceding Journal, Mill quotes from them the following declaration:—"*Possidemus etiam codicem legis, a temphoribus gratiæ, quem scripsit Abia filius Pinchasi. Legitur enim scriptum in eo: Ego Abisa filius Pinchasi f. Eleazaris f. Aaronis sacerdotis, scripsi hoc in atrio Tabernaculi Convocationis, in monte Garizim, ano decimo tertio a reversione filiorum Israel in terram Canaan, et in fines ejus circumcirca. Laudo Dominum.*" He adds, "*Eumque tanta religione colunt, ut, præter sacerdotem summum, nemo attingere eum audeat. Codicem autem Hebræum non modo spernunt, sed etiam diris devovent.*"

Mill further relates, that the enmity of the Samaritans has not been less bitter against the Christians; quoting, in proof, the following passage from Eutychius: "In the twenty-first year of the reign of Justinian, the Samaritans, having made an incursion into Palestine, destroyed all the churches, and cast fire into them: they likewise killed many Christians, cruelly tormented others, and murdered the bishop of Nablous. Hearing of this, Justinian the emperor sent a large army, and slew a great multitude of Samaritans." The consequence of this war was, that the Christians would not admit into the bosom of the church any Samaritan who was desirous of becoming a Christian, under less than two years' probation.—*Millii Dissertationes Selectæ*, p. 435, & p. 453.

F.

POPULATION OF JERUSALEM.

In addition to what is said, on the population of Jerusalem, it may be remarked, that in reference to the holy city, (as, indeed, all places in the Levant,) the most various statements are to be found in different writers. There can be little doubt, however, that Hasselquist has committed a very great error, when he says, "Jerusalem has amongst its inhabitants 20,000 Jews." (Voyages in the East, "Jerusalem.") It may be agreeable to the reader to hear a more moderate estimate, certainly more near the truth, by the late Professor Carlyle: "The population," he says, "consists of 9,000 Mohammedans, 3,000 Jews, 2,000 Greeks, 600 Latins, 200 Armenians, 100 Jacobites or Syrians, and two or three families of Copts or Maronites." (See Walpole's Memoirs, p. 187.) This would make a total of about 15,000; which is the utmost that the author conceives the city would contain, in ordinary circumstances.

G.

NUMBER OF CONVENTS IN JERUSALEM.

The number of Christian convents in Jerusalem was stated to me thus:—thirteen Greek convents; of which some are for monks, others, for nuns—three Armenian; two for monks, and one for nuns—two Coptic—one Abyssinian—one Latin; with another religious house attached to it. This would give a total of twenty-one monastic establishments; but some of them are very poor and mean, and, except during the season for pilgrims, scarcely tenanted. In the convent of Mar Michael where we lodged, there were, besides ourselves, the Superior—his sister—the Superior of the monastery of St. Saba—and two or three poor Greeks or Anatolians; who seem hardly to know either how to live here, or how to get away, or what place to go to.

H.

RIGOR OF THE ADVENT FAST.

The rigor of the Lent which is kept during the four weeks of Advent began before I left Jerusalem. Among other persons who were suffering under it, was the aged sister of the superior of the convent of Mar Michael. I had given the superior some medicine, which he found very beneficial; on which his sister applied to me for similar relief. On making inquiry into her diet, I found that she was so impoverishing her constitution by fasting, that, at her advanced age and with her infirmities, I doubted the safety of administering medicine of sufficient power to remove her indisposition. Her illness was, in fact, entirely owing to bad and low food. She complained that she had lost all appetite; I recommended her to take a little meat to strengthen her stomach, or at least some broth. At this she grew outrageous—walked up to me, as if she was about to quarrel—and asked whether I wished her to neglect her religion and her duty to God; this she would never do! I applied some simple arguments, but they only served to irritate: and I, therefore, desisted. She afterward, several times, complained to my servant, because I had not sufficient skill to restore the tone of her appetite, without disturbing her fast.

I.

JEWS IN ABYSSINIA.

Concerning a people so interesting as the Jews and a country so interesting as Abyssinia, it is desirable to collate every possible kind of information, both new and old. The very imperfect account obtained from the Abyssinian priest whom I met at Jerusalem will receive further light from the history of Ludolf, with the commentary; in which the state of the Jews up to the period of 1691 is recorded. The following extract is from the history:—

"Besides the men of Abyssinian extraction, various other nations inhabit this country; namely, Jews, Mohammedans, and very many Gentiles mixed with the rest. The Jews formerly held many and ample regions—nearly all Dembea; as also, Wagara and Samen, among the rocks of which they stoutly defended themselves, till driven out by Susneus. Formerly, they inhabited those regions by their own right; from whence, probably, arose the fable, that somewhere under the dominion of Prester John, or near it, they still possessed power under some Jewish king. They now dwell scattered; and many yet remain in Dembea, who support themselves by making clothes, and by smith's work, in which they are particularly skilful. Others, passing beyond the boundaries of the kingdom, westward, betook themselves to dwell among the Caffres, near the

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Nile; and these are called by the Ethiopians 'Falashan,' that is, 'Exiles.' Very many still have their synagogues, and their Hebrew Bibles, and use a corrupt Talmudical dialect among themselves. Did not the fathers of the society of Jesuits make research, when, or on what occasion these Jews first came into Ethiopia?—whether they belong to the Karaites, or to any other Jewish sect?—what sacred books they use, with or without points?—whether they possess other books, especially historical; or, at least, traditions concerning their nation and that of Abyssinia?—the knowledge of which particulars would, doubtless, prove most grateful to literary men; since it is by no means improbable, that they are in possession of ancient books, having so long resided securely in such well-defended places."—*Ludolf Hist. Æthiop.* Lib. I. c. 14. *sub finem.*

The following more particular confirmation of the preceding account of the Abyssinian Jews is given by Ludolf, in his second work, entitled—"The Commentary," and printed ten years after the history.

"We noticed in the 'History,' that the Jews resided formerly in Dembea and Samen, by their own right. This had been already related by Benjamin de Tudela, under the head of Abyssinia, in his Itinerary; only he names the province, Telsar, with which I am unacquainted. 'In that province,' he says, 'there are great mountains, inhabited by very many of the Israelites. Neither is the yoke of the Gentiles upon them; for they have cities and fortified places upon the tops of the mountains.'

"Constantine l'Empereur, in his notes on this passage, treats the account as a fable. 'Never,' he says, 'will the Jews be able to prove that they inhabit cities and regions on such terms, as not to be subject to others.' Yet B. Tellezius, whom we have followed, plainly holds it to be so: 'The Jews,' he relates, 'formerly possessed many and ample regions, nearly all the kingdom of Dembea, and the provinces Wagara and Samen; but they were, at length, ejected by the Abyssinians.' He adds, 'In Samen, however, they defended themselves most bravely, being aided by the exceedingly high and rugged nature of the mountains. Nevertheless the emperor Sultan Seghed (Susneus) in later years subjugated them.' Thus writes Tellezius: from which it is evident, that they did not obey the emperor of the Abyssinians, and that Benjamin de Tudela was not incorrect. Besides which, the history of Dunawasi is notorious: that he, being a Jew, possessed the kingdom of the Homerites, and thus the Jews possessed power under him. The patriarch Andrew Oviedo thus writes to Sebastian, King of Portugal: 'The Jews have possession of the tops of the mountains, with many other regions which have been taken from the Christians; nor can the king regain them on account of the rugged rocks, and the smallness of his forces.' In the years 1607 and 1608 the Jews were still strong and powerful, warlike, and formidable to the king of the Abyssinians, on account of the inaccessible mountains which they inhabit.

"That excellent man, Constantine l'Empereur, formerly my kind preceptor, was fearful, that if he admitted the autocracy of the Jews in any corner of the world, it would tend to shake the prophecy of Jacob in Genesis xlix. 10. That passage, however, is to be regarded as having reference to the entire polity of the kingdom and priesthood of the Jews, and that in the land of promise likewise, namely Palestine: nor do the Jews themselves understand it otherwise."—*Ludolf Comment. in Hist. Æthiop.* No. ci. pp. 198, 199.

REMARKS

ON THE NATURAL, CIVIL, AND RELIGIOUS STATE OF SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND.

NATURAL STATE.

THE author has reserved for this section a variety of notes, which he made in the course of his journey, but which have not found a place in the more regular narrative. In the arrangement of them, he has aimed at giving the reader a connected, though necessarily a rapid and imperfect, sketch of a country rendered most deeply interesting to all Christians, as comprehending the scenes of the larger part of Scripture history. The circumstances of the NATURAL condition of this land—its soil, culture, produce, &c.—are described nearly in the geographical order of the author's tour.

From Sidon to Tyre is generally one continued plain, varying from 300 to 1000 yards in width. Nearer to Tyre it becomes considerably wider; and forms, to the east of that ancient city, on every side, a rich and pleasing country: about Ras el Ain, in particular, the meadows, variegated by streamlets, are very picturesque, and capable of being rendered highly productive.*

Having crossed the line of mountains lying half-way between Tyre and Acre, a noble prospect of rich plain lies extended beneath your feet; the boundaries of which are the line of sea-coast to the west, reaching to mount Carmel; and, on the east, the hill-country on the way to Nazareth. All this land is fine soil for cultivation. At its south or south-east angle, it communicates with the vast plain of Esdraelon, hereafter to be noticed. In the month of December, as I found much to my inconvenience, the plains both of Tyre and Acre are abundantly saturated by the rains. It may be difficult to fix, with exactness, the dimensions of the plain of Acre: from north to south, however, it appears to the eye to vary in length from twelve to eighteen miles; while, in breadth, it may average nearly ten miles.

Proceeding eastward from Acre, we enter, after going about ten miles, on a long valley, commencing nearly at Abilene; which, in various parts, is well planted, and probably in all parts might be so, with olives. It abounds also with low wood, fit for burning.

* It appears, however, from Acts xii. 20, that the inhabitants of this region drew, in the time of Herod, their principal sustenance from the southern parts of Palestine.

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Opening out of this valley is another plain, which we crossed somewhat diagonally on the way to Sephoury. This must be part of the plain of Galilee; and, from the view which we subsequently had, at a distance, of the central object, the castle of Sephoury, when entering upon this plain at the eastern end of it, on coming from the lake of Tiberias, the extent of this fertile portion of Galilee must be very considerable: it may, perhaps, be computed to be nearly twenty miles long; and, in width, varying from one or two to five or six miles; I am more doubtful of the estimate of its width, than of that of the length. It is also interrupted by some low hill-country. Its richness and suitableness for corn-land is equally apparent with that of the other plains; or, perhaps, more so. Between Sephoury and the hills of Nazareth we remarked many herds of cattle, in the midst of verdant and well-watered pasturage.

Josephus reports Nazareth to have been the principal station in Galilee. From that place to Tiberias, the road lies over hilly country, of gentle ascent and descent; leaving Tabor and Hermon on the right hand: the soil generally bears either olives, or the valena—a species of oak, the acorns of which are used in tanning; though I did not learn whether they are much employed in the country, or whether they furnish exports. The last hill, leading down to the lake of Tiberias, is very precipitous: here the country seems very dark, adust, and dry.

From Tiberias to Safet, the road is, at first, by the side of the lake, on the north-west of which is a small plain of great freshness and verdure, very beautiful to the eye. There is a dyeing mill near this part, which was established a few years ago by a Neapolitan in the service of the Pacha of Acre: he has been dead some time. The greater part of the road to Safet is up a long ascent of four hours; the ground rocky, yet intermixed generally with good soil: much of this tract, which, when we passed it with a bleak north wind in our faces, appeared to us a dreary waste, might be made productive in the winter months: in summer it is probably burnt for want of water. Around Safet, where are several springs, there are beautiful spots of garden and orchard ground, with extensive olive yards.

From Safet to Hattyn, the first part of the road is generally on the descent, through a rocky and uncultivated tract, on the western side of an irregular and bold ravine, which appears to extend from Safet nearly to the foot of the Mount of the Beatitudes. The latter part, however, of this tract, as far as to Hattyn, round which is excellent land, is, generally, soil capable of cultivation, with gentle slopes, and partially watered by brooks, which run in the valleys. Ascending to the top of the line of hills, at the end of which is the mountain of the Beatitudes, we have an extensive view before us of an elevated plain: it reaches nearly all the way to Cana of Galilee toward the left: and toward the right, the castle of Sephoury, at a considerable distance, seems to mark that this plain, with some variation of hill and dale, communicates with that which has been already described as lying between Abilene and Sephoury; forming, all together, the plain of Galilee. From Cana to Nazareth, rocky and improveable soil alternately appears.

It is to be observed, however, that, even in those ruder parts which appear among the mountains, the fig-tree, and other fruit trees may be reared, all contributing to the sustenance of man. Although the quantity of corn-land is that which mainly constitutes the wealth of a country, yet in this eastern climate, fruit is far more considered in the light of a valuable produce than it is in England. I have noticed, in fact, that there is, in various parts of the Levant, a kind of contempt felt for every sort of tree which does not give fruit. A tree merely for ornament would, in most places, be regarded as an incumbrance or at best fit only to shade a Mohammedan burying ground. Trees for timber, where such grow, as on Mount Lebanon, have, of course, their merited honor. I know not whether this estimate of the value of trees may not have been in the mind of the Psalmist, when writing that passage in which he calls upon *mountains and all hills, fruitful trees, and all cedars*, to praise the Lord. (Ps. cxlviii. 9.) Certainly these two descriptions are the most common and the most desired in these parts: but particularly fruit-trees; as olives, vines, figs, pomegranates, &c. Cotton is also grown in Galilee.

But to resume our excursion. To the south of the chain of hills on which Nazareth is situated, is the vast and ever-memorable plain of Esdraelon. We computed this plain to be at least fifteen miles square; making allowance for some apparent irregularities, such as its running out, on the west, toward Mount Carmel, and, on the opposite side, toward Jordan. We passed rather on the eastern side of the middle of the plain, in our way to Gennyn. Although it bears the title of "plain," yet it abounds with hills, which, in the view of it from the adjacent mountains, shrink into nothing. On this noble plain,* if there were perfect security from the government—a thing now unknown for centuries—twenty-five good towns, where we saw but five miserable villages, might stand, at a distance of three miles from one

* The author cannot resist the temptation to adorn his page with the following brilliant passage from the travels of the lamented Dr. Clarke. It is a full and rapid sketch of the martial events which, during a period of thirty centuries, have occupied unquiet man upon this spot. "Here it was," he observes, "that Barak, desending with his ten thousand men from Mount Tabor, discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron; and all the people that were with him, gathered from Harosheth of the Gentiles, unto the river of Kishon; when all the host of Sisera fell on the sword, and there was not a man left. Here also it was, that Josiah, king of Judah, fought in disguise against Necho, king of Egypt, and fell by the arrows of his antagonist. It has been a chosen place for encampment in every contest carried on in this country, from the days of Nebuchodonosor, king of the Assyrians, (in the history of whose war with Arphaxad it is mentioned as the great plain of Esdrelom,) until the disastrous march of Napoleon Buonaparte from Egypt into Syria. Jews, Gentiles, Saracens, Christian Crusaders, and Anti-Christian Frenchmen, Egyptians, Persians, Druses, Turks and Arabs, warriors out of every nation which is under heaven, have pitched their tents upon the

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another, each with a population of a thousand souls, to the great improvement of the cultivation of so bountiful a soil. The land is not, indeed, neglected: but let none suppose, that, in this country, the greatest, or any thing like the greatest possible profit is made of the soil; while wars, feuds, extortions, and all the disadvantages resulting from Turkish government and Arab rivalry are continually harassing the common people, and reducing husbandry and every art to the lowest state of degradation.

From this plain there are, on the south, several entrances, by different valleys, into the region of the mountains of Samaria. The entrance by the vale of Gennyn is, at first, narrow; but, after a while, it becomes wider. As I returned by it toward the close of December, on one of those glowing afternoons peculiar to this oriental climate, and so different from any thing known in England at that keen season, the slanting rays of the sun upon the newly-risen blades of corn in some parts, and the busy yokes of oxen in others, turning up the soil, previously to receiving the seed, had an effect peculiarly charming. The early rains having already well moistened the earth, the seed shows itself in about ten or twelve days after it is cast into the ground. This vale becomes still more beautiful near Sanoor, a singular fortress, built upon a steep and almost solitary hill, about half-way between Gennyn and Nablous. Here it opens into a fair champaign country for a mile or two; and then, near Gebah, closes again into a valley, rich with the finest and most extensive olive yards: these are what the Scriptures denominate the *fat valleys** of Ephraim: (Isaiah xxviii, 1, 4:) they are abundant near Nablous, and again near Sangyl; and, doubtless, in many other parts of these mountains. These valleys anciently furnished an article of export, as is mentioned by Hosea: *Oil is carried into Egypt.* (ch. xii. 1;) with a view to court the alliance of that kingdom.

Before reaching Nablous, there is some very high and dreary mountainous country—*the mountains of the heighth of Israel.* Yet, even here, strips of valley with rich soil repay the toil of the sower; while the sides of these ruddy sun burnt hills seem peculiarly adapted for the training of vines. They are, however, almost totally neglected; forming, doubtless, a remarkable contrast to their state in the days of Israel's prosperity, when *the drunkards of Ephraim,* (Isaiah xxviii. 1, 3, 7,) prided themselves in the abundance and strength of their wines. How celebrated these parts once were for this article of produce, we learn from several notices in the Old Testament: Gideon, by a happy comparison, thus disparages his own services in the presence of the Ephraimites—"Is not the GLEANING of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?" (Judges viii. 2:) and the restoration of Israel is described, partly by their return to the rearing of the vineyards, which should yield, as formerly they had done, an abundant vintage—"Thou shalt yet plant vines upon the mountains of Samaria: the planters shall plant, and shall eat them as common things." (Jerem. xxxi. 5.)

This country is now almost exclusively peopled by Mohammedans, which may partly account for the neglect of the vine; yet not wholly; for the Mohammedan, though he may not drink wine, may nevertheless eat of the grape as much as he pleases. Yet, in all this route from Gennyn to Jerusalem, I saw in one place only, on the roadside, a vineyard. This was about four hours north of Jerusalem, at Yabroud; and when, on my return that way, I slept at this village, I noticed the circumstance to the sheik; he immediately produced a large wooden bowl, full of ill-dried raisins, of no very pleasant flavor. Even these, however, the poor villages did not grow for themselves; but sent them as a kind of present or tribute to obtain favor at Damascus, which is their pachalic: as though that curse in Deuteronomy xxviii. 30, were inherent in the very soil, and attached to the Mohammedan as well as Jewish occupiers of it—"Thou shalt plant a vineyard, and shalt not gather [read, *eat,*] the grapes thereof."

South of Nablous, from Beer to Jerusalem, the country seems to assume a more forbidding aspect—yet it is not wholly uncultivated; and, with a happier population, might, in many parts, become sufficiently productive. The immediate vicinity of Jerusalem is rugged and unpromising; yet, even here, the olive* and wine might flourish, under proper culture.

In this general sketch, necessarily limited to the line of actual observation, no notice has been taken of the vale of Sharon and the adjacent country—forming a vast and fertile plain of arable land; and extending, as it has been described to me, nearly one hundred miles, from Mount Carmel to Gaza. How valuable this land must have been to Solomon, when he made his engagement with Hiram—and to Herod, when he marked his displeasure *against them of Tyre and Sidon*—may be inferred from 1 Kings v. 7—11., and Acts xii. 20. From old inhabitants—in remarking on the quantity of corn now brought from Egypt into Syria—I have heard that they could remember the time, when, on the contrary, corn was carried down into Egypt from Jaffa, and all the region round about that port.

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plain of Esdraelon, and have beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dews of Tabor and of Hermon."—*Clarke's Travels in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land;* ch. XV.

* But the name, resulting from this description of soil, has been durably attached to another spot, close to Jerusalem. It will interest the reader to be reminded of the signification of the word *Gethsemane.* It means the *Vale of Fatness,* in allusion to the fertile olive trees which anciently adorned the adjacent Mount of Olives; and which, even yet, in scanty numbers, reach from the summit of the mountain down to some parts of the valley beneath. The Vale of Fatness, which was witness to the agonies of the *Man of Sorrows,* may still claim the title of Gethsemane, having several low and aged olive trees; eight of which are pointed out to pilgrims as denoting the site of the Garden of the Agony.—(See Reland's Palestine, pp. 348, and 857.)

* *Oil out of the flinty rock* (Deut. xxxii.13) plainly denotes, that it was not in rich land only, that this most valuable tree should grow. So also Poole, in his Synopsis, remarks on this passage, "*Olivæ inter saxa nire fructificant.*"

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It is on the regular falls of rain that the fertility of this country entirely depends—*the early and the latter rains, in their season:* that is, the *early* about October, cheering the soil after the extreme heats of summer; and the *latter*, in January and February, swelling the raising crops with which the valleys are covered. From these bountiful showers of heaven, indeed, the fertility of every land springs: but how dreadful, in this country, would be such a three years' drought as was inflicted upon Israel in the days of Ahab, may easily be conceived, when it is remembered that in summer the richest soil is burnt to dust; so that a traveller, riding through the plain of Esdraelon in July or August, would imagine himself to be crossing a desert.

With regard to water, some parts of the Holy Land appeared, in the months of October and November, to labor under great privation; yet, even in this respect, art might furnish a remedy, in the tanks and cisterns, which a little industry would form and preserve. The cities and villages have such supplies; and, in every stage of seven or eight hours, there are usually found, once or twice at least, either cisterns or muddy wells. In some places, a person at the well claimed payment for the water, which he drew for us and our animals; but this was probably an imposition, although by us willingly paid. Generally, we found this want of water to be a source of great inconvenience in our journeys; for, even in October, the mid-day heat is intense, and the moisture of the body is soon exhausted. In many spots, however, as if to remind us of what Palestine once was, a beautiful strip of verdure is seen—extending sometimes for the short space of a hundred yards, at other places for seven or eight hundred—denoting the presence of water; and here would be found a small native spring bubbling up, which, after winding its simple course, and blessing the land on either side, is re-absorbed by the soil. At such places, the husbandman has often planted a few fruit-trees and vegetables; as may be seen mid-way in the valley leading from Nazareth to the plain of Esdraelon; exactly answering to the expression in Isaiah (lviii. 11)—"Thou shalt be like a watered garden; and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." Here, too, the flocks are brought to drink, before they are driven in for the night; or groupes of females and children (as we saw them at Sephoury) hasten, at even-tide, with their pitchers, to take in their supply of water. Such short-lived streamlets I observed at Sychem, at Khan Leban, and in various places; they just serve, by their appearance, though not by their number, to illustrate the expressions, describing to the Israelites the land of Canaan before they entered it—"The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of vallies and hills." (Deut. viii. 7.) Similar, and equally exact in description, is the language of the civth Psalm—"He sendeth the springs into the vallies, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst." The word "Ain" (Fountain) denotes the existence of such spots: at two places (Ainep near Deir el Kamr, and Yabroud near Jerusalem) the guides pointed out to me other villages at a little distance, to which they prefixed this word; distinguishing these second villages from the first by the names of Ain el Ainep, and Ain el Yabroud: probably this may be the case with many other names of places; and it may be useful to travellers to be aware of this distinction. In the Old Testament, such names have been translated with the prefix En; as Endor, Enrogel, Engedi, &c. From the passage in Joshua xvii. 11, the distinction of places, with and without this prefix, seems to have existed from ancient times. "Manasseh had..... the inhabitants of Dor and her towns, and the inhabitants of Endor and her towns."*

As the general result of my remarks on Palestine, in respect of its natural state, I cannot but own, that a peculiarly melancholy impression is made on the feelings, by seeing so much land left desolate, and so few people scattered over the face of the country. Yet there is no fair reason for pronouncing this land naturally unproductive. Its present barren state, while it is to be regarded as, in the strictest sense, denoting a judicial curse, is nevertheless such as may be traced, generally, to the operation of natural causes. A righteous God has *turned*, in the fulfilment of his long suspended threatenings, *a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwelt therein:* but it has been through the instrumentality of this very wickedness—the increasing wickedness of the inhabitants—that the awful change has been effected. Were good government, good faith, and good manners to flourish in this land for half a century, it would literally become again *a land flowing with milk and honey:* the proper fruits of the mountains, honey and wax, would be collected by the industrious bee from myriads of fragrant plants: the plains, the valleys, and the upland slopes, would yield corn for man, and pasturage to innumerable flocks and herds. Such a stupendous and delightful change might well gladden, not only every child of Israel, but the heart of every Christian.

CIVIL STATE OF SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND.

As to the CIVIL condition of this region, it is almost reflected, as in a mirror, in its natural state. Commerce, and government, and domestic life, all speak one unvarying tale of degradation.

COMMERCE.

In reference to commerce, it is in my province

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* The distance between Dor and En-dor was, however, very considerable—Dor having been a town on the sea-coast, a little south of Acre; while En-dor is represented by Eusebius as a considerable town at the foot of Mount Tabor; which may be a distance of about twenty miles. There is also a slight difference in the Hebrew spelling of the two words. See *Reland's Pales*, pp. 738, 762.

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to say but little. Damascus is the mart of Syria. Aleppo was rich; but suffered greatly by the earthquake of 1822. All the sea-coast towns have more or less trade with Cyprus, Alexandria, Smyrna, and, occasionally, with even more distant ports. Generally, however, from want of stability in their respective governments, affairs move languidly: and who, that has read the records of ancient times, but must sigh over that peculiar depression which seems to characterize the trade, if such it may be called, of the southern parts of Palestine!

It has been remarked, that Jerusalem is, by its very situation, calculated to become the centre of the earth;* central to the three continents of the old world: but at present, the idea is a mere fiction, and has no practical bearing. We might almost exclaim with the weeping prophet, "Who shall have pity upon thee, O Jerusalem? or who shall bemoan thee? or who shall go aside, to ask how thou doest?" (Jeremiah xv. 5.)

And where is now the commercial greatness of Tyre? Probably, no national tariff of the present day exhibits a more interesting variety of produce and manufacture, than that recorded with such minuteness in the twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel. And yet who, that now looks upon the desolate isle of Tyre, would suppose that she had once been the mistress of commerce and the parent of colonies? The prize of national wealth has passed from hand to hand, among four great nations, which seem to have drawn almost a circle round her, close to her very borders—from Ethiopia and Egypt, the cradle of nations, to Assyria: thence to Persia: thence again to Greece. In the centre of them all, Tyre, long after her first ruin, continued to maintain a splendid rank. But the glitter of gold has now for ages fled westward. The over-land trade of Asia has gradually, during three centuries, been crippled by the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope: other nations, other continents, have now the commerce of the earth in their hands; and probably few busy and great merchants of the present generation have ever heard much more of Tyre than the name.

All these circumstances merit notice, in delineating the civil degradation of modern Palestine.

GOVERNMENT.

With regard to the government of the country, the Pachas are so frequently changed, or so often at war,* the jurisdiction of the inferior governors of cities is so undefined, and the hereditary or assumed rights of the sheiks of particular districts are so various, that to a person making diligent inquiry, it might be difficult to discover any settled rule by which government is directed; and, certainly, to a passer-by in Turkey, there appears to be none. It is thus that Turkey is generally regarded by travellers. The whole empire, it may be said, in the words of Homer, ἐπὶ ξυρὸν ἵσταται ἀμφὶ (Illiad. κ.)—and it has the appearance of being so fortuitously balanced "on the edge of the razor," that the slightest movement seems likely to overturn it. Still it stands—not flourishing, not stable, not tolerable to an intelligent lover of mankind—yet existing! As it exhibits at the fountain-head the form of absolute despotism,† so all the subordinate institutions of the country, down

* In accordance with this idea, the Christians of Jerusalem take a pride in pointing out a particular spot in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which they entitle, in Arabic, *Nofs ed-dinya*; that is, "the centre of the world:" it is marked by an ornamented piece of marble. The first person who noticed it to me was the Abyssinian priest, as we were walking in the Abyssinian convent, which is contiguous to that side of the church: he repeated several times, pointing in the direction of this spot, "*Nofs ed-dinya, Nofs ed-dinya!*"—as if in ecstacy at the thought of being near a place so venerable. The ancient Greeks had the same notions about Delphi—as plausible and unmeaning a conceit as could well be devised to amuse the common people, or furnish the poet with matter for high-sounding words.

* Burckhardt ("Travels in Syria," pp. 169—171,) gives an account of the vicissitudes of the pachalic of Tripoli, during a period comprising nearly fifty years in modern times. From his statement it appears, that the average period of the reign of those Pachas was about four years; their government being continually interrupted, and sometimes terminated, by feuds, wars, and murders.

† The following extract from Burckhardt, places, in a striking light, the state of insecurity in which the subjects of the despotic rulers of these countries live:—

"A few years ago, Djebail was the residence of the Christian, Abd el Ahad: he and his brother Georgios Bas were the head men of the Emir Bechir; and, in fact, were more potent than their master. Georgios Bas resided at Deir el Kamr. The district of Djebail was under the command of Abd el Ahad, who built a very good house here. But the two brothers shared the fate of all Christians who attempt to rise above their sphere: they were both put to death in the same hour by the Emir's orders. Indeed there is scarcely an instance, in the modern history of Syria, of a Christian or Jew having long enjoyed the power or riches which he may have acquired: these persons are always taken off in the moment of their greatest apparent glory. Abd el Hak, at Antioch; Hanna Kubbe, at Ladaike; Karaly, at Aleppo; are all examples of this remark. But, as in the most trifling, so in the most serious concerns, the Levantine enjoys the present moment, without ever reflecting on future consequences." (*Burckhardt's Syria*, pp. 179, 189.)

At p. 43 of the preceding Journal, the death of Haiim, the Jew prime-minister of Djezzar, Pacha of Acre, was mentioned. The following almost prophetic language of Burckhardt (Travels p. 180,) was thus fulfilled in reference to this very man: not, indeed, that it requires any thing more than an ordinary measure of sagacity to foresee what will one day be the fate of any tool or favorite of a Turkish ruler:—

"The house of Hayne (Haiim,) the Jew Seraf, or banker, at Damascus and Acre, whose family may be said to be the real governors of Syria, and whose property, at the most moderate calculation, amounts to three hundred thousand pounds sterling, are daily exposed to the same fate. The head of the family, a man of great talents, has lost his nose, his ears, and one of his eyes, in the service of Djezzar: yet his ambition is still unabated; and he prefers a most precarious existence, with power, in Syria, to the ease and security he might enjoy by emigrating to Europe."

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to the sheik of the most insignificant village, take their character from the source.

It were superfluous to dwell at length on this topic. The general state of things in Turkey is this: absolute power, often stretching beyond the reach of control, finds, nevertheless, a counteracting principle, in that extreme degree of acuteness to which, in individuals, the instinct of self-preservation is sharpened by the constant apprehension of wrong.* Hence springs that conflict, not always visible, but always operating, between force and fraud, between man blinded by authority and the cunning sufferer, which characterizes the civil relations of society here. A less enlightened, or a more demoralizing state, can hardly be conceived: but it exists at every step of public and private life, and is the key to most proceedings either at the court or before the tribunal.

In the allotment of authority—divided and subdivided as it is, yet always nominally, and often really, absolute—there is something which forcibly reminds a traveller of patriarchal times; when, at each journey of a day or two days' distance, a prince, or a judge, and not unfrequently a king, was to be met with. In the short distance from Jerusalem by way of Nablous to Sanoor, the three governors of those cities were represented to me as perfectly independent of one another, each a king in his own district; all, indeed, responsible to the Pacha of Damascus, and removable at pleasure, but probably not one of them knowing the limits of his own jurisdiction.

The subordinate sheiks of the villages, aware of the precarious tenure by which these their temporary superiors remain in office, are very apt to be troublesome and unmanageable; endeavoring to sustain regal importance, each in his own petty sphere. They will often tell the Frank traveller, that they respect neither Mootselim, Bey, Pacha, nor Sultan: to hear them speak, one would suppose that the governor of a place possessed authority no further than the walls of his own city: and in the remoter parts of a pachalic, this is not unlikely to be the case; and the traveller is liable to feel the effects of their assumed independence, by the presents which they will demand—payment of which they endeavor to exact, or otherwise in some manner put the stranger to inconvenience.

In the southern parts of the Holy Land the annoying spirit of these characters was more apparent to me than in the northern; but probably it exists in both.*

Imagination is often led to picture with how much greater inconvenience, in the earlier times of Scripture history, a stranger must have moved from place to place, when every petty district had its sovereign; Edom her dukes, and Canaan her kings. Thus, in Joshua xii. 9—24, for a space not larger, perhaps, than the principality of Wales, are enumerated not fewer than thirty-one kings. The extent of dominion possessed by some of them would probably not exceed that of many an English nobleman during the feudal times. In similar style, Benhadad, king of Syria, musters in his train two-and-thirty kings; 1 Kings xx. 1: and, at the 14th verse, we find Ahab, king of the northern half of the Holy Land, with *princes of the provinces* under him; provinces, no doubt, very small, yet their title princely. The terms KING and KINGDOM are often thus applied, both in the Old and New Testaments, to a very small portion of authority; they may occasionally denote nothing more than the governor of a single city, and of the land immediately surrounding it. Thus, in St. Luke (chap. xix. 12,) the nobleman who went into a far country, and left with his ten servants a sum which, in the margin of our Bibles, is computed to be between thirty and forty pounds sterling, (conveying no great idea of his wealth,) is represented as going *to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return;* that is, possibly, to be invested with authority, for a limited period, over some

* "It has been before stated (see p. 46) that civil protection can be obtained in these countries only by purchase. As an illustration of the mode in which this is effected, and the burden of taxation divided by different religious bodies, the following account from the Jesuits, when in Syria, is remarkably in point: which must serve as an apology for the length of this note.

"The kind of persecution," observes one of their correspondents, "which the Turks exercise on the Christians, consists not so much in torments and death, as in pecuniary fines, called *Avanis*. The usage here is, that when any one accuses any of the Christians on the ground of religion, they seize the principal individuals of the nation of the accused person; and, after having bastinadoed them, they demand a contribution, which is levied on the whole nation, Greek, Syria, or which ever it may be. Some years since, the Pacha being gone to Mecca, the Catholics were accused of having become Franks, and of praying with the Franks, in consequence of which a heavy Avania was imposed on them, which reduced them to a state of poverty worse than death. To remedy so great an evil, I had the honor to write to our French Ambassador at Constantinople, to request his protection in favor of the persecuted Catholics; and that he would use his influence at the Porte to obtain a firman, which should subject all the Christians without distinction, and not the Catholics alone, to the Avanis that might be imposed. In the reply with which his excellency honored me, he promised to leave nothing untried with the Pacha, in order to procure the execution of my design, and that he would accompany his request with a present. Some time after, the Schismatics having, according to their custom, accused the Catholics of being Franks, a tax of many purses (a purse is five hundred piastres) was laid upon them. Following up my project, I engaged the principal persons to request that this Avania should be levied on all the Christians without exception: urging, that, after all, with the Turks, there was no distinction between one Christian and another Christian, whether Frank or not, Catholic or not. Their plea was heard and admitted: and we have thus taken from the Schismatics the handle which they had so often, and with success, employed to annoy the Catholics. We hope that this law will remain in force; at least that it will continue as long as the reign of the present governor." (*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, Vol. I. pp. 272—274.)

* Strabo has summed up the character of these people in one very pithy expression. Speaking of the Ituræns and Arabs, as being in possession of the mountainous parts he concisely adds—[illegible]—an expression which will rest long on the memory and imagination of every traveller in the Levant. (*Strabo*, Book xvi. "*Syria.*")

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city, or to take possession of some considerable estate.

Before concluding these excursive notices of the condition of the Holy Land, I cannot omit to remark with what peculiar vividness the facts, the imagery, and the allusions of the sacred writings affect the mind, on surveying the present living scenes of this country. Whether it arise from the growing habit of exploring and noting every scriptural illustration; and that practice rendered more alert by the consciousness, that every step here is in a manner *upon holy ground*—or whether it be that Palestine does really still exhibit a striking, though faded likeness of her former self—certainly I felt, in common with many who have gone before me, that, independently of its spiritual use, the Bible was my most interesting travelling companion. Egypt formerly had excited in me much of this feeling; but Palestine seemed like the Bible laid open, and commented upon leaf by leaf. In fact, the mind is sometimes drawn aside so far by these graphic musings, that there is some risk of studying the sacred volume in the spirit of mere mental gratification. How often have I found it to be the case, that when my object was to read for edification, the thoughts have been imperceptibly beguiled into a series of pleasing critical reflections; till, at length, conscience has almost suffered a syncope, and the better purpose has been for a while forgotten. Few studious persons, perhaps, will find their devotional hours wholly innocent in this respect: but they probably will be most prone to this kind of aberration, who have personally, with their eyes, beheld the actual scenes described in Scripture—a sight truly enviable, but one which bequeaths to the imagination a snare, as well as a charm.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS STATE OF SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND.

One of the beautiful parables of our Saviour, recorded by the evangelist St. Matthew, so aptly describes that intermingling of error and iniquity which was soon to follow after the promulgation of the gospel, that it will very properly introduce the remarks which are to be offered concerning the MORAL and RELIGIOUS state of the Holy Land.

"Another parable put he forth unto them; saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but, while men slept, his enemy came, and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servants of the householder came, and said unto him, Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? He said unto them, An enemy hath done this." (Matt. xiii. 24—28.)

These words were spoken by Christ to the multitudes who pressed to hear him discourse from the ship, on the margin of the Lake of Tiberias. They describe, among other countries, that very region which first was blessed with his doctrine—the first field sowed with good seed. They further represent the introduction of abounding errors and iniquities. Our great enemy, the devil, by false doctrines, was to corrupt the profession of Christianity, and to fill society with his delusions; and this effect would be so visible to the true servants of Christ, that they would come to him complaining, and surprised at the melancholy condition of his church.

In Galilee, (where this parable was uttered by our Lord,) in Samaria, in Judea, in Syria, and in all the neighboring regions, this effect has taken place; and that to a degree so excessive, that, while the tares of false religion and bad morals have every where overrun the soil, it has become, in the present day, very difficult to discover, with certainty, where are the blades of wheat which have sprung from good seed.

The introductory chapter of this volume has minutely depicted the various forms of religious opinion, which exist in these countries: no one, who intelligently surveys this mass of error sown in Western Asia, can refrain from acknowledging, *An enemy hath done this!* It would be superfluous, therefore, to dwell on this subject, any further than to point out, in a distinct manner, some of the leading circumstances which conduce to the fixing and perpetuating of this state of things.

1. It is worthy of observation, in the first place, that THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF THE VARIOUS BODIES OF MEN IN SYRIA AND PALESTINE, ARE, FOR THE MOST PART, INTIMATELY INTERWOVEN WITH THEIR POLITICAL FEELINGS AND THEIR EXTERNAL HABITS.

There are four principal bodies, which may be viewed as pointedly illustrating this remark. The JEWS, residing in the Holy Land, cherish constantly the feeling of an ancient, hereditary and indefeasible claim to the possession of the soil. The MOHAMMEDANS, actual possessors of the country, in no case recognise a separation of the civil from the religious right of dominion: the sword propagates and maintains their creed, and their creed perpetuates this office of the sword; and thus have the sword and the creed mutually sustained, for more than a thousand years, both in theory and in fact, their original fellowship. The CHRISTIANS—whether we regard them as inheriting the intolerant principles of the lower era of the Greek empire, or as being in each successive age contaminated with those of the politico-hierarchical system of Papal Rome, have no clear conception of the kingdom of Christ, as being not of this world. As to the fourth remaining principal body, the DRUSES, probably their national existence is owing to their detached and mystic doctrines. The minor bodies are, perhaps, not less upheld in their separate form by the peculiar religious tenets of each. There is no notion, however frivolous and absurd, which is not sufficient to hold one body of men in separation from others; and that notion, once established and recognised, becomes the bond of compact and attachment among the members of a body thus self-erected.

Nor is it a mere variety of abstract opinion which exists in Syria, marked in the differences of their creeds and civil institutions: they have their outward and visible signs of distinction, by which the eye of the most illiterate man is practised in separatism, and kept ever on the alert, to discern who are for, and who against, his sect. The different bodies of men have not only their

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different creeds and different books, but they have their different dresses, in various costume from head to foot—their different quarters, in the city, in the country, in the mountains—their different chieftains, friends, and partisans, in the court and on their journeys: they have their differing usages, attitudes, and phrases—every thing external, as well as internal, to distinguish them. Civil, and domestic, and hereditary animosities being, in many instances, grafted upon their religious opinions, these opinions have all the warmth of secular interests to uphold and animate them. To move into a new religious path, would be to break the bonds of society. Bigotted attachment to his own religion is the general feeling of every man: to choose a new course of religious opinions, on conviction of their truth, is almost unknown. To step from one party to another (I speak now of the abovementioned four principal bodies, not of all their sub-divisions,) would be nothing less than to forsake father and mother, and brother and sister, and house and lands; and, in very many cases, life also. Such is the resolute distinctness maintained by these various bodies!—each exclusive, intolerant, compact, self-attached; each generally reserved, uncommunicative, and jealous; each ready to resent, with the loftiest scorn, the idea of becoming proselyte to another. In this respect—in the intensity of all the passions emanating from heresy and schism—how far worse is the divided state of these communities, than that of the many religious sects in our enlightened country—sects, which have been wont to look, indeed, with a most invidious jealousy on one another; but which are learning, and will yet more frankly learn, how much there is of estimable character in each other—how much of infirmity in human judgment—and how practicable it is for humble and sincere men to agree, and to co-operate in measures of prime utility, while differing in minor points.

2. But it is not merely in the leading branches of religious profession that the different bodies are disunited: THE RESPECTIVE RELIGIONS (those three, more especially, with which Europeans are most conversant, the Jews, the Christians, and the Mohammedans,) HAVE EACH OF THEM THEIR SUB-DIVISIONS; TURNING UPON A MOST ESSENTIAL PARTICULAR.

"All the religions," says the acute Leslie,* "and all the sects in the world, are built upon the dispute betwixt these two—whether men are to govern themselves by their own private judgment, or to be determined by the authority of others, in their faith or religion." Thus, among the Jews, a principal part are attached to the Talmudical system, and are the obsequious slaves of those rabbies who are considered as the greatest adepts in ancient interpretations; while the Karaites are free to follow the simple text of the Hebrew Scriptures. Among Christians, a large number are under the yoke of a certain undefined, yet very oppressive influence; sometimes bending beneath the weight of the voluminous writings of the fathers or the authority of the general councils; at others, crouching to the assumed infallibility of the Papal hierarchy: while the Protestants, few in number, uphold the right and duty of every man to search the Scriptures for himself. Between the two principal sects of Mohammedans, a somewhat similar distinction subsists. Thus, in no one of these nominal bodies is there UNITY—no one profession seems to stand for all of its own kind. No sooner are the principal sections of society described, but there must be drawn in each, a broad line of sub-demarcation.

3. The principal religious characteristic, however, of Syria and the Holy Land, common to all its professions and sects, at once the child and the parent of unvarying ignorance, is that SYSTEM OF DISTINCTION BETWEEN PRIESTHOOD AND LAITY, felt even where not avowed; according to which it seems to be the interest of a few professed teachers to hold the rest of their fellow creatures in darkness.

Knowledge, in reference to many subjects is inevitably the property of a few, in comparison with the bulk of mankind: but religious knowledge is the common property of all; and the very scope of the appointment of teachers in the Christian religion is, that all may alike become well learned in the oracles of truth—*thoroughly furnished unto all good works—truly wise unto salvation.* From this equitable line, how widely have men of every clime and every creed deviated; till priestcraft has become a term of popular reproach, from which even the purest, the most disinterested and enlightened persons of the sacred order, cannot always find, in the public opinion, candor sufficient to acquit them!

But see with what an oppressive influence this distinction operates in Syria! How far is the interval by which the professors of each set of dogmas distance the illiterate! Hence, the high-minded Pharisee, the *Hebrew of the Hebrews*, closing the door of knowledge to the "*accursed people.*"* Hence, the Akals, and the Djahelin—initiated and uninitiated—among the Druses. Hence the Ulemas, with the Koran in their hand, giving them civil as well as religious prerogative over the Fellah that trembles at their nod. Hence the confessor, with a power little short of inquisitorial, although dependent on popular opinion—a sentiment, however, so inwrought into the habits and feelings of professing Christians in these countries, that the crouching penitent no more dares to canvass this authority of a fellow-man, which besets him so closely, so visibly, so tangibly, so oppressively, than he would dare to question the existence or the government of God himself. When it is considered, that, even in the most enlightened society, few rise into action higher than the

*See Leslie's Dissertation concerning Private Judgment and Authority. Section I.

* "This people who knoweth not the law are *cursed.*" (John vii. 49.) The root of the original oriental word has a two-fold sense, implying both *prohibition* and *curse*; and thus it is used in Syria at this day. The two words are, in fact, correlative—prohibitory law, supported by penal sanctions. We would gladly, therefore, soften down this expression to—"the prohibited people." But when we observe the incredible freedom and fury with which so many sanhedrims and councils have thundered out the awful word "anathema," I fear we must allow to this passage in St. John's gospel, all its apparent bitterness and profaneness.

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ordinary level of custom—few, very few, in reality, practically deciding for themselves; that is, freely and wisely—it must be painfully evident, that, in a country like Palestine, where the means of knowledge are so scanty, and the encouragements to improvement less than nothing, he must be indeed an extraordinary character, who should exert, on rational principles, his liberty to choose in religion for himself. He must have emancipated his mind from inveterate habits: he must have cast hereditary notions into the grave of his ancestors: he will be doing a kind of sacred violence to the public feeling; and he may reckon upon the certain indignation and opposition of a small but energetic aristocracy, with whom alone has rested, hitherto, the prerogative of thinking both for themselves and for others.

It might be supposed that the existence of sacred books among the different bodies would furnish facilities for exploring where lie the errors of the various religious systems; and that appeal to such books, consequently, would lead, in some measure, to the discovery of truth. There is, no doubt, some weight in this consideration. An authorized book is, at all times, a standard for investigation. Most of the people of Palestine have such books, by them accounted sacred; such are the Pentateuch—the Hebrew Scriptures—the whole of the Old and New Testaments—the Koran—and the supposed books of the Druses.* But, in Syria, what is the amount of this remark—that "truth lies in books?" How many are the copies of these books, and in whose possession do they rest? Where either copies of these books are scarce, or the art of reading not general, or the reading of these books prohibited, what can it avail to the benefit of the population at large, to be persuaded,

> The truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where—?†

Of books it may truly be said, that, to an uneducated country, they are, in all respects, the converse of that which they are in an enlightened nation. Where all can read, and all are free to read, books seem almost to form an integral part of the community; they affect the public mind—they supply materials of friendly conversations—they speak, and take part in the dialogue—they challenge trial at the bar of general opinion—they live, and act; and are not forgotten if their services have stood the test of experience, and proved beneficial to society—they travel to far distant countries—they multiply their own species, and become an immense and influential family—as it were, a world of separate, but not absent, spirits; fit associates for those intellectual men who entertain and cherish their company. All this, and more, might be affirmed of the wondrous art of communicating and perpetuating our ideas, by means of writing and printing. But in an ignorant land, all this is not. The copious materials of historical fact, of logical argument, of moral or religious sentiment, which have been from time to time committed to paper, are negligently kept, and often consigned to oblivion. Study, in such a land as Turkey, seems like an unprofitable idleness—a library, waste of money, or a dangerous indication of superfluous wealth. On religious subjects, especially, the sacred books are claimed as the exclusive property of the sacred order; their possession of these documents, while it diminishes the mental power of their spiritual subjects, adds a mysterious eminence to their own dignity. Well aware of that popular frailty which leads men gratuitously to admire and magnify every object that lies beyond the reach of general examination, it becomes their interest to keep fairly out of sight the standard records of their religion; while the mass of the community—in religious matters, ever more credulous than inquiring; more prone to believe the veriest trifle, than to examine the grounds of faith—hear, with complacency, that their religion is written in venerable and ancient records; known to a few. Thus it is, that almost every man in Syria has his passions, in reality, still more firmly rivetted to his respective religious system, by the persuasion that it has been settled and drawn up in a dogmatical form—ready to convince him, if skeptical, or to overwhelm him, if schismatically disposed. He, therefore, neither doubts nor differs, nor even inquires. If he cannot quote the contents of his sacred volume, he yet remains attached to the abstract idea of its existence; bowing to his religious superior, as the legitimate master of his mind and of his conscience.

The enfeebling influence of this spiritual degradation of the mass of society is so manifest, that it is impossible for an intelligent person to have much to do with the natives of these countries without perceiving, what appears to be sometimes a most perverse obliquity, at other times an unaccountable deficiency of judgment. Their natural powers of forming an opinion have plainly been either distorted or depressed; rather, we may say, both. It is surprising to see with what indifference they entertain a serious argument; they regard it as a thing out of their province. They have no notion of one continued line of reasoning. The most frivolous reasons make an impression on their minds, when supported by the authority of a name; while the most self-evident and important truths seem to have no weight, when the appeal is made to the conviction of their own conscience. Occasionally biassed by some unknown motive, they appear for a while ardently to espouse the cause of truth; but soon they relapse into some gross absurdity; and exhibit an inconsistency with themselves, of which they appear neither ashamed, nor even conscious. It seems with them to be no great objection to a new opinion, that it is contradictory to one which previously they had maintained with ardor.

That persons grown up to manhood should thus remain, with reference to religious subjects, in the infancy of understanding, is an indication that they have but little feeling of moral responsibility. How defective is their moral sense. The love of truth cannot, in fact, be regarded as characteristic of the people of these countries. In all transactions, it is requisite to engage their interest, as the surest, often the only, guarantee to their keeping their word. Neither is there any thing in the institutions of the different governments, which

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* Perhaps we might add the Acts of a very few of the Christian councils.

† Cowper's "Hope."

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might serve as an effectual counterpoise to this spirit of bad faith. Justice may casually be obtained, and true evidence may sometimes be had; but it is best not to hazard the experiment of seeking either.

Where freedom of thought and principles of integrity are rare, little of the ardor of enterprise, and less of the spirit of disinterested love to man, can be expected. To professing Christians in Syria, it is difficult to convey an idea of the principle of Protestant missions; they seem to regard our projects as the schemes of a party; and never to have learned the signification of those words, *We seek not yours but you.* All that they have formerly seen of Frank missionaries, must have prepared them to look with jealousy on the entrance of Protestants; nor can Protestants ever succeed among them, but by maintaining entire purity of motive and consistency of conduct. By upholding the sacred duty of aiming at the conversion of all who are not Christians, and by manifesting a spirit willing to suffer for the cause of Christ, the missionaries of the west may expect to be the means, both of evangelizing the unconverted and of restoring the fallen and decayed Christian churches to primitive purity in doctrine and practice.

But it is time to draw a veil over this dark picture. One prominent object only shall be briefly noticed. Deserted as this land now is—without prosperous agriculture or commerce, and with little of learning or piety—it still maintains its hold on the feelings of a large portion of mankind, as containing within its boundaries that CITY, to which the professors of the three most celebrated religions have been accustomed to look with irresistible religious recollections. The Shechinah, the holy sepulchre, and the mosque of the second Caliph, have attracted, respectively, the almost-adoring eyes of the Jew, the Christian, and the Mohammedan. To all of them, Jerusalem is as a prize!—so strong is the influence of that name, holding entire nations, for more than a thousand years, under its magic spell! Yet if—as it fitly may—Jerusalem be viewed as representing in epitome the religious state of that country, in which it still seems to bear the character of a metropolis, hardly could there be found a truer emblem of the condition of Palestine. *Thou sealest up the sun; full* of spiritual folly, *and perfect in* wretchedness.* In no place which he has visited, did the author ever feel, so nearly touching him as in Jerusalem, the corruption, the peril, and the wretchedness, which seem to infect every thing dependent on Turkish government; in other principal cities of the Levant, there is a more sensible feeling of protection, both from the habits of the natives and from the presence of European residents; but, here, almost none. Here, therefore, that anxiety which is suffered by all unprotected subjects of the Porte, was rendered more visible to European eyes. We lived in the midst of it, and were daily conversant with its influence. All, whenever in memory I reflect upon it, seems like a vision of sorrow, destitute of relief—the Turkish government, grinding the faces of the poor—the subjects pining, yet split into implacably hostile parties—the Jews, ever the first to suffer, lingering out their days in a kind of living death; apparently hoping, yet manifesting none of the delight and energy inspired by the genuine taste of hope—the Christians, professing the most benign religion, yet exhibiting none of that spirit by which *all men* are to recognise the disciples of Christ—innumerable sanctuaries, and shrines, and venerated places, and crowds of devotees making many prayers; yet all beneath the frown of a jealous God, who looks with favor neither on the Jew, nor on the Mussulman, nor on those who bear the name, and the name only, of the Blessed Redeemer! The stern rebuke, perhaps also the tender expostulation, of the prophet, may still be conceived thrilling through the streets of this doomed city—"Wo unto thee, Jerusalem! wilt thou not be made clean? When shall it once be?"

Whether the system of making a pilgrimage to the holy city has a tendency to promote genuine devotion, may safely be left to be tried, on the following considerations. He who leaves his quiet home and regular employments for this errand, the nearer he approaches to the holy city, the greater will be the crowd in which he will find himself. His voyage probably will be in a small vessel, with a great number of fellow-passengers; many of whom, such is the lamentable superstition of multitudes in these countries, will think it sinful to eat meat, but no sin to become intoxicated with wine or brandy, two or three days of the week, being fast-days. At every stage he is liable to be thrown into such company. At Jerusalem, whether retiring to his convent, or visiting the holy sepulchre, or going his rounds with other devotees to visit sacred spots, he is almost always in a crowd. A fervor of the spirits may, not unfrequently, be excited, by persons feeling themselves surrounded by a throng, who pray aloud, beat their breasts, weep bitterly, and strike the ground with their foreheads; but on a subsequent occasion, when some festival sets them for a short space at liberty from the rigor of a long penance, they rush with no less eagerness into excess of riot. They consider it to be doing honor to a saint's-day, to feast luxuriously, so far as their means permit. The convents, at these times, are crowded: in the room which I occupied alone, about ten feet square, pilgrims as many as ten would be accommodated, when the season was full: others sleep at the door, on the terraces, or at the church-porch. Let any reflecting Christian say, whether such circumstances are calculated to cherish or to extinguish the spirit of devotion; or whether the devotees are likely to be heard and accepted for their *much speaking*, or their innumerable bowings and prostrations. And what, alas! remains to the pilgrim, after he has spent himself in this way, for weeks and months!—a casket of beads!—some ornamented wax-candles; one, especially, which has been lighted at the holy fire!—and a paper, signed by the proper ecclesiastical authorities, certifying that he has visited all the holy places; and that, in brief, he has, by his pilgrimage, done God service, acquired merit, and procured the pardon of his sins, through the intercession of the Virgin Mary and all the saints! Millions have come from far, to drink of

* See Ezek. xxviii. 12.

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this poisoned fountain, which they have mistaken for the water of life!

APPENDIX.

IMAGE-WORSHIP, AND INVOCATION OF SAINTS.

Is not that man, think you, unwise, that will run for water to a little brook, when he may as well go to the head-spring? Even so may his wisdom be justly suspected, that will flee unto saints in time of necessity, when he may, boldly and without fear, declare his grief and direct his prayer unto the Lord himself.—Homily of the Church of England concerning prayer.

Shall God's Word—by God commanded to be read unto all, and known of all—for danger of heresy, as they say, be shut up? And idols and images, notwithstanding they be forbidden by God, and notwithstanding the danger of idolatry by them, shall they yet be set up, suffered and maintained, in churches and temples? O worldly and fleshly wisdom! ever bent to maintain the inventions and traditions of men, by carnal reason; and, by the same, to disannul or deface the holy ordinances, laws, and honor of the eternal God!—Homily of the Church of England against peril of idolatry.

THE invention of other mediators between God and man, than Christ Jesus; to be invoked, consequently, by prayer—and the attempt to conduct religious worship with the help of graven images, or likenesses, or relics—these are two of the greatest errors, by which professing Christians have defaced the gospel, and dishonored the God revealed to us in the Bible. They are combined and interwoven with all the religious notions and offices of the Romish and Oriental churches; while this multiplication of mediators is an outrage to the doctrine of the all-sufficient mediation of Christ, as presumptuous as pagan polytheism is to the doctrine of the unity of God.

To exemplify this statement, it would be sufficient to turn to ecclesiastical history, that part especially which refers to the eighth century; or to quote the various liturgical books of Rome and the East; or actually to visit their churches, and observe the ceremonies of these denominations of Christians.

In the following pages, a selection is made from various authentic documents, which may serve to illustrate the character and tendencies of these two-fold kind of idolatry; a superstition, in which both the OBJECT and the MEANS of devotion are of human invention, and alike opposed to the tenor of the revealed will of God.

An image or picture of the Virgin Mary is set up, in a church, in the corner of a street, in a private room, or before the eyes of a sick or dying man: or, perhaps, it is carried in procession, gorgeously arrayed; while the gazing multitude, with uncovered head and bended knee, cry in prayer, "Mother of God, hear us!—mother of God, pray for us!" This instance is adduced, as illustrating the complex act of idolatry hereby performed; a person, not the proper object of prayer, is invoked; and the spirit of devotion towards her is stimulated, by the exhibition of pomp suited to gratify *the lust of the eye*. This kind of idolatrous display is very general in the Mediterranean;* not less general, probably, than the reading of the Bible is in England!

Not unfrequently, this image of the Virgin Mary is represented as bearing in its arms an image of the child Jesus. That the name of Jesus should be invoked, is scriptural; but, to mingle with our prayers to Him the admiration of His image, bowing down to it, or doing honor to it, is idolatrous. In this act, the idolatry is single; whereas in the adoration of the image of the Virgin it is two-fold.

These two subjects are discussed with the greatest perspicuity and with unanswerable arguments, in two separate homilies of the Church of England: the one entitled, "Concerning prayer;" the other "Against peril of idolatry." In these discourses it is clearly established, that both these errors are repugnant as well to the sense of Scripture as to that also of the primitive Christian fathers.

It were vain to attempt adding any thing to the matter of these two homilies. Superfluous, however, it will not be, to impress on the English reader, in the present day, the great danger of departing from the purity of the Scriptures, and of falling into the corruptions of idolatry.

The first document which we shall quote illustrative of this subject, is one which is regarded by corrupt churches as authoritative, in establishing not so much the lawfulness as the duty of the use of images. It is the decree of the seventh general council.

Definitio Sanctæ Magnæ et Universalis in Nicæa Synodi Secundæ.

After having made various introductory remarks, and repeated the first Niceno Creed, and recapitulated the condemnation of different heresies by previous councils, their definition of faith proceeds thus:—

"We define, with all accuracy and care, that the venerable and holy images, fitly prepared with colors and inlaying or any other matter, according to the fashion and form of the venerable and life-giving cross, are to be dedicated and placed and kept in the sacred temples of God; on sacred vessels and garments also, on walls and tables, in private houses, and in public ways; but, chiefly, the image of the Lord and God our Saviour Jesus Christ; next, that of our unspotted lady, the mother of God; those of the venerable angels, and of all holy men. For, as often as these painted images are looked at, they who contemplate them are excited to the memory and recollection and love of the prototypes, and may offer to them salutation and an honorary adoration: not that which, according to our faith, is true worship (λατρειαν,) and which pertains to the divine nature alone; but in like manner as we reverently ap-

* The author is here speaking from pretty extensive means of observation in Malta, the Ionian Islands, Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Syria.

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proach the type of the venerable and life-giving cross, and the holy gospels, and the other sacred things, with oblations of censers and lighted tapers, according as this custom was piously established by the ancients. For the honor done to the image redounds to the prototype; and he who adores the image, adores in it likewise the subject described."—*Labbæi Concilia, Tom. VIII. Col.* 1206 & 1526.

To these declarations are appended the signatures of the bishops and others: the first two are the signatures of two presbyters of Pope Hadrian, acting as his vicegerents: the third is the signature of Tarasius, Patriarch of Constantinople: the fourth is that of the Patriarch's assessor, "acting," as he says, "on behalf of the three apostolical thrones of the east, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem." Then follow the signatures of the remaining bishops, each one signing himself ανάξιος, or, αμαρτωλος, or, ελαχιστος: then follows a series of reiterated anathemas.

All that can be urged in favor of the honoring and adoring of images will be found in the copious collection of Papal, Patriarchal, Episcopal, and other letters, decrees, dialogues, dissertations, &c. from col. 645 to col. 1600, being 478 very closely printed folio pages, in the volume just quoted—far more than most Europeans, in the present age, would endure to read on this subject; yet all too few to blot out this one argument on the opposite side, THE LORD THY GOD IS A JEALOUS GOD. This counter-argument, however, they have taken good heed to dispose of, by throwing the second commandment out of all their catechisms!

From col. 1043 to col. 1194, is contained the "definition" AGAINST image-worship; set forth by Gregory, bishop of Neo-Cæsarea, and 338 other bishops, in that council, which the upholders of image-worship call "the false seventh council." With it is interwoven a refutation by the deacon, John. In these 76 pages, the whole conflict may be seen conducted, as it were, by single combat. The language of the refutation is not remarkable, in some passages, for its courtesy.

Labbæus states the number assembled in the second council of Nice to be 350 bishops, many archimandrites, very many monks, and some senators sent by the emperor; all under the presidency of these four dignitaries—the Patriarch of Constantinople, two representatives of the Pope, and the Patriarch's assessor. (*Vol. VIII. col.* 650.) This council assembled A. D. 787. It is the last of those in which Constantinople and Rome united; and constitutes what both agree to call a general council.

"I am anxiously looking," remarks our great ecclesiastical historian, Milner, "for the features of the church of Christ in this very gloomy period; and seem to think that her existence was most probably to be found in the churches lately planted, or in those which were then in an infant state. Our own island (Great Britain) was decidedly at that time against idolatry. The British church execrated the second council of Nice, and some even of the Italian bishops protested against the growing evil. Nor is it probable that the churches of Germany, now forming, were at all disposed to receive it . . . . France itself had, as yet, shown no disposition positively in favor of idolatry."—*Century* viii. *Chap.* 3, *Vol. III. p.* 122, *Boston edition.*

Seven years after this first public and glaring establishment of the doctrine of image-worship, both the doctrine and the council which established it were condemned by a council held at Frankfort, on the Maine, consisting of 300 bishops. Thus, within the compass of forty years, three councils were held, each consisting of 300 bishops or upward; of which, two condemned, while only one decreed, image-worship. This one, however, having Papal and Patriarchal sanction, is called a general council. Such is the influence of authoritative names to beguile simple minds, unfurnished with the knowledge of Scripture. Certainly, if the children of professing Christians, in Roman Catholic and Eastern countries, were taught to repeat the second commandment, their unsophisticated minds would inquisitively turn to the images and pictures by which they are surrounded; and they would ask, "If we are Christians, how can these things be?" Nor would all the imposing arts of ecclesiastical domination be able to extinguish this divine spark of conscientiousness. It would not require the arm of an Iconoclast: the lips of babes and sucklings would suffice to demolish image-worship.

Agreeably to the decrees of the seventh council, every bishop of the Greek church makes a formal declaration of his belief in the lawfulness of image-worship. In the last of the three confessions which he repeats with a loud voice at his consecration,* are these words—"I adore, relatively, but not as worshipping," σχετικως αλλ' ου λατρευτικως, "the divine and venerable images; those also of Christ, and of the most holy mother of God, and of all the saints: and the honor, which I pay to these images, I transfer to the prototypes."

The council of Trent has rivetted the doctrine of image-worship so fast on the Romish church, that it is impossible for that church to return to the simplicity of the gospel, without formally abjuring the acts of the council. The doctrines of the meritorious intercession of the Virgin Mary and of the saints, and their tutelar influences over persons and places, are likewise more explicitly established by that council, than had been done before; although the spirit of dependence on these false mediators had long since prevailed in the churches both of the east and the west. Most deeply, indeed, is it to be lamented, that, by every genuine Romanist, the acts of that council are regarded as dictated by the Holy Spirit, no less than the Bible itself.

The substance of the decrees of that council, on this and all other religious subjects, is concentrated in the form of an oath, set forth by Pope Pius IVth; to which all beneficed persons, not only of the ecclesiastical but even of the military orders, (*regularium quorumcunque ordinum, etiam militarium,*) are required to swear.†

* See in the Euchologion, Ταξις επι χειροτονια Επισκοπου.

† The document above mentioned is here subjoined. It contains an epitome of the Roman faith, in the form of an oath. After reciting the apostle's creed and avowing his belief of it, as a portion of the creed of the holy Roman church, the party taking the oath proceeds—

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Intimately allied to these idolatries is the custom of performing pilgrimages to Jerusalem and other holy places, under the notion of acquiring merit and doing honor to God.* When the author visited Greece, some years ago, he purchased a small quarto volume, in Greek, entitled, "A Manual, concerning the superlative excellence of the holy city Jerusalem, and the holy and life-giving sepulchre of our Lord—of giving alms to it—and the benefit of worshipping there;" by Chrysanthus, Patriarch of Jerusalem. It purports to be "printed in the holy city, in the year 1728, in the month of September, to be distributed gratuitously for the benefit of the holy sepulchre."† It consists of upward of 63 pages, treating on the subjects proposed. These are followed by a solemn circular letter from Pœsius, Patriarch of Constantinople, in aid of the holy sepulchre; printed in Greek, Wallachian, and Slavonian. The following extracts from the work will serve to convey to the reader some idea of the genuine tendency of superstition, in debasing the temper, and style, both of those who rule and of those who serve.

The Patriarch of Jerusalem, on enumerating the various holy places, objects of veneration at Jerusalem, commences with the following attack upon the opinions of the reformed churches:—

"The wicked man, says the sacred Scriptures, falling into the gulf of sin, becomes a scorner; being darkened, and having his mind and conscience defiled. Such are certain new heretics, sprung up in the west; opposing themselves among other things to the reverence and worship of the holy places of our Saviour. But, let false prophets arise, let heretics appear, let schismatics spring up, let them promise heaven to their followers, let them threaten eternal punishments to those who do not follow them, let them boast themselves to be angels from heaven, let them work signs and powers, let all the world follow them, let some of them blaspheme the faith and others the traditions of the universal church of Christ, let them revile the ecclesiastical ministers and servants of Christ, let the earth be shaken, let the sea roar, let the heavens fall, let these and all other things like them happen; but let the word of God stand, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures and in the sacred fathers. Wisdom shall be justified of her children. Let the nations worship each one the God that it has chosen for

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"I most firmly admit and embrace the apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, and all other observances and constitutions of the same church. Also, I admit sacred Scripture, according to that sense which has been held and is held by holy mother church, to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the sacred Scriptures: nor will I ever receive or interpret it (Scripture) except according to the unanimous consent of the fathers. I also profess that there are truly and properly seven sacraments of the new law, instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and necessary, though not for each singly, yet for the whole human race; viz: baptism, confirmation, the eucharist, penance, extreme unction, orders, and matrimony: and that they confer grace: and that, of these, baptism, confirmation, and orders cannot be reiterated without sacrilege: I also receive and admit the received and approved rights of the Catholic church, in the solemn administration of all the above-mentioned sacraments. I embrace and receive all and each of those things, which, in the holy council of Trent, have been defined and declared concerning original sin and justification. I, in like manner, profess that in the mass is offered to God a true, proper, and propitious sacrifice for the living and the dead: and that, in the most holy sacrament of the eucharist, there is truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made the change of the whole substance of the bread into the body and the whole substance of the wine into the blood, which change the Catholic church calls transubstantiation: I confess, also, that, under each kind alone, the whole and entire Christ and the true sacrament is taken. I firmly hold that there is a purgatory; and that the souls there detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful. Also, that the saints reigning together with Christ are to be venerated and invoked, and that they offer prayers to God for us; and that their relics are to be venerated. I most firmly assert that the images of Christ and of the mother of God, ever Virgin, and also of the other saints, are to be held and retained, and a due honor and veneration is to be granted them. I affirm also that the power of indulgences was left by Christ in his church, and that the use of them is highly salutary to the Christian people. I acknowledge the holy Catholic and apostolical Romish church, to be mother and mistress of all churches; and I pledge and swear true obedience to the Roman pontiff, successor of the blessed Peter, prince of the apostles, and vicar of Jesus Christ. Also all other things, handed down, defined, and declared by the sacred canons and general councils, and chiefly by the most holy council of Trent, I undoubtingly receive and profess: and, at the same time, all things contrary, and all heresies whatsoever condemned, rejected, and anathematized, I, in like manner, condemn, reject, and anathematize. And this true Catholic faith, out of which no one can have salvation, which at present I voluntarily profess and truly hold, I, the said A. B, pledge, vow, and swear that I will hold and confess the same entire and inviolate to the last breath of my life, most constantly, God being my helper: and that I will take care as far as lies in me, that the same shall be held, taught, and preached by my subjects, or by those the care of whom pertains to me by my office. So God help me and these holy gospels of God."

* The connection between idolatry and pilgrimages is well set forth, in a single sentence of one of the homilies of the Church of England—a sentence, in which, if critical neatness be not found, yet every sensible reader must admire the busy, thick-set accumulation of facts and feelings; giving, in few lines, more matter of thought, than many modern pages are wont to furnish. "Yea, and furthermore, the madness of all men professing the religion of Christ, now by the space of a sort of hundred years, and yet even in our own time in so great light of the gospel—very many running on heaps, by sea and land, to the great loss of their time; expense, and waste of their goods; destitution of their wives, children and families; and danger of their own bodies and lives, to Compostella, Rome, Jerusalem, and other far countries, to visit dumb and dead stocks and stones."

† Τυπωθὲν ἐν τῇ ἁγίᾳ Πόλει ἐν ἔτει αφκη' κατὰ μῆνα Σεπτέμβριον. Παρεχωρήθη δωρεὰν ἐκ μέρους τοῦ Πανσέπτου Τάφου. We are not aware of any printing-press at present existing in Jerusalem.

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itself, and let the heretics blaspheme holy persons and holy things; but we, with the holy church of Christ, worship and serve the one and only true God, the holy and consubstantial Trinity. We adore, that is, we honor the saints, and the likenesses [εικονας] of the saints. We adore, that is, we honor, the honorable cross, the wood of the honorable cross, the honorable and life-giving sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ, the holy Golgotha, the holy place of crucifixion, the holy grotto of the incarnation of our Lord, the foot-step of our Saviour on the Mount of Olives, the holy sepulchre of the mother of God in Gethsemane, and the other holy places of our Saviour, in such manner as our fathers, from the time of the holy apostles till now, have adored and honored them. And those who reject this honor, teaching contrary to the ecclesiastical tradition, perverting the holy Scriptures and torturing them according to their own fancy, we, with the seventh council, anathematize and excommunicate."

In a preceding extract from the creed of this council, we have noticed the manner in which that assembly concluded their session, with loud anathemas of all their opposers: the sense of this curse is, however, in the following document of the Patriarch of Constantinople, expanded into detail truly terrific—a most surprising contrast to the temper with which an apostle used the painful authority of excommunication. (See 1 Cor. v. 1—5. and 2 Cor. ii. 4—11.)

The Patriarch, having enlarged on the duty and benefit of pilgrimages, concludes with the following denunciation:—

"But what Christians soever, whether priests, or laymen, or spiritual fathers devoted to the single and monastic life, being stirred up by irreverence and want of faith or covetousness and love of filthy lucre, or subverted by the devil who envies good and profitable works, shall, by vain, frivolous, and cold speeches, or by any other method of satanic deceit, hinder or turn aside Christians from going to the worship of the holy sepulchre, and giving to it alms and oblations, and shall thus become the cause of their sin and spiritual hurt, and shall occasion to the holy sepulchre the privation of the alms of Christian worshippers—such, if they cease not henceforth from this their satanic and destructive irreverence, unbelief, and error, let them be separated from the Lord God Almighty, and cursed, and without forgiveness; and, after death, not loosed: stones and iron shall be loosed, but they never. Let them inherit the leprosy of Gehazi and the halter of Judas! Let them be groaning and trembling upon the earth, like Cain! Let the earth open and swallow them up, like Dathan and Abiram! Let their portion be with the traitor Judas, and the impious Jews who crucified the Lord of life and glory! Let the wrath of God be upon their heads, their works, and their possessions! Let their labor and sweat be for utter vanity and destruction; and let them never see prosperity in all the toil of their lives! Let them receive the curses of the three hundred and eighteen holy and divine fathers in the council of Nice, and those of the other holy synods; and let them be under the judgment of eternal fire, and victims of never-ending torments! But do ye all do according as we write; dutifully obeying this our paternal and synodical exhortation and admonition, as natural and grateful children of your spiritual mother, the great and holy church of Christ, that the grace and infinite mercy of God and the prayer and blessing of our lowliness may be with you all.

"In the month of August, 1727."

The document is further signed by fifteen bishops.

Many more passages, sufficient to fill several folio volumes, might, with ease, be collected, to prove how numerous are the churches—from Petersburgh to Gondar, from Madrid to Pekin—which have for centuries, been filled with these idolatries. But the reader, satiated with this painful subject, will certainly desire no more, after having perused the following extract from a very popular Greek preacher, bishop Miniati. His sermons, preached about a century ago, are still esteemed for their eloquence and unction. Some parts of them, indeed, are most admirable; especially his touching discourse on the passion of Christ: but the following passage will sufficiently prove to what lengths men will go, when once bewitched with the sorcery of idolatrous passions:—

"Is it not true, Christians! that we sin daily, hourly, every moment? Let the conscience of each one bear witness. Wo to us! by how many kinds of sin is our life polluted! It seems to be little better than one continuous, uninterrupted chain of heavy transgressions. How much impurity in our thoughts, what foulness of speech upon our tongue, how many iniquities in our conduct, does the son of God see!—sees, yet forbears, because He is long suffering. But when we, with vile ingratitude, unrepenting, uncorrected, and resolved upon evil courses, provoke to the uttermost the divine anger, and kindle His righteous vengeance, He then endures no longer, but armed with the sword, and the bow of His tremendous and intolerable wrath, like a terrible warrior, He attacks us, and threatens our utter ruin, death, and eternal punishment.—From this fury and anger of the Son of God, whither shall we, miserable sinners, flee? We have no other hope than in repenting, and falling at the feet of our merciful God; and, to this end, availing ourselves of the mediation of the priests, here in the church below, and of the saints exalted to Paradise. And consider, moreover, how all the monks, and priests, and bishops, and patriarchs, unite in offering up supplications and prayers: chiefly, how all the saints of Paradise, the whole choir of prophets and apostles, all the multitude of martyrs, and hermits, and virgins, all the ranks of the blessed angels, falling before the throne of the divine majesty, implore pity and pardon for us! More than all these united intercessions of the church below and that above, avails one single word of the mother of God! Ah! when that fearful Judge turns and sees the imploring countenance of his mother, that most holy, most sweet mother, immediately he becomes gentle, and meek, and pacified—immediately he parts with the sword and bow of divine wrath—immediately he vouchsafes us reconciliation and love—immediately he bestows on us the desired pardon! ....

"He, who does not honor and revere his own

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mother, is not worthy to be called a man! He, who does not honor and revere the mother of God, is not worthy to be called a Christian! Who can boast himself a faithful servant of Jesus, if he be not a faithful servant of Mary? or how shall he reverence the Son, who does not reverence the mother? Ah! into whatever other irreverence it may be my misfortune to fall, may I never lose my reverence for the Virgin Mary! In whatever disaster, bodily or spiritual, I may be found, to her will I flee, sure of obtaining cure for my sicknesses, consolation in my sorrows, and pardon for my sins! Even in the depths of hell, I hope for salvation from the queen of heaven! I fear not to be lost when taking refuge in her arms! Then only, when I lose my reverence for the Virgin, am I a lost soul." *Miniati's Greek Sermons, edit. of Venice, A. D.* 1805, p. 397, *et seq.*

A feeling of duty to three classes of persons has led the author to regard the notice of this subject as peculiarly opportune and necessary.

1. The first class is HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Great Britain has entered the Mediterranean —not merely as in former times, with her fleets and armies for a season; but—with her permanent civil power, governing and protecting Malta and the Ionian Islands. This circumstance brings Englishmen into nearer contact with those corruptions of Christianity, which three centuries ago, prevailed in England; but which, in various churches of the Mediterranean and of the Levant, remain to this day precisely as described in the homily of our church against idolatry.

The first impression made on most of his countrymen by the sight of these papal and oriental pageants, the author can testify, has been that of unqualified astonishment and disapprobation. They had not conceived it possible for professing Christians to carry their imitation of paganism so far. By use however this feeling wears off: expressions of compassion succeed to those of abhorrence; till, at length, even persons otherwise respectable and decorous have been induced to assist and participate in rites and ceremonies, most detrimental to the purity of the gospel. Thus it is that—

We first endure—then pity—then embrace!

"But are Englishmen in danger of becoming idolaters?"—We reply: they are near the temptation; and, if they are not restrained by a religious principle, no power on earth can rescue them. Strong sense, good education, and national character, are no securities whatever to the virtue of those who shall venture upon forbidden ground.

There is, in truth, a leaning in man's nature to idolatry: there is a passion for all its follies—its festiveness, its music, odors, and splendors, fascinating each sense—a fond pleasure, too, in the thought of having many deities, or at least heavenly patrons, guardian angels, and tutelar saints, whom, as it was our own fancy which elected them to that office, our imagination represents as being compliant to our humor, and tenderly indulgent to our frailties. The great doctrines of revelation—the gracious offices of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—are not so congenial to our nature as the fictions of men. Neither is spirituality the natural bias of the heart: and hence our proneness, in every age, to materialize religion; to uphold the form of godliness, while denying or manifesting indifference to, the power thereof.

It is by many supposed that idolatry is the religion of the weak and ignorant alone: but this is false. It is a principle as clearly established by history as any other, that idolatry has power to infatuate the wisest. Where it does not overpower their judgment, yet it befools, it captivates the passions, stifles conscience, and completely takes possession of the heart. What is then left for God?

It is not, therefore, for Englishmen, those especially whose children may visit these countries, to contemplate without anxiety the connection forming between England and the Mediterranean. Our children may live to see the day, if we do not, when idolatry and pure religion shall come to the height of their conflict, antecedent to the triumph of the gospel, in these vast regions. Where the British name will appear in that—as yet unwritten—page of universal history, is a question mainly depending on the character of the present generation.

2. But there is a duty owing—and a very important duty it is—to the PEOPLE WHO ARE LYING UNDER THE DELUSION OF THESE PSEUDO-CHRISTIAN IDOLATERS.

To pray for them, to reason with them, to abstain from participating in their sins, and to set them the higher example of pure worship and a consistent life—this, on our part, is that line of duty, to which the Romish, the Greek, and the other oriental churches, were they sensible of their corruption, would prefer a most touching claim.

Insensible as they are of the guilt of their idolatries and desperately enamored of them, is their title to our compassion and our exertions thereby diminished? Rather, it is augmented ten-fold. But on whom does this reasonable duty devolve? Does it belong to the governments, or to the churches, the residents, the visiters, or the missionaries, who may come in contact with these superstitions? The question rather is, which of all these is exempt! Surely none of them. The grand consideration, never to be lost sight of, is the real sinfulness of these anti-christian superstitions! To rebuke them as most pernicious absurdities, to prove their inexpediency, or to ridicule their folly, will have little weight. They are sins; and, as such, offensive to him, who has declared himself a jealous God. For the proof of this, the reader need only be referred to the second commandment; or to the parting counsel of the last of the apostles—*Keep yourselves from idols.* And if it should be rejoined, how is it possible that so large a portion of the professing Christian church should have fallen into so gross a contradiction of Scripture?—the reply is obvious, that the mass of Christendom has been for ages debarred the use of the Scriptures.

3. The remaining class, on whose behalf these remarks are made, comprises a great multitude of persons, for whom not Britain only, but many other nations, have latterly demonstrated a truly Christian regard. I mean the unenlightened JEWS and MOHAMMEDANS.

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For the purpose of making the gospel known to the Jews, there already exist various societies: with regard to the Mohammedans, general missionaries have been considered—although, perhaps, not with a sufficiently pointed designation—as intended for them. The approach to both these will be, in great measure, by the Mediterranean: but here it is that we find Christianity mainly corrupted. "And truth it is"—as the venerable founders of our church have powerfully and almost prophetically remarked (*Homily against peril of idolatry, part* 3,) in a spirit of enlarged charity and judgment, worthy of the best missionary age"—truth it is, that the Jews and Turks, who abhor images and idols, as directly forbidden by God's holy word, will never come to the truth of our religion, whilst the stumbling blocks of images remain among us, and lie in their way." By no other means, in fact, can a Protestant expect to obtain a hearing with a Jew or Mohammedan, than by the distinct avowal, that these idolatrous corruptions are not only no part of Christianity, but utterly contrary to it.

The controversy relative to the worship of images and saints is one peculiarly tending to agitate the most violent passions of mankind: it has therefore been the desire of the author, while not concealing truth, yet to speak with that temper which reason and charity demand. It is his earnest prayer to God, that, as this is a point which will probably never be suffered to rest, till the purity of Christ's kingdom shall have been established in the earth, so all the friends of that kingdom may have grace given them to confront and expose the delusions of the powers of darkness with courage, and, at the same time, *with meekness of wisdom.*

THE JEWS.

A missionary to the Jews has substantially the same work to do, as a missionary to any other body of men; namely, to preach to them the great doctrine, that *God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.* The sole difference between the case of the Jews and that of any other body of men, (a heathen nation for example,) is that we find the Jews in a different stage of opinion. The main point to be aimed at, in preaching to the one and to the other, is precisely the same: it is to bring them to receive *Christ as the power of God, and the wisdom of God.*

The very state of opinion among the Jews, creates however a peculiar additional necessity for placing this doctrine and this object in the very clearest light. The actual civil condition of this people, their habits of thinking, their expectations and their prospects have, all of them, a tendency to draw away their minds from the essential doctrine of Christ crucified. It is scarcely possible to meet them in argument on their own ground, without obscuring the glory of the gospel. This shall be illustrated in two important Scriptural subjects; with regard to both of which it will be seen how widely the thoughts of the Jewish people have ever revolted, and still revolt, from that which to believe is necessary to their entering the gate of the Christian dispensation.

1. THE MESSIAH PROPHESIED OF IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, WAS TO BE A DIVINE, YET SUFFERING PERSON. This is the well-established opinion of Christians: on the contrary, the Jews, in their apprehensions of the Messiah, neither rise so high as to believe him divine, nor descend so low as to expect that he should suffer. They look for a king, earthly, yet glorious, perfectly holy yet human; who is to reign triumphantly over the whole earth. It is not merely that they do not apprehend in what manner glory and suffering may be compatible; but they have not learnt, from their own Scriptures, that the character of the Messiah foretold by the prophets, is the character of *a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,* despised, rejected, and put to death. *Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?*—is an argument, which they would meet with a direct negative: they see not that his humiliation was to lead to his exaltation: the veil is upon their hearts while they read Moses, and David, and Isaiah, and Daniel, and the other prophets who distinctly foretell the lowly state of the Messiah. Hence, when we preach Christ crucified, he is to the Jews a stumbling block. But may ministers of the gospel endeavor to remove that stumbling block, by exhibiting exclusively, or even primarily, an animating view of Christ reigning gloriously upon earth, as he will do, when a voice from heaven shall declare, *The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ?* The attempt would be as fallacious, as it would be unscriptural. The offence of the cross must not, because it is offensive, be therefore disguised. The Gentile is to be humbled: the Jew is to be humbled: both must learn to glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. The true doctrine of the cross is, therefore, to be made the most prominent of all: till that is received, nothing is savingly received; nor can it be admitted, till every high imagination be cast down.

2. That Jesus of Nazareth is, in fact, the only Messiah; that being already come, he has wrought out man's redemption; and consequently, that THE JEWS HAVE BEEN SUFFERING NOW THESE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS A SPECIAL PUNISHMENT ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR REJECTION AND MURDER OF THIS MESSENGER OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT OF PEACE—these are topics which must come home, with the greatest poignancy, to the conscience of a Jew, in order to his real conversion. "They shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son; and shall be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." No less than the tenderest imaginable sorrow and anguish will penetrate the soul of a Jew, in whom national feelings and Christian relentings shall have their proper force. Every one is led to expect that a brokenness of heart, a love to Christ, an adoring gratitude, a devotedness to his service, at the hazard, or even the certainty of losing all things for Him—emotions not differing in kind from those which pious Christians experience, but surpassing them wonderfully in degree—will, in the general accomplishment of prophecy, characterize the truly converted Jew.

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From this, however, the spirit of that people at present revolts. They are as far from the doctrine of genuine repentance, as they are from that of the atonement.

The feelings of many devout Christians are, in the present day, wound up to the highest pitch in favor of the Jews. Prophecy is explored—history is carefully collated—conjecture catches at every probability—and even the sagacity of the politicians of this world is challenged to discern *the signs of the times*, and to sympathise with the *earnest expectation* of the friends of this people. All sincere Christians must surely rejoice at witnessing this excitement. Without great excitement, nothing great was ever done, or even attempted. But, in proportion to the force of this impulse, is the necessity of its receiving a wise and Scriptural direction. We would not presume to criticise either prophecy or the interpretations of prophecy: but we would ask, what was it that distinguished the character of the apostles and of St. Paul, who were all of them converted Jews? was it not a feeling of—one might almost say—inconceivable adoration at the view of this great mystery, GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH? Even when the case of the Jews is the particular subject of their consideration, (as in Rom. ix. x. and xi.) do they not turn every thing to this sole end of the law? Whenever the doctrine of the incarnate Redeemer comes before them, they seem to be filled with a divine fulness, which can find no utterance. Or, rather, the doctrine is not accidentally or occasionally brought to their minds: they know nothing else—they determine to know nothing else—save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

If, then, in the various discussions and treatises to which the subject of the conversion of the Jews gives rise, any thing else than this which the apostles held forth in their discourses and writings should usurp the attention of the public mind, it seems to be the duty of Christian ministers, not merely to disavow it, but to protest against it. No private interpretations should be suffered, for a moment, to come into competition with the broad and obvious meaning of that gospel, which testifies to Jew and Gentile *repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*. No vision of millennial glory must ever interfere to hide from the eye of faith that innumerable company, whose eternal and ever new song is, *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!* Every thing, which is not in accordance with this strain, should be viewed with jealousy, as savoring not of the things of God, but of those of man.

In what regards the restoration of the Jews to the land of their fathers, it is manifestly a subject in which Christians, whose wisdom consists in holy fear, will desire to follow Providence, and not lead. If, on the partition or allotment of nations, the possession of a particular region were to depend on the power to purchase it, the Jews have always been sufficiently rich to buy a larger tract of land than Palestine. If their settlement in that country is to grow out of a conviction, on the part of the most influential governments, that such a measure would be politically expedient, the expediency will doubtless be made to appear by many concurring indications, which will be well understood, in their season, by Christian politicians. But how much beneath the standard of right feeling in a Christian public, would be such speculations on conquests, commercial contracts, or political expediency. How easily might multitudes of Christians be misled on topics of this nature!—That, for which the contributions, the efforts, and the prayers of the religious part of mankind should be especially desired, in reference to the Jews, is no other than their spiritual conversion; here, no limit need be placed to guard the public mind against excess or error, but such as is common generally to all religious subjects.

While the residence of the Jews as a nation seems to be no proper subject for the excitement of public religious feeling, there is, nevertheless, one point in their temporal condition, which claims the strongest regard from Christian benevolence. Humanity, but much more Christianity, requires, on their behalf, that, in whatsoever part of the world they may be scattered, they should be protected from insult, injury, and oppression. Systematic injustice is that which they have experienced in every age; and, at various periods, in every nation, without exception. The judgment of God inflicted upon them, through the medium of natural causes, has rendered them, in the social relations, what they are. Two features of character are most apparent in their history—the madness of the oppressed, and the meanness of the oppressed; but, for these frightful characteristics, the oppressor is at least as responsible as they. It is, however, gratifying to observe, that, in the present age, distinguished by a rising detestation of every kind of slavery, the peculiar case of the Jews appears to be obtaining a proportionate share of public feeling. May these sentiments in their favor continue, and increase a thousand-fold till that time, when it shall please God to display the power of His Spirit, in gathering to gather the lost sheep of the house of Israel into the fold of our Redeemer; making them as miraculous a monument of His free mercy, as they now are of His deserved judgments.

In the mean time, let it be considered how much is gained, when one converted Jewish missionary gives his heart and life to the service of his Master, Christ. There are some circumstances in such a character, which, when fully developed, may be regarded as peculiarly conducive to his usefulness in foreign missions. The first is, that his conversion seems likely to be attended with an extraordinary degree of contrition, zeal, and affection: he, that hath had much forgiven, will love much. Another consideration is, that he has, from his very birth and by long habit, been accustomed to regard himself as without a local, national habitation of his own: he feels, consequently, that, although England, or France, or Germany, or any other country, may give him the title, and in many cases the reality, of protection; yet he cannot look to Judea and say, "There is my king; there is my government; and there is my home:" thus one of the strongest ties to earth exists not in his case—in reference to all the social relations of this world, his national character, is already that of a stranger, and a wanderer, and an expectant. Such a person, under the powerful influence of divine grace, seems to be, in his outward training, better

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furnished for apostolic labors, than the native of any civilized and established country. Should he manifest an early disposition to visit distant lands he is not so much entangled by the tender apprehensions of the domestic circle: all his kindred are familiar with foreign life; most of them have already suffered many vicissitudes; and their unquiet thoughts, if not their pilgrim feet, have roved far and wide on the surface of the globe. Should he, in countries where the government is oppressive, meet with obstacles, indignities, or injuries, his national history, and probably his specific education, has taught him how to suffer, to evade, to surmount, or even turn to his advantage, circumstances which would throw a domesticated Englishman into despair. He enters the wide field of the world, intending to visit people of many kindreds and tribes and tongues, with the certain prospect of encountering the most untoward circumstances; but then he enters with a TACT of mind, which to the Jew alone is national; his, in all its indescribable detail, is, in truth, the motto, *Vincit qui patitur*. Imagine the case, then, of a converted Jew devoted to the work of missions, and passing from land to land, and from continent to continent, on that embassage: suppose, further, the love of Christ to be deeply impressed on his heart, and his temper to remain unsettled and unattached to any spot; and we have an image before our minds of a character, perhaps more nearly apostolical, and better adapted for the founding of new churches, than could in any other situation be conceived. If there be another Paul, or Peter, or Barnabas to arise; from what country might we expect such a character, if not from that people who possess on earth no country? Waiving, however, what may to some appear too much like a matter of speculation; and acknowledging, that, after all, the Great Head of the church acts herein as a Sovereign, bestowing his gifts very differently from our calculations; there is yet, in this view of Jewish character, something which conveys a most instructive lesson to every Christian missionary. He, more especially, who would undertake the office of an evangelist to the Jews, must be fully prepared to suffer the contempt of many; who will despise him, because they despise the objects of his mission. More than this: he may, in some countries, expect to share their oppressions; and, instead of having any hope of civil protection at hand, he must before God betake himself to prayer; and, like a poor man, use toward the oppressor, many entreaties and much Christian persuasion. Let a missionary to the Jews settle in Jerusalem; let him take, as a model for his manner of life, that touching description of the Redeemer—"In all their affliction, he was afflicted:" let him to the Jews become as a Jew—they will then love him, for his sympathy; understand him, for his resemblance to them: and for his self-devotedness, put faith in him and in his words. To missionaries of this stamp, in fact, and to such alone, can it ever be expected that God will grant the honor of extensive success; whether it be among Jews or Gentiles, that they are sent to labor.

THE END.

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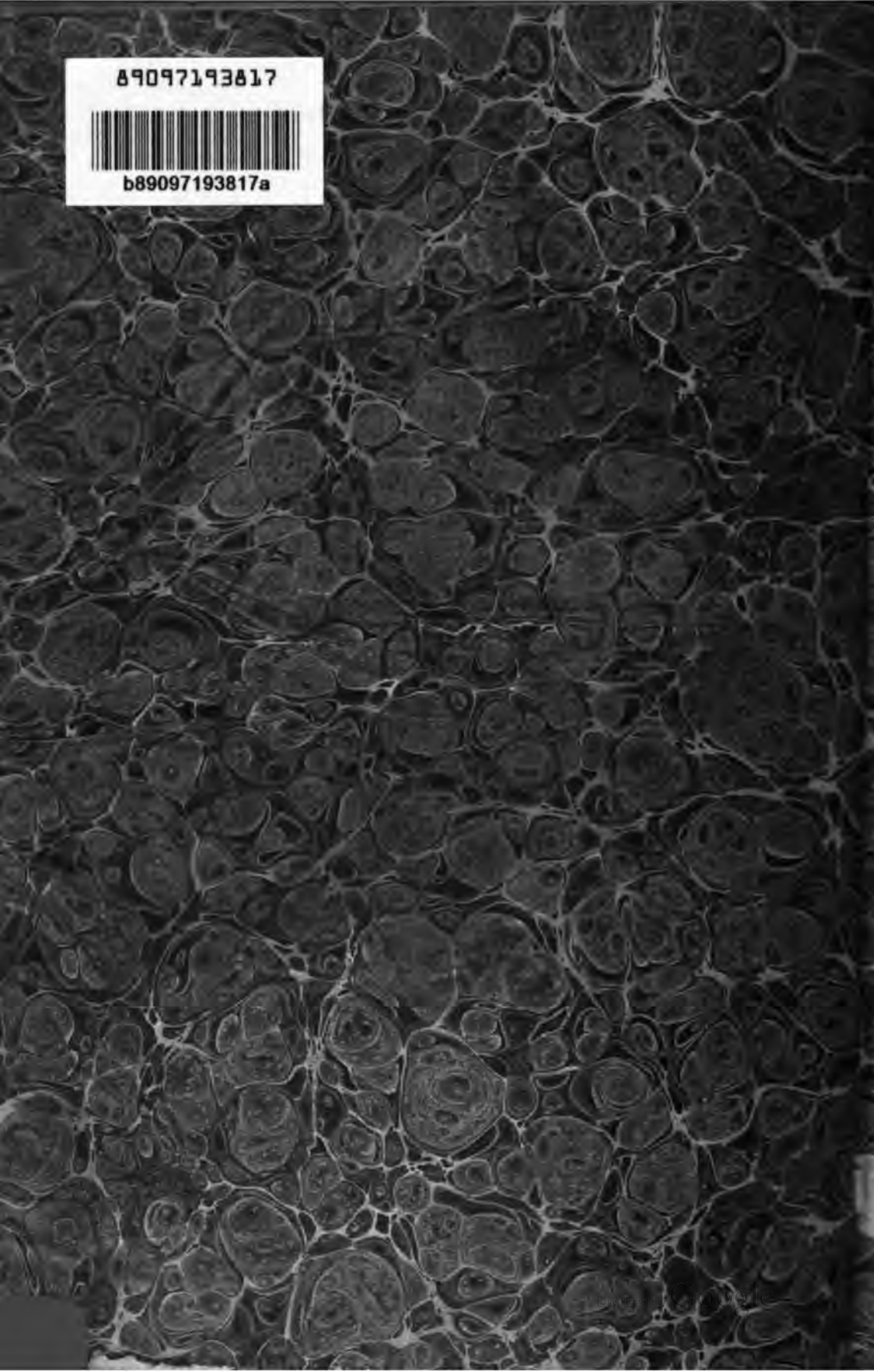
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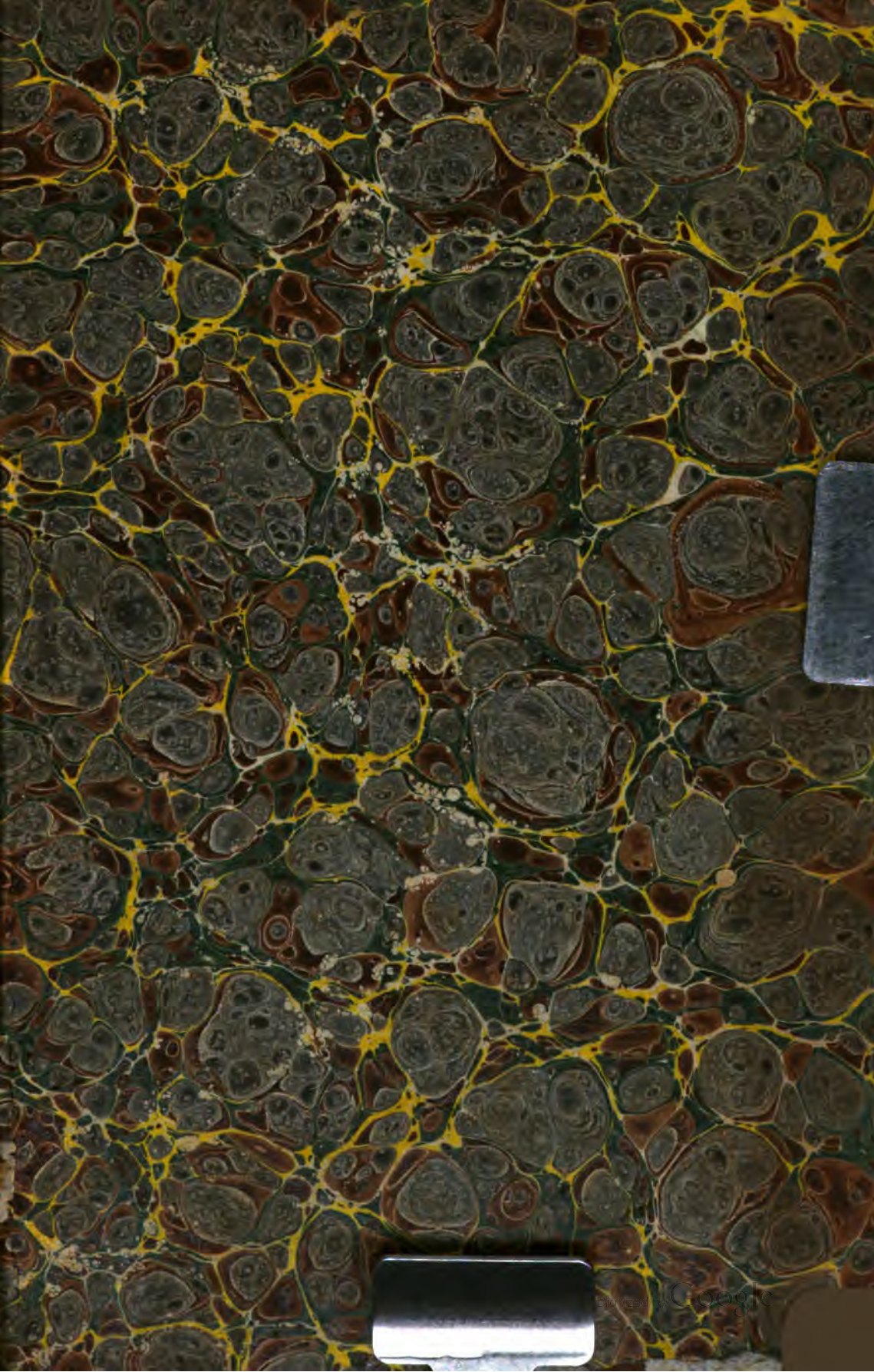

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